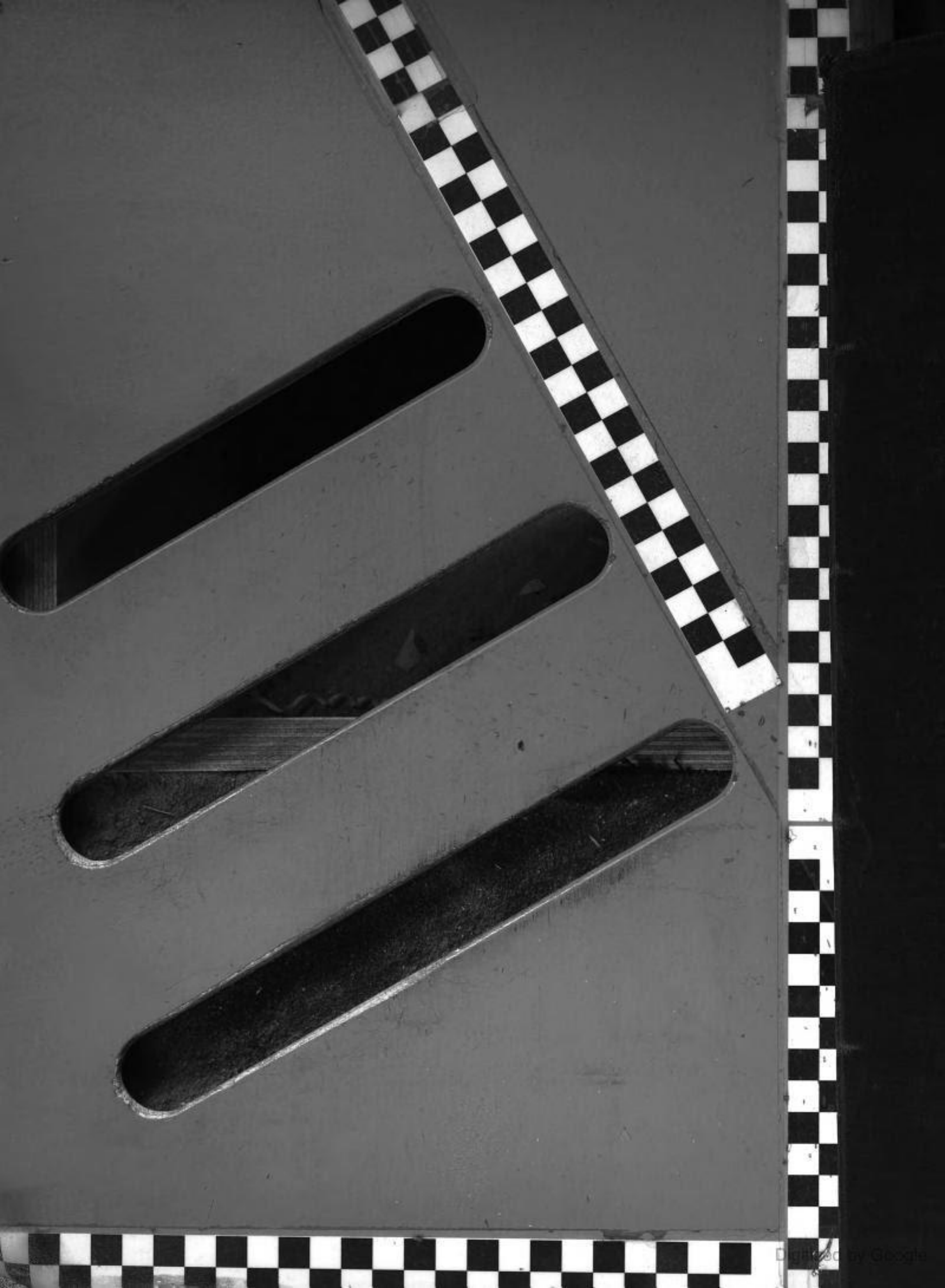






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A SACRED SYMBOL IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY, HUNG IN EVERY PUBLIC OFFICE, AND CARRIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE:
A PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR UNDER SPECIAL GUARD DURING AN ADVANCE.

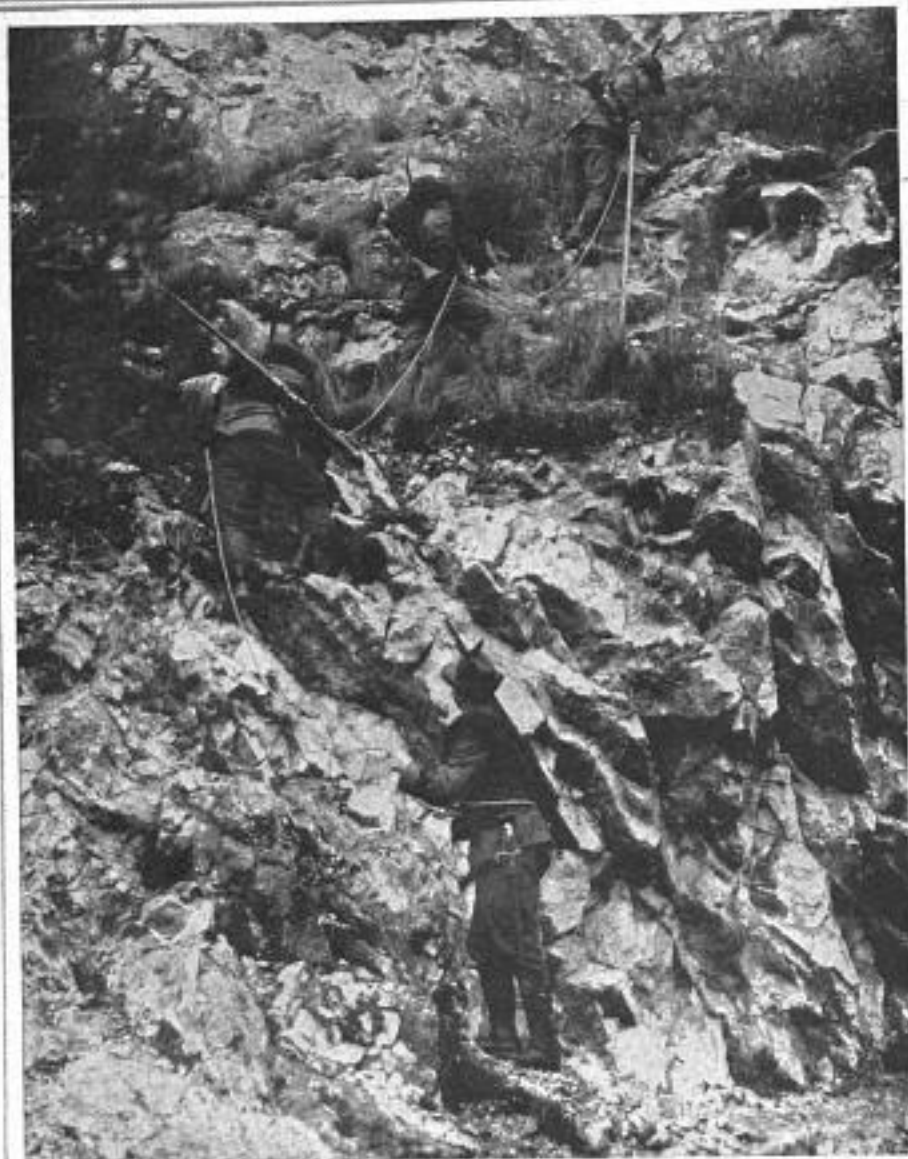
Next to the Ikon, the most sacred thing in Russia is the Emperor's portrait. In all public offices the Services show their devotion and their loyalty by hanging the portrait of the Tsar in the place of honour. The above picture shows the method by which this sacred symbol of Russia is carried and guarded. A soldier is placed in charge, and never lets it out of his possession. When the armies capture and establish

themselves in any town or position, long lines of transport-wagons bring up all manner of supplies. Amongst the first vehicles of the transport-train, a soldier sits on top of the baggage, holding the picture, which is carefully delivered at the bureau for which it is intended. An extra strong escort is provided, to see that no accident happens to the man and his trust.

Drawn by S. HODG from a sketch by our Special Artist, H. C. SEPPISS WRIGHT. COPYRIGHTED BY THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE VICTORIOUS ITALIAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

PHOTOGRAPHS



ROPED TOGETHER AND WITH RIFLES SLUNG ACROSS THEIR BACKS: ITALIAN ALPINE CLIMBING A ROCKY MOUNTAIN-SIDE.



SOME OF THE 40,000 AUSTRIANS CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS CELEBRATING.



CAREFUL NOT TO SHOW THEMSELVES ON THE SKY-LINE: AN ITALIAN CAVALRY PATROL OFFICER STUDYING A MAP ON A MOUNTAIN-SIDE.



WITH THEIR GUN POINTING UP IN ACTION.

Excellent news came from the Italian front a few days ago, to the effect that the Austrian offensive had been definitely stopped, and that the Italian forces, advancing in their turn, were driving back the enemy along the whole line in the Trentino. Their success was partly made possible, no doubt, by the Russian victories over the Austrians in the East, but this in no way detracts from the splendid efforts of the Italians. An appreciative description of their work and bearing in the field was recently given by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "I come away from the Italian front," he writes, "with a deep feeling of admiration. . . . First a word as to the Italian soldier. He is a type by himself, with a very special dash and fire, covered over by a very pleasing and unassuming manner. London has not yet forgotten Dorando, of Marathon fame. He was just such another easy smiling youth as I now see everywhere around me. A thousand such, led by a few young gentlemen of the type who occasionally give us object-lessons in how to ride at Olympia, make no mean battalion. It has been a war of men."

TROOPS WHO ARE DRIVING BACK THE AUSTRIANS.

C.N. AND TOPICAL.



SINCE THE WAR BEGAN: PRISONERS ATTENDING AN OPEN-AIR
OF MASS.



DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME BY THE ITALIAN ARTILLERY: HAULING GUNS AND WAGONS
UP A MOUNTAIN.



AT A HIGH ANGLE: ITALIAN ARTILLERY
MOUNTAIN ROAD.



ITALIAN CAVALRY ON SCOUTING DUTY: A MOUNTED PATROL MAKING INQUIRIES
OF A FARMER'S BOY ON A MOUNTAIN PASS.

desperate ventures, but never once has there been a lack of volunteers. Caesar told how the big Germans used to laugh at his little men until they had been at hand-grips with them. The Austrians could tell the same tale. The spirit in the ranks is something marvellous. . . . The Alps form such a bar across the north that there are only two points where serious operations are possible. One is the Tirolino salient. . . . There remains the other front, the opening by the sea. Here the Italians cleared the plain, and crossed the river; now they are faced by a new, machine-gun, cemented trenches, and every other device which has held them as it has held everyone else. But remember what they have done for the common cause. They have in a year scouted some forty Austrian divisions. They have killed or wounded a quarter of a million, taken 40,000, and drawn to themselves a large portion of the artillery. That is their record up to date. As to the future, if Austria has to draw her men to the East there will be a tiger spring for Trieste. If manhood can break the line, then I believe the Dorandos will do it."

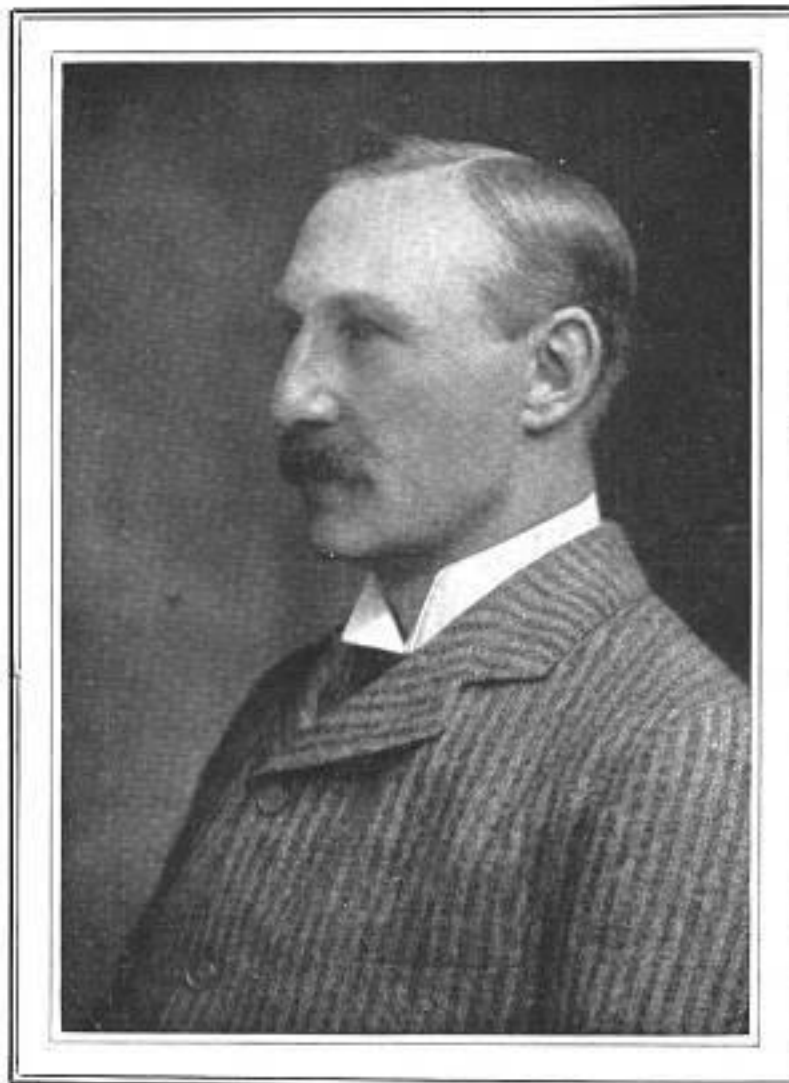


By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the curious silent collapses of the modern intellect occurred when people began to talk about "education," without saying what education. Obviously a school teaches something, whether it is run by Froebel or by Fagin. In the technical sense in which educational officials talk about "results," Fagin teaches extremely well; and the only objection to him must be an objection to certain things being taught at all. In Germany, for instance, Fagin seems to have ousted Froebel by this time, and is delivering lectures on history and moral philosophy. In England the bad education is negative rather than positive. But it is bad enough to be in some quarters an almost unqualified evil. The very trust in it calls for a distrust of its mental quality. A man who walks out into the world amid all its crafts and riddles, and simply says "I have been taught" proves nothing except that he has not been taught to think, or not been taught to express himself. You generally find, especially among the Germans, that if you press the question home it resolves itself into the ridiculous superstition about "literates" and being able to scribble and to spell. How this monstrous modern idolatry arose in the mind I cannot imagine. A man might as well be proud of playing noughts and crosses as of having learned a system of arbitrary signs which is, by hypothesis and in practice, within the capacity of a child of six. It is not applied to any other of the many arbitrary alphabets. Nobody supposes that the man who cannot read Pitman's shorthand is a savage, or the man who can a philosopher. Nobody is thought a fool because he does not happen to know that the letter D is called "Don" in semaphore signalling. Nobody has the appearance of a hairy and semi-bestial barbarian because he says "M," when that particular code, in a more sentimental manner, says "Emma." No one is required to adopt with promptitude, in ordinary society, the rigid attitudes of a railway-signal. Modern men are not expected to know anything of the far more philosophical and far more artistic alphabet which was called herakdry. A modern plutocrat is not suddenly called upon to blazon his coat of arms, even when he has taken the trouble to buy one from the politicians. But if a European peasant, who knows enough about Nature and practical science to make a desert blossom like the rose, happens not to have learned longhand, as I have not learned shorthand, he is refused entrance at many modern portals in favour of the nearest forger. And a German soldier, chopping off the fingers of children in his leisure moments, will tell you quite seriously and sincerely that the Russian is a savage, merely because he cannot write his name on a scrap of paper, and a German can. What the German afterwards does with the scrap of paper we know.

We also, however, need to turn many of our seats of learning into seats of unlearning. History, in particular, has been taught so abominably in England that most Englishmen would quite literally be better off if they knew none at all. It has been said that history is philosophy teaching by examples. Unfortunately, ours has mostly been German philosophy teaching by German examples: and we are not sure now that we want to follow the German example. It was through the blue Teutonic spectacles that we looked solemnly and saw all things blue: they clouded and discoloured everything from the Red Flag to the White Tsar. For very many of us this

war has been the first concrete contact with the rest of Christendom. It has in almost every case been directly contrary to the preconceived notions current in this country. Most of us had never really known or watched any Frenchmen who were not waiters, any Italians who were not ice-cream men, or any Russians who were not Jews. The real men behaved in a manner quite startlingly different from the parts cast for them in our comic-paper ethnology. I therefore think it a seriously profitable experiment to expunge for a moment from the mind everything we knew, or thought we knew, about them. Let us consider what we should have thought of our neigh-



RESIGNED: THE EARL OF SELBORNE, K.G., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

It was officially announced, late on Sunday night, that "The Right Hon. the Earl of Selborne, K.G., has resigned the office of President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries." Lord Selborne became President of the Board of Agriculture upon the reconstruction of the Government last year. From 1905 to 1910 he was High Commissioner for South Africa; and for the five years preceding, he was the First Lord of the Admiralty. He is the second holder of the title, succeeding his father, the Lord High Chancellor, in 1895. Lord Selborne married, in 1883, Lady Beatrice Maud Cecil, daughter of the third Marquess of Salisbury. His eldest son is Viscount Wolmer, who married, in 1910, the Hon. Grace Ridley, daughter of Viscount Ridley.—[Photograph by Elliot and Fry.]

bours if we had known nothing but what we have come to know in this deadly trial of the truth. Suppose they were all new nations whose history we had not read, the peoples of some new planet. What should we say of them as they appear in action—an action on which our own life depends, and about which we dare not delude ourselves with artificial likes and dislikes?

Let us take the Germans first. We were prepared for discipline and organisation and the rest of it, for the Germans themselves had talked of it incessantly. But it may well be questioned whether in fact the German organisation has been so particularly successful. Their own official account of the campaign of Northern France, which is not likely to hold them up

to needless ridicule, represents their forces (though in any case much larger than their enemies') as considerably smaller than they were intended to be. It is more and more apparent that little or nothing of the advantage gained by invading Belgium remains, unless it be the terrorism—that is to say, the disgrace. For it must be noted that this general argument from results, which might be unfair if applied to nobler and more human ideals, is the only fair one to apply to the practical claim made for modern Germany. A mistake may be manly, a mistake may be strong, a mistake may even be brilliant; but a mistake cannot be efficient. There the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and the Germans have obviously bitten off more than they can chew. For efficiency there is no moral victory. If nothing succeeds like success, nothing can ever fail like a philosophy founded on success. Thus deeply and abysmally have the Germans failed. If there had been no theory of German efficiency before the war, none would have been discovered in the mere experience of the war. We might have said that the German Army was as well organised as the other great armies, but no more. What I think we should have noticed in the Germans, considered as a new people, is a faculty for which I can think of no approximately accurate names but one—I should call it mythology. They seem really to be able to live corporately in a legend; a crowd in a cloud of vision. Millions of men can dream the same dream. I fully realise that this is a strength, though I do not think it the best, or even—ultimately—the strongest strength. There seems at present no reason why the Battle of Jutland should not forthwith be inscribed in Prussian official histories as a victory like the Battle of Rossbach or the Battle of Gravelotte. The Germans are always talking about making a future for themselves. It seems more probable at present that they will manufacture a past for themselves. Anyhow, they have a very real power of manufacturing myths, by which I do not necessarily mean lies, but rather legends. And one of the myths is their efficiency.

Take, for another example, our attitude towards the Russians. Here again we had, before the war, a vision of something vast and vaguely omnipotent—an iron empire terrible through a decadent association which imagines mere despotism to be dreadfully strong. We trusted far too much to Russia as a mere machine of millions. This ugly mechanical idea we actually embodied in a mechanical image, quite fashionable in the first months of the war. Some of our journalists called the Russian Army "the steam-roller." Not a sign of this sort of thing, either for good or evil, has been seen about Russia since we took touch with the real struggle. On the contrary, Russia has really covered herself with glory by fighting under conditions such as those of Poland or even Montenegro. She has fought at a disadvantage—and won at a disadvantage. Never henceforward can anyone deny that the great empire could have the courage to be a small nationality. The qualities shown by the Russians, in tragic retreat even more, if possible, than in their present triumphant advance, were exactly the qualities denied to a rigid despotism—romance, adaptability, and even adventure. Fortunately it was for us that the army of the Tsar had a wit, an agility, and an inventiveness which a steam-roller seldom displays.

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LADIES OF THE LAND: WAR-WORKING "BROWNIES."

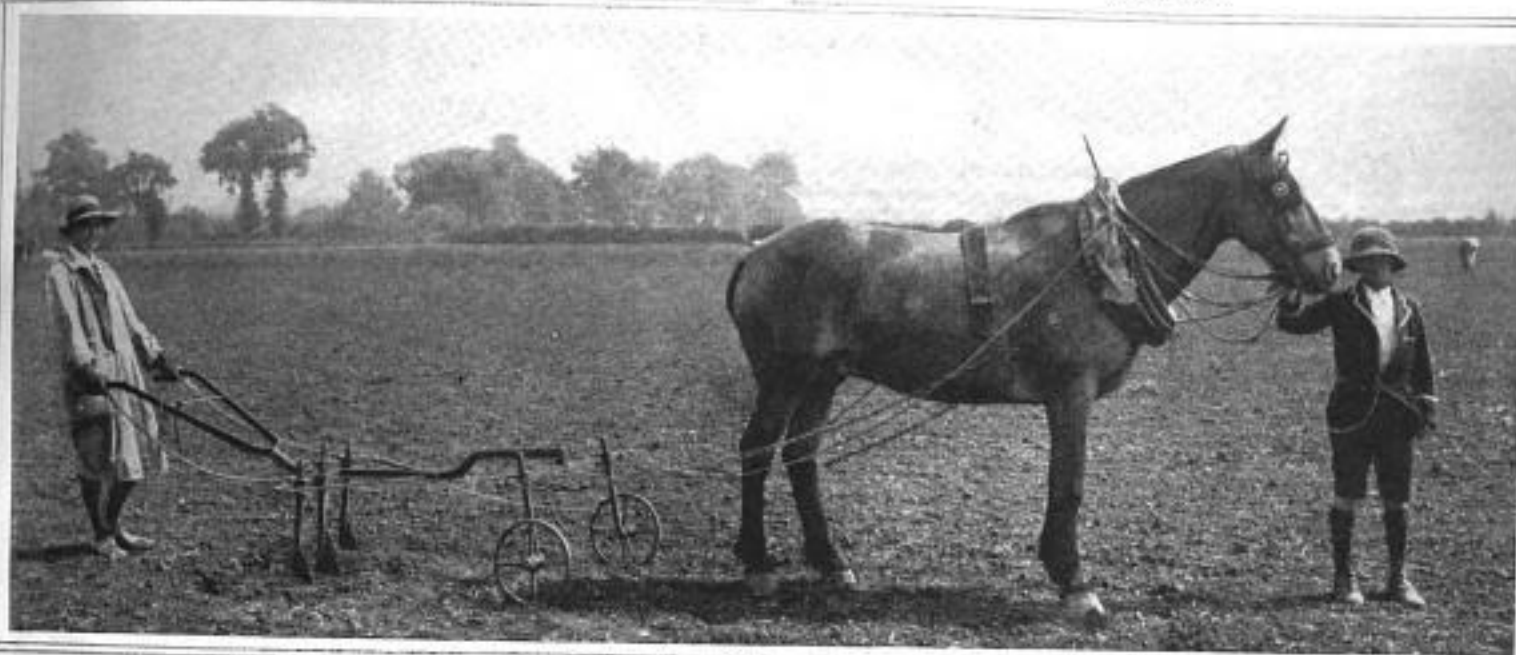
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND DENNIS MORE.



THE WATER-CART BRIGADE: DOING MEN'S WORK IN FILLING BARRELS BESIDE THE AVON.



TIREING WORK FOR "BROWNIES": WATERING MARROWS UNDER GLASS.



WOMEN WORKERS IN OXFORDSHIRE: A FIELD-WORK DISPLAY AT A FARMING DEMONSTRATION.



PICKING GOOSEBERRIES: GIRL WORKERS BUSILY EMPLOYED IN A MARKET GARDEN.



A MIDSUMMER HARVESTING JOB: FILLING THE LOFT AFTER CLEARING UP A FIELD.

The "Brownies" of Evesham, who are being reinforced by women fruit-pickers sent out by the National Land Council, are setting a notable example of what women can do in taking the places of men at the Front and thus solving one of the most pressing problems of the hour. The "Brownies," members of whom are seen in four of the five above illustrations, have been so nicknamed by the local folk because of the earth-brown smocks and breeches they wear at work; with high boots and "trench boots," and sun hats and berrets. Between two and three hundred of them, all told, are at

work at and round Evesham. Ladies of all conditions are in the party, the daughters of clergymen, doctors, journalists, lawyers, business men, artists, ex-nurses and teachers, and girls from offices. With them also are ladies and working women, married and unmarried, and girls from all parts of the Empire, from Canada and Australia and New Zealand, and at least one woman from South Africa. In the third photograph two members of a different set of women war-workers are seen—some of those in Oxfordshire, engaged on field work. They are shown taking part in a farming demonstration.

A Russian Railway War Exploit: The Alexandrovsk-Petrograd Line.



1. RUSSIA'S NEW DOOR TO THE WEST, ENABLING MUNITIONS TO ARRIVE IN WINTER, ALEXANDROVSK PORT AND RAILWAY TERMINUS.

2. THE OLD STYLE OF WINTER TRANSIT: THE PETROGRAD REINDEER SLEIGH POST.

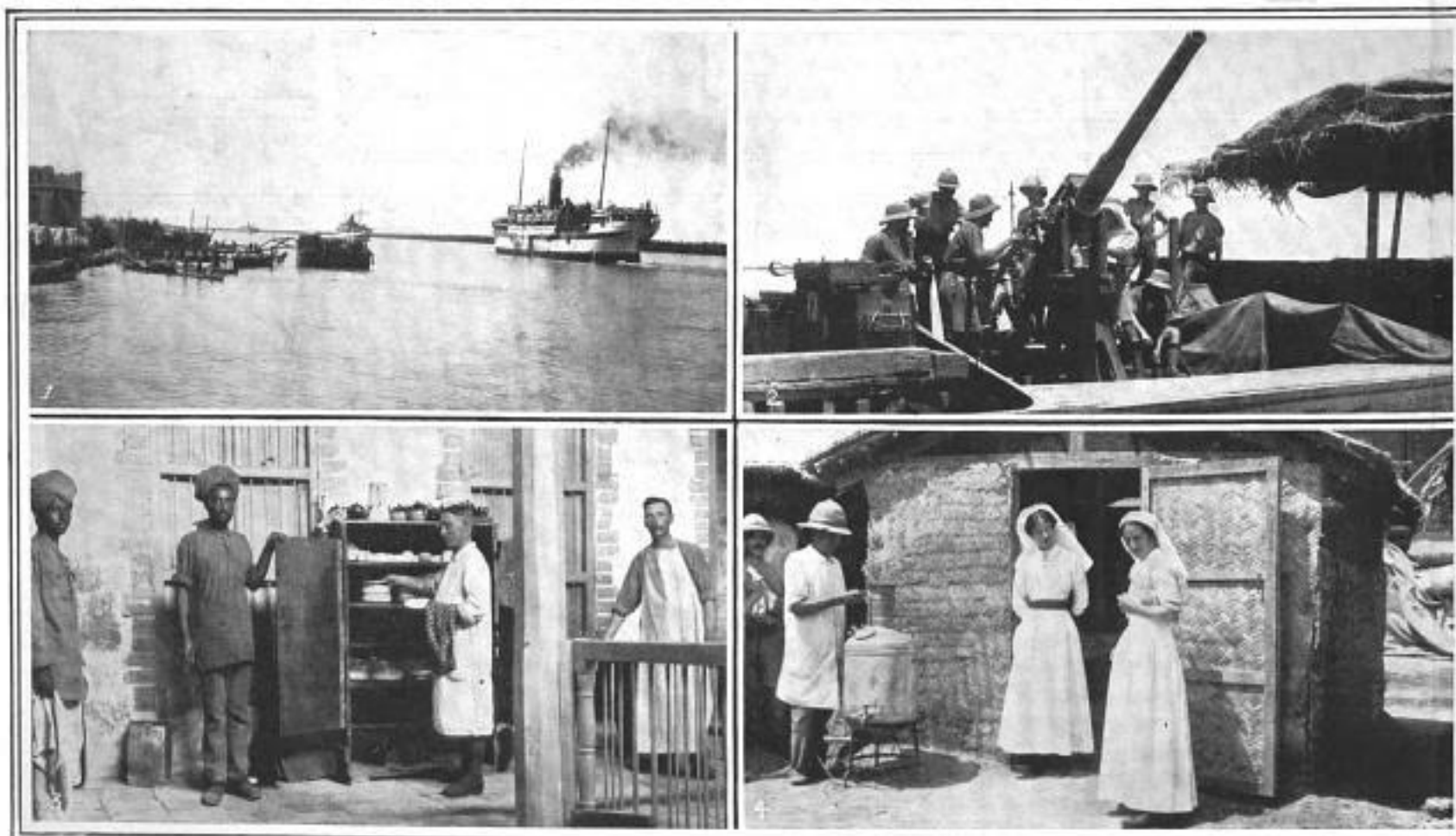
Russia's new ice-free port of Alexandrovsk, in Kola Bay, an estuary on the Murman Coast, lies some three hundred miles in a direct line to the north-east of Archangel, on the White Sea, and well within the Arctic Circle, about a hundred and fifty miles from the North Cape. Owing, as it has been suggested, to the influence of the Gulf Stream, while Archangel, on the White Sea, is frozen up every winter, Kola Bay remains ice-free.

3. WHERE, THOUGH WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, THE SEA NEVER FREEZES: KOLA ESTUARY—A RUSSIAN MOTOR-VESSEL.

4. BRITISH WHO WINTERED AT ALEXANDROVSK: FILLING CASKS AT AN ICE-HOLE.

A railway connecting Alexandrovsk with Petrograd was planned before the war, but it had not been begun. By dint of strenuous exertions and setting an army of engineers and navies to work, since the autumn of 1914 the entire line has been laid and is now beginning to be worked for army and munitions traffic. Thus, during the rest of the war, Russia can draw supplies from Western Europe and elsewhere all the year round.

Marking Time in Mesopotamia: Typical Scenes with the Anglo-Indian Forces on the Tigris.



1. SOUND FOR INDIA WITH WOUNDED INDIANS: RED CROSS STEAMERS LEAVING BASRA.

2. IN A HOSPITAL AT AMARA: A CUPBOARD FOR KEEPING FOOD HOT OR COLD.

In an official announcement made by the War Office on June 17, it was stated: "There is no change in the situation in Mesopotamia. On the north bank of the Tigris, east of Kut, our trenches have been pushed forward to within 200 yards of the Turkish Samma-i-yat position. On the south bank we have occupied an advanced position at Imam Mansura, 3½ miles south of Magas. No fighting has been reported from the Euphrates line, except a small and successful punitive

3. READY FOR HOSTILE AEROPLANES: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ON AN AMMUNITION-BARGE.

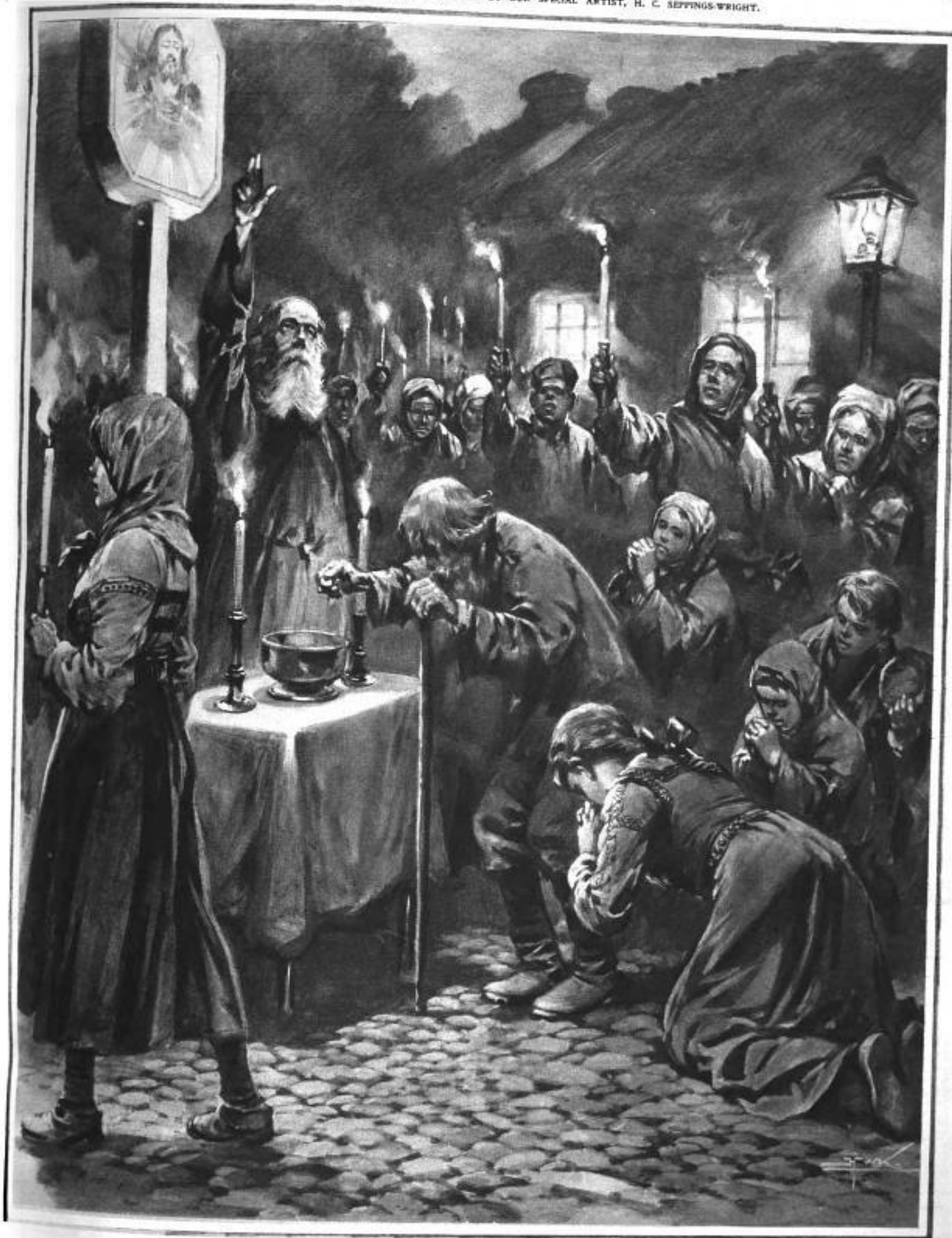
4. AN ADJUNCT TO THE AMARA HOSPITAL: A HUT USED FOR DRESSING MINOR CASES.

expedition against Arabs who had persistently cut the telegraph line north of the Hamar Lake. On the night of June 14-15 our cavalry raided a hostile Arab tribe and captured 200 cartloads of grain and a number of sheep. Three barges on the Tigris were sunk by Turkish artillery fire on June 10. The above incidents appear to form the basis on which the imaginative Turkish official communiqué of the 15th inst. was founded."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

RUSSIA'S PIETY IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY: A VILLAGE THANKSGIVING.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



CELEBRATING VICTORY IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE: A CANDLELIGHT PROCESSION TO A VILLAGE SHRINE;
WITH PEASANTS MAKING THEIR WAR OFFERINGS.

In the hour of victory, as in the day of tribulation, the deep religious spirit of the Russian people manifests itself in a manner that is singularly impressive. Our illustration shows a picturesque thanksgiving ceremony in a Russian village on the arrival of the news that a great success had been achieved by the Russian arms. Describing the sketch from which the drawing was made, our artist writes: "The effect of the victory on the country is magical. Everybody is filled with hope and confidence for the future."

This is a typical village scene. On the announcement the whole village turned out, and made the 'pope' come to the village shrine to hold a service of thanksgiving. A common brown bowl was placed on a table in front of the shrine, and into it the offerings fell—principally coppers. Even beggars contributed their mite. The man dropping a coin into the bowl is a blind beggar man." In the procession are men and women bearing lighted tapers, and tapers were placed on the table.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

RUSSIA'S SWEEP ACROSS BUKOVINA: THE LEADER AND HIS EMPEROR.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 BY C.N.



ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATTACK: THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS'S VISIT TO GENERAL BRUSILOFF AND HIS STAFF.



AT GENERAL BRUSILOFF'S HEADQUARTERS: THE EMPEROR IN CONVERSATION WITH THE GENERAL.



LEADER OF THE EVER-ADVANCING ARMY:
GENERAL BRUSILOFF.

Europe, as a whole, first heard of General Brusilov in the opening Galician campaign, soon after the war began. At that time he was at the head of one of the army groups under General Russki. After that he held the command of the principal section of the Southern Russian group of armies, controlled by General Ivanoff. On that brilliant tactician's retirement, through ill-health, early in the present year, General Brusilov succeeded to the supreme charge of the Russian Southern group of armies. The rapid sledge-hammer blows with which he beat in the Austrian front and his full-speed-ahead invasion of Bukovina are characteristic of a man who for years past has been at the

top of his profession and noted as one of the ablest and most daring cavalry leaders in the Russian service. He is sixty-four, but is said to have the energy of a man of thirty and to be tireless, whether in the saddle or at headquarters. Those who know him describe him as a man of blunt manner and few words, stern on duty and a strict disciplinarian; yet capable, through the devotion he inspires among those under him, of getting the utmost out of all. His masterly generalship has shown itself by the continued successes which have already resulted in the subjugation of the entire province of Bukovina.

FROM A GREAT AFRICAN RULER TO THE KING: A NOTEWORTHY LETTER.



IN THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL OF THE EMIR 'ABBAS: KANO—THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF CENTRAL SOUDAN.

FROM EMIR 'ABBAS OF KANO TO THE KING-EMPEROR: A TRANSLATION

PRAISE BE TO GOD ALONE, ON WHOM WE RELY FOR HELP.

From the Emir Kano 'Abbas to the Representative of His Majesty the Sultan of England.

A thousand greetings; a thousand salutations; admiration and honour. I have heard the decision of the Conference which you held in the famous Council Chamber respecting the Great Army. Know that I greatly rejoice and am exceedingly glad by reason of this decision; and know furthermore that under your blessing I will give ten thousand pounds every year to aid and succour you in your undertaking. We praise and thank you. May God prolong your life and grant you increase in Empire, in health and in grace everlastingly. Salaam!

Monday 26th, Safar 1334 of the Hijrah.



A NIGERIAN POTENTATE WHO IS GIVING £100,000 A YEAR AS A WAR CONTRIBUTION: THE EMIR 'ABBAS OF KANO, HIS WAZIR, COUNCIL OF STATE, AND OTHER HIGH OFFICERS, AT A GATE OF THE CITY.

الحمد لله وحده وبه نستعين

من مير كنف عباس

الى وكيل جلالة سلطان الانكليز عمنا
لورغا الف تحية والى سلام ورضى واحترام
اما بعد فانه كلام المشورة التي جعلتم
بالعريس المعلوم في شأن الجيش
الكبير فاعلم انه جرت بهذا الكلام
بحر احشيرا وسيرت به لسرور احشيرا
وبعد فاعلم انه في برطاني اعطى عشرة آلاف
قمة في كل عام اعانة لك واغاثة في شأنك
وفر حمدنا وشكرناك اهل الله لك
العمر وزادك دولة وعاجية ونعمة
مدى الدهر والسلام

يوم الاثنين ٢٦
صفر ١٣٣٤ هـ

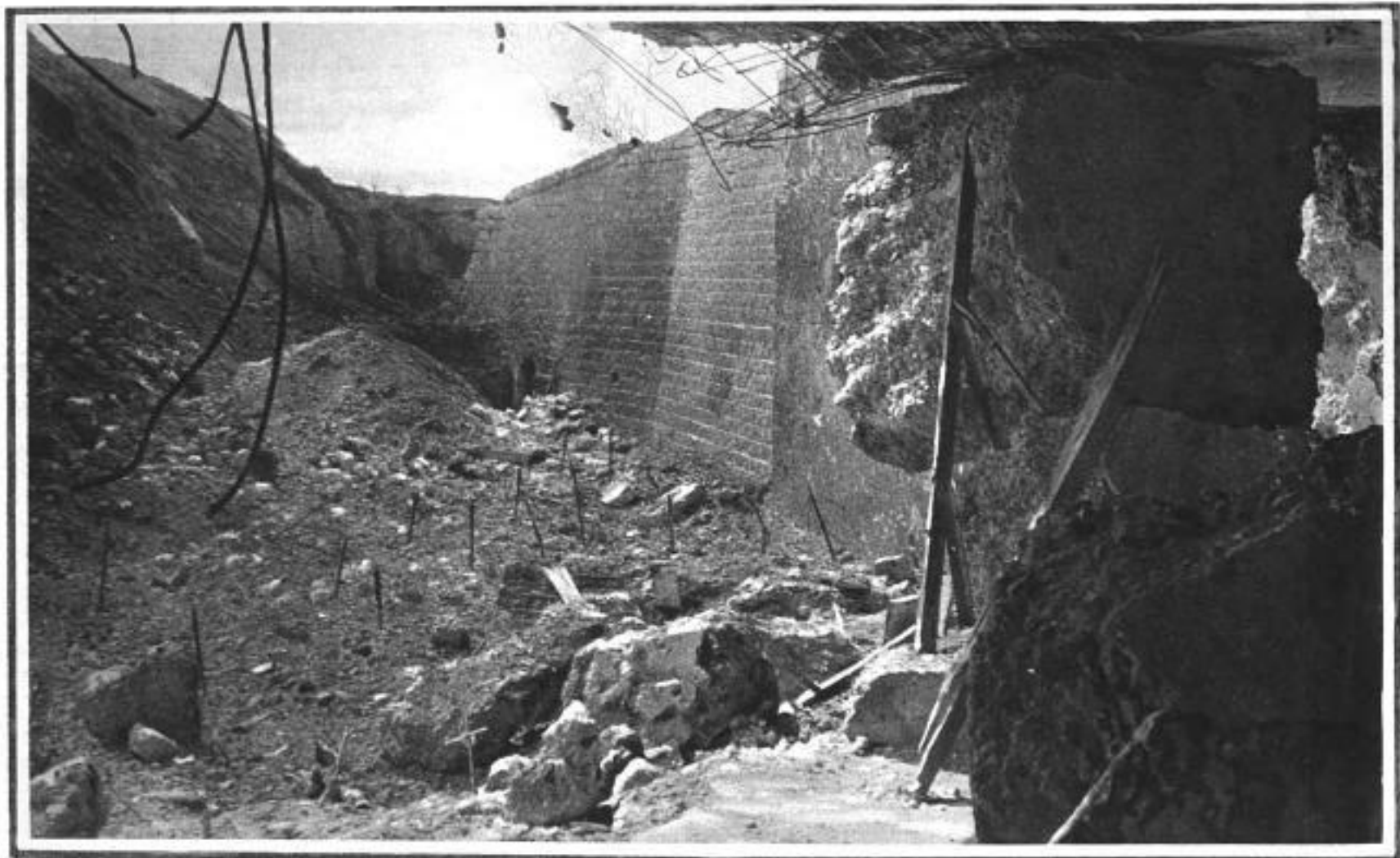
In these days of the Empire's trial the spontaneous expressions of friendship and loyalty, as well as the munificent gifts, offered on all sides by native princes in various parts of the world have been a wonderful source of strength and encouragement to the King-Emperor and his advisers. In such manifestations of goodwill is found proof of the sympathetic relations with native races and native authority which British colonial administration always seeks to establish. A fresh instance of cordiality is the above letter to the King from the Emir 'Abbas of Kano, a very important potentate in West

Africa. Next to the facsimile reproduction of the letter appears a translation of it in English. Kano is the name of a province and of a town in Northern Nigeria. The province has an area of some 31,000 square miles, with a population of between two and three millions. Kano itself can claim to be the chief commercial city of Central Soudan, its chief industries being cloth weaving and dyeing and the manufacture of leather goods. Its population is nearly 60,000. It is 320 miles N.N.E. of the confluence of the Niger and Benue. Its mud walls are 18 miles in circumference.

WHERE A FRENCH GARRISON MADE A HEROIC DEFENCE: VAUX FORT.



A HISTORIC POSITION IN THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF VERDUN: THE FORT OF VAUX, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE FIRED INNUMERABLE SHELLS: A CORNER OF VAUX FORT, SHOWING HUGE BLOCKS OF CONCRETE SHATTERED.

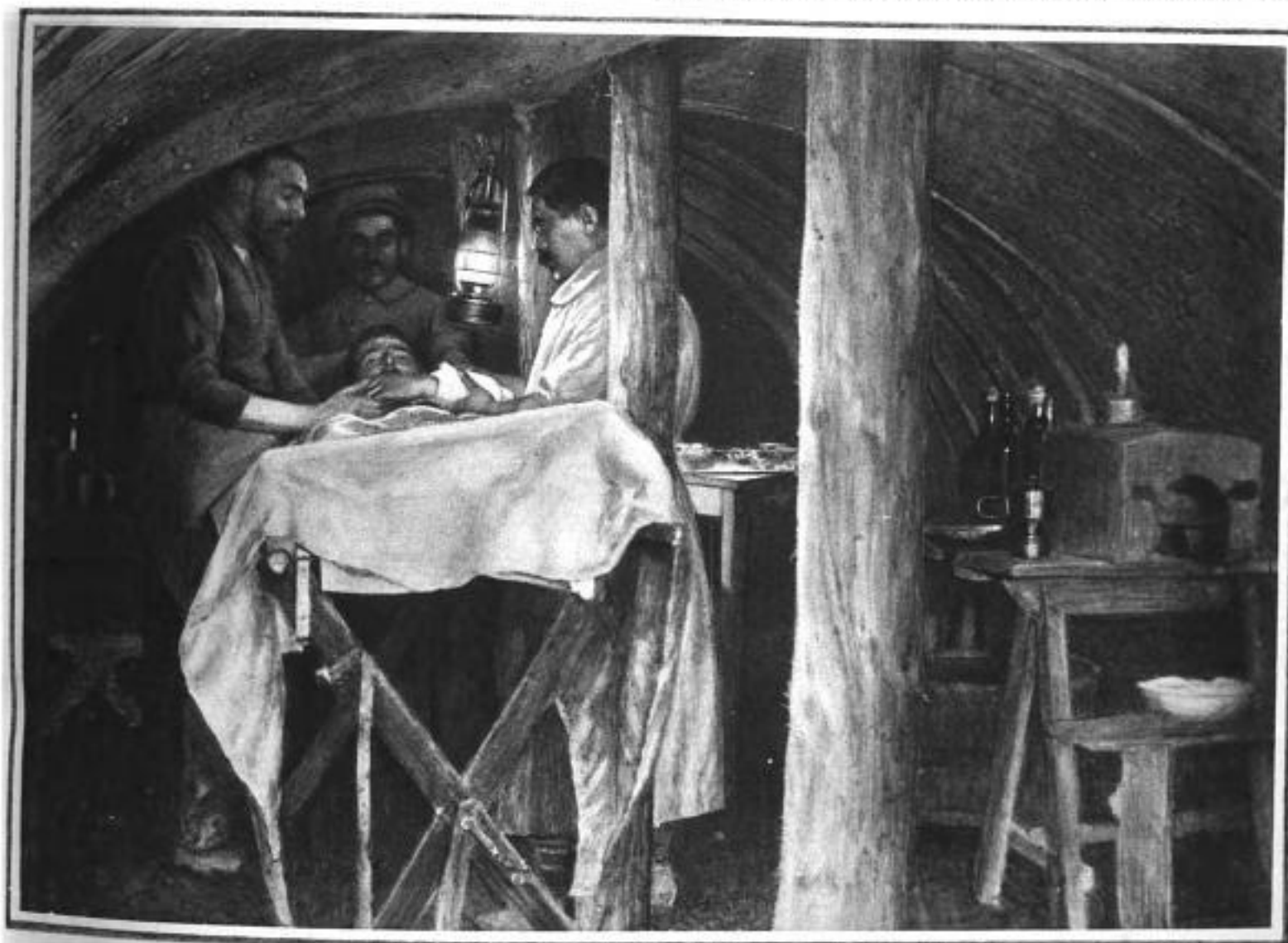
The defence of Vaux Fort, one of the outlying French positions near Verdun, by the heroic garrison under Major Raynal, will remain as one of the most glorious exploits in that great battle, and, as one writer puts it, "a supreme example of the grit and doggedness of France." In one month, it was estimated, the Germans fired into the fort and its immediate surroundings many hundreds of heavy shells every day, and towards the end the number was increased. The fort itself was completely wrecked by the explosions, great concrete blocks being shattered into fragments. Time and again

German infantry assaults were repelled with severe losses to the enemy. But eventually the little garrison could hold out no longer. Major Raynal's last message ran: "We are reaching the limits. Officers and men have done all their duty. Vive La France!" On June 6 French airmen observed great columns of smoke and explosions in the fort, and on the 7th the Germans announced its capture. It has been pointed out that, although Vaux was a good observation station over the Woevre, it was not a vital point in the Verdun defences, being only a supplementary work to those of Souville.

THE "PLACE DE L'OPÉRA": A FRENCH AMBULANCE POST.



FORMERLY IN THE FRENCH FRONT LINE, BEFORE THE ADVANCE IN CHAMPAGNE: PROTECTED SHELTERS NOW USED FOR AMBULANCE WORK.



INSIDE A STEEL-VAULTED SHELTER USED AS A DRESSING-STATION: FRENCH SURGEONS ATTENDING TO A WOUNDED MAN.

At the time of the great French offensive in Champagne last September, one of the most strongly fortified posts in the French front line was nicknamed the Place de l'Opéra, and the adjacent broad pathway, the Avenue de l'Opéra. The French advance left it behind among what then became second-line positions, and it has since been converted, as shown in our photographs, into an efficient ambulance station. It was to one of these shelters that General Marchand was brought when he was so badly wounded. They were originally built under fire when the enemy were only about two hundred yards away, and the work of bringing up the heavy steel arches (used

as roofs) and hundreds of thousands of sand-bags, was both arduous and extremely perilous. Situated near the regimental first-aid posts, it forms a collecting centre for the sick and wounded in that locality. One of the big shelters, at a depth of 40 feet, is used as a dressing station. It is vaulted with armour-plate covered inside with whitewash. Under the table (seen in the lower photograph) is kept a tub full of anti-gas solution. In the upper photograph, the first entrance on the left bearing the inscription, "Relais d'Ambulance" is that of the "salle de malades" (sick-room), the next is the dressing-station, and the next the quarters of the staff.

NAVAL AIR FORCES ON LAND! R.N.A.S. ARMoured CARS IN EGYPT.



DIFFICULTIES OF MILITARY MOTORING IN EGYPT: A CAR HELD UP BY THE SANDS OF THE DESERT.



THE CAPTURE OF A SENUSSI PATROL: AN EXPLOIT BY THE ARMoured CAR DIVISION OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE.



WITH THE ARMoured CAR DIVISION OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE IN EGYPT: HAULING OUT A MOTOR-LORRY STUCK IN THE SAND.



A WAY FOR THE CARS PREPARED BY THE ENGINEERS: A FIVE-TON MOTOR-LORRY CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE.



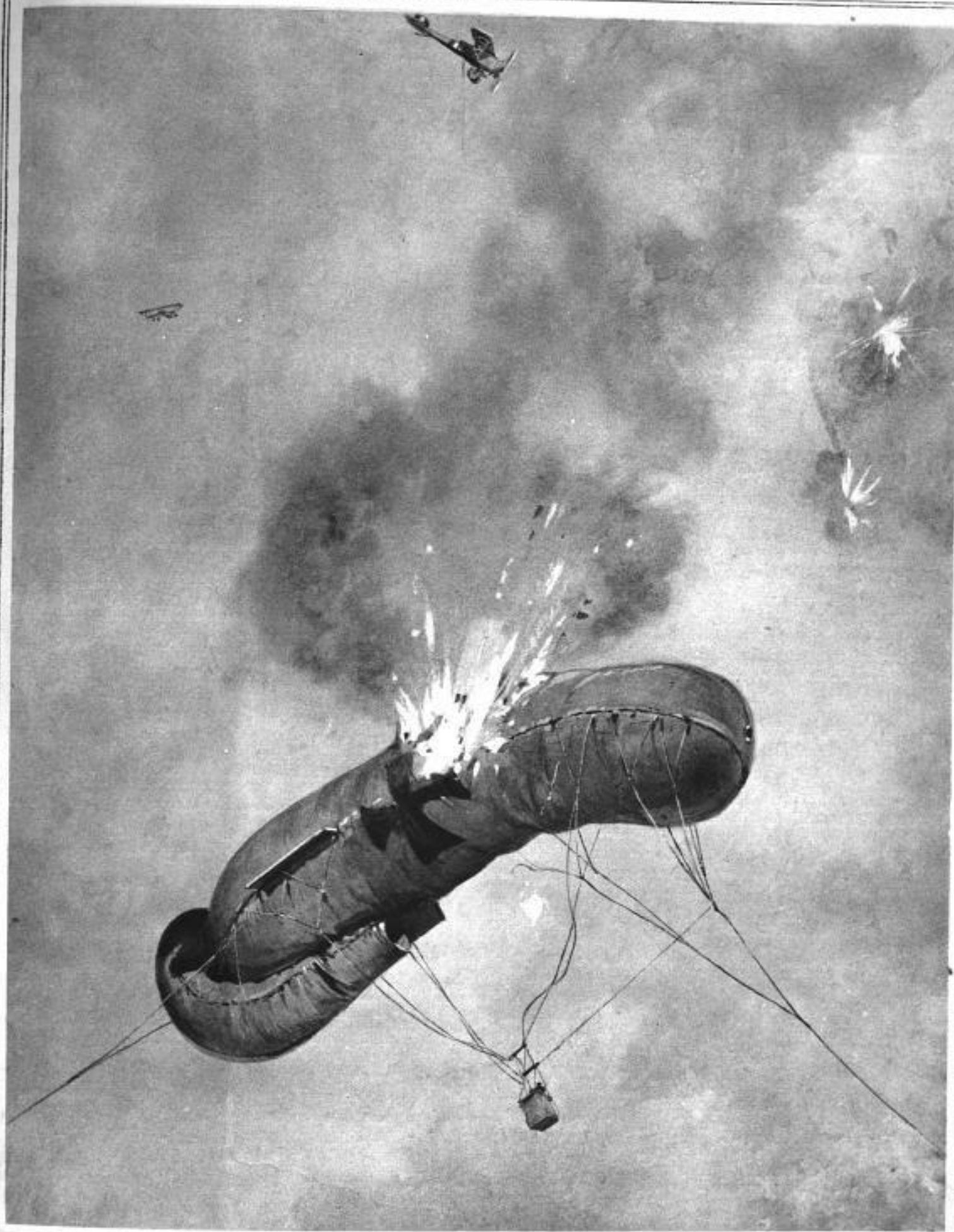
A DISASTER JUST AVERTED: A CAR STOPPED ON THE EDGE WHERE THE CANAL EMBANKMENT HAD GIVEN WAY.

Sir John Maxwell's recently published despatch giving details of the successful campaign in Western Egypt against the SenuSSI under Turkish leadership, shows that the armoured cars of the Royal Naval Air Service had an important share in the operations and did exceedingly useful work. Six cars and one wireless car were with General Wallace's force on December 11 near Wadi Senaab, and Sir John Maxwell says: "In the action valuable assistance was rendered by the armoured cars." Later (on January 14) we read: "The damaged telegraph line between Matruh and Dabaa was successfully restored by the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division." Sometimes their work was impeded by the state of the ground after heavy rain. Thus, in the action near Bir Shola on

January 23, "Owing to the mud, again, the infantry were deprived of the support of the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division, intended to co-operate against the enemy's left flank—a loss seriously felt during the day." In the Battle of Agagia, on February 26, "two armoured cars operated on the right flank with orders to pursue the moment the enemy should break; on the left was the remaining squadron with two more armoured cars. The 1st South African Infantry and two armoured cars formed the general reserve." The cars also took part in the reoccupation of Sollum. Their adventurous exploits under the Duke of Westminster, in capturing the enemy's guns and rescuing the survivors of the "Tara," shortly afterwards, are already famous.

"STRAFING" A GERMAN KITE-BALLOON: AN ALLIED AIRMAN'S FINE FEAT.

DRAWN BY F. DE HARNEN FROM A SKETCH FROM THE FRONT.



A KITE-BALLOON MEETING ITS FATE: AN ENEMY'S "SPOTTER" DESTROYED BY BOMBS DROPPED ON IT FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The anchored "kite," or "sausage," balloon, in the nature of things, runs several risks of sudden destruction while on duty in the air. It exposes itself, for one thing, as a bulky target of a more or less fixed type, to being crippled and brought down by long-range artillery marksmanship. Occasionally also the anchoring-rope gets cut through, and, if the wind happens to be blowing towards the enemy's lines, the observer has every chance of being taken prisoner as his balloon drifts and comes to earth. The other day there was a fine tale of how a French observer, whose balloon had been cut

loose through shrapnel severing its mooring-rope, just saved himself by a hasty parachute descent into the French fire-trenches. The deadliest antagonist of all for a kite-balloon is a hostile airman, if he can get sufficiently close above it. For defence against such aeroplane-attacks, kite-balloons rely on the shooting of their own artillerists. The above drawing shows how a German kite-balloon was recently destroyed before the British lines. Our Headquarters on June 25 mentioned: "We have destroyed 3 hostile kite-balloons this afternoon."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CONQUEST OF THE KILIMANJARO COUNTRY: BRITISH

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED

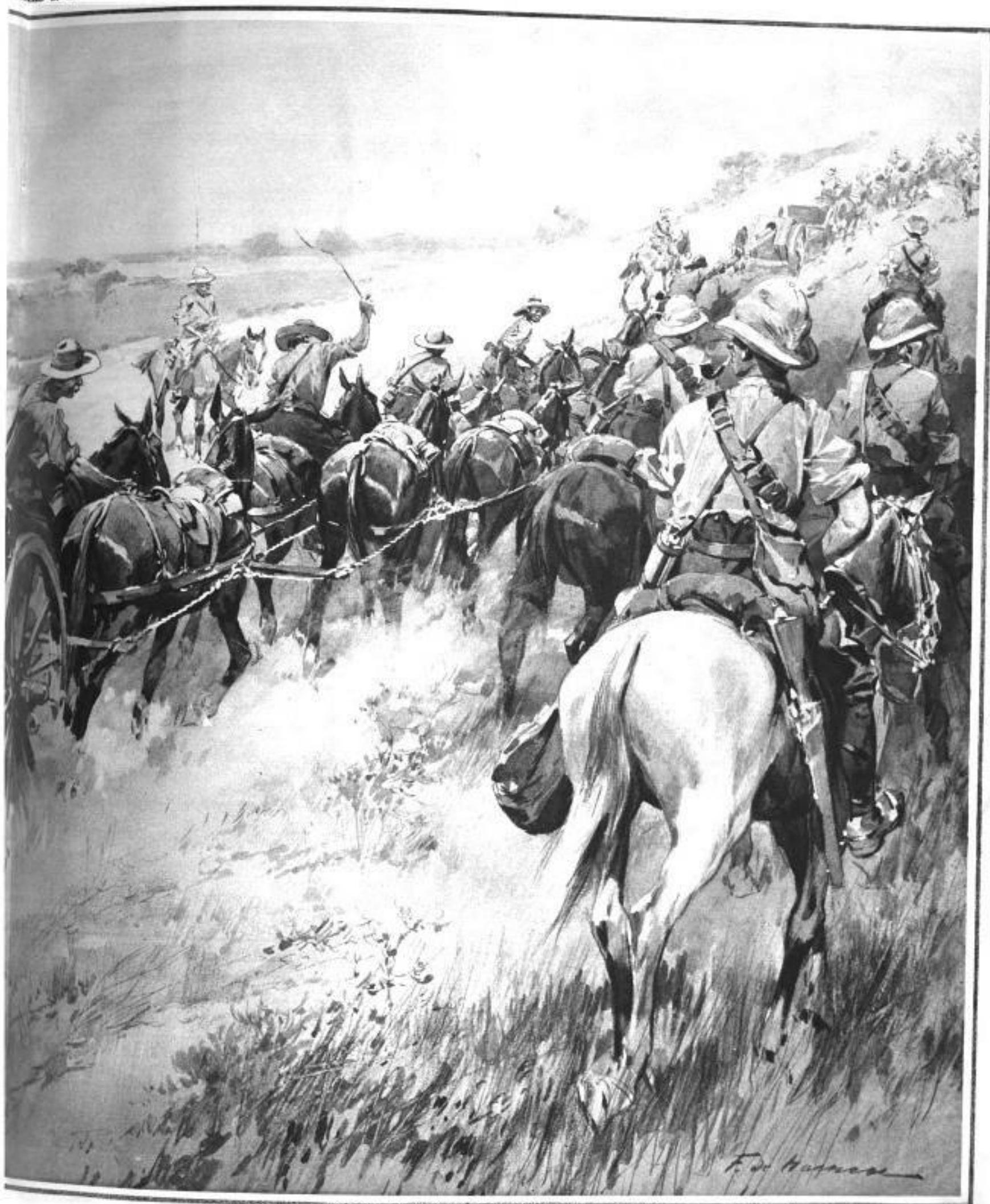


WITH ONE WHEEL REPLACED BY A TREE-TRUNK TRAILING ALONG THE GROUT

In his recently published despatch on the British advance in the district of German East Africa round Mount Kilimanjaro, General Smuts makes special mention of the good work done by the gunners. "The Royal Artillery," he writes, "were ably handled by Brigadier-General J. H. V. Crowe, and on all occasions when they had an opportunity of preparing the way for and covering the infantry advance their support was most effective." The despatch deals with the operations between February 19, when General Smuts arrived at Mombasa after assuming the East African command, and March 21, by which date (to quote his words again) "the conquest of the Kilimanjaro Meru area, probably the richest and most desirable district of German East Africa, was satisfactorily completed." Several times in the course of his despatch, General Smuts has occasion to mention the artillery. Thus: "The 2nd Division, under Major-General Tighe, carried out, on 8 March, an artillery bombardment of Salaita"; and again, on the 10th:

BRITISH ARTILLERY ON TREK IN THE EAST AFRICAN HILLS.

THE GUN DRAWN BY AN OFFICER SERVING IN EAST AFRICA.



D: A 13-POUNDER OUT OF REPAIR BUT KEEPING ITS PLACE IN THE COLUMN.

"After a brief fight the enemy withdrew towards the Latema-Renta nek, hotly pursued by mounted troops and field artillery." In the battle of Soko Nassai, on March 21, two South African field batteries, a mountain battery, and a howitzer battery took part. "Our guns," writes General Smuts, "were well handled . . . but definite targets were difficult to obtain owing to the density of the bush." The above drawing, which shows artillery advancing near Mount Kilimanjaro, illustrates also the resource and ingenuity of the men in charge. The gun in the foreground, a thirteen-pounder, has had to have a wheel removed for repair, but it has been enabled to keep its place in the column by having a long tree-trunk lashed under the axle and to the top of the ammunition-wagon in front, the end of the tree being left to trail along the ground after the manner of the local type of ambulance used in the Balkans. Each gun is drawn by a team of twelve mules.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BRITISH INVASION OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS



ARTILLERY BELONGING TO ONE OF THE COLUMNS: OXEN DRAWING A GUN.



ON LAKE NYASA: B.S.A. POLICE GOING ON BOARD THE "QUEEN VICTORIA" TRANSPORT.



ON THE FRONTIER, SOUTH OF LAKE TANGANYIKA: A PATROL RECONNOITRING IN THE BUSH.



ON LAKE NYASA: RHODESIANS PUTTING OFF TO THE "QUEEN VICTORIA" TRANSPORT.



CROSSING A SWAMP AFTER HEAVY RAIN—THE WATER GETTING DEEP.



B.S.A. POLICE ON THE WAY TO JOIN THE MAIN CAMP: WADING ALONG PATHS FLOODED BY THE RAINS.

Brig.-General Northey, the officer conducting the campaign in the south-western region of German East Africa, opened his attack by crossing the frontier on May 25. The frontier line between Northern Rhodesia and the Nyasaland Protectorate and the German colony extends for some two hundred miles between the northern end of Lake Nyasa and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Rhodesian and British South Africa Police, a semi-military organisation on the lines of the Canadian N.W. Mounted Police, and mounted burgher and settler volunteers, with a number of guns, form General Northey's force, which is advancing as independent columns operating from several points. They all set to work promptly and successfully. On May 30, New Langenburg, an important German town and settlement thirty miles north-east of Lake Nyasa, was taken by the main British column, and its garrison driven out. Three or four days later, another British column, under Colonel Rodgers, attacked a force of the enemy in position on the Poroto Hills, and defeated them, taking

RHODESIA: WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL NORTHEY'S FORCES.

BY TOPICAL.



ON LAKE NYASA: A CONTINGENT LANDING AT THE NORTHERN PORT OF KARONGO.



WHILE MARCHING TO JOIN THE FIELD FORCE: R.S.A. POLICE RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE.



AT EVERY STEP: R.S.A. POLICE FOLLOWED BY THEIR BAGGAGE-CARRIERS.



WITH THE HEAVY TRANSPORT SECTION: A MOTOR TROLLEY OF THE RHODESIAN A.S.C.



KEY-CARRIERS TO THE FIELD FORCE: NATIVE "BOYS," WHO SOMETIMES DROP THEIR LOADS IN THE WATER.



EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONTIER: R.S.A. POLICE CROSSING A ZAMBESI BRIDGE.

a gun and a large quantity of rifles and ammunition. Simultaneously, Colonel Murray's Tanganyika column further north captured Bismarckburg, on the lake, one of the chief places of the German colony. The German garrison at Namema, twenty-three miles north-east of Abercorn, in Rhodesia, just over the border, and near the southern extremity of Tanganyika, was next invested. At the moment of writing, all the columns of General Northey's force are advancing without having experienced a check anywhere. The illustrations show the nature of the country and the stamp of the troops on service. Owing to belts of country infested by the tsetse fly, the baggage has to be mostly carried by native carriers, or "boys," as they are called all over South Africa. Oxen, whose best pace is two and a-half miles an hour and fifteen miles to a day's march, draw the guns, horses being too few and valuable to use for draught purposes.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SUN-FISH AND SUBMARINES.

Nowadays even the least nautically inclined among us is finding a new interest in those strange engines of destruction which are as much at home under water as at the surface—an interest fraught, too, with some anxiety. Hence it is that I feel sure my readers will welcome an account of a fish which is worthy of the most careful study at the hands of our submarine constructors. This is the sun-fish—*Mola mola* of the scientific text-books—surely one of the most remarkable of fishes, living or extinct.

The seas of all the world, from Great Britain to Australia, are its hunting-grounds, yet no

fish would seem to the uninitiated less fitted for travel on so vast a scale. We are wont to associate with great speed among sea-dwellers a long, torpedo-like body; but here, as if to show that Nature will be tied by no traditions, the body has the form of a huge oval, and looks as if it had been amputated close behind the great back-fin. Surely, with such a shape, no creature could seem less fitted for speed and diving powers of the first magnitude. Yet it is an accomplished performer in both these activities.

When full grown the sun-fish exceeds a ton in weight, while in length it measures no more than eight feet. This great bulk is supported largely on jelly-fish, varied by equally luscious morsels in the shape of larval eels, and occasionally larger and more solid prey. The jelly-fish are secured, presumably, at the surface, where much, if not most, of its time is spent, its presence being indicated by its back-fin, which, like a great sign-post, projects above the watery plain, tempting and guiding the fishermen, armed with harpoons, who covet its stores of oil.

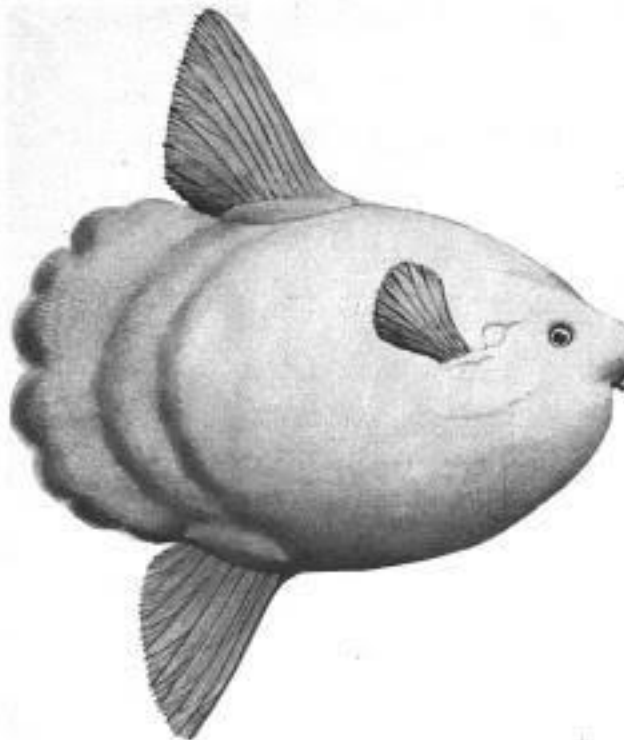
But how, at this time, is locomotion effected? Ordinarily, fish are propelled, not

AN EXTRAORDINARY CREATURE THAT SWIMS HEAD DOWNWARDS: THE TORTOISE-FISH (AMPHISILE).

"Save for the topsy-turviness of its mode of locomotion, which raises some curious problems of orientation, it seems to afford little likely to be of great value in regard to the construction of submersible ships."

as is generally supposed, by the action of the breast-fins, but by rapid and powerful side-to-side movements of the whole body, more especially of the hinder portion. But there can be no undulatory motion of the great solid slab which forms the body of the sun-fish. Here, without doubt, the fins come into play, and it is clear that these propellers must be the great back-fin and its fellow which projects like a huge wedge from the under-surface. Their

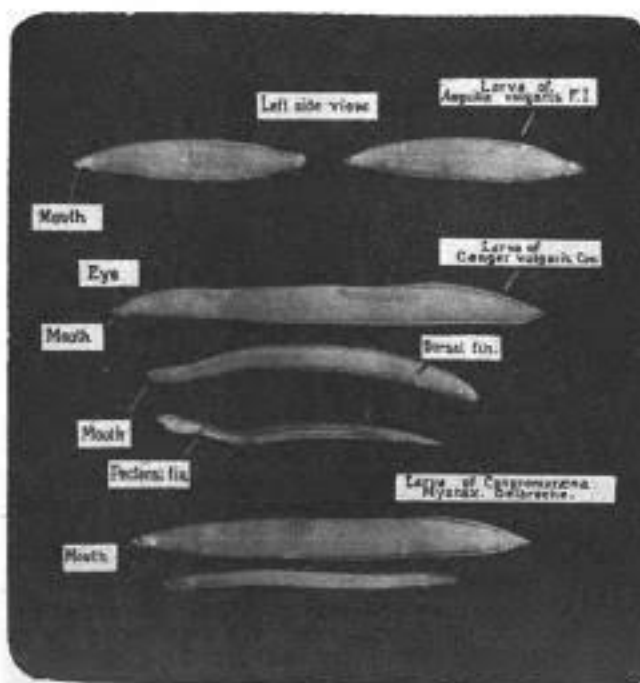
action, it is no less certain, must be vibratory—that is to say, a sort of shuddering, side-to-side motion: no other is possible. Further, these two fins are capable of independent action, since, as we have said, the creature can travel with ease at the surface with the back-fin projecting like a flag-pole. During such progress the helpless, drifting



A CREATURE THAT MAY AFFORD HINTS TO SUBMARINE-DESIGNERS: THE SUN-FISH, IN ITS NORMAL POSE.

When diving, the head of the sun-fish is turned directly downwards by the vibrations of its two great fins, used as propellers. The small breast-fins serve as balancers.

jelly-fish must fall an easy prey. But by what means does the creature precipitate himself to unknown depths when the pangs of unsatisfied hunger—for jelly-fish are but watery morsels—demand greater exertion. We must assume that, at will, the lowermost fin can be set



PREY WHICH THE SUN-FISH DIVES DOWN TWO HUNDRED FATHOMS TO CAPTURE: LARVAL EELS.

Since the bodies of these larval eels are transparent and not phosphorescent, it is an interesting question by what sense the sun-fish discovers them. It cannot be sight; possibly it is smell, but this is conjectural.

in motion in such a way as to drive the body suddenly forward and downward, and that as soon as the back-fin is submerged it also comes into play, thus doubling the speed, which must be great. This last conclusion seems justified from the fact that from the stomach of a specimen lately sent to the British Museum of Natural History a silver ling was taken nearly two feet long. This was rather a surprising discovery, since it had always been supposed that jelly-fish and the fragile larvae of eels formed the sole aliment of this huge carcass. To swim into a shoal of larvae and gulp down victims by the score requires neither great skill in steering nor speed in overtaking. But matters are otherwise when slim and active fish like the silver ling are concerned. Furthermore, this grim chase must be carried on at depths from 100 to 300 fathoms deep, in utter darkness, and the victim must be seized with jaws which, while powerful enough, have a capacity of no more than a few inches. When we come to realise the conditions of such captures, the feat becomes indeed astonishing.

Such being the broad facts in the everyday life of this most bizarre-looking fish, so utterly incapable, to all appearances, of the feats which it actually performs with such amazing facility, is it unreasonable to suggest that the mechanical principles of its design may afford useful—nay, even valuable—data for the improvement of submarine vessels for use in naval warfare?



ANOTHER FISH THAT PROPELS ITSELF BY VIBRATING FIN: THE SEA-HORSE (HIPPOCAMPUS).

The little sea-horse travels through the water vertically (head upwards) driven by the vibrations of its back fin. The tail, which is a most efficient grasping organ, has no fin.

While on this theme it would be well to mention that there are other fishes which also depend on vibratile fins for their means of locomotion, though progress in these cases is both limited and slow, owing to the small and fragile character of the fins. The sea-horse affords the most familiar instance of this kind, and with this fish the body is carried vertically during the limited journeys which it ventures to make. Still more remarkable is the case of that extraordinary creature, the tortoise-fish, or *Amphisila*. Semi-transparent, and encased in bony plates—hence the name tortoise-fish—this strange product of Nature swims about in the Indian Ocean, head downwards, driven by means of the vibrations of small fins at the hinder end of the body, though when in action they are, of course, at the upper end. But save for the topsy-turviness of its mode of locomotion, which raises some curious problems of orientation, it seems to afford little likely to be of great value in regard to the construction of submersible ships.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, A. AND N. AUSTRIAN, MATTHEW AND FOX, FOULEHAM AND RANDFIELD, SWAIN, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPRAIGHT, LAFAYETTE, AND CRISP.



LIEUT. PERCY STRICKLAND, R.N.,
Killed in Battle of Jutland. Son of Mr.
Percy Strickland, Purley Down, and
mother-in-law of J. W. D. Jones, of Porten.



CAPT. S. VENN ELLIS, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Defence." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of Rev.
H. V. Ellis, Woodbridge.



LIEUT. E. N. G. MATON, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Tiger." Has been
officially reported killed in action in
the Battle of Jutland.



CAPT. P. M. CLIFTON WILDE,
Royal Marine Artillery, R.M.S.
"Indefatigable." Killed in Battle
of Jutland. Entered Service 1898.



CAPTAIN CYRIL S. HAZEN,
Royal Marine Light Infantry. Lost
on H.M.S. "Hampshire." A mem-
ber of the Royal Automobile Club.



MAJOR BEAUCHAMP H.
B. MAGRATH,
Lancashire Regt. Killed in
action. Son of Major-Gen. and
Mrs. B. H. W. Magrath,
Cambridge.



COLONEL A. E. SHAW,
Canadian Expeditionary Force.
Killed at Ypres. Was a cousin
of Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir
Sam Hughes, K.C.B.



MAJOR A. YOUNG,
Canadian Infantry. Killed in
action. Received captaincy
October 1915, and since
that date had received further
promotion.



BRIGADIER-GEN.
THE EARL OF
LONGFORD,
Killed in action. Son
of General the Earl
of Longford, who
served in the Crimea
and Malak.



LIEUT.-COL. H. C.
BULLER, D.S.O.,
Canadian Light In-
fantry. A member of
the Duke of Con-
naught's Household,
and son of Lady
Buller.



MAJOR G. C. ROONEY, R.M.L.,
H.M.S. "Queen Mary." Killed in the
Battle of Jutland. Son of Colonel and
Mrs. Rooney, of Monkstown.



LIEUT.-COLONEL ERNEST CODRINGTON,
Indian Infantry. Mentioned in despatches on taking
of Kun in September 1915. Officially reported died
in Kun, April 20, 1916.



CAPTAIN L. E. ATKINSON,
W. Yorkshire Regiment. Killed in action.
Was a well-known athlete. Son of Mr.
C. E. Atkinson, Harrogate.



LIEUT. E. D. LE SAUVAGE,
R.F.C. Killed accidentally while
flying. Previously wounded at
Hill 60.



CAPT. W. LEWIS HENDERSON,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Mentioned for
conspicuous gallantry and ability
December 1915. Died of wounds.



LIEUT. C. R. MAGRATH GODWIN,
Canadian Artillery. Born at Leth-
bridge, Alta. Men from Lethbridge
Battery came with First Contingent.



CAPT. T. RUPERT BOWLEY,
Norfolk Regiment. Mentioned in
despatches, Oct. 14. Took part in
battles of Mons, Le Cateau, etc.



CAPTAIN C. J. HUGHES,
Connaught Rangers. Died on active
service at Bata. Served in S. African
War with Highland Light Infantry.

LITERATURE.

Russian Central Asia.

There are artists with the brush, and there are artists with the pen. One of the most famous of Russian painters, Verestchagin, has depicted Central Asia both on canvas and on paper, with his brush and with his pen; but, whilst his paintings live, his word-pictures of that strange and distant country never reached the dignity of true artistic life. Verestchagin, eloquent as he was, scarcely ever gave us more than bald descriptions of that region; it was left to Mr. Stephen Graham to paint a word-picture. His "Through Russian Central Asia" (Cassell) reveals the artist of the pen. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated, but the illustrations, fine and interesting as they are, are but photographs—the artistic work, the real picture, will be found in the letterpress. The country, by the description of which Mr. Stephen Graham has enriched contemporary literature, offers indeed a fascinating theme, and he has treated it like a magician of old, conjuring up before us with his wand living images and beautiful visions which enchant and enthrall, and leave us dazed with admiration and delight. Well might a correspondent compare them to the effects produced on his imagination by a perusal of "The Arabian Nights." Starting from the romantic land of the Caucasus, the land of mountains and castles and gorgeous vegetation, of picturesque bandits and beautiful women, the author proceeded to the weird, naphtha-haunted city of Baku. He makes us smell the petroleum and breathe the heavy air of that town of contrasts and anachronisms, where East and West, in spite of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, so strangely meet. Thence across the unfriendly Caspian Sea, Mr. Graham takes us to the deserts of Central Asia, traversed at a snail's pace by that wonderful military railway which is one of the late M. Lessar's engineering monuments. Presently we are in Bokhara, that fabulous country conquered almost in spite of themselves by Russian soldiers blindly working out their country's destiny. From Bokhara to Tashkent, from Tashkent to the Chinese frontier amid the tent-dwellers, Mr. Graham wends his delightful

way over the Siberian border to the Irish. It is a journey which every student and lover of Russia will envy him, a description which will bring despair to the hearts of less gifted disciples of the pen. Mr. Graham's wonderful imaginative sympathy with all he sees and depicts is brought out in its strongest relief in his appreciation of the Mahomedan religion. When describing the restless Russian colonists whom he calls "seekers," he says of them with admirable truth: "They

"In Seven Lands."

Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's "In Seven Lands" (Chatto and Windus) would be capital reading at any time, but is particularly so at the present moment. Only one of its seven lands—Spain—is neutral. Italy and Portugal are our allies, and the remaining four compose the Central Powers, our enemies. About them all Mr. Vizetelly writes entertainingly, but on the subject of Germany he is specially illuminating. His visit to it—or rather, to Prussia—on which these reminiscences are based, was made with his father, Mr. Henry Vizetelly, on behalf of *The Illustrated London News*, at the close of the Franco-German War. In the few pages which link these later with earlier recollections, preserved in two former volumes by the author, we make a diversion to Rivesaltes, at the eastern limit of the Pyrenees, the birthplace of the Generalissimo of the French armies. Joffre *père* grew wine on his little estate there, but also made casks for other people's, and it was as a master-cooper more than as a wine-grower that he accumulated his little fortune. This digression is characteristic of Mr. Vizetelly's book, for his has been the good fortune to come in contact with many notable people in various parts of the Continent, and he owes it in not a few cases to his researches into different methods of viticulture. Germany in 1872 was entering upon a new, distinct stage of its madness. Berlin, ever since the close of the war, says the author, had been living in a state of moral intoxication. It had resolved to be the *Weltstadt*—the world-city—*par excellence*; and consequently his descriptions of it in this period of transition are of the highest interest. The virus of an overweening materialism was even then poisoning a people who already suffered from the arrogance

of a military caste. We are reminded that the methods of the German Press Bureau and Wolff's Agency are only survivals, much elaborated, of a machinery of public-opinion control that was running forty years ago. There was much flagrant immorality among the Berliners, associated with a grossness of manners—particularly table manners—that specially struck one fresh from the elegancies of Paris. This was in contrast with the abstemious, even austere, habits of many of the generation just then

(Continued next page.)



RESTING IN A TRENCH: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE BRITISH FRONT.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau. Crown Copyright Reserved.

take up farms and give up farms with too little scruple, and then go farther, disgusting the official eye in one district, but knowing they will delight other official eyes farther on when they turn up with carts and cattle and belongings at some verdant, empty wilderness still farther away from the centre of Russia." A more charming and interesting description of Central Asia, pregnant as it is with profound thought, we have not come across.



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AMONG the silver articles displayed at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., are many especially suitable for wedding presents. These Silver presents have been selected mainly for their practical character, but there are interesting novelties also, from which appropriate gifts can be chosen. If a visit of inspection is not possible, a fully Illustrated Catalogue will be sent, post free, on application.

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Bond of Union is composed of certain choice leaves which give an essentially cool, slow smoke. And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out its individual flavour.

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departing, to which Mr. Sidney Whitman has already called attention. The simple life led by some of its most distinguished figures is illustrated in several of whom Mr. Vizetelly also gives us vivid glimpses. Moltke is a notable instance. Moltke, though sometimes referred to as a Dane, was of German stock; but Roon was of a Netherlands family; Wrangel was probably a Swede by origin; and Treitschke's, a Slav, is still another case of a foremost artisan of Prussian ascendancy being of foreign extraction. Bismarck's is, of course, a constantly recurring name on those pages about Prussia; and half-a-dozen on a visit to the Chancellor's modest residence, 76, Wilhelmstrasse, are among the best in the volume. It is not to be supposed, because we have lingered on it, that only the German section of these reminiscences will hold the reader. They are all engaging, the sympathetic ones of Italy not least of all; and the contemporary illustrations, chiefly from the files of this journal, add to their attraction.

Nothing daintier in the way of booklets could well be imagined than the little series called "Memorabilia,"

pence, to judge by the excellent reproductions of works by old masters in "Portraits of Christ" and "The Last Supper." Each contains introduction and notes by Mr. G. F. Hill. Of the unillustrated volumes we have received "Easter Poems"—a little anthology of Paschal verse, both ancient and modern, ranging from an eleventh-century poet to Keble and Clough—and the "Ideal of Citizenship," a translation by Mr. A. E. Zimmern of the famous speech of Pericles, as given by Thucydides, over those Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War. As the publisher well suggests, this speech "would seem salutary to be read by every English reader of to-day." It is not, of course, the actual speech that Pericles delivered, but an imaginary speech composed by Thucydides. That

but it is a widely appreciated fact that this ideal is realised in Bulmer's Champagne Cider. It is a very pleasant beverage and a preventive of the acidity which induces the formation of that uric acid which is the origin of so many ailments, and so agreeable a form of fighting the insidious approach of gout and rheumatism may be found in this cider that its popularity is universal. The methods



ITALIAN TRENCH-CONSTRUCTION IN THE ALPS: A DRAWING BY LUDOVICO POGLIAGHI AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN WAR PICTURES.

This drawing shows the outer side of the trench embankment (to face the enemy). The defenders stand within on a raised platform, as shown on the left, and fire through gaps in the timber work just under the roof.—(Photograph by C.N.)

published for the Medici Society by Mr. Philip Lee Warner, the unillustrated volumes at 1s. net, and those illustrated at 1s. 6d. net. The latter are well worth the extra six-

A luxury without being an extravagance, a promoter of good health without being a medicine, a beverage good at all seasons, but best of all in summer, sounds ideal;



ITALY'S MOUNTAIN WAR ILLUSTRATED IN THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION: A DRAWING BY LUDOVICO POGLIAGHI.

Among the collection of Italian war pictures brought together by a Belgian art-lover at the Leicester Galleries are some fine drawings by Ludovico Pogliaghi of the fighting in the Alps. In this one Italian artillerymen are seen hauling their guns up the mountains during a storm.

Photograph by C.N.

does not detract in the least from its interest and value. It is, like Shakespeare, not of an age, but for all time, and as we read it we feel that it might have been pronounced yesterday over our own dead in France, or by the shores of the Aegean.

employed by Messrs. H. P. Bulmer, at Hereford, are absolutely scientific, and their cider is matured by the same slow and expensive process as the fine champagnes of France. The result is a sparkling beverage, pleasant to the eye and to the palate, and of real hygienic value. The cider takes twelve months to mature, and is then in perfect condition, satisfying the connoisseur and not taxing his purse. Summer weather cannot be far away, and a wholesome and agreeable beverage is of importance to the whole community. An eighteenth century writer—adapting an old Latin epigram, gives five reasons for drinking: "Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry, Or lest I should be by-and-by, Or any other reason why!"—Accepting this as a fact, the wider the popularity of Bulmer's Champagne Cider the better.

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Table-cloths, 2 x 2 yards, 22s, 25/11 each; 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 yards, 32s, 36/- each; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yards, 35/-, 32/-, 30/- each. Odd dozens of Napkins, 24 in., by 24 in., 7/6, 9/2, 11/6, 15/6, 18/6 and 21/- doz.; 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 yard, 18/6, 20/-, 21/6, 23/- dozen. Tea-cloths, 30 x 36 in., 12/6 each. Tray-cloths, 18 x 27 in., 1/11 each; 20 x 28 in., 2/3 and 2/9 each.

BED LINEN.

Oddments in Hemstitched Linen Sheets, size: 2 x 3 1/2 yds., 25/6 pair; 2 x 3 yds., 23/11 pair; 2 1/2 x 3 yds., 28/-, 43/- pair; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yds., 30/6, 32/- pair; 2 x 3 1/2 yds., 33/6, 35/-, 37/6 pair. Linen Pillow-cases, 10 x 30 in., 24/6, 26/6 per doz.; 12 x 30 in., 28/- per doz. Linen Nightdress Cases, hand embroidered, to be cleared, 2/11, 3/6, 4/3 each.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, in various sizes, 4/2 to 5/9 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, in various sizes, 3/6 to 12/6 per dozen. Officers' Khaki Handkerchiefs, hemmed, 1/10 per dozen. Hemstitched, 3/2 per dozen.

TOWELS, etc.

Reinforced Heavy Hark Towelling, 26 in. wide, 1/6, 1/9 and 1/11 per yard. White Bath Towels, hemstitched, 24 x 30 in., 12/6 dozen; 23 x 25 in., 10/6 dozen. Hemmed, 21 x 41 in., 17/9 dozen; 24 x 50 in., 24/6 dozen. Soft Bath Mats, 20 x 30 in., 2/6 each; 23 x 36 in., 3/11 each.

Write to-day for our Sale List containing particulars and prices. Post free on request.

Robinson & Cleaver
LONDON, 40D, Donegall Place BELFAST LIVERPOOL.



*From Private
to General*

They all enjoy a wash with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

(The Soldiers' Soap.)

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

In United Kingdom, 4d. per Tablet.

In Australia, Canada, India, and British Colonies, 6d. per Tablet.



Solid Silver Tea Service

in Georgian pattern with Gadroon
mounts, consisting of Teapot
(holding one pint),

Sugar Basin and Cream Jug.

£5 : 15 : 0

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Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V. LTD.

158-162, OXFORD ST., W., 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
172, REGENT ST., W. ROYAL WORKS—SHEFFIELD.



A Beauty Secret . .

THE true secret of beauty
is a healthy complexion.
The lines and furrows that make
so many women look careworn
and old quickly vanish when the
skin is restored to a healthy
condition.

OATINE is the only pre-
paration that gets down into the
pores, removing the dirt and
grime which soap and water
cannot reach, and restores the
skin to its fresh natural condition.

OATINE is an ideal skin
food, prepared from Oats, which
restores the natural charm of the
complexion.

OATINE is on sale at all
Chemists' and Hairdressers',
1/1½ and 2/3 a jar.

Oatine

FACE CREAM

removes roughness and soreness,
leaves the skin delightfully soft,
does not grow hair, and is in-
valuable for preserving the skin
from all extremes of temperature.

GET A JAR & PROVE ITS WORTH



Convenient, Economical, British

CONVENIENT because you can have it in any form to
suit your fancy—stick, bowl, or cake.
ECONOMICAL because its absolute purity ensures a rich,
creamy lather with a minimum quantity of soap.
BRITISH because it is made from British materials, is
London by the Soap-makers to the King.
Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap yields a rich, creamy
lather which soothes and comforts the skin and ensures a
quick, clean, comfortable shave.

In Cardboard Boxes,
6d., 1 Stick, 6d., and
1/2 in. Box, 1/2, 1/2, 1/2.
Of all Chemists

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

GENEROUS TRIAL
SAMPLES of
Shaving Soap,
Dentifrice, and Cold
Cream Soap, sent
on receipt of 2d.
in Stamp.
D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd.
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COLD CREAM SOAP
WORKS, LONDON, E.
Established 1774.

PERFECT CONTROL

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FOR SEA SICKNESS AND TRAIN SICKNESS

MOTHERSILL'S has received the unqualified
endorsement of the leading papers of the world,
and the finest testimonials from the world's
greatest travellers, men, women, and institutions.
MOTHERSILL'S is guaranteed not to contain
Cocaine, Morphine, Opium, Chloral, or any
other of the evil tar products.
Used by Royalty, Nobility, Doctors, Clergy-
men, &c., &c., on Atlantic, Pacific and other
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NO BAD AFTER-EFFECTS.

Guaranteed to Cure or Money Returned.

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when the teeth are white and
shining as they are when
Calox is regularly used.

In use, Calox liberates oxygen,
which finds its purifying, cleans-
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Use Calox night and morning, and
increased beauty and longer useful-
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FREE. A postcard will bring you a
generous sample of Calox by return.
Calox is sold by Chemists at 1/3. The
Calox Tooth Brush reaches every part
of every tooth, 1/-.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.
75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON.

LADIES' PAGE.

MR. HUGHES, the Australian Premier, who has had such a success in this country, is here as the elected representative of women voters as well as of men; and it was no doubt with an eye to that fact that he observed, in addressing a women's association in London, that it is "extremely improbable that after this war women will consent to be relegated to those backwaters of life in which men have placed them for so long." There certainly ought to be an end now and for ever to certain obstacles to women's free entry into the labour market. Surely the "delicate, fragile female" argument, and the objection to women wearing the dual form of dress that is the only one suitable for hard, physical labour, will in the future be relegated to silence. Then, again, there is the old attempt to close paid labour to married women; so rampant before the war that even women doctors, teachers, and others who had spent years of life and large sums of money on qualifying for some form of useful occupation outside the kitchen and nursery, were ordered to resign wage-earning on getting married. The assumed delicacy of women's form, the compulsion on her to wear always a crippling form of attire, the demand that she shall either resign love and family life altogether or abandon the use of her special trained faculties—these are all very serious obstacles to the wage-earning and full usefulness in social life of women that have been utterly swept aside for the war, and perhaps may not be revived. But I have always seen that the entry of women into industrial wage-earning life, rendered necessary by the development of machinery and the consequent production on a large scale of goods previously made at home, would be the source of great trouble and suffering, as all root changes must be. The war has only accentuated a process that was in full progress before it of women going out independently to seek their means of livelihood. The need for multitudes of them to do so, the desire for a wider life of thousands of others, will be enormously increased by the war; and the general conditions of society, custom, and legislation must needs be modified accordingly more or less rapidly. But it may mean terrible suffering, unless men are wise and kind about it.

For the present, the cry is not how to keep women out of work, but what they can be induced to undertake; and there are even frequent murmurs of "conscripting the women," as "they are not coming forward in sufficient numbers" to fill the places of all the millions of hard-working or trained and skilled male labourers taken away from their avocations. The census and the essential point



AN EFFECTIVE SUMMER DRESS

Composed of two kinds of foulard silk. One is plain dark-blue, and the other bears a conventional design of many colours. The collar and full sleeves are made of white organdy.

that the constitution of women is not in fact built for hard, muscular toil as effectively as is that of men, because women are primarily regarded by Nature as the mothers of the race and not its fighters or muscular workers, make it probable, to say the least, that a very large proportion, indeed, of the women fit, free, and at all suited for the sort of hard work for which they are being called, have already "voluntarily enlisted." Only women still young and enjoying good health, can be farm labourers, work in great noisy and nerve-racking munition-factories, etc.; and the number of such women is limited. Besides, out of them, a large number are young wives and mothers, inexorably tied to preserving the life of helpless infants; others are required to procure and prepare the food of the nation; others to attend upon the sick; to teach in the schools; to preserve hygienic conditions in the houses; and to do all the other usual "national services" that form the ordinary and indispensable daily work of women.

It is true there are many educated women, unfitted for hard bodily toil by years or fragility of build, who may yet be with advantage called upon to replace the men who are so fit, in various offices of administration and government; this class is so far not allowed to "do its bit" by the powers that be. Also, no doubt there are still a certain number of young and strong women, idling about in middle-class and wealthy homes, who might be "conscripted" for hard work—and nobody more pleased, in many a case, than the "conscript" herself! In many a wealthy home are girls who would gladly come forth to do even hard work, for constantly there is to-day repeated the tragedy of personality of which George Eliot spoke: "You do not know what it is to have a man's energy and spirit, and to suffer the slavery of being a girl." Many a girl of this sort will rejoice unspeakably if the Government make haste to "conscript the women."

Messrs. Liberty and Co. are restricting their Summer Sale to a brief period this year; it begins on Monday, July 10, and ends on Saturday, July 22. In this period, they will offer, at the considerably reduced prices that are more than ever nowadays valued by the woman of artistic taste but limited means, certain portions of the stock; slightly shop-soiled goods, in furniture as well as in materials, odd lengths, remnants and made garments that must be renewed frequently, and also fancy goods and furnishing fabrics. Some silver necklaces with pendants set with real turquoises or pearls that were 35s. and 42s., are actually to be had for 15s. each. There is a large quantity of the Chinese Wild silk that is very strong, and has a good appearance for dresses, blouses, undergarments, and children's frocks, reduced in some cases nearly to half price. A Liberty muslin blouse for 6s. 6d. is like a pleasant dream, but it is true; and there are some gowns and many children's smocks and dresses at half-price, too. The charming millinery that so well suits many faces is reduced more than half; for instance, straw hats trimmed with flowers that have been 45s. are to be had for only 18s. 6d. FLORENA.

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Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional
"re-education" of the Intestine.

Constipation
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Prevents Appendicitis and
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MEDICAL OPINION:

"JUBOL is an excellent combination of active agents for the treatment of intestinal disorders. It is highly successful for chronic constipation, re-education of the intestine, and facilitating the digestive process, while it assists in preventing the development of enterocolitis. Its well-established efficacy deserves to draw the attention of physicians as well as sufferers to the merits of JUBOL."

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Prepared by J. L. Châtelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the sole British and Colonial Agents, **Heppell's** Pharmacies and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet," also "Lancet" Report.



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JUBOL, price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 29/6).

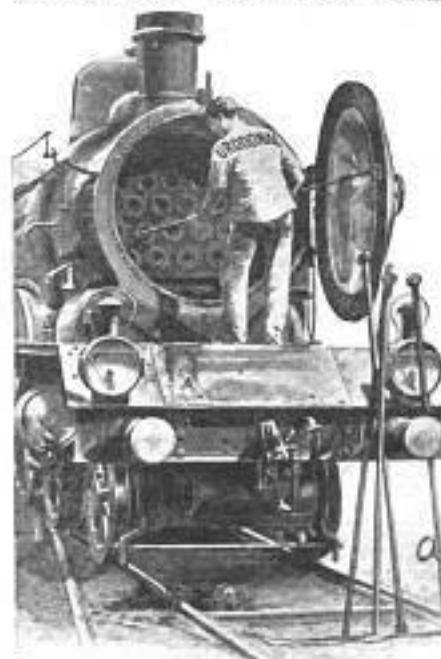
URODONAL

MAINTAINS YOUTH OF THE HEART AND ARTERIES.

It frees them from all the waste products, uratic and chalky deposits which tend to harden their walls.

This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.



Certain blood vessels (veins and arteries) can be compared to boilers. By dint of continually working and circulating blood that is more or less loaded with impurities, their walls become encrusted and hardened, so as to resemble "clay piping." This is **Arterio-sclerosis**, the baneful consequence of which are only too well known. Uric acid is the chief enemy, inasmuch as it is always present in excess whenever nutrition is disturbed. It paralyses the heart, and is in some cases the sole cause of certain diseases of this organ (Pericarditis, endocarditis, etc.).

Heart trouble, as well as disorders of the circulation, are, therefore, greatly benefited from the use of **URODONAL**, which is **thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia** as a solvent of uric acid; and, therefore, effectively prevents the appearance of the manifold troubles due to its presence.

Dr. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

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URODONAL dissolves uric acid, removes sandy deposits from the heart valves, prevents degeneration of the blood vessels, which interferes with normal circulation, thereby preventing overstrain of the heart.



For delicate Infants, and at Weaning time

Benger's is most valuable, because it adapts the fresh cow's milk with which it is prepared, to the delicate digestion of a child.

Benger's Food brings about this great and all-important change by its self-contained natural digestive action. As a result, the rich food contents of both Food and milk are absorbed by even weakly children, when other foods fail.

This feature of Benger's Food is a great achievement, highly valued by the medical profession. It distinguishes Benger's from all other foods.



takes a little time to make — another thing which emphasises how different it is from others, but as a result of this, its nourishment is imparted much more easily and quickly, and consequently children are sooner at rest.

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Self-Propelling and Adjustable Wheel Chairs.



(Patented) Model 216.

By simply pressing a button the occupant can instantly change the position of the back to any degree of inclination. The extensible leg Rests can also be adjusted by the occupant, and are supplied either single or divided. No other chair has so many conveniences.

Write for Catalogue FT of Wheel Chairs in various designs.
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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SUMMER SALE

Commences MONDAY, July 3rd, and continues for Three Weeks.

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods.



Picture Frock (as sketch) in rich quality Pompadour silk, single-breasted bodice, with dainty net fichu, becoming skirt with the new bouffant hip drapery.

Sale price 89/6

Tailor Suit (as sketch) adapted from a new French model, in heavy-weight coating, single-breasted bodice, with shawl collar, full, well-cut skirt. In navy and black.

Sale price 89/6

Street Coat (as sketch) in best quality heavy-weight natural-coloured shantung silk, double-breasted with buttons and pockets. An exact copy of a new French model.

Sale price 78/6

Black and white stripes coating costume, Coat and skirt, very practical and useful. For 20 years.

Usual price 84/-. Sale price 63/-. For 20 years.

Similar style in navy serge, tweeds, and shantung silks (also a good selection in cream serge).

Hat in contrasting shades of tulle, silk, buckram, crown, and pretty party of flowers. Shady and becoming.

Usual price 45/-. Sale price 30/-. These garments cannot be sent on approval.

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Save petrol and increase your car's efficiency. Descriptive Booklet No. 49, free from Zenith Carburettor Co., Ltd., 40-42, Newman Street, London, W. Telephone: Regent 4812-4813.

MAXIMUM POWER.

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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the strands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE. Sold Everywhere.

Drink Good Luck

in a glass of sparkling, bubbling, fragrant Cider.

Every bottle of

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

takes at least two years in maturing, being made by identically the same process as the French sparkling wine.

DELICIOUS TO THE LAST DROP. The cheapest of all good drinks.

WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

ITS SALE REDUCES IMPORTS.

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Write for Free Illustrated Booklet to the Manufacturers:



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Petrol Tickets. Many motorists will feel relieved to know that there is to be no increase in the carriage tax for cars, though how they will like the increased tax of sixpence per gallon on petrol, making a shilling per gallon in all, remains to be seen. At any rate, there seems little likelihood of their paying any considerable sum in this wise if the Petrol Committee only issue them petrol tickets for a limited supply of this fuel. For this reason it is rather puzzling to know how the Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates he will get the amount of nearly £1,000,000 out of this new tax, if only doctors, veterinary surgeons, the commercial world, and official and semi-official cars are to be supplied with petrol, according to the ukase issued by the Petrol Committee. Anyway, all the owners of cars will rejoice that the remittance of the suggested super-carriage license duty leaves them "as they were"; and now all that remains to be done is to get the fuel to run them on.

**Good Food,
More Work.**

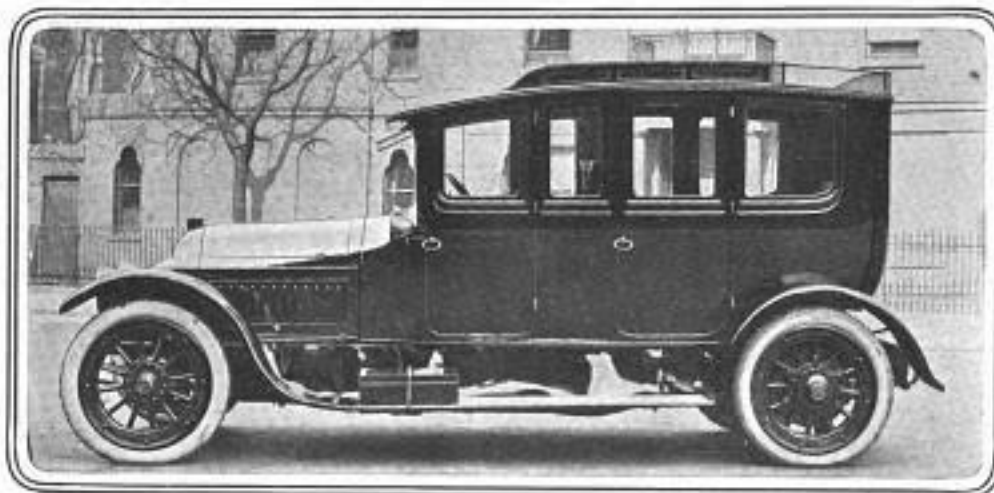
Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., opened a new canteen at the Rotax Motor Accessories works a week ago, provided by the Messrs. Avon for their workpeople, and which is being run by the Y.M.C.A. Mr. E. Avon, in an excellent speech asking the General Commanding the London District to declare the canteen officially open, stated that he had found it necessary, in the interests of the country, that the girls, women, and men employed on munition work should have good food and plenty of it to produce the best output of work. The more this was attended to, the greater the increase of munitions from the factory. The new building can accommodate 400 persons at one time, and was available for both day and night shifts. The directors of the Rotax Company had presented the building and its equipment, while the Y.M.C.A. officials who managed the canteen supplied the food, etc., at such prices that produced no profit, but gave the employees the benefit of getting full nourishment at cost price.

Training Mechanics. In its scheme of training mechanics of the Royal Flying Corps, the Daimler Company



AN EXCELLENT ALL-ROUND CAR: THE "KING" EIGHT-CYLINDER CAR.

The lady owner-driver of this car is showing how easily it can be converted from an open touring to an enclosed "All Weather" body type. It possesses practically every modern improvement and is sold by Messrs. Salmons and Sons, of 6, 7, and 8, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C. It is simple in construction, and has been designed specially as an owner-driver car, not needing, either in its driving, cleaning, or washing, the services of a skilled mechanic or chauffeur.



A HANDSOME CAR: A 20-30-H.P. PEUGEOT.

This fine car has an inside-driven body by Alford and Alder, Dunlop tyres, and Rushmore fittings and lamps, and can be seen at 10, Brompton Road, S.W.—[Photographs by Birket.]

has prepared for their sole use a booklet on the "Petrol Engine, Magneto, and Carburettor, with Notes on Air Resistance," which is particularly helpful to those men in training. The whole of the edition has been handed over to the Services, and the War Office and the Admiralty alone distribute it to those entitled to have the information. Each week parties of mechanics are sent down to the Daimler works, and a member of that staff is told off to attend to them and to give these men personal instruction and assistance. Each man gets a copy of the Daimler printed specification of the engine upon which he is trained. This in itself includes many useful notes of a technical character calculated to help him in his work both here and afterwards at the front. The men make notes and sketches of what is likely to be of value to them, and the company send to their Commanding Officers a personal report on each man's progress and abilities. Of course, these drafts come from all parts of the country, and it is wonderful the interest taken by them in this training when it is considered that the majority of the men had a considerable knowledge of the petrol engine and its parts before they joined up.

Aeroplane Inquiry. The critics of the Air Services do not seem to have presented their case very successfully. Very definite and convincing evidence is demanded by the trained legal mind, which always asks not only for facts, but provable facts. It seems almost a pity that the inquiry was started, as it looks as if it will lead to nowhere.

Half the troubles that this inquiry was supposed to redress have been due to the impetuosity of our gallant airmen. Let me give an instance. The machine is flown from the works or a central flying station to the depot from which it is flown to France. It arrives, and is there overhauled, or is supposed to be. It happens often that some detail wants attention, and if it cannot be done as quickly as the pilot desires he won't wait, but continues his journey to the aviation base at the front. If an accident does happen, the administration of the R.F.C. is at once severely criticised. If the pilot is killed, the facts are seldom available, as the mechanic who did or possibly was not allowed to finish his job keeps his own counsel. W. W.



DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(1)

To most of us motoring is not a habit but a necessity. Dunlop tyres through being the latter, become the former

IMMEDIATE
DELIVERY.

Peugeot

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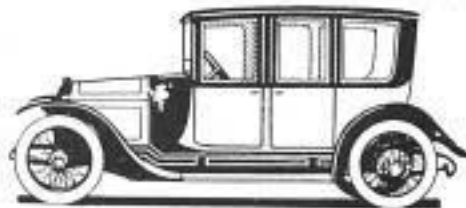
The World's Speediest Car.

To the long string of Peugeot successes must be added the brilliant winning of the 300 Miles Race at Indianapolis, demonstrating to the world Peugeot right to the title of "SPEED KING." Immediate Delivery can be given of the

20/30 h.p. Model:
"SPORTS CHASSIS"
fitted with extremely handsome
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Very Economical to run and delightful to drive.

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Of many fine whiskies, the finest.

Possesses a delicate flavour and bouquet which will give you a new appreciation of Scotch Whisky.

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"Word of Honour"

You are entitled to all that Science and Skill can do to improve your tyre service, and with Firestone equipment you get it. The honour of the world's largest exclusive tyre factory is pledged to that extent, and the name

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on your tyres is a guarantee of real riding comfort, security against delays and repairs, and most mileage for every shilling expended.

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GREAT ECONOMY OF

B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES

is the extreme efficiency
of the B.S.A. Counter-
shaft Three-speed Gear.
This well-known
device renders hill
climbing with a Side-
car and passenger easy
and sure. Its simplicity
and unfailing service
have earned the high-
est praise from riders.

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54, SMALL HEATH,
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FOR SOLO
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THE MARK OF THE
"PERFECT IN EVERY PART"
MOTOR BICYCLE.



Honour—twofold

Do you remember the successes always
achieved by Sunbeam cars on the track—
successes which gained the unqualified
admiration of the entire motoring world?
To-day those successes are being upheld not only
by Sunbeam cars themselves, but also by Sun-
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THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
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Agents for London and District: J. Keble, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.



How we help the Enemy!

How the Huns must smile to see
BRITISH MOTORISTS sending
gold out of the country at the
rate of £4,000,000 per year to
pay for imported American Tyres,
when all the time there are plenty
of better and British made, like



CLINCHER

MOTOR TYRES

to meet all requirements. Motorists,
where is your patriotism? Be British.
Buy Clincher British Tyres and help
your country at the same time that
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169, Great Portland St.,
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Factories: Castle Mills, Edinburgh.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO
ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

THE motorist who places
his name on the Daimler
Waiting List for a new car
after the war is not only
patriotic—he is wise.

For deliveries will be executed in
strict rotation of orders.

Seven years ago the Daimler Six-cylinder Englar
established its pre-eminence, and was experienced
has confirmed it. Until you have actually driven
a Daimler you have still to experience the finest
joys of motoring. There is no comparison—
the design is different.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE," AT THE APOLLO.

IT recalls Arnold Bennett and Stanley Houghton alternately. Here is shown the younger generation knocking at the door and making short work of parental selfishness and tyranny. Here again is a study of provincial town manners done with an almost photographic fidelity to detail. There are also reminders of Scottish drama in his portrait of a managing heroine. And yet "Hobson's Choice" is as far as possible from being a copy of other people's ideas or other people's methods. It is sound, honest work, this of Mr. Harold Brighouse, which takes us right inside the homes and lives of Lancashire middle-class folk, shows us realistically the rawness and often the ugliness of the milieu, and yet keeps us constantly amused by the maintenance of a legitimate note of comedy. When Maggie Hobson, at thirty, in fear of being left on the shelf, drags her father's gawky and reluctant best hand into matrimony and starts independence in a couple of cellars, nothing looks less likely than that she should carry her revolt to a successful issue. Yet, thanks to her generalship, there soon comes a time when the drunken and mean old man finds himself up against ruinous competition, is compelled to dower his other daughters, and is ready to sign a treaty which prevents him from drinking himself to death and puts his son-in-law in command of his business. The story sounds hard and grim in such summary telling, but Maggie's capacity and sound sense and goodness of heart take off any impression of suddenness; and Mr. Brighouse knows his Lancashire types too well not to handle them and endow them with a sense of humour. Their talk has pungency, just as their characters have grit. He is lucky in his interpreters. Miss Edyth Goodall hails from Lancashire, and does the Lancashire girl to the life. Mr. Norman McKinnel is never happier than when fitted with a character of rough edges and blunt speech; you forgive old Hobson in his

hands, so quaint does he make the skinflint. And there is a new comedian in the cast, Mr. Joe Nightingale, whose engagement for the husband who did not want to be a husband was a stroke of genius. He is irresistible.

"MACBETH" FILMED, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Macbeth" in cinema form; "Macbeth" robbed of its glorious verse; "Macbeth" with its poet-hero stricken dumb—what an odd transformation! You must accept the production now offered at His Majesty's as a spectacle, and forget the sacrifice of Shakespeare's language. If you can do that, you will be bound to admit that the spectacle



AFTER A SPELL IN THE TRENCHES: BELGIAN MACHINE-GUNNERS.

Photograph by C.N.

is wonderful and the whole enterprise romantic. Sir Herbert Tree has travelled thousands of miles to figure in these films, and we see now in London what it required the atmosphere and sunshine of California to bring to perfection. No mere stage-effects have ever matched the achievements of the cinematograph. The blasted heath stretching in such dreary distance, the torch-lit picture of the coronation, the crowded scene of the assault of the Castle—these are triumphs in presence of which the theatre can do no other than confess defeat. There are majesty and forcefulness in the looks of Miss Constance Collier's Lady Macbeth, just as there is picturesque imagination in Sir Herbert's presentment.

ROYALTY AND "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

Since the Barrie matinee was robbed of the presence of royalty, it was a fortunate arrangement which repeated the chief item of its programme at the London Opera House last week, and enabled the King and Queen to see the play and special cast arranged for their pleasure. There were visible evidences of their enjoyment; and once more "The Admirable Crichton" was played to a bumper house.

We are asked to state that the illustration published in our issue of Jan. 29, and entitled "Seeing the Sights," was from a sketch by Mr. K. B. Preston, whose name was not mentioned at the time the sketch was reproduced.

The bonus question has offered some difficulty in war time to life assurance companies, but it is being surmounted. The Standard Life's report shows that, after providing £163,000 for depreciation of securities and strengthening valuation of liabilities by over £150,000, a balance of over £800,000 remains. The directors, however, determined to carry forward this balance to the next investigation. Meantime, with-profit policy-holders are to be protected in the event of claim by having added to their policies an intermediate bonus dating back to 1910; while, when the next investigation is made, with-profit policies will share in the surplus then disclosed in respect to premiums paid since 1910. This means that profits distribution has only been postponed.

The Dunlop Rubber Company state that the Motor Club Championship held by the Royal Automobile Club of Madrid has resulted in a big success for Dunlop tyres. A cable says that the winning machines in all categories were fitted with Dunlops. The Championship is held over a course involving two climbs rising to 4500 and 5400 feet respectively, and these passes have been free from snow less than a fortnight; whilst the roads are "indifferent." Entirely satisfactory is the success which has followed the Dunlop Company's establishment of a new overseas depot in Madrid since the commencement of the war, as Dunlop tyres and championship results have become almost synonymous, both with cars and motor-cycles.

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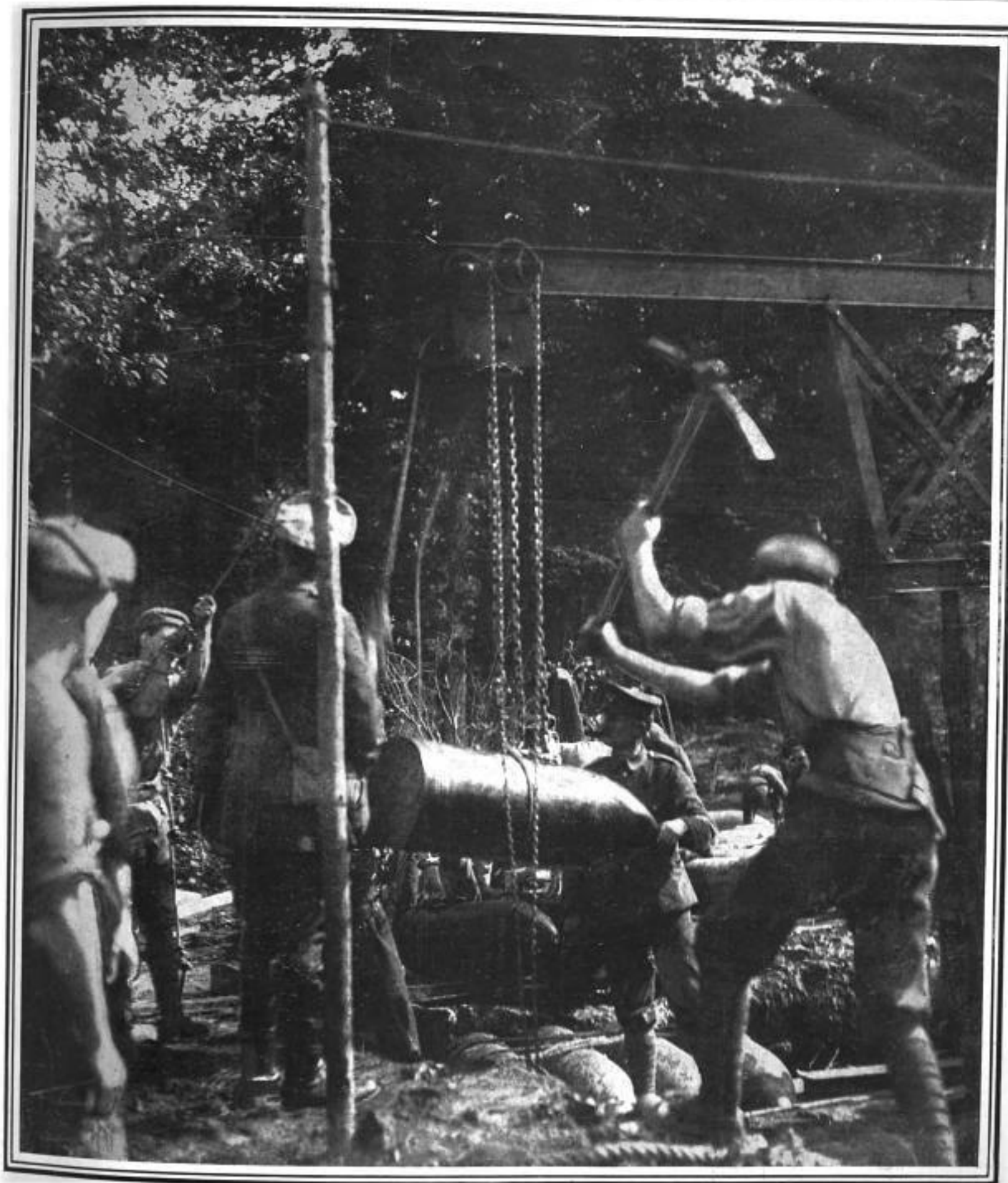
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HEAVY GUN-POWER BEHIND THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE: HOISTING UP A 15-INCH SHELL FOR "GRANDMOTHER,"
BEFORE BOMBARDING BEAUMONT HAMEL ON JULY 1.

This and other officially authorized photographs in this number were taken, on July 1, during the great British offensive which began on that day. The size of these huge 15-inch shells for one of our heavy guns is a sufficient indication of the enormous weight of metal which the British artillery is now able to bring to bear upon the German defences, and makes it easy to understand how terrific must have been the effect of the

preliminary bombardment. The particular shells seen in the photograph were used against the enemy's position at Beaumont Hamel, a village in the northern section of the British advance, about a mile south-west of Serre and an equal distance north-west of the River Ancre. In this district there was violent fighting afterwards. The type of gun that fires these big shells is known familiarly as "Grandmother."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU: SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

"IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR ENGLAND AND FRANCE"

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE WAR OFFICE



"WOUNDED AND NERVE-SHAKEN IN THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT": GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.



"THIS WAS THE WORK OF OUR GUNS . . . IT THE GE



THE WORK OF OUR ORDNANCE AND MUNITION FACTORIES BEARING FRUIT AT THE FRONT: A BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZER ABOUT TO FIRE.



REMARKABLY YOUNG-LOOKING (E.G., THE CAPTURED BY THE

"And so, after the first day of battle, we may say with thankfulness, 'All goes well. It is a good day for England and France.'" So writes Mr. Philip Gibbs in his fine description of the opening of the great Anglo-French offensive, penned at midnight on July 1. Continuing, he says: "For nearly a week now we have been bombarding the enemy's lines from Yser to the Somme. Those of us who have watched this bombardment knew the meaning of it. . . . This secret was foreshadowed by many signs. Travelling along the roads we saw new guns arriving—heavy guns and field-guns, week after week. We were massing a great weight of metal. . . . In the afternoon (of July 1) I saw the first batch of prisoners brought in. In parties of 50 to 100 they came down, guarded by men of the Border Regiment. . . . They were damaged fruit, some of these poor wretches, wounded and nerve-shaken in the great bombardment. Most of them belonged to the 109th and 110th Regiments of the 14th Reserve Corps, and they seemed to be a mixed lot of Prussians and Bavarians. . . . Over 1

THE BOMBARDMENT OF LA BOISELLE: "PREPARING" OUR OFFENSIVE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



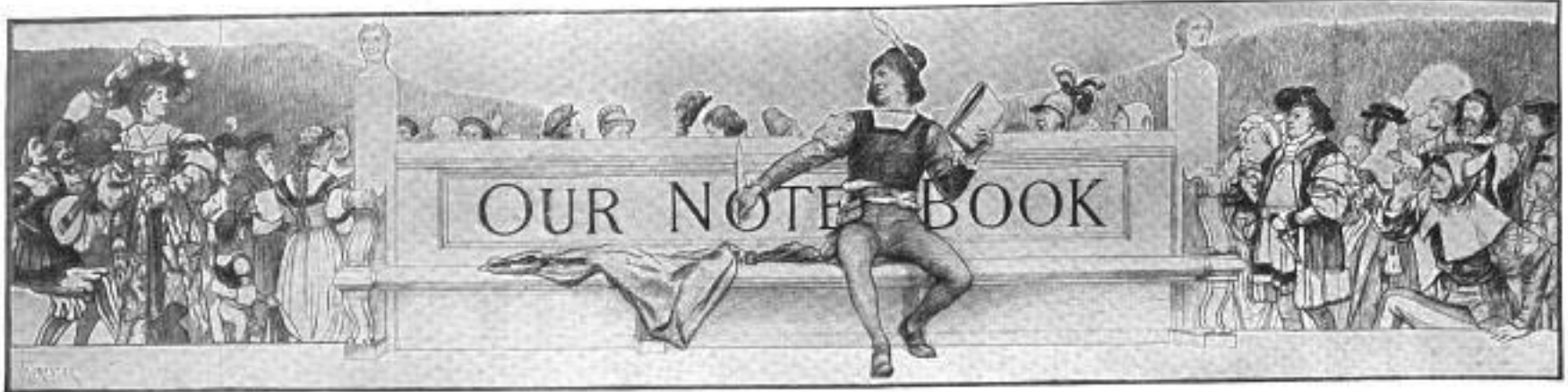
ARTILLERY PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: THE BOMBARDMENT OF LA BOISELLE—OUR SHELLS BURSTING IN THE GERMAN LINES.



"ONE OF THE GREATEST ARTILLERY BATTLES IN WHICH BRITISH GUNNERS HAVE BEEN ENGAGED"; THE SHELLING OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES BEFORE THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

The capture of La Boisselle, a village some two miles east of Albert, was mentioned in a British despatch of July 1, but heavy fighting continued around it. A vivid eye-witness's impression of the preparatory bombardment was given by Mr. Philip Gibbs, in a message of the same date. "We stood watching one of the greatest artillery battles in which British gunners have been engaged—up to that night (June 30) the greatest. . . . The full power of our artillery was let loose at about 6 o'clock this morning (July 1). Nothing like it has ever been seen or heard upon our front before, and all the preliminary

bombardment, great as it was, seemed insignificant to this. . . . I could see our shells falling upon the German lines by Thiépval and La Boisselle and further by Mametz, and southwards over Fricourt. High explosives were tossing up great vomits of black smoke and earth all along the ridges. Shrapnel was pouring upon these places, and leaving curly white clouds, which clung to the ground. . . . I found it in my heart to pity the poor devils who were there, and yet was filled by a strange and awful exultation, because this was the work of our guns, and because it was England's day."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a moral to the manner in which the German Government is still dribbling out, lingeringly and as if casually, the details of its naval defeat, so that it may still seem like a victory. It is connected with the very cogent theory about the whole shape and nature of the end of the war. As their difficulties are closing round them, the Germans have the choice of two or three lines to take in the matter. They have apparently chosen their line; and as I have never dreamed of denying the courage, the patriotism, or the other barbaric virtues of the bulk of the German people, I really wish, for their credit and for the common credit of combative mankind, that they had taken any other.

The point of view peculiar to Prussianised Germany was simple enough on an assumption of success. It was stated by numberless German writers, and, I am sorry to say, copied by some English ones. It might be succinctly stated in the form that the only ideal is the real; in the sense that all good is a result of realisation. "What I can be assuredly thou shalt not prevent me from being." The clever Jew who calls himself Maximilian Harden, who was the mouthpiece and eulogist of Bismarck, put the ordinary Prussian view at the very beginning of the war, in an article in which he avowed and boasted that Germany had provoked the conflict and had struck the first blow. He asked what right the oak-tree needed in order to push its way above the smaller trees and bushes. It is, of course, a babyish and brutally obvious philosophy; and the answer to it is almost equally obvious. Even a German philosopher must admit that a tree, when it falls on a man, shows much less mental mastery, and even much less force of will, than a man when he cuts down a tree. And it is precisely the difference between the two that a tree may fall on any sort of man; whereas a man, if he has been well brought up, will not cut down any other man's tree. In point of fact, the oak-tree pushes its way through the bushes because the oak-tree cannot help it, any more than the bushes. The only real super-oak would be an oak that could see a bush and avoid it. It is true that the ingenious Harden himself has, since that time, left off being an oak-tree and become a reed, if not a straw. He is the sort of straw that shows which way the wind blows. In other words, not being himself a German, but an intelligent cosmopolitan alien, he can see that the bushes are at present getting very much the best of it; and he is counselling peace almost as cynically as he originally counselled war. But more representative groups of Germans, especially in the governing class, are evidently not thus prepared to take the matter in the detached spirit of the defeated gambler. Their phrases are still full of what we may call for convenience the philosophy of the oak-tree. And that philosophy is brought to an exceedingly simple test, which more sensible people might be expected to foresee—a test so simple that it is scarcely necessary to recite it here. If your right is in your might, what becomes of it when your might begins to look a little dicky? What form of remonstrance does the controversial talent of an oak-tree generally address to other trees when he finds they are taller than he is? When this question is asked, the voice of the vegetable is generally a little confused. For some time it seemed to resolve itself into saying, "It is grossly unreasonable that you should be taller than I, when I am taller than you." This was a controversial position that could not, however, be long maintained without

complications; and Prussia, as I said at the beginning, is at a sort of parting of the controversial paths. She is faced with the dilemma of either claiming a might which is now denied to her, or a right that she has herself denied. The immediate future, and the whole way in which the war will end (granted, as is now granted by all rational people, that it cannot end with a real German victory), depends on this necessary addendum to the somewhat simple German theory.

It seems clear, to drop the parable, that the rulers of the German Empire still think it wisdom to encourage the original German folly. They still think an illusion of invincibility can be and had better be maintained among the great masses of their people. But the divergence between the romance and the

of the Junker party would hardly say that there has been a breathlessly rapid sweep upon Verdun. It was not much for such immense armies to conquer the Belgians, or even the Serbians; still, Belgium and Serbia were conquered. It is more and more blazingly manifest that the French and the British are the very reverse of conquered. Before long, the enemy will probably find himself unable to claim even those external and very fallacious forms of success which concern mere movement or mere locality: the making of unvictorious advances or the capturing of unfortified forts. He will find himself in a controversial necessity, no longer of turning less into more, but rather of turning no into yes. It will not be a question of one side exaggerating or another minimising an event, but rather of each side talking as if it referred to a different event. Of this transformation the first example that has come to hand has been the extraordinary example of the Battle of Jutland.

The ultimate and logical result of such a process, if the two elements in it could continue parallel indefinitely, would seem to be that Germany and the rest of Europe would be living in two different worlds. The Germans often speak, with a special emphasis, of having a future of their own. If this went on they would have, in a peculiar sense, a past of their own. While *der Tag* meant to-morrow, they could naturally fashion it to their fancy; but, as things are developing, it looks as if they will continue to do so even when *der Tag* means yesterday. With all the admitted extravagance and bias in all books of history, it is very uncommon to find a case like that of the two versions of the Jutland fight. We do not find the English actually claiming the Battle of Bannockburn as an English victory, or the Scotch denying that the Battle of Flodden was a Scottish defeat. There were battles of which the issue might really be called doubtful—the Battle of Sherrifmuir, for example—but in those cases both sides more or less agreed that they were doubtful. But the Jutland affair, in the face of the facts as we now know them, was no more doubtful than Austerlitz or Waterloo. Yet there can hardly be the smallest doubt that the Prussian authorities are presenting an entirely optimistic version of it; and presenting it successfully, at least so far as some considerable sections of German opinion are concerned. If peace could be made in present conditions, or in conditions at all resembling the present (as some weak-minded, and therefore pig-headed, people are attempting to make it), there cannot be any reasonable doubt whatever that the fight off Jutland will placidly take its place in German history as the German Trafalgar. The possibility of so colossal a case of cross-purposes is in itself a sufficient indication that a premature peace might mean an almost permanent war. Even the presence of two contradictory ideals could hardly be a more deadly and daily peril than the presence of two contradictory memories. One side in the dispute would be for ever arguing from fictitious experiences, and emulating fictitious examples. Anyone who will trust the German temperament with such a blank cheque of false and imaginative history must have been asleep during the last two years. It would be far better even for the Germans themselves if they could at length realise and remember a defeat as dramatic as that of the tragedy of Kosovo, which has inspired centuries of valour and victory, and renewed only the other day the certainty of the resurrection of Serbia.

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TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA: HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., G.C.V.O.

It was officially announced on June 28 that the King had approved the appointment of the Duke of Devonshire to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada, in succession to H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall. Victor Christian William Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, was born in 1868, and succeeded his uncle, the late Duke, in 1908. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the age of twenty-three he entered Parliament as Member for West Derbyshire, a seat which he retained until he succeeded to the peerage. From 1900 to 1903 he was Treasurer to His Majesty's Household, and for the next two years Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Last year he became a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He is Hon. Colonel of the 5th Battalion, Sherwood Foresters, and was formerly a Major in the Derbyshire Yeomanry. In 1909 he became Chancellor of the University of Leeds, and on New Year's Day this year he was created a Knight of the Garter. The Duke married, in 1890, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, elder daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, and they have two sons and five daughters.—[Photograph by G. and R. Lewis.]

reality must necessarily increase in a degree for which their previous experiences can have given them no measure. In the earlier part of the war they enormously exaggerated their successes; but they had something to exaggerate. The Russian retreat was not a rout, nor anything like a rout; but it was a retreat. Even the German journalists will hardly maintain that the Russians are now retreating into Galicia. The rapid sweep upon Paris was ultimately a failure; but it was a rapid sweep. Even the organs

THE KING'S INTEREST IN THE SERVICES: A VISIT TO ALDERSHOT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



DISCUSSING EVENTS WITH THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WITH GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT.

These new photographs illustrate once more the untiring interest which his Majesty takes in the doings of the Services. It is not long since he returned from his journey North to inspect the Grand Fleet, and congratulate its officers and men on their great deeds in the naval battle. Hardly had he returned home, when he was off again to encourage by his kindly presence the men of the sister service at Aldershot. Accompanied by the Queen, his Majesty took up his quarters at the Royal Pavilion for a visit of

some length. On the day after it began they received General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who, since Lord Kitchener's death, holds the position of most responsibility on the military side at the War Office. On July 1 their Majesties, attended by Lord French and Sir Archibald Hunter, inspected Canadian troops at Aldershot, and visited a military hospital at Farnham. On Sunday, the 2nd, they attended service in the Chapel of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

WITH THE TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA: AT A CERTAIN CAMP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE EVER-NECESSARY BARBED-WIRE BARRIER: SEPOYS CONSTRUCTING AN ENTANGLEMENT ROUND A PRISONERS' CAMP.



THE PRISONERS' ENCLOSURE: THE SURROUNDING WALL OF BARBED WIRE AND THE ENTRANCE-GATEWAY.



AT THEIR DAILY TASK OF KEEPING THE CAMP SUPPLIED WITH WATER: A DONKEY TEAM THAT WORKS PRACTICALLY WITHOUT ORDERS.



LINED WITH OLD TINS TO PREVENT THE SAND FILLING IT UP: A DESERT WATER-HOLE—AT THE TOP.



LINED WITH OLD TINS TO PREVENT THE SAND FILLING IT UP: A DESERT WATER-HOLE—AT THE BOTTOM.

Barbed wire has become as indispensable an item of military munitions as are bullets. No camp is safe against a hostile rush without its outlying barbed-wire barrier. There is also no more efficient means for hedging round a camp of prisoners. The open rows of wire hold up all who may attempt to get across, and detain them exposed to magazine-rifle or machine-gun fire, whether it be the case of an enemy attempting to "rush" a camp from without, or prisoners from within attempting to escape.—The third of the foregoing illustrations is a camp scene in Mesopotamia. The five donkeys, describes the

sender of the photograph, are employed in drawing water from a native irrigation canal near the Tigris. They walk up and down a slope, harnessed to ropes fastened to the buckets that draw the water. At the top and bottom the donkeys stop to let the buckets fill and empty alternately. They work also, it is stated, practically without needing attention.—In the last two illustrations are shown a desert water-hole. The water is kept from draining or filtering away into the dry soil round the hole by a tightly-wedged together, compact lining of old tins; discarded camp refuse so turned to real service.

VERDUN: A YEAR BEFORE THE GREAT WAR—AND NOW.



JULY 1913: BY THE MEUSE AT VERDUN, WITH THE BRIDGE AND THE CHAUSSÉE TOWER TO THE RIGHT, AND BELLEVILLE ON THE HORIZON.



JULY 1916: IN ONE OF THE BOMBARDED DISTRICTS OF THE LOWER TOWN ALONGSIDE THE RIVER.

When war broke out, Verdun was one of the four great barrier-fortresses which guarded the French frontier against Germany. Belfort, Epinal, and Toul were the other three. In August 1914 Verdun had 16 large forts, 21 intermediate forts, and 47 permanent batteries on a perimeter of 32 miles. The advent of the monster 16-inch German howitzers and the fate of Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge caused the entire system of the Verdun defences to be revolutionised during the autumn of 1914; and along the outer line, as reorganised, the present battle has been proceeding since February. The city itself was cleared of its population at the outset of the fighting, and left an empty shell.

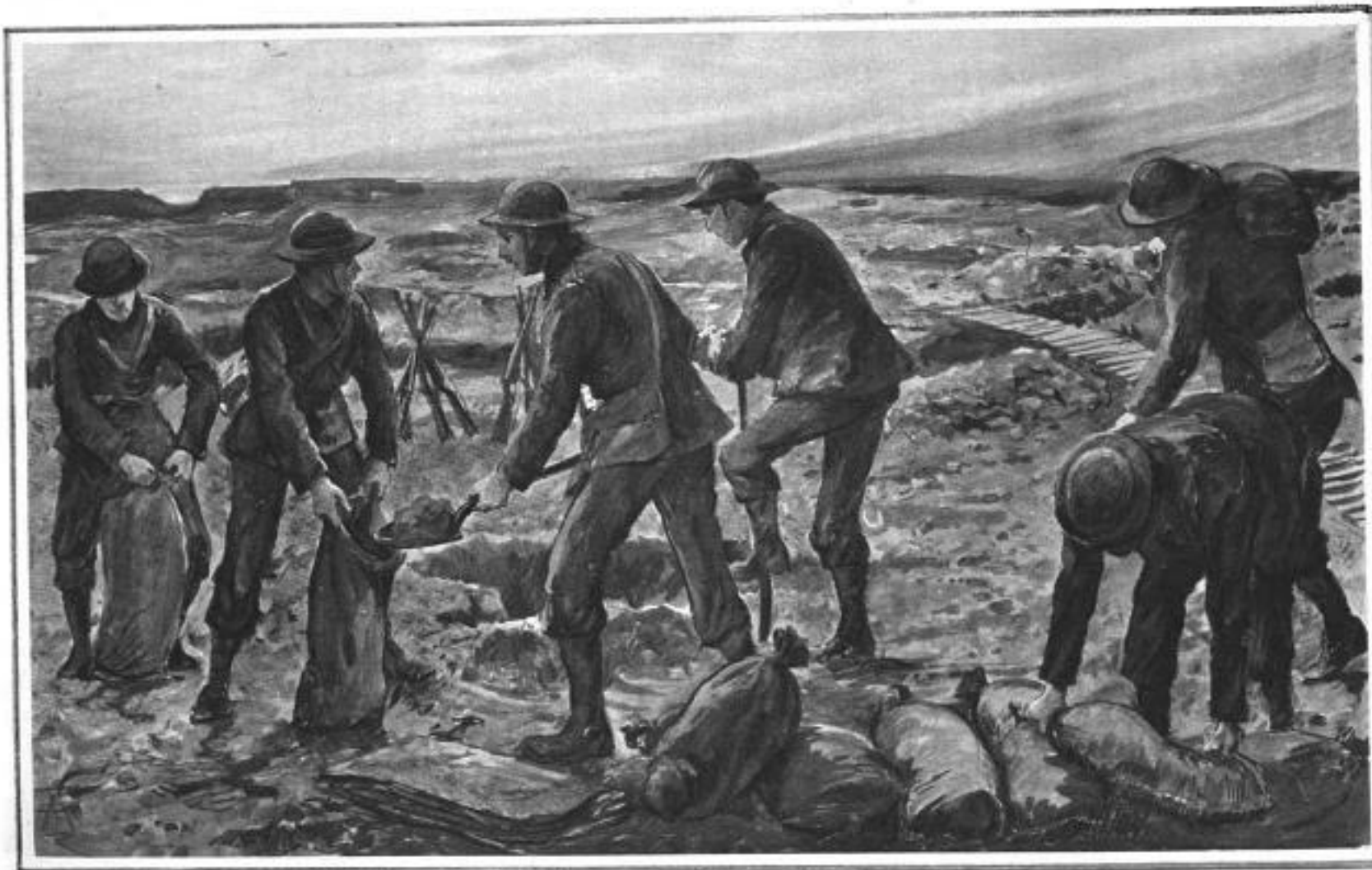
At the vacated buildings the Germans have been hammering with incendiary and high-explosive shells—Mr. Stanley Washburn notes that 800 fell in the streets in one morning—until the interior of the city has been reduced to ruins; but the razing of Verdun to the ground cannot affect the French main positions. The upper illustration (from a sketch by A. Renaudin) shows the centre of the city along the Meuse on a July day in 1913. To the right is one of the old towers at the Porte Chausée, and the Meuse Bridge, with Belleville on the horizon. In the lower illustration a part of the lower town is shown as it is now.

AFTER DARK BEHIND THE BRITISH FIRE-TRENCHES: PERILOUS TASKS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE FRONT



STANDING STOCK STILL FOR THEIR LIVES: A RATION-PARTY AND THE "JOY WATER" MAN CAUGHT IN THE OPEN BY AN ENEMY STAR-SHELL.



WEARING "SHRAPNEL HELMETS" IN CASE A STAR-SHELL SHOULD REVEAL THEM AND DRAW FIRE: BRITISH "TOMMIES" FILLING AND CARRYING SAND-BAGS.

Two necessary operations in trench life, routine incidents which take place nightly at the front, close up to the firing-line, are depicted on this page. In the upper illustration a British ration-party are seen on being suddenly revealed to the enemy marksmen by the light of German star-shells. At the moment, the party were making their way cautiously in single file across a strip of open ground at the back of "No Man's Land," as the space intervening between our fire-trenches and those of the enemy is called. Instantly, on the bursting of the shells, every man stood dead still. That is the only chance of escaping a hail of bullets from the enemy's trench-snipers,

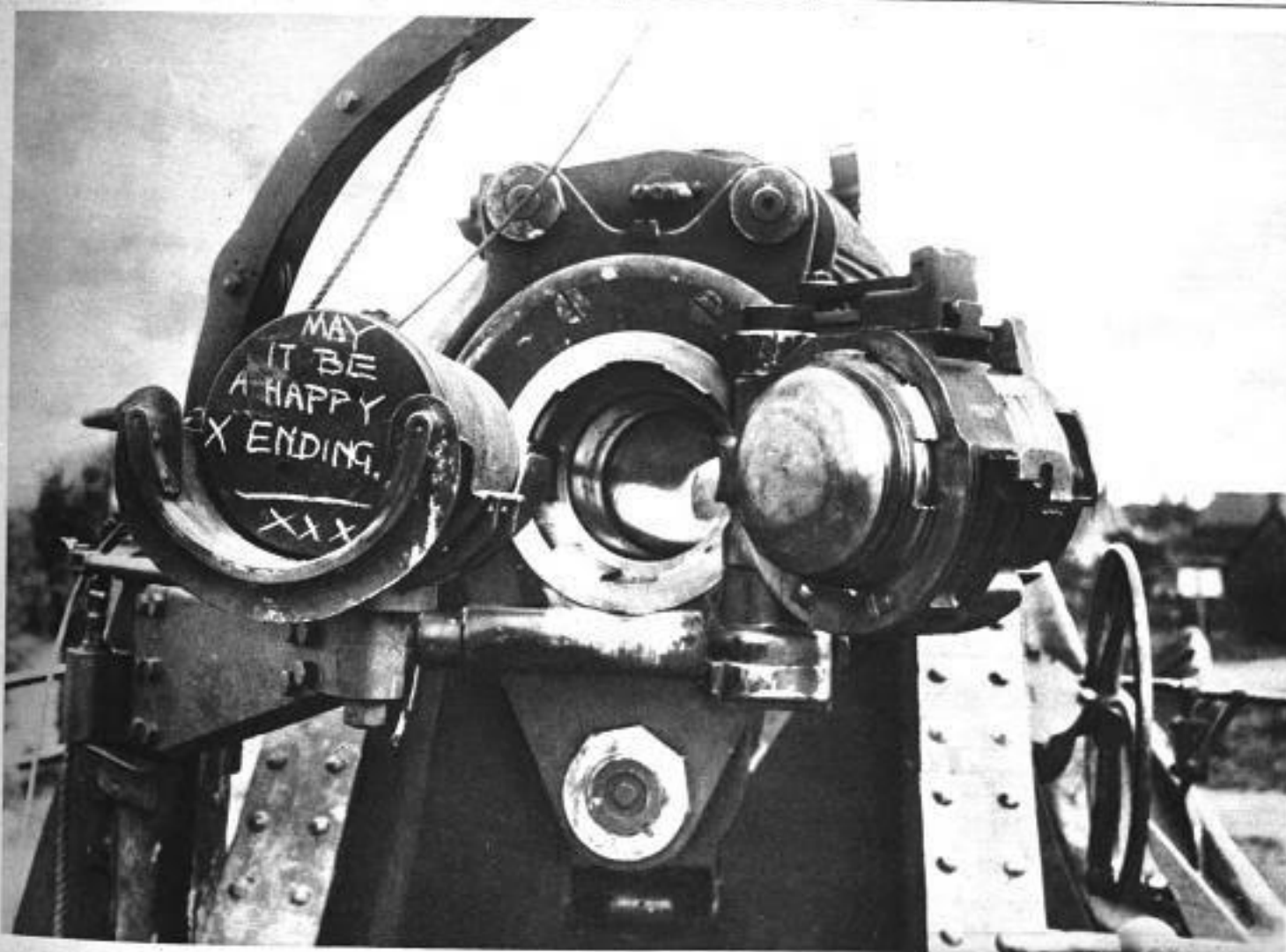
just then of all times keenly on the alert and watching lynx-eyed. In the semi-light shed by the glare of the star-shell over the tumbled surface among the mounds and heaps of stones and soil between the shell-pits and craters, there is always a chance that absolutely motionless objects may escape observation in the few seconds that a star-shell blazes up. Notes the sender of the sketch: "On the extreme right the man may not look pleasant, but he is carrying the famous 'Joy Water,' or, politely speaking, rum." Another nocturnal duty is seen during performance in the lower illustration: filling sand-bags.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"ARTILLERY HAS BEEN ACTIVE ALONG THE FRONT": BRITISH HEAVY GUNS.

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WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN FEELING THE WEIGHT OF BRITISH ARTILLERY: A HEAVY GUN IN ACTION.



AN INSTANCE OF THE GRIM HUMOURS OF WAR: "A COMPLIMENTARY MESSAGE READY TO BE SENT TO FRITZ" ON A BRITISH SHELL.

In a recent official report from the British General Headquarters on the Western Front it was stated: "The artillery of both sides has been active along the front, and the hostile trenches much damaged in many places." A German communiqué issued on the same date said: "Artillery fighting reached great violence at times." In conjunction

with the bombardment numerous trench raids have been made by our men, and the German prisoners captured on these occasions are reported to have been much demoralized by the formidable effects of our artillery fire. The explosive shells from the big guns, it is said, have wrought great havoc in the enemy's lines.



HOW GERMAN DEFENCES ARE BATTERED DOWN: A

The Allies are now provided with heavy artillery fully equal to anything the Germans have employed. The drawing shows an

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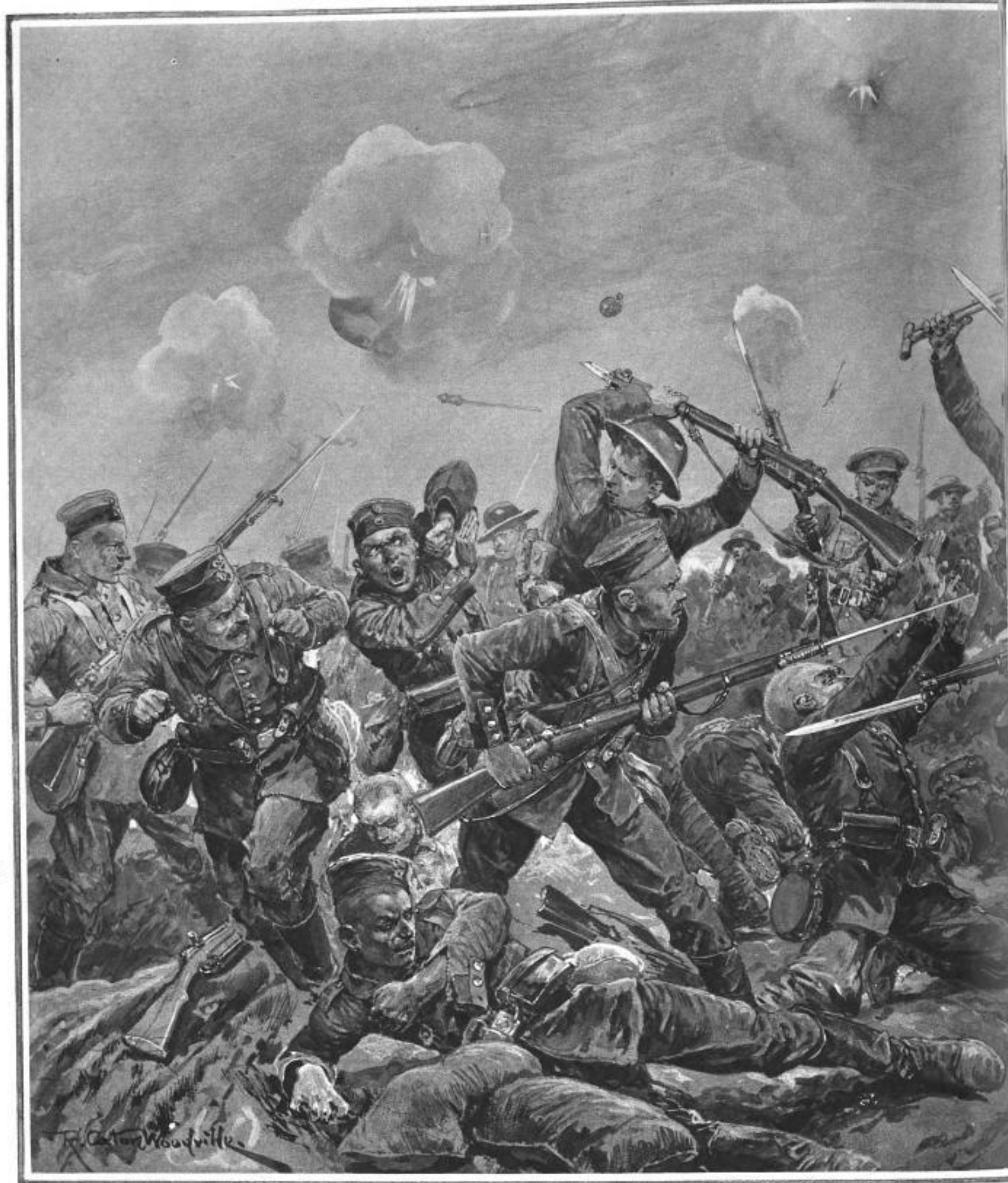
GIANT THAT ANSWERS THE ENEMY'S 17-INCH GUNS.

Formidable French gun which delivers a mighty counterblast to the 17-inch pieces with which the enemy surprised us early in the war.

NEW STATES AND CANADA.

THE CHARGE OF THE CANADIANS AT YPRES: HOW THE

DRAWN BY

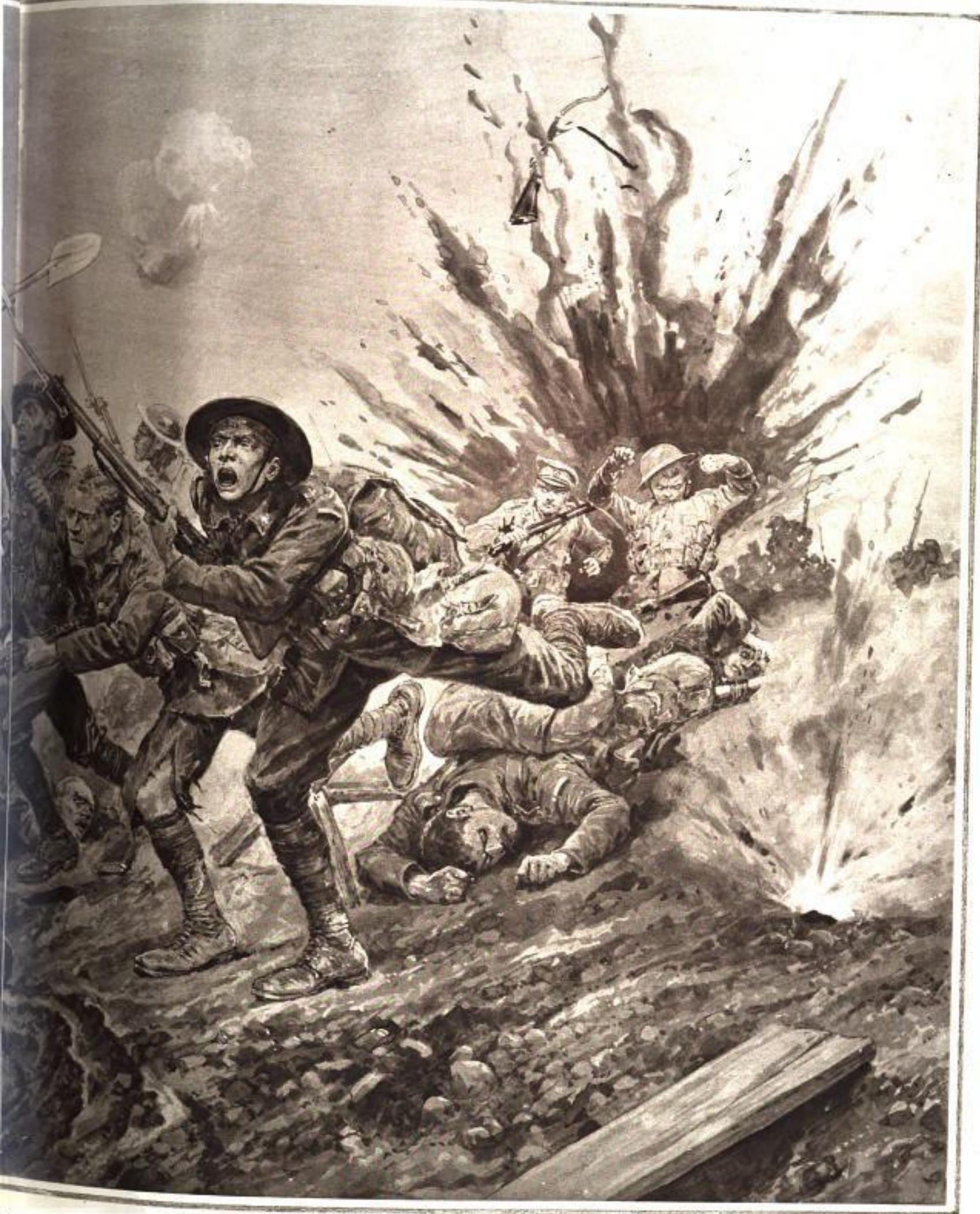


FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND WORK WITH BAYONET, RIFLE-BUTT, AND SPADE:

The Canadians once more showed their splendid fighting quality in the recapture of the positions near Sanctuary Wood, where, it will be remembered, the Germans had won some ground early last month. The Dominion men were eager to recover it by their own efforts, and they did so triumphantly, after a heavy preliminary bombardment by our artillery. "The Canadian troops," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "charged at two o'clock in the morning. Their attack was directed to the part of the line from the southern end of Sanctuary Wood to Mount Sorel, about a mile, which includes Armagh Wood, Observatory Hill, and Mount Sorel itself—most important because of the high ground. The attack was a complete success.

THE GALLANT DOMINION TROOPS RETOOK LOST TRENCHES.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE.



CANADIAN TROOPS AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE GERMANS NEAR YPRES.

The enemy's shell-fire was heavy, but the Canadians got through under the cover of our own guns, which had lengthened their fuses a little and continued an intense bombardment behind the enemy's first line. The men advanced in open order and worked downwards and southwards into their old positions. In one place of attack about forty Germans, who fought desperately, were killed almost to a man, just as Colonel Shaw had died on June 2 with his party of eighty men who had rallied round him. It was one shambles for another, and the Germans were not less brave, it seems. One officer and 133 men surrendered."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE. JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE, ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BUTTER AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

NO one needs to be told at this time of day that a certain amount of fat is a necessary component of a hygienic diet. Beside the many scientific demonstrations that have been given of this fact, we have before our eyes an object-lesson of the most convincing kind in the womenfolk of our German enemies, whom our blockade has compelled to wait for hours, and even days, *en queue* in the hope of being able to buy the eighth of a pound of butter per head which is allotted to each adult weekly. Clearly, no one would undergo such hardships were it not brought home to them that a modicum of fat in one's daily food is indispensable; and it is one of the cases in which the laws of nature, if violated, are apt to avenge themselves quickly and unmistakably. Anyone who confines himself to a fatless diet will soon become aware of the loss of bodily heat which it brings with it; while, if persisted in, it will probably make its influence upon digestion visible in the shape of eczema or some other skin disease.

In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that nearly every race of men assigns to fat a prominent place in its dietary, from the Esquimaux, whose favourite delicacy is seal-blubber, to the Tibetan monk, who butters his tea. The most digestible and convenient form of this is, naturally, butter, which the living animal supplies at no other expense than that involved in care and feeding; but it is not very easy of transport, and soon deteriorates by keeping. Hence substitutes for it have for some time been sought for, the most efficient being, perhaps, the familiar margarine, which was invented, like so many other things, in France, just before the outbreak of the war of 1870. This consists, as most people know, of beef-fat—preferably from the parts about the kidneys—which is taken from the freshly killed animal as soon as may be, is "rendered," or melted, and, after having been left to partly crystallise, is pressed. The resulting liquid is then beaten with cream which has already undergone fermentation, and, when it is "set," presents an imitation of butter which is likely to deceive all but experts or gastronomes. Unfortunately, the process given above, which is that of the original inventor of margarine, M. Mège-Mouriès, is often departed from in the interests of economy, the substitution of mutton or pork fat for that of beef, and the mixing with the

cream of vegetable oil, being among the more innocent forms of adulteration.

Another form of fat used for food is the oil from olives, which almost supplies the place of butter in those favoured countries in the South of Europe



THE FRENCH PREMIER'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH SPHERE OF OPERATIONS: M. BRIAND (AMONG THE GROUP IN THE BACKGROUND) IN A MILITARY BOOT-FACTORY.

where the olive-tree can be cultivated. As no really efficient means of storing it other than bottling has yet been discovered, and as when

substitute impossible. But another vegetable comes to our assistance in the shape of the coconut, the flesh of which, after being dried in the sun, is exported to Europe under the name of copra. When this is pressed, it yields nearly sixty per cent. of its weight in oil, which, after being treated with carbonate of soda to neutralise the fatty acids it contains, is exposed to a jet of steam to rid it of its characteristic odour and taste. After this, it solidifies into a mass closely resembling butter; but, as its melting-point is a good deal lower than that of that commodity, it is generally mixed with the residue of several oils of which that from cotton-seeds is the favourite. The whole compound is then sold as an inferior quality of margarine.

These substitutes have all of them so nearly the same food value as butter made from milk that they may be taken as practically equivalent to it, nor has their use any corresponding drawback from the medical point of view. Margarine made according to the original process is slightly less digestible than butter, while its heat-forming property is, perhaps, slightly higher. The vegetable substitutes are, on the other hand, rather less efficient as heat-formers than butter, but compensate for this by being a little more digestible. All of them have the advantage over the natural commodity of keeping sweet for a very much longer time, and, up to the present, their far lower price has made them distinctly more economical. For cooking purposes there seems to be no difference that can be recognised except by connoisseurs.

These are important considerations at the present time, when everything seems to show that butter is the one food-stuff of which we are likely to find ourselves short in the near future. England has for a long time not produced enough for her own consumption, the deficiency having been filled up by Ireland, Denmark, and France—in perhaps that order. Of these, France, with so large a part of her richest agricultural provinces occupied by the enemy, is likely to want all she can produce for her own consumption; while Denmark, if all tales be true, exports as much butter to Germany as she does to us. It is therefore possible that it may be necessary for us before long largely to increase our consumption of margarine; and it may be as well to know that this should make no difference whatever to the consumer's health.

F. L.



M. BRIAND IN THE BRITISH SPHERE OF OPERATIONS: THE FRENCH PREMIER (ON THE RIGHT) WITH A PARTY OF BRITISH OFFICERS, INSPECTING RAILWAY TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS.

French War Office Photographs, issued by Newspaper Illustrations.

exposed to the air it quickly becomes rancid, it may be left out of present consideration, even if its cost, when imported, did not make its use as a

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEBRONIAN, LANGFIER, RUSSELL, BELLITT AND FRY, HASSARD, AND KATE PRAGGELL



MAJOR A. T. SEARLE DICKINSON,
Indian Army. Mentioned three times in
despatches. Officially reported killed at
Clichy.



CAPTAIN HUNTER FORBES,
Indian Army. Mentioned in
despatches. Killed in Mesopotamia.



CAPT. A. DE T. MOUILLOT,
Indian Army. Son of late
Dr. Mouillot, Haringate.
Died of wounds.



MAJOR PERCEVAL E. KNAPP,
Indian Army. Killed at Shik Sand. Men-
tioned in despatches. Some Casual action.
Had a distinguished record.



MAJOR R. CROSSWAITE COLQUHOUN,
R.M.L. H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of late Rev. R. Col-
quhoun, Chaplain, Indian Army.



ASST.-PAYMASTER R. A.
LIVERSEDGE, R.N.R.,
H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed
in the Battle of Jutland.



SURG. PHILIP D. PICKLES,
R.N.V.R.,
Son of Dr. J. J. Pickles, Leeds.
Killed in H.M.S. "Russell."



SURG. J. S. D. MAC CORMAC,
H.M.S. "Black Prince." Killed
in Battle of Jutland. Son of
Mr. William MacCormac.



MAJOR P. P. BALLACHRY,
Canadian Infantry. Officially reported killed
in action. Promoted to the rank of Major,
November 1915.



LT.-COMMR. D. W. SHAFTO DOUGLAS,
H.M.S. "Black Prince." Killed in Battle of
Jutland. Son of late Admiral Sir Archibald
L. Douglas, K.C.B., G.C.V.O.



ENG.-LT. S. ALAN ADAMS,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Killed
in Battle of Jutland. Son of
Mr. S. A. Adams, J.P.



LT.-COL. W. BEADON,
Indian Army. Killed in Mes-
opotamia. Mentioned in de-
spatches. Some Casual action.



CAPT. LESLIE A. YOUNG,
London Regiment. Son of
late Mr. E. A. Young, of
Tany-Bryn, Bangor.



LT.-COMMR. ROBERT C. MALAHAN, R.N.,
Officially reported by the Admiralty as having
been killed in action. Promoted Lieut.-
Commander November 1915.



REV. R. MANSEL KIERWAN, R.N.,
Chaplain, Indian Expeditionary Force, Mes-
opotamia. Son of late Rural Dean of Rothesay,
and of Mrs. Kierwan, Barmley Crescent.



LIEUT. R. B. TAYLOR,
Canadian Infantry. Son of
late R. E. Taylor, and of
Mrs. Taylor, Ealing.



LIEUT.-COM. G. MURRAY-
BROWN,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Killed
in Battle of Jutland.



ASST. LT. H. T. PATERSON,
Scottish Regiment. Had been
a medical student, Middlesex
Hospital.



SURGEON GEORGE SHORLAND,
H.M.S. "Invincible," of "The Anchorage,"
Northchurch, near Buckhamstead. Killed in
the Battle of Jutland.



MID. C. H. G. SUMMERS,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Son
of Capt. and Mrs. Summers.
Killed in Battle of Jutland.



MID. ANTHONY E. BALD-
WIN, R.N.,
Younger son of Mr. Edward
T. B. Baldwin, barrister-at-law.



MID. STUART R. N. BOLTON,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Offi-
cially reported killed in the
Battle of Jutland.

LITERATURE.

"What Is Coming?"

Mr. H. G. Wells, with engaging temerity, continues to play the prophet to an astonished world. On the strength of a few happy hits in his quasi-scientific romances, he has come to believe that he ought to go on with the game, so that we may be somewhat prepared for what is coming. He calls the new book of the Prophet Wells "What Is Coming?" (Cassell). Now mark, this is not a statement, but a question, so pray do not be deceived, ye hasty ones. Mr. Wells does not profess to tell you absolutely what is coming—he merely inquires; whence it would appear that he has learned the Delphic trade pretty well, and has left a convenient back-door for escape in case of accidents. They are plaguey things, those accidents, for gifted seers. Mr. Wells comes fairly near a positive statement that the war is not to see any smashing blows, but to continue in deadlock and end in exhaustion by attrition. Before this book was well published, Russia came along with her surprise, and has dealt something that every day looks more and more like a smashing blow on the grand scale. Poor Mr. Wells. He will not, however, break his heart over this little misfire. And, joking apart, he can prophesy neatly enough, when he does not commit himself to direct statement, but is content to examine recent social and economic conditions so as to indicate by implication the trend of events. There he makes out something of a case for himself, and we read him with pleasure—and, let us hope, profit. But, on the other hand, he is inclined to use that blessed word "science" too much as a mere talisman, if not a catchword. Science has always been his fetish, but here he leaves it undefined. Consequently his remarks on the future of education leave much to be desired. He recognises the need of mental discipline in the study of a highly inflected language, but is fiercely opposed to Greek, and not over-cordial to Latin. He looks to Russian to repair the defect. Salvation may lie there, but the question remains a vague surmise. All

his discussion of the educational problem leaves us with an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Wells's classical training cannot have been happy. He seems to regard education as a process of sack-filling. His ideally educated man will have a wallet crammed with commodities of knowledge, out of which in after-life he will select this and that as occasion arises and apply it to materially useful ends. This is not the aim of education, which is surely the production of a sound mental attitude equal to the formation of right moral judgments. He sets some store by history,

existence, there being nothing artificial about war." In that cheerful and invigorating spirit "F. O. O."—initials which stand as a Service abbreviation for "Forward Observation Officer"—has written "With the Guns" (Eveleigh Nash). The words quoted are from the first chapter of the book, which is certainly one of the most readable and incidentally instructive monographs of war service, adventure, and experience on the Western Front that has appeared. The general reader, it may be remarked, should, quite apart from the incidents of the story told, be able to pick up a great deal of useful information about our artillery of a kind that is bound to be helpful towards getting a grip of the meaning of the war news in the daily newspapers. "F. O. O." not only knows as an expert what he is writing about, but—and it is a very different thing—knows how to make the reader see and realise what is being described to him. His keen eye for "points," and brisk, attractive style will not let the book be readily put down by whoever takes it up. Specially interesting chapters are the four particularly concerned with the Battle of Loos, the story of which great engagement bulks largely in the book: "The Four Days," "The Day of the Assault," "Straightening the Line," and "Loos." The first and fourth of the chapters include an eye-witness's description of the terrain of the battlefield and of the celebrated pylons, nicknamed by our men the "Tower Bridge," which is really clearer and more comprehensible than any account that has yet appeared in print. Here are two interesting glimpses of our Allies, the French, that "F. O. O." gives us. One is of a French artillery Colonel. "A spare figure in a close-fitting jacket, a bullet-shaped head set with a pair of piercing eyes that discovered everything without the assistance of the tongue, he was the ideal of an artillery officer. He had the scientific mind that absorbs every detail and stores it away in a pigeon-hole ready for immediate use. Never once after the first time that I was introduced to him did he fail, wherever we met, to stop, shake hands, and address me by name. In a hurried quarter of an hour I once



MID OLD-WORLD CHARM OF ENGLAND: AT MICKLETON.

There are two Mickletons in England. That illustrated is in Gloucestershire. To it went the 16-20 Wolseley "tourer" here seen, much to the delight of driver and passengers.

but tells us with emphasis that history never repeats itself. Hearing this, we take leave to doubt very respectfully Mr. Wells's attainments in true historical study. Without that, even a prophet comes to his work at some disadvantage.

"With the Guns." "The life of a gunner is a rough paradise for a man with health and strength—plenty of work, plenty of sport, and complete freedom from the cares of an artificial

lery Colonel. "A spare figure in a close-fitting jacket, a bullet-shaped head set with a pair of piercing eyes that discovered everything without the assistance of the tongue, he was the ideal of an artillery officer. He had the scientific mind that absorbs every detail and stores it away in a pigeon-hole ready for immediate use. Never once after the first time that I was introduced to him did he fail, wherever we met, to stop, shake hands, and address me by name. In a hurried quarter of an hour I once

(Continued on page 49)

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN THE SUMMER SALE Now Proceeding

The Specimen Items printed below are merely a few examples of value to be obtained.

Taffetas.

45 pieces or part pieces hand-printed Taffetas and printed linens in a large range of antique and floral designs.

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Sale price 2/11½ per yard

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Fine hemstitched Irish linen Pillow Cases, size 20 in. by 30 in.

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BUHL Short Grand, overstrung, in rosewood case. Secondhand, in splendid condition.

Original List price 100 gs.

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Ivory-handle Table Knives, Sheffield steel.

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Ladies' Sewing Baskets with leather cover, fitted scissors, thimble, needles, lock and key.

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Fine old black lacquer Grandfather Clock, brass dial, silvered circle, with handsome corners, English 8-day striking movement.

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Marble Bust.

Old Carrara Marble Bust of Napoleon, height 24 inches, offered for £15.

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No. 581 Bordered Axminster Carpet. (One only.)

17 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.

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Linen Tea Cloths.

No. 160 36 only charming 5 o'clock Tea Cloths, trimmed with lace (wide) and insertion, all linen.

36 in. by 36 in.

Usual price 21/-

To clear 15/9 each

Queen Anne Tallboy

(Second-hand).

Fine old Queen Anne Tallboy Chest, fitted with slide.

Usual price £35 0 0

Sale price £22 10 0

Bowl Pendant.

No. 5370 An Alabaster Bowl Pendant, mounted with handsome cast brass band, wired for electric light.

Usual price £15 0 0

Sale price £9 9 0

Bonbon Basket.

Solid Silver Bonbon Basket with handles.

Usual price 24/-

Sale price 18/6

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“I really believe you like Kenilworths more than me.” “But, my Darling! I never smoke a Kenilworth without thinking of you all the time. They’re so fascinating.”

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

The man who has once discovered the flavour of that wonderful golden Virginia in Kenilworths will never be content with any cigarette less perfect.

And—have you ever noticed how a girl brushes her hair? That is how the long, straight strands of golden tobacco are

drawn out and laid side by side in a Kenilworth. They are so arranged as to give a “through-current” of air and a delightfully even smoke.

A beautiful cigarette, beautifully made! They compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street.

For _____ somewhere in _____. Aren’t you going to send him some? His thoughts will be with you when he smokes Kenilworth.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box, post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50, at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 500. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 14, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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recited to him all the technical details of the howitzer with which we were armed. Weeks afterwards, I heard him repeat faultlessly all the details, with others he had noticed for himself. If he be a type of the senior artillery officer, happy are our Allies in the possession of such men." And of "their incomparable soixante-quinze," which is in point in these Verdun days. "A French battery will come into action in an inconceivably short time, and will continue in action night and day at a rate of fire that is unbelievable to one who has not heard it." This is the second story: "The devotion of the French priest strikes me with the deepest admiration. I have seen a battery heavily shelled and suffer many casualties, so that the detachment were forced to take to their dug-outs. The doctor galloped up on horseback, but the priest, on foot, running with his soutane tucked up round his waist, was there first, out in the open, administering Extreme Unction to the mortally wounded, helping others to a place of safety." The chapter on "Observation" is one that may be commended to the reading of O.T.C. officers under training for the front, as also that on "Telephones." Good stories, it may be added in conclusion, crop up all over the book.

"Economy of Food."

One effect of the war has been to cause people—not individuals only, but whole nations—to study their food at a fresh angle. There are three ways in which we regard our meals. A fourth, indeed, has been forced on a surprised world—the contemplation of empty plates. But in normally pecunious times the three aspects food presents for our consideration are as nutriment, relish, and cost. The three, of course, constantly overlap. Relish of the stomach has to be modified by the majority of us often to suit the convenience of the purse. A poor man cannot cultivate a fine palate, and live. An unhappy race of dyspeptics, again, have to limit their appetite to the poor satisfaction of a dietetic formula. Able to afford a feast with junkets nightly, they must needs sit down always to a minimum menu of adjusted proteids and carbo-hydrates. Now, in these abnormal and impecunious times, food tends to become, for masses of people, mere diet. The different articles of it are searched for their nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous properties, as were lentils—some of us can remember—when those leguminous nutrients were discovered in aid of a population driven upon the charity of the public soup-kitchen. The question of meals is now one of the absorption of the maximum of energy at the minimum of cost—or, in other words, seeing that you get your money's-worth in nutriment. And this

is the subject discussed, in a really fascinating way, by Dr. J. Alan Murray in his "Economy of Food" (Constable), a popular edition of which here makes a timely appearance. The work itself is popular, but at the same time strictly scientific. From the physiology and the chemistry of nutrition, the reader passes to the constituents of the different foods in detail, ultimately extracting from the knowledge gained a solution of his own needs in nutrients.

solution demands a simultaneous comparison of the compositions of foods and their prices. Hence the reader has set him the task of working out delightful equations in percentages of protein and fats in ramp-steak and brisket, peanuts, halibut, Dutch cheese, and the rest, and their relative pence values—all with the satisfaction of thinking that so he may practise economy for the good of the State and of his own body and soul. It sounds technical; it is really (as has been said) fascinating, and for a counsel of perfection is remarkably sound sense.



WITH A CAPTURED GERMAN HELMET AND CAPS MUCH IN EVIDENCE: "AFTERNOON TEA" ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

of which, more or less cheerfully, he may later test the efficacy by practical application at the table. The inquiry is complicated by the fact that there is very little connection between the market price of foods and their nutritive values. As a problem of pecuniary economy, the

Italy at this moment is in the throes of a great struggle; along with France, she has been for some time past bearing the brunt of the enemy's onset.

It is a fitting time, therefore, for British readers to show their sympathy with our brave Italian Allies; and an opportunity of doing so in a practical manner is now open to them. "The Book of Italy" (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net) has been issued by the Pro-Italia Committee, under the auspices of Queen Elena, both to raise funds for the Italian Red Cross and the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom, and also as a means of fostering still closer intimacy between the Italian and British peoples. The book itself, which is full of interesting contributions, literary and musical, and abundantly illustrated, in colour and otherwise, is in itself well worth having, apart from any charitable considerations. It has been edited by Dr. Raffaello Piccoli, Lecturer in Italian at Cambridge, and contains an introduction by Lord Bryce. The frontispiece is from a painting by Sargent.

Among the efforts of what may be called trench-journalism, far and away the most interesting example so far produced is "The Anzac Book" (Cassell), which was written and illustrated by the men of Australia and New Zealand while they were in Gallipoli. "Practically every word in it was written and every line drawn," writes the editor, Captain Bean, "beneath the shelter of a water-proof sheet or of a roof of sand-bags—either in the trenches, or, at most, well within the range of the oldest Turkish rifle, and under daily visitations from the smallest Turkish wild-piece." Considering these circumstances, the quality of the contributions is wonderful. The Anzacs show themselves particularly strong in verse, but there are many amusing prose pieces also. General Birdwood himself contributes a preface. The illustrations include thirteen fine colour-plates and hundreds of drawings and photographs. The volume is sold at 2s. 6d. net, and the proceeds are being devoted to patriotic funds connected with the Anzac forces.

Now Guess! "Why! it's BIRD'S delicious Custard."

Even blindfold, you can tell the superiority of BIRD'S Custard. The clean fresh taste and rich creaminess would distinguish it among a thousand imitations.

All children love BIRD'S Custard, and wise parents do well to indulge this liking. It does them good!

Bird's Custard

has the taste you all enjoy!

Eaten alone, it is a delightful dish which gives pleasure to grown-ups and young alike. Served with any stewed or tinned fruits, it makes a feast fit for a king.

Never accept a substitute for BIRD'S — the Perfect Custard. Since BIRD'S is so cheap and so pure, it is not worth the risk.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BLUFF" AT THE GARRICK.

THERE is one scene in Mr. Lucas Landon's melodramatic extravaganza, "Bluff," which no playgoer worthy of the name, however sophisticated, could fail to find thrilling. It is that in which Xavier de Cicognac, in the cause of love and friendship, sets himself to wrest the truth about some scoundrelism out of a miserly old curmudgeon by burning, one after another, this creature's cherished hundred-pound notes. Aaron Kelp is cashier of a greater rogue, one Bulstrode, trustee of the woman Xavier worships and his saviour, Cecil Dane, has married; and from the servant this Quixote of a Frenchman goes on to the master. But here Xavier's weakness for drink proves his undoing, and it is only when things are at their blackest and the fate of prison seems threatening the innocent instead of the guilty that the fantastic hero makes performance fit promise, and by means of weapons that are no weapons, and a cock-and-bull story, routs the fraudulent enemy and goes off in triumph. You will see that this is a one-part play, and that enjoyment of it must depend on whether author and actor between them endow their extravagant puppet with sufficient gusto, humour, pace, and overpoweringness to maintain illusion. The playwright outlines his Xavier well enough, his theatrical poses, his grandiloquence, his panache; but he makes a mistake, surely, in letting him temporarily collapse under temptation—that breaks the spell, shows up the weakness of his resources, brings the cold fit on the audience. The actor, who is Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, gives the man the flowing tie and wild hair and tearing manner which seem appropriate, strikes grotesque attitudes, and pours out broken English fast and furiously, but is not quite able sometimes to carry off his loquacity. The performance has colour and fancifulty, but just misses inspiration. Mr. C. V. France's ease of manner is helpful in the character of Bulstrode, but his chances are few, more falling to Mr. Norman Page, whose study of the cashier is neatly and rightly Dickensian.

"SOME" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

That is an ingenious stroke of Mr. Harry Grattan's which makes him start his latest revue with its finale and then work backwards, which rings up a dark scene wherein cab-

whistles are heard and fun is poked only too faithfully at the expense of theatregoers anxious to get home. But the joke does not last long enough to be painful, and straightway we are switched off behind the scenes and made free of more than one dressing-room, and shown all the anxieties and excitements of a first-night performance. There follows a delightfully whimsical nursery scene, as well as a skit on the Academy and its pictures, and a travesty in which our

sorts of people in imitations; and Miss Peggy May dancing deliciously—not to speak of American comedians whose energy and verve appear to be inexhaustible. One other feature should be mentioned—Mr. James Tate's tripping, melodious score.

The directors of John Knight, Ltd., have declared the usual interim dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended May 31, 1916, payable on the 15th proximo.

Not only experts, but the public in its widest sense, will be interested to know that Mr. Winston Churchill has authorised the *Sunday Pictorial* to publish a series of important articles from his pen, entitled "The Four Chapters of the War." Coming from the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, these will have especial interest, and our contemporary, which is read by millions every week, will beat its own record next Sunday, when the first of Mr. Churchill's articles will appear.

The name and reputation of Messrs. Waring and Gillow will draw thousands to Oxford Street to secure some of their sale bargains, especially in carpets. The beautiful "Ardebil" carpets—one of the finest makes of Wilton, for example—were manufactured previous to the war with the choicest materials and dyes. Yet these, in the always useful 12 ft. by 9 ft. size, are offered for eight guineas, in place of £9 12s. The seamless Wiltons and Axminsters cannot be repeated in design or price for a long time, and the opportunity of this sale is quite exceptional. In Irish table-linen great bargains are offered. There are good cotton sheets at 7s. 11d. to 10s. 9d. a pair, single-bed size; or for double beds from 10s. 9d. to 13s. 9d. a pair. Linen sheets are becoming scarce, and the price is 29s. 6d. a pair single and 42s. a pair double bed size. Pretty novelties in afternoon-tea cloths begin at 5s. 11d. each, and range to 23s. 6d. each, with lace borders and handsome embroideries. Lace curtains will be for a great variety between those for bedroom windows, 10s. 6d. a pair, to those of large size for drawing-room use, in Swiss lace, at 22s. 6d. a pair. Thousands of yards of ecrotines begin at 4½d. a yard, and range upwards at 6½d., 8½d., 10d., and 12s. 0½d. a yard. A pretty tea-service, reproducing an old Swansea design, is £2 7s. 6d., a sovereign below its usual price.



WITH THE CANADIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A HIGHLANDER CLEANING HIS RIFLE.

Canadian Government Copyright Reserved.

telephone system is irreverently handled. "Some," in fact, proves one of the brightest and breeziest entertainments, with dozens of good turns and plenty of variety. Perhaps Miss Lee White may be reckoned the "star" of the production: her song about the "Jingle Johnnie"—a dreadful creature, we saw him lowered from the ceiling—and another asking "Have You Seen the Ducks Go By?" were among the most applauded things of the evening. But then, there is also Miss Tiny Grattan, hitting off all

noon-tea cloths begin at 5s. 11d. each, and range to 23s. 6d. each, with lace borders and handsome embroideries. Lace curtains will be for a great variety between those for bedroom windows, 10s. 6d. a pair, to those of large size for drawing-room use, in Swiss lace, at 22s. 6d. a pair. Thousands of yards of ecrotines begin at 4½d. a yard, and range upwards at 6½d., 8½d., 10d., and 12s. 0½d. a yard. A pretty tea-service, reproducing an old Swansea design, is £2 7s. 6d., a sovereign below its usual price.

URODONAL

RENEWES THE SYSTEM.

SECOND YOUTH.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury, Fellow of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, in the course of a lecture on the symptoms of "Premature Old Age," made the following highly interesting communication to his colleagues:—

"The crisis which gives to the observer the impression of a critical period in life, usually starts with digestive disorders, viz., atonic dyspepsia, spasm of the stomach, obstinate constipation, swelling of the epigastric region and congestion of the face after meals, dyspnoea following any effort, shortness of breath after climbing a few stairs or running a few paces; whilst a strange feeling of lassitude overcomes the patient, whose muscles are stiff and inert, as if they had been bruised. The normal balance between his own strength and the weight of his body appears to be disturbed so that he can hardly drag himself along. He suffers with insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day; there is a persistent feeling of numbness at the nape of the neck, headache, a tight feeling at the temples with an odd sensation of emptiness in the head. Others suffer from nocturnal cramp or 'dead' fingers. The sclerotic coat (white) of the eye turns yellow; and from a rosy tint, the skin gradually becomes purple, while the plumpness of good health degenerates into a swollen appearance. There is an occasional feeling of discomfort in the region of the heart, reminiscent of *angina pectoris* (especially in the case of smokers). Attacks of influenza leave persistent wheezing, almost amounting to attacks of asthma at night. Hemorrhoids occur, and the veins of the lower limbs become prominent. There is palpitation of the heart, sudden waves of heat to the face, followed by icy cold. The kidney secretions are thick and form deposits. Later on, the patient wonders why it is he no longer feels his former enthusiasm for work. His memory is less responsive and less reliable, proper names, figures, etc., cannot be remembered, and speech becomes slow and hesitating. Whenever need arises for prompt decision, the will, which was formerly quick and definite, is now halting and undetermined. The face becomes drawn and worn, and there is a constant dread of being told he 'looks ill.'"

Communication to the Académie de Médecine.

After closely investigating and following up 201 cases, Prof. M. de Fleury states emphatically that in 165 patients (that is, 82 per cent.) a marked excess of uric acid was present. Nothing more is required to make a man look old before his age, when he is not the least inclined to being "nervy."

It is, of course, regrettable that a man's health and strength, and even his intellect, should be at the mercy of a few stray crystals. It is, however, consoling to know that these mischievous particles can be dissolved, and that URODONAL does dissolve them as quickly and as surely as "hot water dissolves sugar."

A complete course of URODONAL (4 bottles) effects a thorough elimination of uric acid, and patients feel invigorated and "rejuvenated" without running the least danger (Urodonal is absolutely harmless) and without trouble to themselves. This elimination of uric acid lowers the blood-pressure by thoroughly cleansing the kidneys and removing impurities from the arteries, and is, for those who avail themselves of it, the dawn of a second period of youth. DR. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

URODONAL, prices 3s. and 12s. (latter size equals three 3/- bottles), prepared by J. L. Chatelet, Pharm. Chimiste, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents, 104, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, booklet, "Scientific Remedies," also "Treatise on Diet," and *Leppelle's* Foreign Chemists' Report.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.

Agents in U.S.A.: Moonier GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.



It is the dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal, as in a magic mirror.

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"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

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If your Chestnut cannot supply you, we will send the tin post free to any address on receipt of 2d. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, a medical or dental certificate, if available, together with full details of your appointment and department. State with which Expeditionary Force your unit is serving.

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Obtainable of Chemists
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Natural
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VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER:
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,
RHEUMATISM and all ailments
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the
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The delicious contents of a bottle of Whiteway's Cyder remind you irresistibly of the pleasant Apple Orchards of Beautiful Devon—possessing a delightful apple flavour and a freshness and character all its own.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER is the ideal health beverage for all occasions, especially at meal-time.

WHITEWAY'S FAMOUS DEVON CYDERS

IN BOTTLE are brisk and sparkling like Champagne, and where a healthful beverage is required by those for whom "sparkling" drinks are unsuitable, WHITEWAY'S DRAUGHT CYDER is particularly welcomed and economical withal.

DELICIOUS HEALTH-GIVING CYDERS
made solely from British apples grown
in the Orchards of Beautiful Devon.

Write for Illustrated Booklet to—
THE ORCHARD, WHIMPLE, DEVON; or
Perrona House, Albert Embankment,
London, S.W.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Licensed Runs. In these chronicles of the car motoring in its variety of aspects has been dealt with, but few of us realised that a time would come when it would have to be recorded that the owner of an automobile could only use his machine to the extent the Government permitted him. Yet that is the position

to find out exactly how many miles per gallon of fuel his car will travel under the worst possible conditions. Having discovered this and fitted a petrol-gauge showing how much fuel he has in the tank, the terror of being marooned will be dissipated. The airy statement that "my car goes twenty miles to the gallon" will not do nowadays, unless the owner has proved his car can always get that distance on a gallon of fuel. Also, when he receives his permitted petrol allowance, the sooner he starts diluting this with paraffin the better he will be able to discover to what extent he can increase his radius of use. Also it is well to experiment to what extent this dilution of the spirit his engine can stand without suffering either in regard to starting up or as to excessive carbonisation.

Taxi-Cabs and Luggage.

A legal point that is of moment to users and hirers of taxi-cabs was settled at Liverpool some days ago, in which it was decided that the taxi-cab owner was responsible for the passenger's luggage. The plaintiff, a lady, claimed the value of a dressing-case and contents, lost, it was alleged, through the negligence of a taxi-cab driver. The luggage was placed on the foot-board of the taxi-cab by the side of the driver, who said it would be quite safe there. Subsequently the driver discovered the dressing-case was missing, and, despite inquiries and search, it had not been recovered. For the plaintiff it was contended that the driver had not exercised due care. The defendant company, owners of the taxi-cab, repudiated the liability on the ground that the Hackney Carriage authorities would not permit any charge to be made for luggage, and it was carried as an act of courtesy on the part of defendants, and entirely at the owner's risk. Counsel characterised the defence as a peculiar one, inasmuch as taxi-cabs came under the regulations of the authorities, a by-law stating that the rates for hire were inclusive of the charges for luggage not exceeding 2 cwt. The defendants therefore were common carriers, and they were required to exercise all reasonable care and precaution in looking after the luggage carried by them. If the luggage had been inside, probably the

driver would not have been held responsible, but even that view depends upon circumstances.

American Combine.

Since private cars cannot be imported into Great Britain I have not written much about our American rivals' doings, but I should like to draw the attention of British motorists throughout the world to the fact that the Yankees are making extensive preparations to swamp our own manufacturers, and to deliver American goods at such temptingly low prices that motorists will want all their patriotism to resist the temptation of purchasing American cars in place of the British goods or their Allies'. The latest scheme is a combine of the Willlys-Overland, Chalmers, Hudson, and the Auto-Lite Company, who in future will operate under the one controlling board. It is stated that 30,000 persons are connected with the combine, but I fancy this figure rather under-estimates the number than overstates it. In the meanwhile, I await with anxiety what the Society of Motor Manufacturers (British Section) are going to do in regard to their production after the war. No doubt they have some protective form of campaign, but as yet it has not transpired beyond their own council-chamber. From one point of view this may be excellent tactics; but I venture to state that unless they come more out in



ON HIS 16-H.P. SUNBEAM: MR. T. G. BREEN, A WELL-KNOWN WINNIPEG MOTORIST.

to-day, and I expect the rules and regulations of such use will be promulgated by the time these lines are printed, or very soon afterwards. Ours is a much-belaboured pastime. Originally objected to on account of "frightfulness"—otherwise a bogey on the road emitting vile odours and creating dust-clouds that choked all and sundry—road-hogs, baby-killers, and other such titles were conferred on its votaries. Then, after getting the roads made fairly usable for all classes of traffic, motorists were taxed through the petrol duty for the payment of the improvements. Now not only is the petrol tax increased, but the supply is to be limited, so that the car-owner who has paid his annual carriage license is only to be allowed a limited use of the vehicle. True, the war must come first, and motorists will submit to almost anything for that end; yet, to say the least, one feels that "it's a bit thick," as the schoolboy expresses it.

Petrol-Gauges. I have one piece of advice to offer to every car-owner, and that is to get a petrol-gauge fitted as soon as possible to the car he owns, if he does not wish to be left high and dry on the open road one day or night. Another hint I venture to offer is



WITH HER DAIMLER: MRS. CHARLES ANTHONY VANDERVELL, OF EGGINGTON LODGE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

the limelight and talk, talk, and keep on talking, the U.S.A. gentlemen will have not only captured very many of the motor agents (an accomplished fact), but they will get the best part of the British motoring public as well. *Verbum sap.* W. W.

Vauxhall

THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

A slogan from the Front, coined by a soldier-driver in charge of a Vauxhall:

"The finest car on active service"

CERTAIN facts in the matter of motor-cars and war service should be kept steadily in mind by prospective buyers. One is that His Majesty's Government is still, after nearly two years' experience of Vauxhall cars, purchasing every one that can be produced. Another is that the Vauxhall factory is kept wholly engaged on the building of staff cars.

Apply these facts and you arrive at the justification for the above-quoted slogan. Take into account further that these military cars are, except for details of equipment and finish, the private cars of peace time, and you see that there is the strongest personal reason why you should form a clear and abiding idea of the special distinction achieved by the Vauxhall.

You can secure an option on a Vauxhall car for after-war delivery, without incurring any irksome obligation, by putting your name down on our waiting list. An interesting pamphlet, "Towards Preparedness," gives full particulars of this endeavour to provide a plan for the common advantage after the war of consumer and producer. Please send for a copy to-day.



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is easy to handle, runs
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THE motorist who places
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Waiting List for a new car
after the war is not only
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LADIES appreciate to-day that within their reach is a spotless skin
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Ven-Yusa is something quite novel in the way of toilet creams. It
possesses a wonderfully beautifying effect which is not unconnected with
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Ladies who use the preparation describe it as
giving their skin an oxygen bath, rejuvenating the
tissues, clearing the complexion, and imparting nature's
own youthful bloom to the face, neck, and arms.

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is, in itself, natural, pure,
and greaseless, and a real
safeguard against summer
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Gethold's

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, *Illustrated London News*, Strand, W.C.

F. FORD (Nottingham).—There is no rule on the subject; it is a mere matter of arrangement.

E. MILLER (Graysend).—Thanks; but problems of five and six moves and upwards are appreciated only by enthusiasts, and such compositions are altogether out of place in a newspaper column.

Problems received with thanks from E. G. B. BARLOW, ARNOLD MARRA (Dance), and R. C. DUKETT.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3733 received from J. B. CAMARA (Madrid), C. A. M. (Ponang), F. J. McCarthy (Barns); of No. 3734 from J. B. CAMARA; of No. 3735 from R. F. MORRIS (Sheffield, Canada), F. ASLAP (Aronson), Dr. O. F. BLANKSHIP (Richmond, U.S.A.), and J. B. CAMARA; of No. 3736 from F. DILLON, C. FIELD (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), and F. ASLAP; of No. 3737 from R. C. DUKETT (Warrington), E. W. ALLEN (Highgate), F. J. OVERTON (Bilton Colfield), H. GOSSET BOLDWIN (Southsea), and Captain CHILLER (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3738 received from H. GOSSET BOLDWIN, Rev. J. Christie (Redditch), A. H. ARTHUR (Bath), J. FOWLER, J. SMART, J. S. FORBES (Brighton), M. E. ORLOW (Bournemouth), A. W. HAMILTON GILL (Exeter), and J. DODD.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. G. WILKES and W. H. WATTS.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Wilkes)	BLACK (Mr. Watts)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
4. B to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
5. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q B 4th	B P takes P
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles
9. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 5th
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt takes K Kt
11. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
12. B takes Kt	

These exchanges simplify the game in one respect; but the pitting of Bishops against Bishops is often a delicate operation in chess strategy.

13. B to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd
14. R to Q B sq	B to Q B 3rd
15. P takes P	B takes P
16. R to K B 3rd	R to Q B sq
17. B takes B	Q takes B
18. Q to Q 2nd	K R to Q sq
19. B to Kt 2nd	R takes R

Black now secures a passed Pawn, which the subsequent exchange of Queens makes all-powerful.

20. Q to K 2nd	P to K 4th
21. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th
22. P takes P	P takes P
23. R to K sq	B to Kt 5th
24. R to Q B sq	

R to K B sq in anticipation of Black's similar move, seems necessary. Once the K B file is barred for White's King, the adverse passed-Pawn cannot be stopped.

25. Q to B 4th	Q takes Q
26. P takes Q	B to Q 7th
27. R to Q sq	P to K 6th
28. P to Q 5th	P to K 7th
29. R to Q Kt sq	B to K 6th (ch)
30. K to R sq	R to B 8th (ch)
31. R takes R	P this R (Q), mate

Mr. Frank Hollings, 2, Great Turnstile, Holborn, E.C., announces for the end of October, the issue of "The Year-Book of Chess for 1915 and for 1916," up to date of publication. It will be under the competent editorship of Mr. W. H. Watts, while the price is fixed at 2s. net, as before. The number of copies is limited, and it will be necessary for those desiring to possess this excellent work to place their order as early as possible.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3733.—By J. M.

WHITE.
1. B to K 3rd
2. P to R 6th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3736.—By M. L. PENCE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Chess Club was held on Tuesday, June 20, at 22, Albemarle Street, W. The Championship has again fallen to Mr. W. T. Pierce, who scored nine games out of ten, Mr. J. F. Chance (10) being second. The Continuation Tournament (Handicap) was won by Mr. C. D. Looch (Class 1, A) for the third time in succession, notwithstanding increased penalties, his percentage being nearly 50. Mr. B. Goulding Brown (11, B) was second with 40 per cent.; and Mr. J. Frankland (11, B) third, with 35 per cent. Mr. Chance was fourth; and the Rev. G. Allen, the Hon. Secretary, who had completed no fewer than 242 games since Feb. 2, 1915. There were nineteen entries. The club will be closed during the month of August.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

FICTION.

Anna of the Underworld. G. R. Sims. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Dies Bourne. Hartman Laxdale. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
Brownie. Agnes Gordon Lennox. 6s. net. (The Bodley Head.)
The Triumph of Tim. A. Vachell. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
Dead Yesterday. Mary Agnes Hamilton. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Story of a Prisoner of War. Arthur Green. No. 664, Somerset Light Infantry. 1s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Game. Gilbert Frankau. 1s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
For England. H. Fielding-Hall. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Because I am a German. H. Pyman. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Barney Finches. "Wagner." 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

NEW NOVELS.

"The Bywonner." Inevitably, as it seems must be with a South African novel, the story of "The Bywonner" (The Bodley Head) is a tragedy. We have noted before that the South African atmosphere makes for depression in the novelist, perhaps because of this fierce and ruthless climate to which Miss Mills-Young refers. The Bywonner himself (a bywonner is a "poor white") was, of course, good for nothing better than the poverty and humiliation assigned to him; but we hoped that Adela, who was more his wife's daughter than his own, might have been spared disaster. Tom, her brother, wins through, and this is the bright spot in the story, although it comes late in the day and after the two other chief characters have been removed from the scene—a weakness in technique that detracts from the artistic quality of Miss Mills-Young's clever novel. Adela's fate had nothing to do with the South African climate, unless you can blame the moonlight, and to our mind it is superfluously and unbearably tragic. "The Bywonner" is sure to be widely read.

"The Secret Sympathy."

Miss Mary L. Pendered has hit upon the exact balance of romantic ingredients in "The Secret Sympathy" (Chapman and Hall), a book that works out to the complete satisfaction of the reader. It recalls the bygone, pleasant method of Mrs. Henry Wood, who knew so well how to blend love and mystery, moonshine and murderers. The Moonraker's ghost is, indeed, just such an agreeably gruesome spectre as might have turned up in one of Johnny Ludlow's stories—a welcome change from the analytical realism of our modern young men. Katherine and Winsome Knollys, who are both young and pretty, are left impoverished by their uncle's death at an unhappy financial moment; and they take a country cottage, and Katherine plies her motor for hire. They bring with them a psychical maid, who sees the local ghost, and Katherine the ups and downs of true love with the hero, a chauffeur who is (why not?)—we admire Miss Pendered's pluck! the lost heir to a peerage. The war enters in the closing chapters; but it is not allowed seriously to interfere with this serene voyage to the islands of the blest, and Katherine and the recovered heir are left united over the cradle of their first baby. We enjoyed every bit of "The Secret Sympathy," and we trust Miss Pendered will soon give us another novel as unaffected and entertaining.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Forty-Eight (from January 1 to June 22, 1916) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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Never was human life so precious, yet out of every thousand babies born last year no less than a hundred and five died. All this time Mellin's Food, the *fresh milk* food, has been *saving* babies—whose lives had been despaired of—and rearing them to sturdy maturity. With *fresh cow's milk* Mellin's Food yields a diet exactly equivalent to mother's milk—and the very highest medical opinion places the superiority of 'fresh milk' over 'dried milk' foods beyond all question.

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K.C.V.O., D.Sc., LL.D.,
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says in "Health in the Nursery":

"During this period, all peptonised foods or 'dried milk' foods should be avoided, or scurvy is exceedingly likely to result."

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\$7 a Year in Advance.



ROSES FOR HEROES: LONDON'S WELCOME TO SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

The arrival at Charing Cross Station of the ambulance train-loads of wounded from the battlefields across which the great Allied Offensive on the Western Front is sweeping, has been marked from the first by extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm and sympathetic admiration. Crowds throng the exits from the station daily; and as those of the wounded men who are being taken to the hospitals in open conveyances pass by,

flowers are showered on them, both by the assembled spectators and, in particular, also by women flower-sellers who stand with their baskets regularly at the station-yard gates. These consistently refuse to sell all their stocks of flowers—keeping back some of the best blooms, roses, to throw themselves into the soldiers' carriages—a fine-spirited act of generosity, for the flowers represent the women's only means of livelihood.

DRAWN BY S. JAGO. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

WITH THE TRAWLER AND AUXILIARY FLEET: MINE-FISHERS AT WORK.

THE mists of the North Sea hide many heroic deeds which posterity will place to the credit of those who work and fight and die to protect the coasts of Great Britain from the treacherous onslaughts of her enemies. From time to time the news of a daring exploit lifts a corner of the veil which shrouds the operations of the Grand Fleet. Names hitherto unknown suddenly achieve the glory of print, and Englishmen realise with a thrill of pride something of what they owe to the British Navy. But of those whose daily duty it is to render those brilliant feats as little dangerous as possible, whose part it is to guard the great ships which secure the freedom of the seas to the Allies, little or nothing is known. They pursue their perilous occupation in a silent anonymity which is never broken.

Among these auxiliaries to the Grand Fleet, improvised for the most part since the war began, none is more useful than the unimposing flotilla whose work it is to clear the approaches to the eastern ports of mines. Their search begins at the moment when "the grey fingers of the dawn are clutching at the fading stars." Two by two the trawlers creep out, and, as the double-page drawing elsewhere in this Number explains, range themselves in a double line of battle. When they reach the area to be swept, the two leading trawlers begin operations by lowering the kite to which the steel cable is attached, and which keeps it at the necessary level. As soon as the kite touches bottom, the trawlers separate to extend the cable all its length of — yards. Once taut, the order for full steam ahead is given and the fishing begins.

The spherical surface of the mine, which measures about a couple of yards in diameter, is encrusted with detonators containing corrosive fluids, which are precipitated by the slightest contact into the interior of the mine and produce a formidable explosion. The whole is, by means of a complicated mechanism, suspended in the water and attached to a weight which lies in the bed of the sea. When this attachment is severed, the liberated bomb should rise to the surface, and is then exploded by a firing party on board the trawler, as our artist has indicated.

It is not always the first pair of trawlers who succeed in hauling up the catch. The flotilla generally consists of two or three pairs of trawlers who follow each other at a certain distance, and begin their sweep where their leaders end theirs. Nor do the mines invariably fall into the net at the safest spot for the intrepid fishermen. In spite of the closest watch, in spite of long experience in the habits of the enemy, it is impossible to eliminate the chance that the boat instead of the cable may come in contact with the mine. When that disaster occurs, there is a trawler the less in the Auxiliary Fleet, and a crew of heroes added to the list of those who have cheerfully given their lives for King and country.

There are other fishers too, to-day, in the North Sea who are after bigger fish than mines. These do not drag their nets, but lay them in such a way that the German submarines who are occupied in the task of mine-laying now find their nefarious work more dangerous than it used to be. It is probable that only our enemies know how many "U" boats have slipped unwittingly into the spider-webs spun for them by the British Navy. Once within its meshes the activity of the submarine fly is ended for ever. A few frantic plunges, a few bubbles of oil on the surface of the waves, and all is over, except the risky and difficult job of raising the mine-layer without injury to its captors. But on this point silence in print and in speech is an obviously golden rule.

From a Frenchman's point of view the most amazing thing about the Auxiliary Fleet is not to be found in the character of its work, nor even in the devotion of those who execute it. Nothing of that is so extraordinary as the mere fact of its existence. So much has been written recently about the creation of Great Britain's new armies that the Allies are now all aware of the miracle of those millions raised and organised in the last two years. It is not, however, so generally understood that, in addition to her land forces, England has to a great extent improvised her defences upon the sea. For, if the Grand Fleet was ready and waiting when war began, the Auxiliary Fleet was merely in embryo previous to August 1914. In the space of two years this vast organisation of marine supplementaries has been mobilised and placed upon a war footing. These trawlers, yachts, pinnaces, and the innumerable small craft which in normal times navigate either for profit or for pleasure, now form part of the Royal Navy. Their owners, whether gentlemen of substance, merchant sailors, or simple fishermen, all wear to-day the uniform of national service, and are proud to bear their share in the duty of national defence.

And for those of us belonging to the Allied countries who have had the privilege of watching them at their arduous and deadly work, the Auxiliary Fleet constitutes one of the most admirable and efficient items in the stupendous sum of England's effort.

J. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Forty-Eight (from January 1 to June 24, 1916) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsgent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A WAR-BOOK TO BE STUDIED.

DR. E. J. DILLON speaks with unrivalled authority on European politics. His book, "Ourselves and Germany" (Chapman and Hall), sums up the present situation in a strain of grave admonition. Here there is no blinking of facts; but a cool statement—with perhaps a shade of pessimism—of the profit-and-loss account between the Allies and Germany. Dr. Dillon, speaking from the first-hand experience of a lifetime spent in close touch with the Chancelleries of Europe, expounds the thoroughness of the German preparation in the countries now at war. So complete was the scheme and so cunning that one wonders why the Teutonic genius failed to see that its end was almost attained without war. War, in fact, is seen to be the supreme blunder. For "peaceful penetration" was already enslaving the victims. A commercial system of endless ramification was drawing all the power of finance into German hands. Banks were established in foreign countries to give long and easy credit to traders who favoured German goods. Those who would not favour Germany were entered on a black list, embroiled in a net of debt, and suddenly landed in bankruptcy. These banks grew very strong on the deposits of the country in which they were established, and gradually the original German or Austrian capital was withdrawn, until the holdings of the would-be conquerors were reduced to insignificance. Hence the victims were unconsciously supplying the means for furthering German trade and ruining their own. Italy is a typical example, and her entanglement in the German financiers' web was one great reason for her long neutrality. The political hold on her, consequent on this manoeuvre, is not broken yet. Side by side with this went a system of commercial espionage and information, most perfectly organised for the benefit of German trade; and, to cover the device, Italians held nominal directorates, while the real controlling power never left the hands of German principals. Beautiful in its iniquity, the system required only a few more years of peace to achieve its end. But the sword-rattling mania would not be denied, and the clerk's pen has missed. In contrast with the German perfection of organisation, Dr. Dillon places our own improvidence. Nor does he acquit France of similar errors. He instances her blunders in railway control after the outbreak of war, and her appalling waste of rolling-stock, to give but one example from those he quotes. The moral is obvious, and Dr. Dillon points it with a strong and severe hand. Perhaps he does not seem over-hopeful of reformation, but he is not hopeless. His case is reinforced by Mr. Hughes in a preface, where he pleads again, as he has pleaded so often and so well, for "no compromise with the evil thing for which Germany fights." Mr. Hughes speaks as if he believed that we shall not compromise. Dr. Dillon scarcely ventures beyond hypothesis, touched with doubt. It lies with the nation to "mak' siccar." And there are signs, which have increased since Dr. Dillon's last page was written, that at last we are of the mind of Sir Roger Kilpatrick, when he made an end of the Red Comyn.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Five Russian Plays. C. E. Buchanan. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)
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General Botha: The Career and the Man. Harold Spender. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
A Profession for Gentlewomen. F. S. Carey. 3s. net. (Constable.)
The Councils of Callisthenes. 15. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Cats." Not by Louis Wain. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
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From Boundary Rider to Prime Minister (Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, K.C.). Douglas Sladen. 15. net. (Methuen.)
"Horse Sense" in Verses Tenue. Walt Mason. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
Twilight in Italy. D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

FICTION.

- Harmory. Mildred Garner. 6s. (Duckworth.)
The Men Who Wrought. Ridgwell Cullins. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Maid Intermittent. L. T. Meade. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Constable.)
Barnacles. J. Macdonald Hay. 6s. (Constable.)
Chief of the Staff. Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 15. net. (Macdonald.)
Life and Gabriella. Ellen Glasgow. 3s. net. (Murray.)

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

AN ATLAS OF BRITISH BIRDS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the almost innumerable books on British birds, Mr. Thorburn's beautiful work, expensive though it be, was bound to find a ready market, for his pictures of bird life—"British Birds" by Archibald Thorburn (Longmans)—have won for him a host of admirers, and we can well imagine the impatience they must feel at the necessary interval between the appearance of the successive volumes till the whole number is complete. Strictly speaking, this book should have been called an "Atlas of British Birds," for the text is avowedly little more than explanatory of the plates. And it is just because these are, on the whole, so admirable that one wishes there were more of them. Mr. Thorburn would have been enabled to give us pictures not only of the birds in their "nuptial" plumage, but also in their winter, or "eclipse," plumages, and to these should have been added the immature plumages. The present volume (the third) well illustrates the possible scope of such an atlas, for it includes the ducks and their allies. Now, the ducks, at any rate, are, in the case of many species, by no means easy for the inexperienced to distinguish when in their "eclipse" dress, the drakes discarding their coats of many colours and assuming a dress very similar to that of the females, but answering, apparently, to an ancestral male dress. It would be impossible to identify a bird thus transformed from Mr. Thorburn's plates, where the figures of females only are given. A comparison, again, between the females of the capercaillie and the blackcock, as depicted in this volume, will fail to afford that precise information as to the points wherein these differ, for they are less alike than one would suppose from the plates as they stand. Many of the figures of the females of the ducks leave much to be desired in this respect; and in one or two cases even the males are inaccurate—as, for example, in the case of the Ruddy Sheldrake, which does not have a white head, and it has a black ring round the neck, which should surely have been shown. Among the pictures of birds in immature plumage the nestlings should take a prominent place. These, for the sake of comparison, might have had plates to themselves. The brilliantly coloured mouths of many of the young of the perching birds would have come as a surprise to many; and no less instructive would have been the comparisons between the down-covered young of the ducks and the game-birds. Even to-day there are many who do not realise how striking are the transformations between the young and adult stages of some of our commonest native birds. The starling and the robin afford cases in point. The latter, in its brown, spotted dress which constitutes its first feather plumage, is frequently mistaken for the adult female, the male alone being supposed to wear the red gorget. The house and tree sparrows, again, furnish striking and quite inexplicable illustrations of this kind. In the former the male differs conspicuously from the female. The young resemble her. In the tree-sparrow, male, female, and young all wear the same livery, which is as striking in contrasts as in the male house-sparrow. Should a future edition be called for, these additions might well be made. It seems ungracious to make adverse criticism on so fine a work, for there can be no doubt about the beauty of its contents, yet it cannot be doubted but that the suggestions now made would still further increase its value to us all, and especially to the non-expert, who must of necessity find it irksome to wade through the long descriptions of more technical works when desiring to identify some specimen which they fail to find in Mr. Thorburn's plates. His own intimate knowledge of our native birds, combined with his rare skill and inimitable grace as an artist, would enable him to accomplish such a task with ease. As the work stands, it is a fine production; as we would have it, it would be even finer, since it would make it possible to turn to its pages for help with absolute confidence whenever birds were met with in puzzling or unfamiliar phases of plumage.

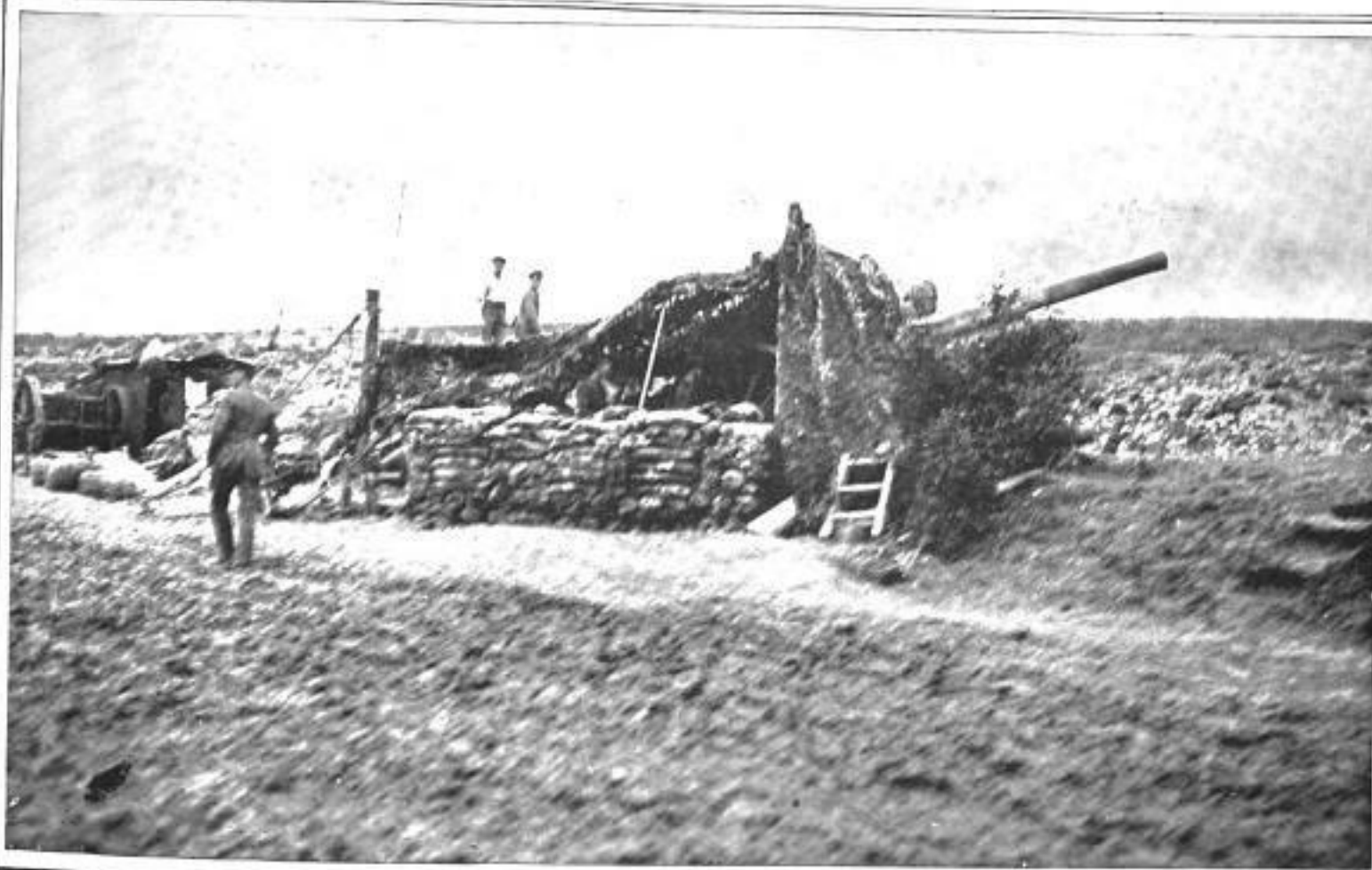
"BRASSEY" FOR 1916.

FOR the second year in succession Lord Brassey's standard work on modern fleets, "The Naval Annual" (William Clowes and Sons), appears in the special form of a War Edition, with changes in its ordinary characteristic features necessitated by the conditions of the hour. Mr. John Leyland edits it again this year, Lord Brassey having been unable, owing to absence in India, to take any part beyond contributing the introduction to the volume. The contents of this year's issue, as was the case with that of last year, have all direct relation to the war. The wholly admirable and informative survey of the operations of the Allied Navies during the preceding twelve months, begun in last year's volume by Commander Robinson, R.N., is resumed and continued by the same veteran expert. A chapter by the editor as a study of the strategy of the war and its conditions forms a complement to Commander Robinson's study, equally valuable and instructive. "Neutrals in the War," by Sir Frances Piggott, Chief Justice of Hong Kong and an acknowledged authority on the legal position of belligerents and neutrals in war, is a very timely new contribution. Another special feature of this year's issue to which attention should be called is the chapter on "Aircraft and the War," written by one whose name cannot be disclosed, but whose competence is unquestioned. It deals in an original form with air strategy, the operative methods of airships, and, in addition, generally, with seaplane work in war. The present active development of the United States Navy receives special consideration by itself. As in last year's volume, the British Ship Tables reappear in a form specially designed to afford no information to the enemy, while providing all information that the general public may be permitted with safety. As before also, a number of useful official documents and despatches issued since the appearance of last year's volume are included. At the end of the Annual, in addition to other illustrations, are given pictures of Lord Brassey's world-famous yacht *Sunbeam*, which has been generously presented to the Government and peoples of India to serve as a hospital-ship, with base at Bombay.

GIANTS IN HIDING: THE ART OF CONCEALING BIG GUNS.



A PUZZLE—TO FIND THE GUNS! A PHOTOGRAPH DESCRIBED AS "SOME OF OUR GIANT HOWITZERS IN HIDING, AND THEIR SHELLS."

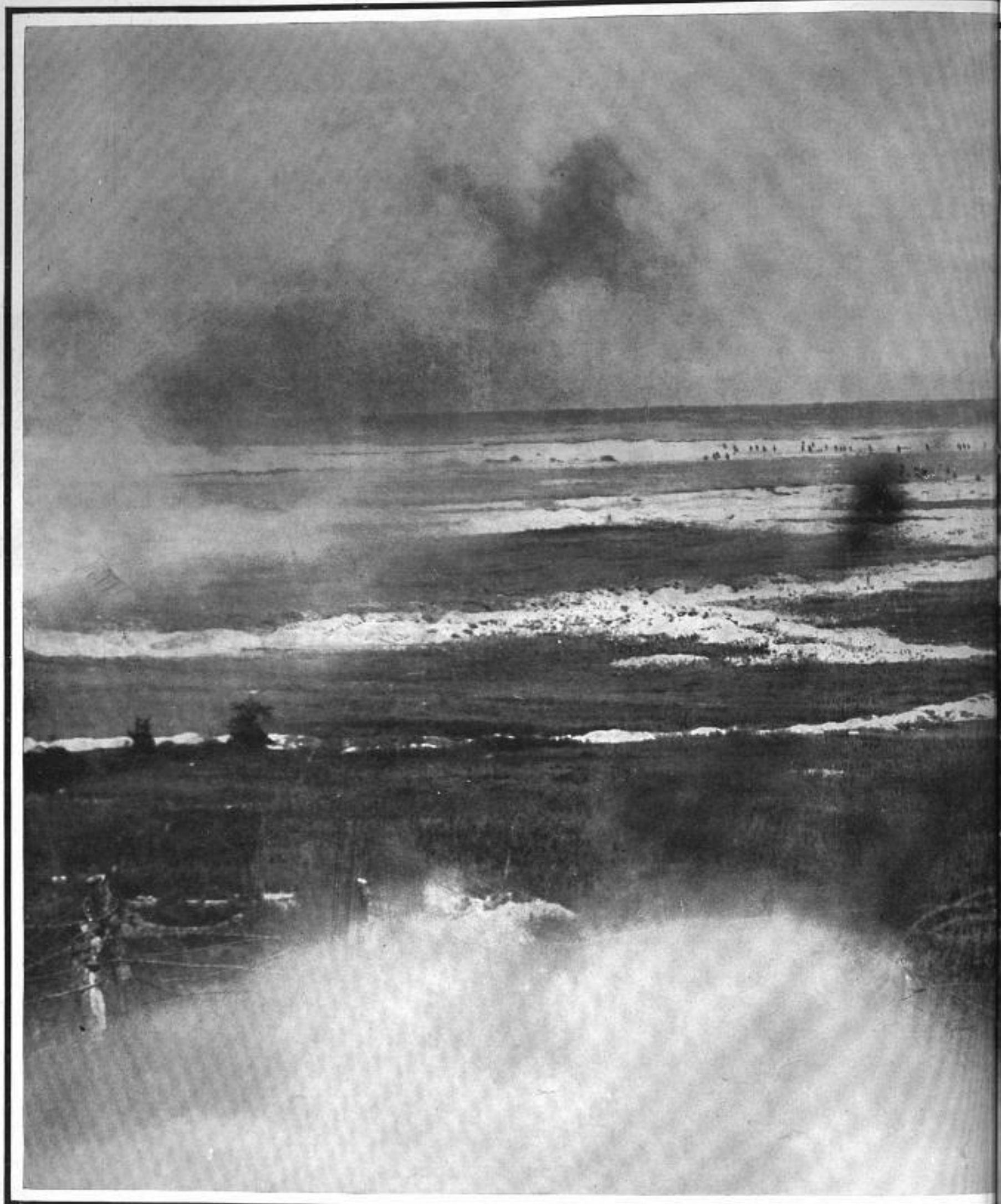


A LONG-RANGE MONSTER PARTLY EMERGED FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE: A BRITISH BIG GUN IN ACTION DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF GERMAN TRENCHES.

In these days of aircraft scouting, it is more than ever important to conceal the position of gun-emplacements; and all sorts of ingenious devices, some of which are here illustrated, are adopted for this purpose. Both the above photographs were taken during the British advance, and show (or hide, as the case may be) two distinct types of our new heavy guns—the howitzer and the long-range piece. The power of the British artillery has been immensely increased since the beginning of the war. Mr. F. Kellaway, M.P., an official of the Ministry of Munitions, said the other day in a speech to his

constituents: "The story of what has been happening in France on the British front during the past fortnight shows how far we have travelled. . . . Last year Mr. Lloyd George startled the country by saying that 11 new arsenals had been provided. . . . To-day not 11, but 50 arsenals have either been built or adapted, and, with the exception of a very few of them, are now producing heavy guns, howitzers, big shells, or explosives. . . . The output of guns and howitzers has been increased by several hundreds per cent. . . . We are not yet at the full flood of our output."

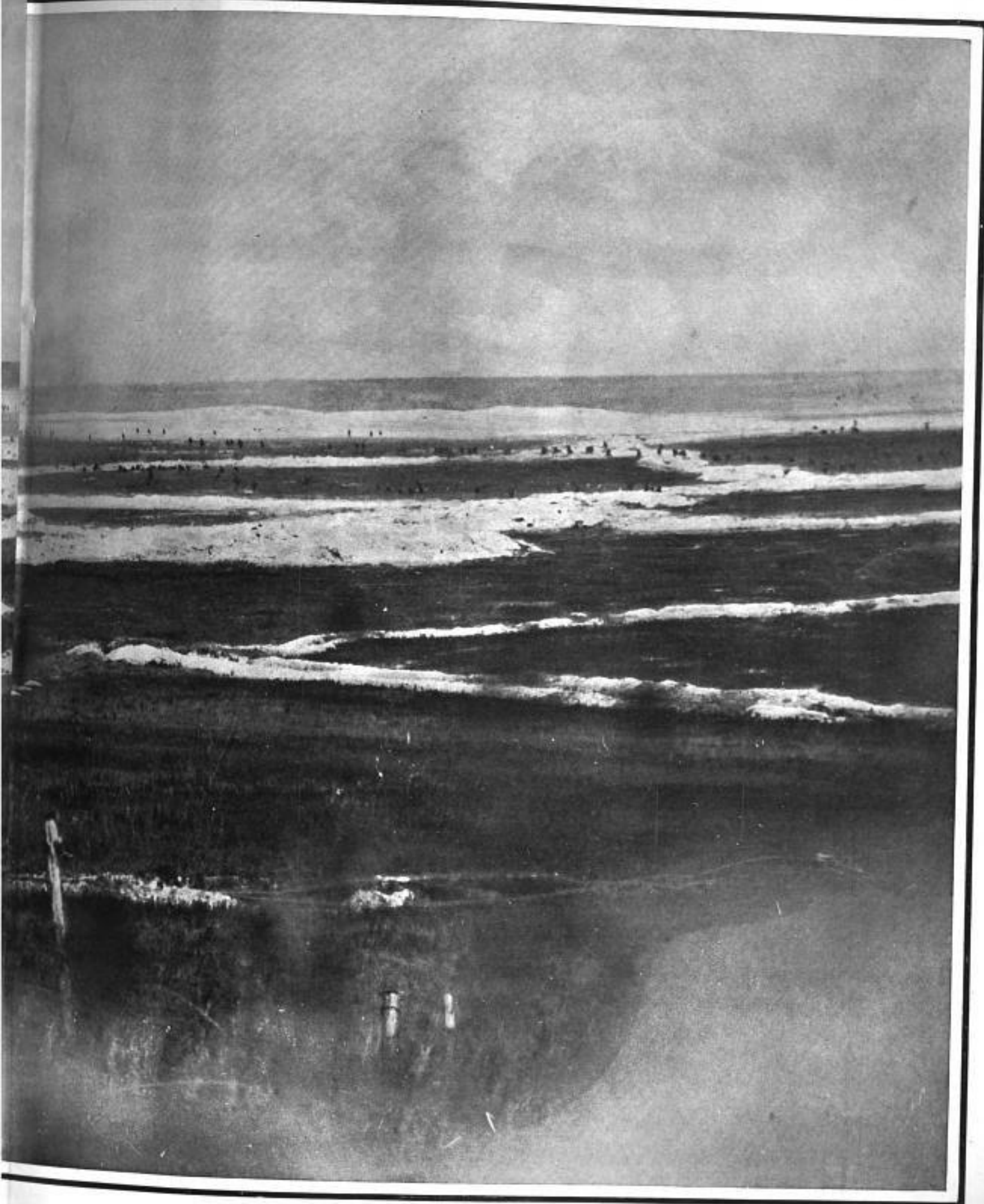
THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE: OUR SPLENDID INFANTRY



PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER FIRE, THROUGH THE SMOKE OF BURSTING SHELLS: A GREAT

This remarkable battlefield photograph—taken, as may be seen from the smoke of a bursting shell in the foreground, actually under fire during the British advance—shows our infantry advancing steadily across the No Man's Land between the lines to attack the Germans in their trenches. It gives a vivid idea of the general appearance of the front, and of the aspect of a modern battle. The British troops, as all who saw them agree, fought superbly, for in many places they had to face a terrible hail of bullets from German machine-guns and the "barrage" shell-fire of the enemy's artillery. Mametz, a village between Fricourt and Montauban and some three miles east of Albert, was one of the first places captured by our men. A British official despatch on the night of July 1 (the first day of the advance) stated: "On the right of our attack we have captured the German labyrinth of trenches on

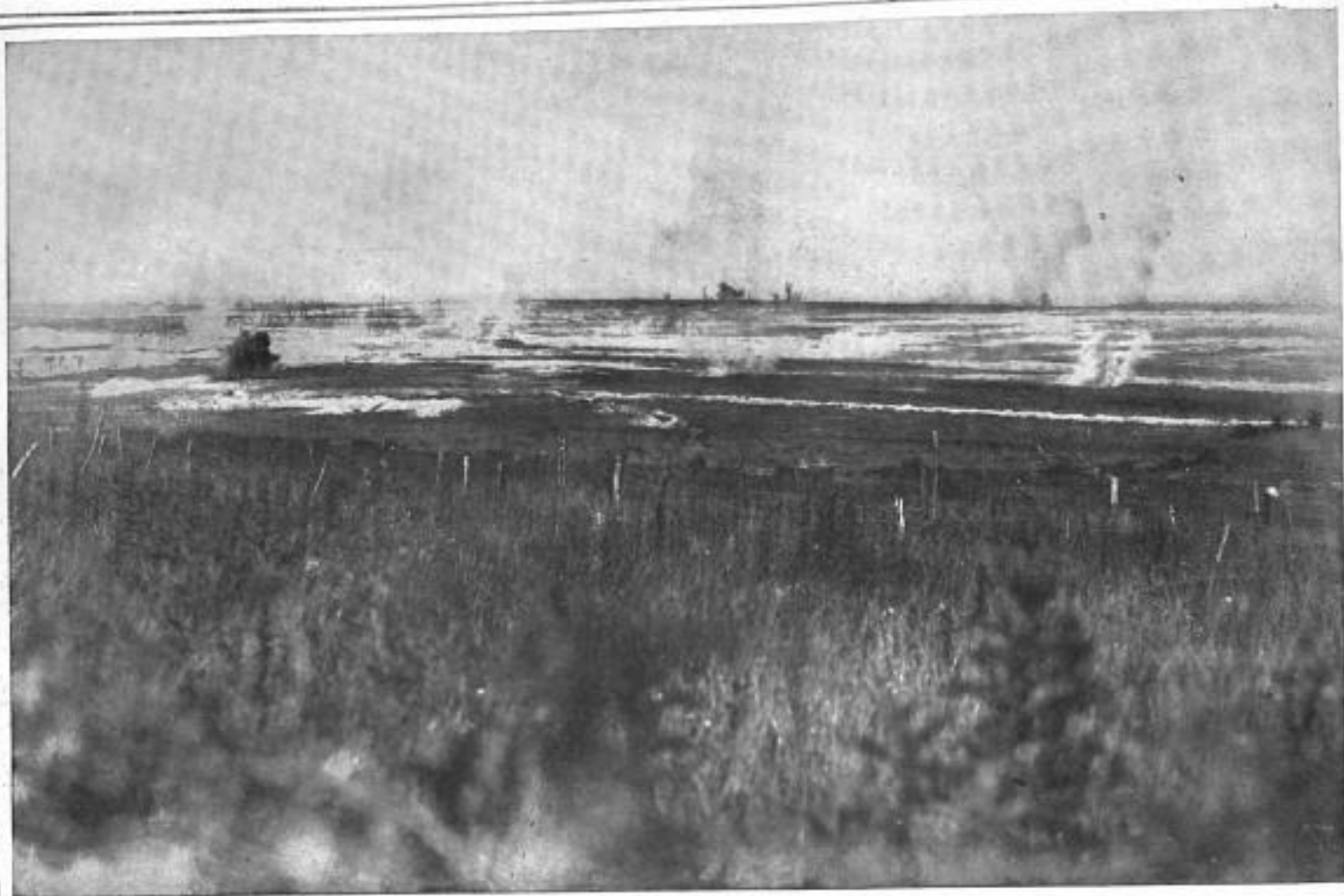
PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE ATTACKING GERMAN TRENCHES.



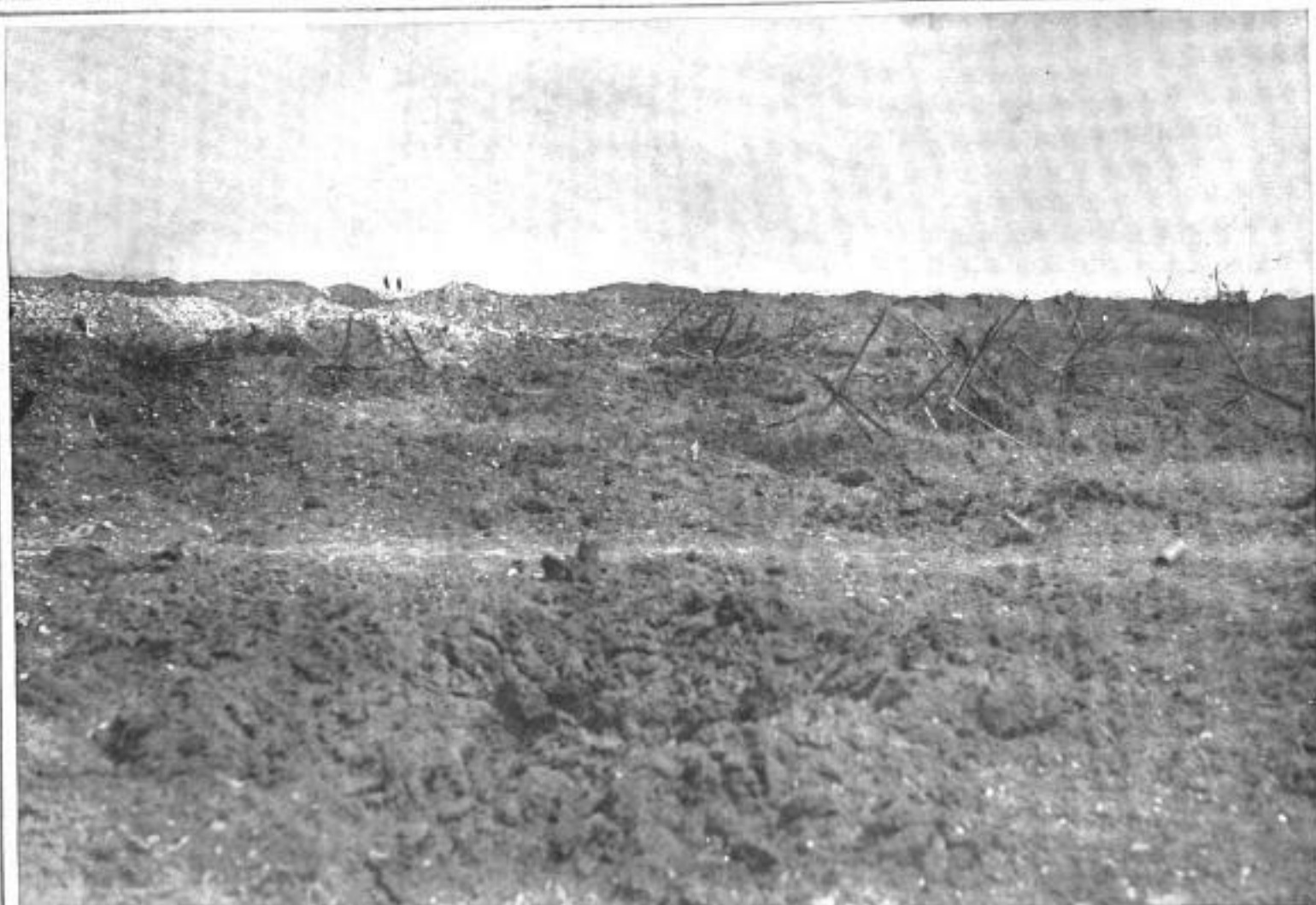
BATTLE IN PROGRESS—BRITISH TROOPS ASSAULTING GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR MAMETZ.

a front of seven miles to a depth of 1000 yards, and have stormed and occupied the strongly fortified villages of Montauban and Mametz." Writing at the same time, Mr. Philip Gibbs said, after mentioning that some regiments met with little opposition: "The Gordons fared differently. These keen fighting men rushed forward with great enthusiasm until they reached one end of the village of Mametz, and then quite suddenly they were faced by rapid machine-gun fire and a storm of bombs. The Germans held a trench called Danzig Avenue on the ridge where Mametz stands, and defended it with desperate courage. The Gordons flung themselves upon this position, and had some difficulty in clearing it of the enemy. At the end of the day Mametz remained in our hands." On July 10, it was officially stated, British troops stormed several lines of trenches in the Bois de Mametz, north of the village.

THE BRITISH IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS.



DURING THE TERRIFIC PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT THE GERMAN TRENCHES BEING SUBJECTED TO A CEASELESS INFERNO OF BRITISH SHELL-FIRE.



WHEN THE GUNS HAD CEASED—THE WAY CLEAR: THE WHOLESOME SWEEPING AWAY OF THE BARBED-WIRE BARRIER IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN TRENCH-LINE.

The upper illustration shows all that was to be seen while the artillery bombardment was clearing the way for the infantry—a desert expanse with not a living being visible. In the immediate foreground is the barbed-wire barrier of our trenches. The whitish streaks across the middle distance and to the horizon are the German trenches. Everywhere greyish smoke is rising where the British shells incessantly burst over and in the

trenches, and here and there a darker smoke-column from big high-explosive shells. The lower illustration shows the barbed-wire entanglement, originally many yards wide and continuous in front of a German trench, torn up and swept away amid mounds of debris, only a few leaning stakes and ends of shattered wire being left in places trailing on the ground. Such was the havoc wrought by our guns.

BRITISH GUNS AND THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: DESTROYED GERMAN TRENCHES.



SHATTERED INTO HEAPS OF DÉBRIS AND MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION: THE RUIN LEFT BY OUR GUNS IN ONE SECTION OF A GERMAN TRENCH.



GAPING CLEFTS AND CAVITIES IN THE GROUND WHERE DUG-OUTS HAD BEEN: IN THE BATTERED GERMAN TRENCHES.

The fearful destruction wrought by the British artillery bombardment on the German first-line trenches, as the British infantry stormers saw parts of the enemy's line in charging over it, is evident in these two illustrations. As the upper one shows, it is almost impossible sometimes to mark the site of any trench at all. Only shapeless and crumbling mounds and heaps of soil and stones remain, with, protruding from the ground,

broken fragments and stumps of stakes and shattered strands and coils of barbed wire, completely burying and obliterating the excavated trench-line over long lengths. At places, as seen in the lower illustration, gaping clefts and cavities between the ridges show where dug-outs had existed, while all around the surface has more the appearance of vast, abandoned gravel-pit workings.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THROUGHOUT the final and, as we may reasonably trust, triumphant phases of the war, it is as essential as ever that we should keep our heads and allow those eminent in the military science to keep theirs. It would be an ideal definition of a liberal education that every citizen ought to know enough about science to leave it alone. Such a degree of enlightenment is not small, and is the very reverse of common. A subject always seems absolutely simple while we literally know nothing about it. Those who feared a general decay among their countrymen used to point, and not quite without reason, at the idle crowds which assembled on football grounds—men who stared at a game which they did not play. But even they were men who could have played the game—or at least men who knew how the game was played. Now, if we wish to judge a great mass of journalistic and general comment on the present war, we should have to imagine the same crowds watching the same football match, but most of them imagining it was a competition as to who could kick the football highest in the air. Or we must imagine them as thinking that the football itself was the prize, and the scrimmage was a personal quarrel between competitors dissatisfied with the decision of the umpire. These impressions would not be wilder or more remote from the aims of football than the graphic passages in some papers were wildly remote from the aims of war. It is not stupider to ignore the difference between a scrimmage and a quarrel than it is to ignore the difference between a retreat and a rout. And that form of ignorance was a perennial fountain of inspiration for our pessimist journalists during the great retreat of the Russians. It is not more ignorant to suppose that a footballer scores merely by sending a ball high in the air than it is to suppose that a General scores merely by pushing his line further forward in the landscape. And that notion produced a long nightmare of impatience during the time when General Joffre and the responsible leaders thought it wisest to defer an attack. A man wholly uninstructed might look for a long time at a game of chess, and imagine that the players' purpose was to take as many pieces as possible. He might even look for a long time at a game of billiards (if the players were of the silent and not the exclamatory sort), and imagine it was a great score to put one's opponent's ball in a pocket. From a variety of causes in our insular state and tradition, numberless Englishmen who were instructed in many things were quite uninstructed in war; and it took them much longer to discover such elementary things as that a retirement can be a success and an advance a disaster.

Unfortunately, there is produced by this extreme of ignorance an illusion of simplicity. There is an idea that all we want is dash or decision to do something or other—an idea which any man would be thought drunk or mad if he applied to any skilled trade, or even to any sportsmanlike amusement. I regret to see, for instance, that the Rev. R. J. Campbell has been saying that if Sir Francis Drake had been alive we should have forced the Dardanelles. Knowing just enough of the subject to know that I know nothing, I

am not prepared to say what the genius of that great seaman would or would not have done with a wholly new problem of heavy artillery and a siege position. But I will venture an opinion about what he would not have done. He would not, in forming his conclusion, have taken any notice of the views of any popular preacher in Queen Elizabeth's dominions.

And yet it would be almost as reasonable to give merely military responsibility to a popular preacher as to a popular politician. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say a fashionable politician than a popular politician, for I gravely doubt whether any politician is now popular—at any rate in that capacity. In any case, there has been far too much of the doctrine of dash, and the claim of personal initiative, about that part of our politics which impinges upon the campaign. Probably an unsuccessful politician would be much better for war work than a successful one. If such a post is given to a successful one, he had

extremely realistic. The Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy would really be wiser to trust his trusty sword than to trust entirely in the new culverins which were then the early experiments with gunpowder. It is no answer to say that they were the weapons of the future; and it is a complete answer to say that for that very reason he could not be expected to regard them as weapons of the present. He would have been as clumsy a soldier, in that state of the science, to have relied on a steel cannon as on a stone club. This very elementary truth will suffice to blow away a great deal of the sensationalism which has been uttered about aviation—or rather, about the neglect of aviation. For some people it seemed to be enough to say that aeronautics is a new science to prove that it is the science of the future; enough to say that it is the science of the future to prove that it is the only science of the future; and enough to say that to prove that it ought also to be the only science of the present. Men in the ordinary sense

sane talked quite seriously about its superseding every other arm—about the possibility of neglecting an army or a navy if we concentrated sufficiently on a fleet of flying-ships. It was virtually suggested that the British Army should take to itself wings and fly over the heads of the German Army, in order to alight in hostile territory without artillery or means of communication, or anything less portable than the light luggage of an aeroplane. It is unnecessary to say that every step in this process of thought is an absurdity. To begin with, as I have said, it is by no means certain that, even if a machine or method is absolutely destined to be a great strength to-morrow, it is necessarily anything but a weakness to-day. The distinction is an inevitable part of that very interconnection and mutual dependence which is the soul of machinery.

It may be true that half a loaf is better than no bread; but it is by no means true that half a motor-car is better than a whole horse. And even the swiftness of a new machine may be reversed by the slowness of a new mechanic. It may often be better to use old tools with a fresh skill than to use new tools with all the old hesitancy and mystification. Then, again, it is a fallacy, exposed by all experience and analogy, to suppose that because a thing is growing at the expense of certain things, it will eventually grow at the expense of everything. Steam, petrol, and every other method grows until it fills a certain gap; but it does not extinguish every other mode of motion, and it never will. But the chief fallacy of all, from a practical point of view, is the very notion of having a pet weapon or a favourite service. It is the fallacy of merely setting the new against the old, instead of allowing the authorised and competent intelligence to choose in any given case between the new and the old. In such a case a specialist may be more at sea than an amateur. Parliament has already seen the episode, not wholly satisfactory, of the Flying Member. I hope the method will be abandoned before we see the elected representatives of howitzers and the chosen delegate of hand-grenades debating against the honourable member for torpedoes and the honourable member for pontoons.

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HONOUR TO THE HERO OF FORT VAUX: MME. RAYNAL HANDED THE INSIGNIA OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR FOR HER HUSBAND. As a mark of the intense admiration which all France feels for the heroic defender of Fort Vaux, at Verdun, the distinction of Commander of the Legion of Honour has been conferred on Major Raynal. Further, the German Crown Prince is said to have refused to take Major Raynal's sword from him on the final surrender. The Major is now a prisoner in Germany. As a special mark of honour, Major Raynal's "cravate" as a Commander of the Legion of Honour has just been publicly presented to Mme. Raynal on her husband's behalf, at the Invalides.—(Photograph by Rea.)

much better behave as if he were quite unsuccessful; and, indeed, as if he were quite unknown. The original decisions ought to come from the Generals. And the great majority of these decisions will not be very original—not if they are good Generals. War is not, as a rule, a suitable occasion for that detachment of one train of thought from another, that development of it without entanglement by any other, to which, when it appears in the arts or in individual costume and conduct, we give the name of originality. Invention generally means a certain absence of mind in the pursuit of a new idea. And generalship means perpetual presence of mind in the application of old ideas. Even the phrase that scientific method is needed for modern war is as much a falsehood as a truth. The scientific method involves reaching a success by experimenting in an infinite number of failures. We should hardly trust ourselves wholly to a General who proposed to reach victory by experimenting in an infinite number of defeats. Science consists in discovering how not to do it, as a first step in a process of very gradual elimination. When a commander in the field discovers how not to do it, it will very probably be the last step as well as the first. He must be old-fashioned in order to be efficient. The phrases in the old romances about the warrior's "trusty sword" or war-tried armour were in truth, like many other things now thought highly romantic,

IN A BRITISH SUBMARINE: A SPECIAL DRAWING.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HARNEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES.



"THE CUSTOM OF 'THE TRADE'": AN OFFICER OF A SUBMERGED BRITISH SUBMARINE SCANNING THE SURFACE OF THE SEA THROUGH A PERISCOPE.

The British submarine service, as we know from Rudyard Kipling's recent series of articles, prefaced by a poem in his own inimitable manner, is familiarly known in naval circles as "The Trade," though how it came by that sobriquet is apparently a mystery. Mr. Kipling's brilliant description, which no one ought to miss reading, has drawn attention once more to the wonderful exploits of our submarine crews in a form of warfare which is without precedent, waged amid the extremes of

peril and a romance of reality which eclipses the imaginary marvels of Jules Verne. Our drawing gives an authentic view of the interior of a British submarine (lit by electric light) when submerged to a sufficient depth to allow of the top of her periscope (or periscopes, if she has more than one) emerging above the surface. It shows, too how a periscope is used for observation.—

[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MINE-SWEEPERS "FISHING" FOR GERMAN MINES: A

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

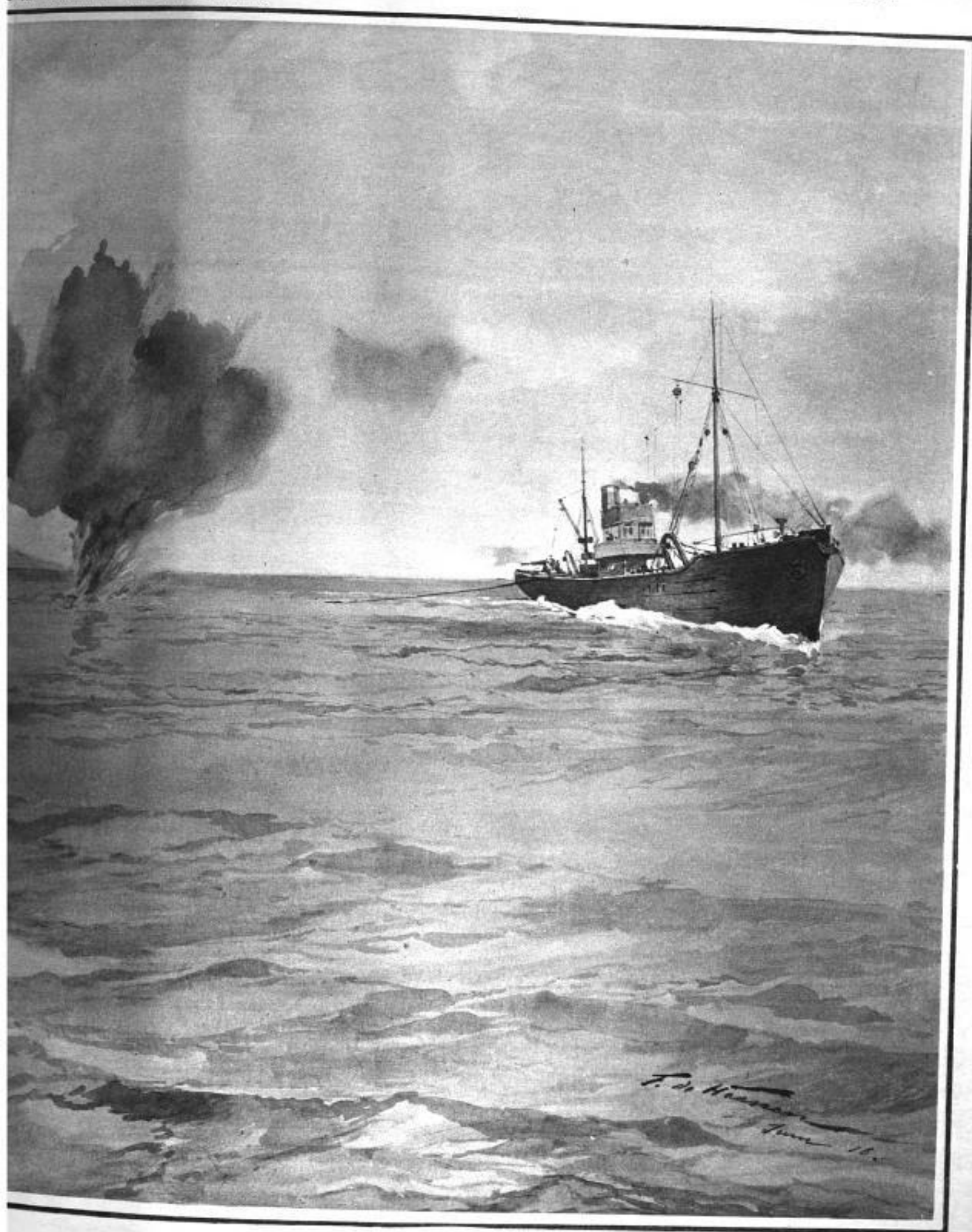


GATHERING A PERILOUS HARVEST OF THE SEA: BRITISH MINE-SWEEPERS AT THEIR WORK TO THE SURFACE BY THE CABLE

There is much honour but little glory attached to the heroic work of the mine-sweepers, whose crews go out day by day, taking their lives in their hands, to sweep the seas clear of the mines which the enemy's submarines and other vessels are continually sowing promiscuously in the fairway of shipping. The trawlers work in couples, with a steel cable attached between them for cutting through the moorings of a mine and thus causing it to rise to the surface and float there. Gun or rifle-fire (sometimes both) is then directed upon it, with the result that it is either exploded or sunk. To make it explode it is necessary to hit the little horns or triggers which project from the mine to act as detonators when it comes in contact with a ship. This can be done by a leaden bullet from a rifle, but as the target is so small (to hit one of the horns is largely a matter of chance) the operation takes

SPECIAL DRAWING OF OUR AUXILIARY FLEET'S WORK.

OF THE AUTHORITIES. (SEE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE.)



DANGEROUS WORK—EXPLODING BY GUN AND RIFLE-FIRE GERMAN MINES BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE BETWEEN TRAWLERS.

It is easier to use steel bullets, which can puncture the air-chamber of the mine and cause it to sink. In the drawing, it will be seen, rifles are being used from the foreground on the left, and a gun on board the trawler on the right, to whose stern one end of a steel cable can be seen attached. In the distance a pair of trawlers can be seen approaching. The risk of mine-sweeping consists, of course, in the fact that the ships themselves may strike a mine capable of destroying them and all on board. Thanks to the heroism of the thousands of men who are constantly braving this peril (they speak of their deadly task as "fishing"), our Fleet, and merchant vessels (both British and neutral) are enabled to traverse the seas with a considerable amount of security.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE AUXILIARY FLEET AT PATROL-WORK: A SPECIAL DRAWING.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HARNEN, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES.



A UNIT OF A VAST NEW FLEET WHICH CAME INTO BEING WITH THE WAR: A BRITISH PATROL-BOAT
ABOUT TO QUESTION A SHIP.

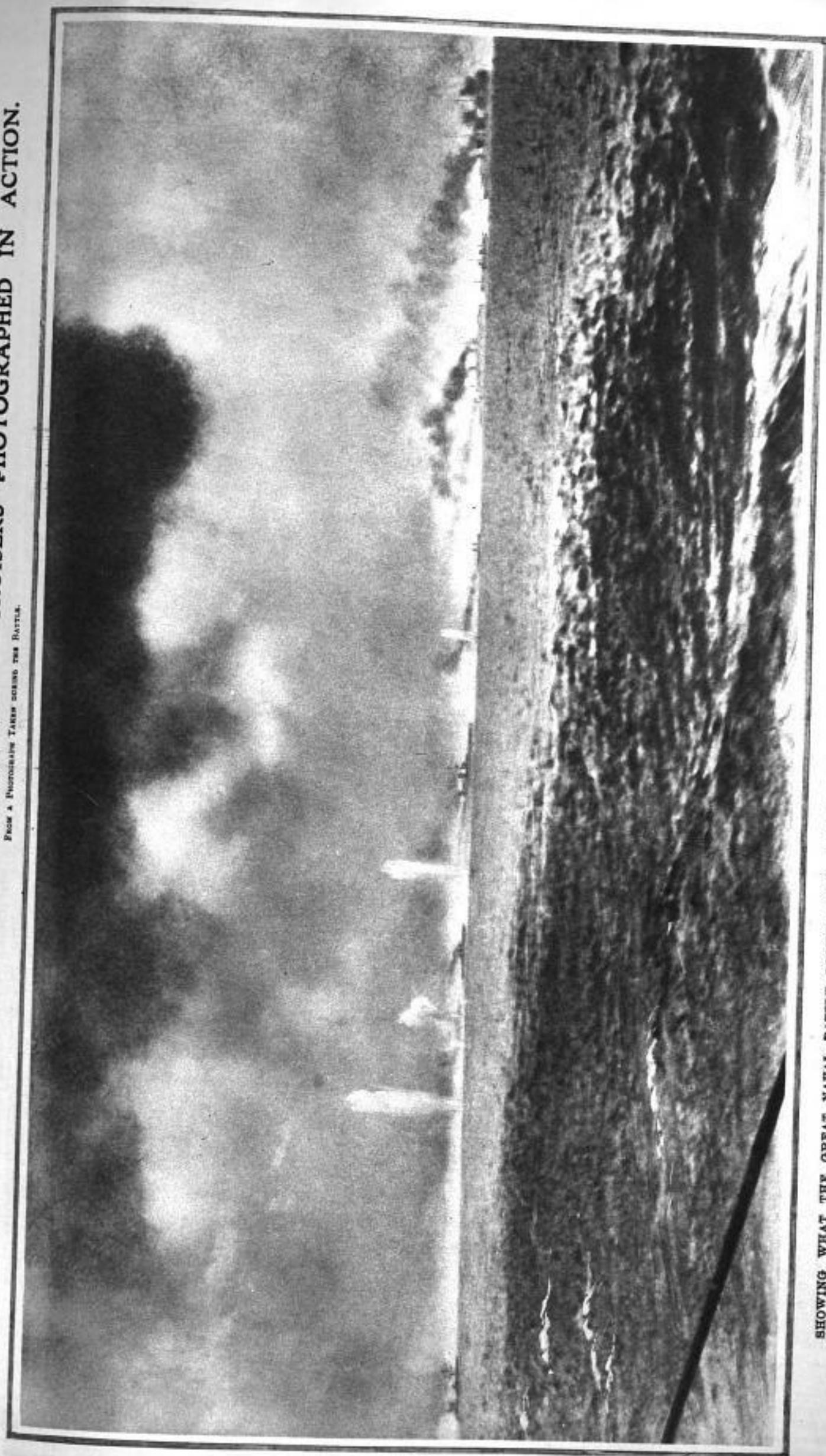
Just as a great British Army has been created during the war, so a vast new Fleet has come into being in the form of hundreds of auxiliary ships engaged in patrolling, mine-sweeping, submarine-chasing, and generally keeping open the gangways of ocean commerce. "The sea-borne traffic," writes Mr. Kipling, in his "Fringes of the Fleet," "must continue, and that is being looked after by the lineal descendants of the crews of the long extinct cutters and sloops, and gun-brigs. The hour struck and they reappeared, to the tune of fifty thousand odd men in more than two thousand ships, of which I have seen a few hundred. Words of command may have changed

a little, the tools are certainly more complex, but the spirit of the new crews who come to the old job is utterly unchanged. It is the same fierce, hard-living, heavy-handed, very cunning service out of which the Navy as we know it to-day was born. It is called indifferently the Trawler and Auxiliary Fleet. . . . When traffic comes up Channel it must be examined for contraband and other things; and the examining tugs lie out in a blaze of light to remind ships of this. Months ago, when the war was young, the tugs did not know what to look for specially. Now they do." Our drawing shows a British patrol-boat preparing to question a suspicious vessel.

Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.

THE VICTORY OF JUTLAND BANK: BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISERS PHOTOGRAPHED IN ACTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE BATTLE.



SHOWING WHAT THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE LOOKED LIKE, AND THE ENORMOUS HEIGHT OF THE SHELL-SPLASHES: PART OF THE BRITISH FLEET ENGAGING THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET ON MAY 31.

This intensely interesting photograph, with the two others given on a double-page in this issue, was, as there mentioned, taken on board one of the British ships during the heat of the great Battle of Jutland Bank. "My photographs," our correspondent writes, "show Admiral Beatty's squadron in action on May 31, 1916. Enemy shots can be seen falling round our ships, and these give a very good idea as to the real height to which the splashes rise. [Two of the ships] can be seen in action firing at the enemy, who are away to the right of the picture, but not shown, and on the far side of our ships shown here. These pictures give an excellent impression of the distance, proportion, etc. of ships in a naval action." In his report of the battle which accompanied Admiral Jellicoe's despatch, Vice-Admiral Beatty thus describes the opening attack of his battle-cruisers on

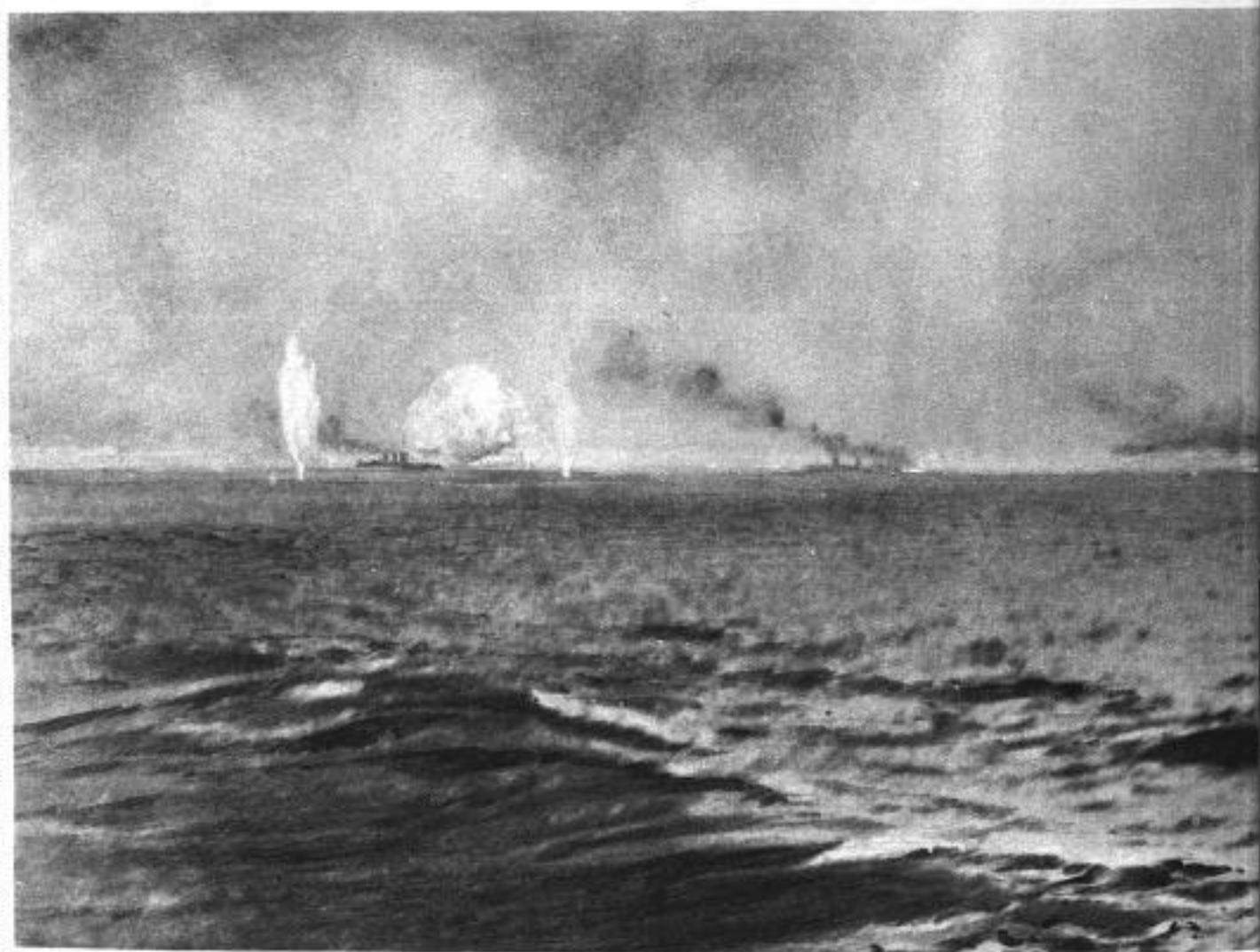
the German Fleet: "At 3.45 p.m. the action commenced at a range of 18,500 yards, both forces opening fire practically simultaneously. Course was altered to the southward, and subsequently the mean direction was S.E., the enemy steering a parallel course distant about 18,000 to 14,500 yards. At 4.8 p.m. the Fifth Battle Squadron came into action and opened fire at a range of 20,000 yards. The enemy's fire now seemed to slacken. . . . From 4.15 to 4.43 p.m. the conflict between the opposing battle-cruisers was of a very fierce and resolute character. The Fifth Battle Squadron was engaging the enemy's rear ships, unfortunately at very long range. Our fire began to tell, the accuracy and rapidity of that of the enemy depreciating considerably. At 4.18 p.m. the third enemy ship was seen to be on fire."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREATEST SEA-FIGHT IN HISTORY:

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN



SIR DAVID BEATTY says in his report which accompanied Sir John Jellicoe's despatch: "At 3.30 p.m. I increased speed to 25 knots, and formed line of battle, the Second Battle-Cruiser Squadron forming astern of the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron, with destroyers of the 13th and 9th Flotillas taking station ahead. I turned to E.S.E., slightly converging on the enemy, who were now at a range of 23,000 yards, and formed the ships on a line of bearing to clear the smoke. . . . Being between the enemy and his base, our situation was both tactically and strategically good. At 3.48 p.m. the action commenced at a range of 18,500 yards, both forces opening fire practically simultaneously. . . . A review of all the reports which I have received leads me to conclude that the enemy's losses were considerably greater than those which we had sustained. . . . This is eloquent testimony to the very high standard of gunnery and torpedo efficiency of his Majesty's ships. The control and drill remained undisturbed throughout, and in many cases despite heavy damage to material and personnel. . . . The behaviour of the ships' companies under the terrible conditions of a modern sea battle was magnificent without exception."



UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT FLEET ACTION OFF JUTLAND ON MAY 31

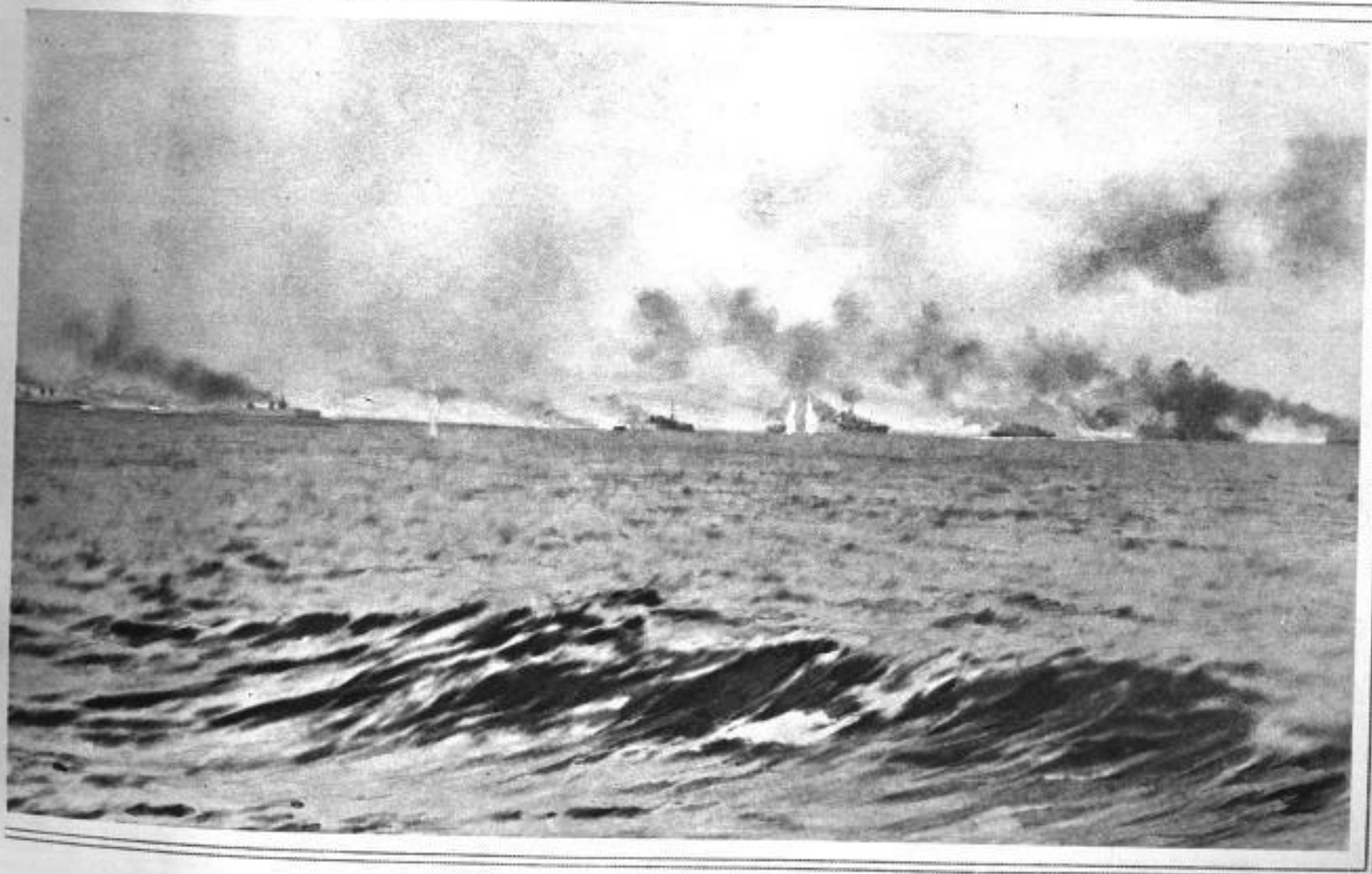
In view of the recent publication of Admiral Jellicoe's despatch, and the remarkable interest of the photographs given above and a companion one on another page, it is needless to offer any apologies for the lateness of their appearance. They have, indeed, only just reached us. Their value is, of course, that they were taken, from the deck of a British war-ship, actually during the fiercest stress of the great battle, when Admiral Beatty's Battle-Cruiser Squadron was gallantly engaging the whole strength of the German High Seas Fleet.

BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISERS IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND BANK.

URING THE BATTLE.



SIR JOHN JELlicoe says in his despatch: "The conduct of officers and men throughout the day and night actions was entirely beyond praise. No words of mine could do them justice. On all sides it is reported to me that the glorious traditions of the past were most worthily upheld—whether in heavy ships, cruisers, light cruisers, or destroyers—the same admirable spirit prevailed. Officers and men were cool and determined, with a cheeriness that would have carried them through anything. The heroism of the wounded was the admiration of all. I cannot adequately express the pride with which the spirit of the Fleet filled me. Details of the work of the various ships during action have now been given. It must never be forgotten, however, that the prelude to action is the work of the engine-room department, and that during action the officers and men of that department perform their most important duties without the incentive which a knowledge of the course of the action gives to those on deck. The qualities of discipline and endurance are taxed to the utmost under these conditions, and they were, as always, most fully maintained throughout the operations under review. Several ships attained speeds never . . . before reached."

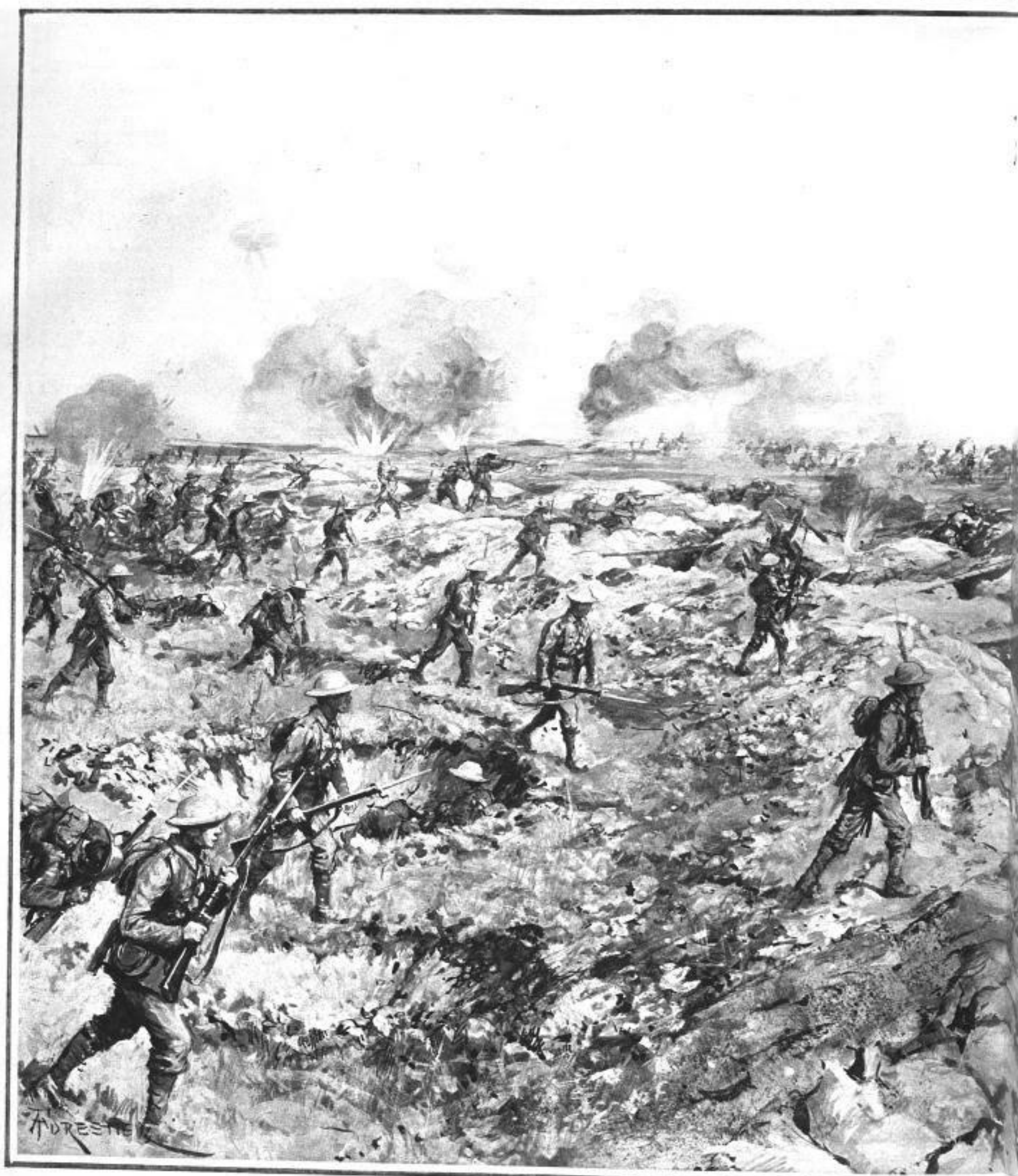


ADMIRAL BEATTY'S BATTLE-CRUISERS ENGAGING THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET.

Some of the ships are seen firing at the enemy, who are beyond them to the right and not visible in the photographs. German shells dropping round our ships are throwing up huge columns of water, whose enormous height is shown very clearly. These illustrations will enable our readers to realise, on the unimpeachable authority of the camera, the general appearance of a great fleet action under modern conditions of naval warfare.

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: ADVANCING OVER THE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED



WITH THE FIRST "WAVE": ATTACKING THE GERMAN SECOND LINE AFTER HAVING SWEEPED

The foremost assailants in the British attack are seen charging home on the German second line of trenches, immediately after victoriously storming the enemy's first line. Our battalions surged forward from the first line to the second with the resistless vehemence of a tidal wave. The attack on the second-line trenches (seen towards the background) was met by a terrific machine-gun fire from all sides as our men pressed in through the remnants of barbed-wire entanglement that here and there had escaped destruction by the preliminary bombardment. In the foreground is seen in detail the battered German first-line trench, with plank platforms thrown across it in places. Working parties of our men are hard at it with pick and shovel, converting it so as to front the other way, digging out parts that had fallen in and building a new crest-line facing

GERMAN TRENCHES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "PUSH."

BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



OVER THE FIRST-LINE TRENCH: AND CONSOLIDATING THE CAPTURED POSITION.

emy. In that manner, step by step, our gains of ground are everywhere being consolidated against counter-attacks. To the right is the zig-zag German communication-leading from the first to the second line of trenches. At its nearer end more men with entrenching-tools are at work. Further along, others of ours are seen g forward with bombs and bayonets against counter-attacking parties of the enemy, to support the assailants of the second German trench-line and help in dealing with any machine-gun parties. At places in both the German first and second trench-lines enemy machine-gunners suddenly appeared. They had survived the British dment and remained hidden in deep dog-outs, whence they emerged with their weapons and opened a ferocious fusillade.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF OUR INFANTRY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU: SUPPLIED BY I.N.A.



WHERE SOME OF THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE: BRITISH INFANTRY ADVANCING TO THE ASSAULT OF LA BOISSELLE.



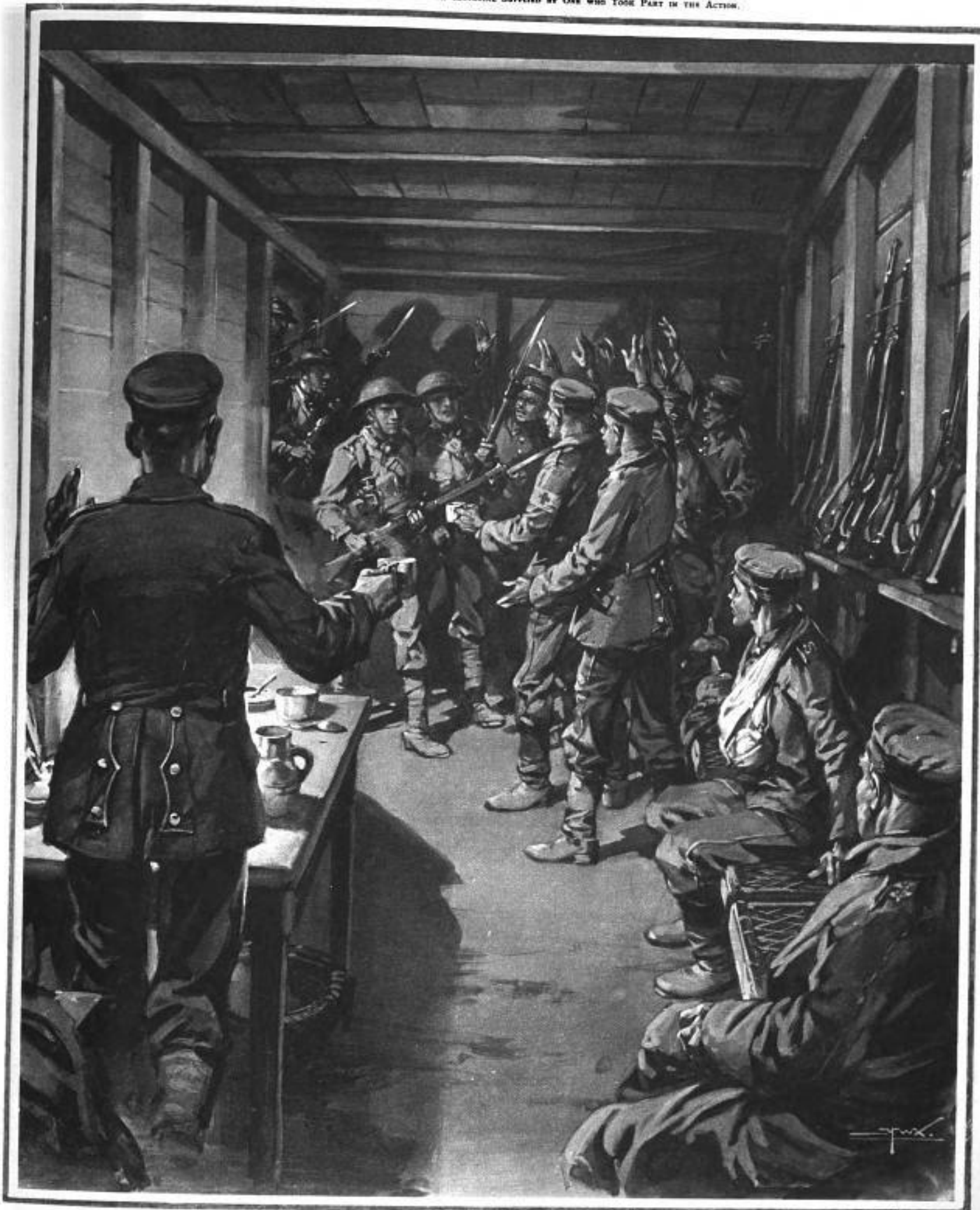
ADVANCING UNDER FIRE AS STEADILY AS ON PARADE: BRITISH TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES TO ATTACK LA BOISSELLE ON JULY 1.

The great offensive begun in the West has put to the proof the endurance and efficiency of our New Armies, and all accounts agree that they have stood the test wonderfully, and fought with the utmost heroism. These remarkably interesting photographs, published by official authority, were taken on the field during the British advance which began on July 1. At La Boisselle, the scene of the lower one, our troops encountered stubborn resistance, and for the first day or two the fortunes of the fight at

this point were fluctuating. On July 4 a British official despatch stated: "During the night heavy fighting took place in the vicinity of La Boisselle. Our troops fought with great gallantry against heavy attacks by the enemy. The enemy recaptured a small portion of the defence south of the village." During the day, however, the situation improved. That night General Headquarters reported: "In La Boisselle fierce fighting and bombing encounters have taken place . . . and our troops are in complete possession."

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: THIRTY FEET BELOW GROUND.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOENIG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



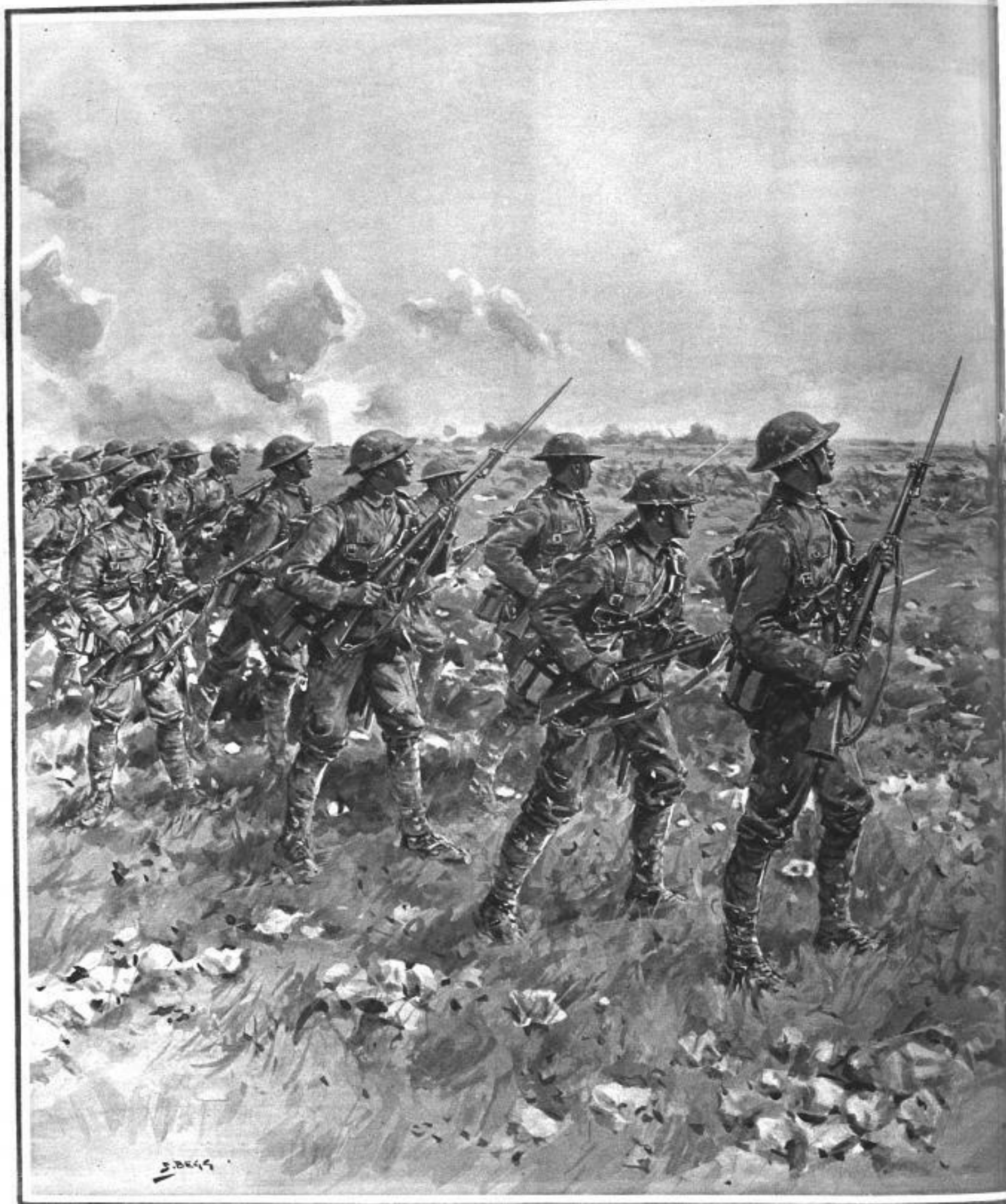
OUR MEN IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT: THE ENEMY SURRENDER AND OFFER COFFEE TO THE VICTORS.

This is an episode of the titanic battle now in progress across the British front. Owing to their great depth, a number of the enemy underground shelters escaped destruction by the tornado of heavy British shells which overwhelmed the German front line before our infantry storming battalions moved out. In some of them enemy machine-gun parties remained unharmed, to come up and assail our men with a *fray d'enfer* of bullets as the charging British swept forward. What took place inside another German dug-out is seen

here. The dug-out was thirty feet below the surface, and was fitted along one side with narrow wire-mattress beds. Our men, on entering with bayonets ready for an expected fight, were met by a crowd of Germans all holding up their hands, as seen in the illustration. Some of the enemy were having coffee at the moment, and offers of cups were made to our men, a German Red Cross attendant being among the foremost to make such overtures.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"KAMERAD!" GERMANS SURRENDERING TO THE BRITISH

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED

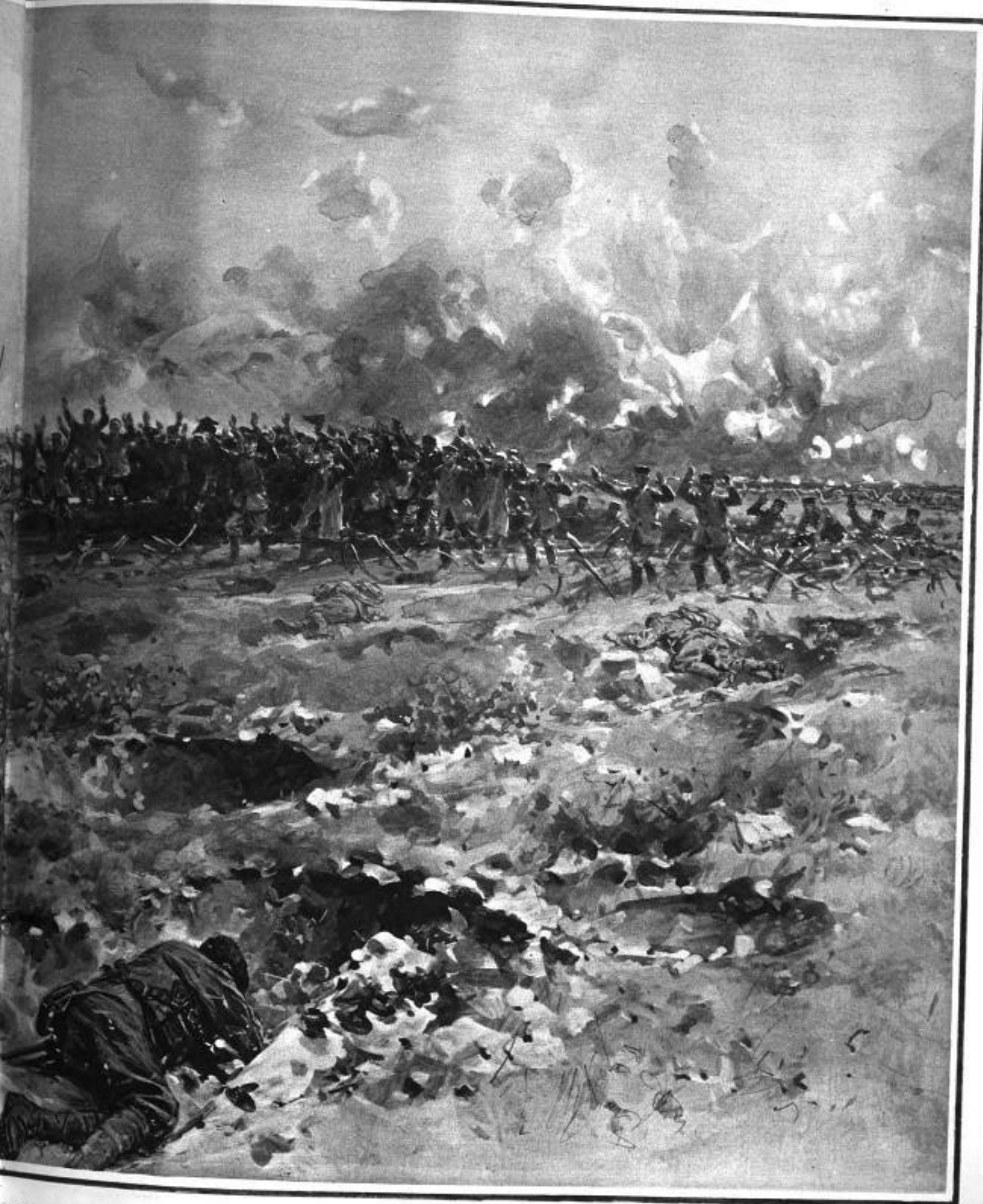


"RATHER LATE TO ASK FOR MERCY, BUT IT WAS GIVEN TO THEM": A PARTY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS SURRENDERING TO THE ADVANCING BRITISH TROOPS.

The tale of prisoners taken in the Anglo-French offensive has increased considerably since the first despatches, and the total runs into a good many thousands. Our illustration shows a typical instance of a wholesale surrender by a party of 30 to 40 Germans. On the right in the foreground is a wounded British soldier in a shell-hole. On the left, in the background, German shells are seen bursting. The British troops are wearing their shrapnel-proof helmets. A scene which, in its essentials, must have been similar to the above is described by Mr. Philip Gibbs from the recollections of men who took part in the fighting. "Of the first advance over No Man's Land," he writes, "some of these men could remember nothing. . . . When most of our men were within ten yards many of the Germans who had been flinging bombs lifted up their hands and cried 'Mercy!' to those whom they had tried to blow to bits. It was rather late

ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE GREAT ADVANCE.

ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



SOLDIERS. EMERGED FROM THEIR TRENCHES, HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS IN SIGN OF SURRENDER
BRITISH TROOPS.

ask for mercy, but it was given to them. There was a search into the dug-outs—do you understand that all this was under great shell-fire?—and many Germans were found in hiding there. 'Surrender,' said a German officer, putting his head out of a hole in the earth, 'and I have a wounded man with me.' 'All right,' said a Yorkshire sergeant; 'fetch him up, and no monkey business.' But out of the hole came not one man, but forty, in a long file that seemed never to end, all of whom said 'Kamerad!' to the sergeant, who answered, 'Good day to you! and how many more?' They were a nuisance to him then. He wanted to get on, and this was waste of time. But he sent back 42 prisoners with three lightly wounded fellows of his company—he could not spare more—and then advanced with his men beyond the German third line."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



A GREAT RIVER OF AFRICA, BY ANTONIO BERNI. JULY 1916. (From the "Illustrated London News", July 15, 1916, p. 78.)



A REMOVAL OF THE FAMOUS NATURALISTS' DESIRE TO OBSERVE THE Eruption AT CLOSE QUARTERS AND TO AID THOSE IN DANGER: THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER BY SUFFOCATION.



A TRANCE REPORT TO THE GREAT Eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. (From the "Illustrated London News", July 15, 1916, p. 78.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BIG GAME AND THE WAR.

THE machinery of destruction which Germany set in motion in 1914 will leave its ugly scars not alone in mutilated men, women, and children, in ruined homes, ruined churches, and works of art. For years to come, and perhaps for ever, the insane desire to impose that nauseous and soul-killing standard of life embodied in the word "Kultur" on humanity at large will stamp its mark even on the face of Nature herself—it will be traceable even in the wilds of Africa. This great continent is still the home of some of the world's most interesting animals—interesting not merely because of their grace and beauty of form and coloration, but also because of the relation they bear to the keys of knowledge in regard to the problems of life both past and present. As might be supposed, the "big-game" animals will suffer most. This is inevitable, for when large bodies of troops are encamped and constantly moving about in areas which before the war were solitudes rarely invaded; when these large bodies of men must at certain times rely on such game for food; and when, at irregular intervals, heavy rifle and Maxim fire takes place—the local fauna becomes entirely disrupted, and either forsakes such fastnesses or is destroyed. Further depletion is necessitated by the destruction of unintelligent animals like rhinoceroses, which charge troops on patrol, or like lions, which are unneighbourly neighbours.

A report just issued by Mr. C. W. Woodhouse shows, for example, that these destructive factors have made themselves felt, somewhat severely, along the Anglo-German boundary line of British East Africa. The elephants in this region will certainly suffer. At the start of the long rains their migration commences from the Kilimanjaro forests, in German East Africa, to the plains and thorn-scrub lying between the boundary line and the River Tiva to the north. It would seem, however, that few of the elephants have been shot, but the presence of troops has seriously disturbed them.

It is otherwise with the rhinoceros; for large numbers of these animals have been killed by the Germans, who have organised regular shooting parties from Taveta and Salaita, for the double purpose of providing meat for their native troops and for sport. As a consequence, the large number of rhinoceroses which used to exist in the Upper Rumbo, Ziواني Swamp, the bush fringing the Taveta forest, Lake Jipe, the Mokinni Hills, and the Kitovo Forest have been wiped out. A considerable number, it would seem, have been killed by our own side, and many more have escaped wounded. But these, apparently, have met their deaths while charging moving bodies

of troops and patrols. Thus, from this cause, the large numbers of rhinoceroses which used to live in the bush north and south of the Tsavo River have been materially reduced. It is to be hoped that a considerable migration down the Athi River has taken place, where, for the time, they will find shelter. Others may have found an asylum in the Serengeti Plains.

A considerable number of giraffes have been shot for food, but the herds thus raided will probably recuperate on the cessation of hostilities. The same

migrated to a safe distance. The breeding-grounds of the hippopotamus, on the Mzima River, have unfortunately been invaded, and many of these animals have been killed. Happily, there is a way of escape by the Athi River, which will later restore the losses now sustained.

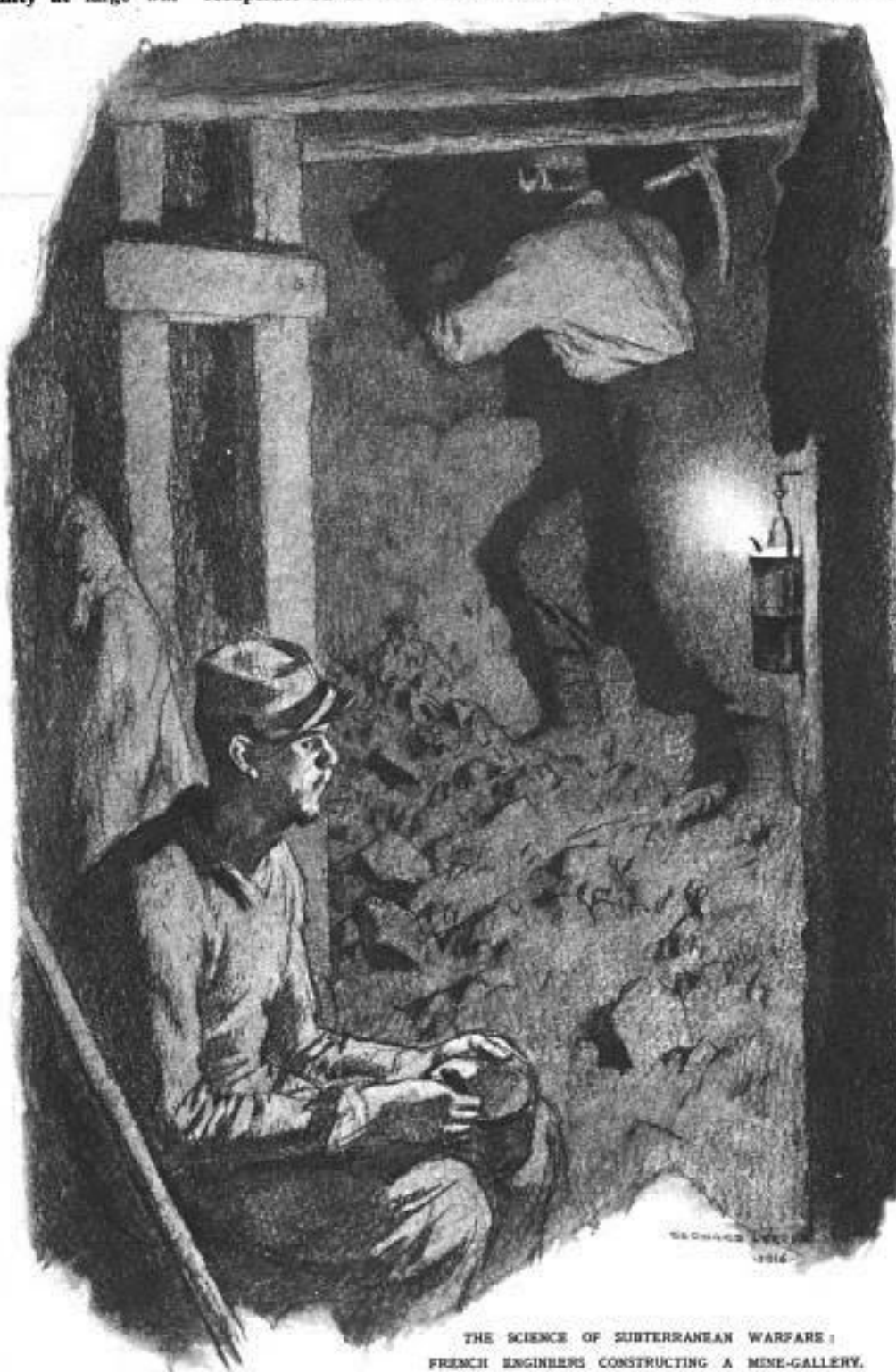
Against lions, as might be supposed, the hand of every man is turned. A friend of mine, just invalided home from British East Africa, where he has been through some severe fighting, tells me that they are now hunted down in motor-cars, in place of horses! Three recently fell to one gun in one day chased after this novel fashion. Though ready to admit that lions, in any number, are not pleasant neighbours, yet one cannot suppress a desire that the day may be far distant before the African shares the fate of the Indian lion. And I feel sure that all good sportsmen will share this sentiment. I cannot suppress a feeling of keen regret at the knowledge that the animals thus slain are perforce left to rot where they lie, since skeletons of lions are badly needed at the British Museum. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that we have no skeleton of a wild lion in the national collection, and it will be long, I fear, before I shall be able to fill up this gap. We ought to have at least a dozen, taken from various distant areas of Africa.

The animals which suffer least during this strenuous time are such as live in thick cover, like the little Dik-dik antelope and the wart-hog. But since, in the neighbourhood of Tsavo, such cover extends over an enormous area, it is highly probable that large numbers of animals of all kinds will find safe harbourage there.

Having regard to the enormous area of British East Africa and of German East Africa, which henceforth must remain under the British flag, the inroads on the big game just described are not, perhaps, serious; but nevertheless we must view with a jealous eye all unnecessary slaughter, for these animals may prove a more valuable asset than we suspect. The African elephant, for example, may prove as valuable in the service of man as its cousin in India. At any rate, this much seems to be foreshadowed by the fact that, in

the Congo, trained elephants are used for ploughing and other work; while some of the larger antelopes, properly conserved, may prove valuable sources of food—the eland, for example. But, apart from purely utilitarian considerations, there are many reasons why it is incumbent on us to make sure that extermination shall nowhere take place, even in the case of lions.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE SCIENCE OF SUBTERRANEAN WARFARE: FRENCH ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A MINE-GALLERY. From a Drawing by Georges Lerois.

seems to be true of the eland, which, however, seem to have suffered even more from the ravages of the wild dog, which exacts a no less heavy toll on other game. That extraordinary antelope, the Gerenuk, which in the length of its neck seems to be emulating the giraffe, seems to have been banished from its haunts along the Tsavo River, and the same is true of the beautiful Impalla. Possibly they have only

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KATE PRAGGELL, MAULE AND FOX, HER BEIJON, HARRARD, RUSSELL, AND LANGFIRE.



MAJ. VINT CRICHTON, M.V.O., D.S.O.,
Elder son of fourth Earl of Erne. Married
Lady Mary Guinness. His son, the Hon.
John Crichton, is now fifth Earl.



CAPT. J. S. GILLESPIE,
R. Sussex Regt. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Gillespie, of Hollow
Coast, Sydney.



CAPT. C. L. PENNEFATHER,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Major
W. V. Pennefather, Welsh
Regiment. Killed in action.



CAPTAIN H. R. H. O'BRIEN,
R.F.A. Son of Lieut.-Col. J. O'Brien, Indian
Medical Service (retired) and Mrs. O'Brien, of
Newstead, Louth. Killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. R. S. R. PORTER,
130th (King George's Own) Baluchis,
Indian Army. Officially reported killed
in action.



2ND LIEUT. H. S. WOOLER,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Men-
tioned in despatches in June.
Killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. S. G. RIDLEY,
Royal Flying Corps. Has been
officially reported killed in
Egypt.



2ND LT. EDWARD HOARE,
Grenadier Guards. Killed in
action. Aged 23. Resided at
Caversham Lodge, Purley.



CAPTAIN T. G. GRICE,
Scottish Rifles. Youngest son of Mr. John
Grice, of Melbourne, Australia. Died of
wounds.



CAPTAIN H. B. MARTIN,
Middlesex Regiment. Obtained commission
September 1914; promoted Temporary Captain,
December 1915. Died of wounds.



LIEUT. IAN ROBERTSON,
Cameron Highlanders. Son
of Mr. J. S. Robertson, Glas-
gow. Killed in action.



CAPTAIN LORD ELCHO,
Glencairn Yacht. Eldest
son of the Earl of Wemyss.
Married Lady Violet Marjorie.



LT. WILLIAM M. BENNETT,
Argyll and Sutherland High-
landers. Son of Major Bennett,
Struan Lodge, Dunoon, Argyll.



LIEUT. G. K. ROSS,
Canadian Infantry, Canadian Expeditionary
Force. Has been officially reported to have
been killed in action.



CAPTAIN E. L. BERKINSHAW,
Canadian Mounted Rifles. Was promoted
Captain in October 1915. Officially reported
killed in action.



LIEUT. A. A. WANKLYN,
P.F.C.L.I. Son of Mr. Frederic
Leeds Wanklyn, of the Cana-
dian Pacific Railway, Montreal.



LIEUT. RICHARD WILLIS,
Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.
M.A., Oxon. Son of the late
Mr. James Willis, I.S.O.



2ND LT. C. FREEMAN-COWAN,
R.F.A. Youngest son of Mrs.
Freeman-Cowan, of Cloncy
Wood, Herts. Killed in action.



CAPTAIN W. H. V. VAN DER SMITTEN,
Canadian Infantry. Was a scholar in First
Contingent; Captain, September 1915; Staff
Captain, January 1916. Killed in action.



LIEUT. R. C. CORDINGLEY,
Canadian Brigade; Machine-
Gun Company. Killed in
action.



LIEUT. C. A. MACRAE,
Army Service Corps. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Macrae,
Moss Stoke House, Hants.



LIEUT. J. H. LOWDEN,
South African Infantry. Son
of Mr. T. W. Lowden, Krugers-
dorp.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Human Boy and the War." The original human boy of Mr. Eden Phillpotts would be almost beyond military age by this time, or at least on active service as one of the elderly second lieutenants who are to be numbered among the strange phenomena of these strange times. Author's license, however, permits his reconstruction in "The Human Boy and the War" (Methuen), which observes, as shrewdly as ever, the idiosyncrasies of the British schoolboy. It is recorded of a small Dartmouth cadet that, when the trouble was imminent, a visiting parent tried gently to break to him that he might be sent to sea—perhaps into the inferno of a modern naval action—very shortly. His comment, with a bright and interested face, was—"What a rag!" In such a spirit do Mr. Phillpotts's boys live in the atmosphere of the great war. They are not above making use of it to score off an unpopular master, nor do they fail to apply, in the battle of the sand-pit, the lessons of military science as shown in the conflict between brains and muscle—and brains, one notes, win by subterfuge an inglorious victory. "The Countryman of Kant," in which the hand that wields the pen is rather less artfully concealed than usual, is a story dealing with a German schoolboy in English surroundings. He strives, according to his German lights, and makes a conscientious examination of the neighbourhood, jotting down such details as "a hill where guns could be placed that would cover advance of troops on Merivale," and "a farm rich in sheep and cattle and chickens, also turkeys." This is very pleasant fooling; but on the whole we prefer Mr. Phillpotts's human boy, German or British, without the background of that very serious business, the death-grapple of great nations.

"Oranges and Lemons."

There is originality in "Oranges and Lemons" (Cassell), and a certain throbbing vitality that makes us hopeful that in "D. F. C. Harding"—surely a new writer—we have an author who will bring gifts to the English public. "Oranges and Lemons" is a very good novel—better at the beginning than at the end, for the simple reason that youth and its tragedy are easier to handle than the conventional end of a woman whose temperament spells disaster. There could not, of course, be any other end for Dolores than to die, with life a bitter failure behind

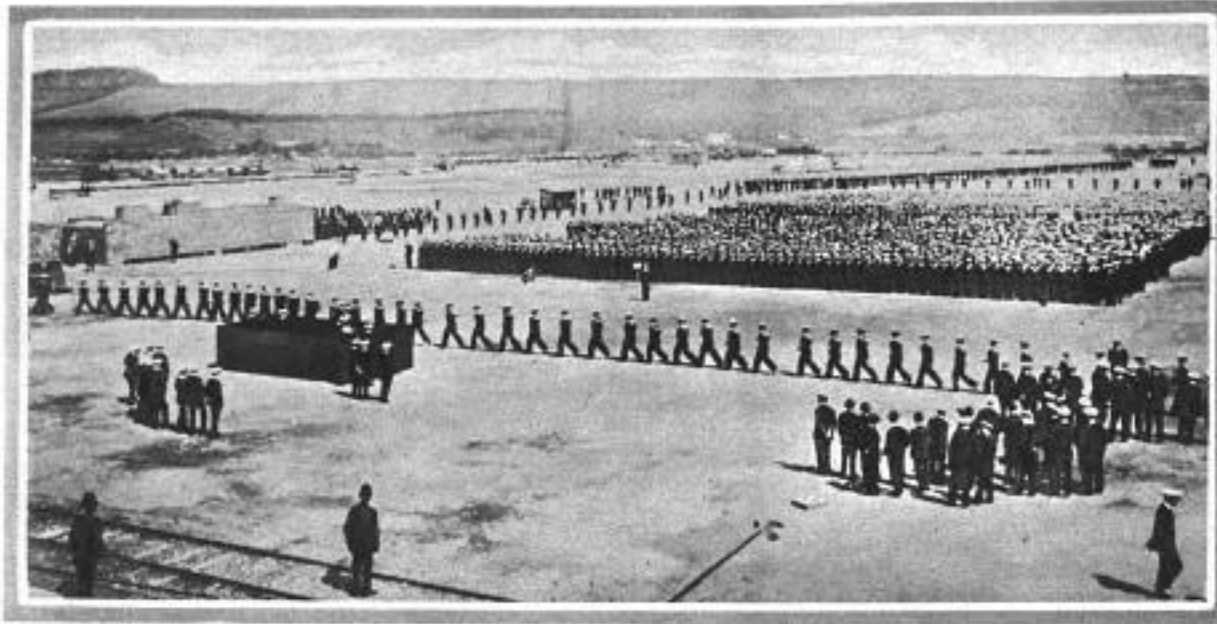
so difficult to portray, and they have been done often enough before; but Dolores' sensitive soul and capacity for strong affection are treated with an equal brilliance. It is a sad story, as the fading of a rose is a sad story, and not less inevitable. But still . . . again we grudge her to the outer darkness—and the novel-readers of 1916 must not fail to read "Oranges and Lemons."

"Felicity Crofton."

"Felicity Crofton" (Heinemann)

Our attention, we admit frankly, wandered while we were reading it, although we opened it remembering how kindly Miss Marguerite Bryant (Mrs. Philip Munn) had treated us in the creation of "Christopher Hibbault." Perhaps the trouble is that the opening chapters of the new book are so flat that the hopes of the reader, once depressed, fail to revive when the big things happen later on. Certainly the events of Bessington's visit to the house near Bath are trivial; and it takes a fresher mind than we possess to be interested in Veronica's spill on the toboggan slope, or the "rag" of the pupils burning the pavilion in order, apparently, that Mrs. Crofton may risk her life in the courageous rescue of—a rabbit. And this is a pity, for Mrs. Munn has a pleasant way with her. Her characters are human enough, but they have not the knack, in

this book, of making themselves particularly interesting. Which may, after all, be a further proof of how closely Mrs. Munn has reproduced humdrum human nature, and so a testimony to her ability as a novelist. We think, though, that Felicity and her companions were not intended quite to work out that way; and we seem to perceive that they fall short of the author's design, as well as of the reviewer's anticipations. The story, however, is above the average, and Bessington, in particular, is skilfully drawn.



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her, at the hour of crimson sunset; yet we grudge her artistic extinction. Inartistic or not, it would have been so much more satisfactory to have left her living happily for ever after. . . . And this is the measure of Miss Harding's talent, making anyone who reads her vivid book fiercely a partisan of Dolores, and resentful of the sorrows bound upon her. She was the daughter of a Bohemian of long descent and the grand-daughter of a famous French dancer: she had the dancer's genius, and the passionate temperament of her Southern blood. These things are not

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P. 50



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LADIES' PAGE.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA-HOUSE has been occupied all last week with a sale and entertainments for the benefit of the Duchess of Somerset's scheme for our raising a fund for institutions for wounded and disabled sailors and soldiers, to be called "The Women's Tribute." Any effort on the part of the rich to assist those less fortunate in life is, of course, to be applauded, but there does not seem any reason to the ordinary mind why such an effort as this should be specifically made by or confined to women. There should be State provision, to which women will contribute as taxpayers, for those men who have given up for Britain, perhaps in one brief hour, the strength and physical energy that otherwise they could have happily employed all their lives in earning enough for their own needs. Such a provision we all feel to be their mere due—no charity gift, but the payment of a clear debt. Beyond that (which can be but a provision for the necessities of life, for it will have to be paid for by the industry of generations to come), there undoubtedly ought to be large voluntary aid and comfort afforded by those who have the means; but why confine such an organised effort to women? The wealth of the world, and the power of increasing the individual share of the store, is largely reserved to men. So when the war is over (or at once, perhaps) men ought to join with women in raising as large a fund as possible to give help where and when needed to those who have sacrificed to the country their birthright of wholeness and vigour, their splendid powers of self-help, the unspeakable joy of independence. Why not a national, not solely a women's, effort and tribute? A much smaller and direct effort, like the £50,000 asked for the "Star and Garter" home for disabled men, is a practical thing for women alone to undertake, as a symbol rather than as coping with the need.

Amidst so much about war, and its varied, insatiable claims, there is a refreshing, homely, comforting reminder that life is based on love, in the suggestion of Mr. Whitehead, a well-known manufacturer of aeroplanes, that we should now have a "Mothers' Day." He wants it to be established on Aug. 8, the substituted Bank Holiday of this year; and that on that day everybody should do a kindness or pay some special attention to mothers, not necessarily to your own mother, but seek for some mother to please or serve, preferring one who is suffering through the war. The originator asks for no money; he wants everybody to act as best they can on this idea. It is, however, no new idea. Did not Solomon say even in his day that there is nothing new under the sun, but all that can be done has been done aforetime? In the North of England there used to be a regular anniversary, near Easter, called "Mothering Sunday," on which day every son and daughter made a special effort to go home, generally taking some gift for "mother." The Easter cake called "Simnel" is reputed to have so originated. Simon and Nell were preparing a cake for "Mothering Sunday," and one of them wanted it baked, the other boiled; so, as they could not agree, they treated it first to the one and then



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Of fine white cloth with a collar of black kid, which also appears on the cuffs. The buttons are of white enamel; and the new "cartridge-belt" pleats are lined with black silk.

the other operation, the result being the hard crust and soft filling that constitutes the cake now called after the two makers' names combined.

"Mothers' Day" is a pretty idea. After all, you know, every mother is a hero who has to be on duty for practically every day and hour of her life; often she suffers very patiently, and yet she gets no State pension. Only let those nearest and dearest to her give her the guerdon that is her due of love, attention, and respect, and she will be content. Alas! she does not always or adequately obtain that love or receive that due, even though her whole life may have deserved it, and not merely the fact that she certainly has "won her medal" by her constant service. It is interesting to know that in one of the very oldest books—possibly the oldest known—in the world, love and care for mother is most urgently inculcated. It is a manuscript, first written at least five thousand years ago, found several times copied in the oldest Egyptian tombs, and called "The Maxims of Ani." He reminds his sons of all that their mother has done for them, in giving them life, and bearing with and serving them in pining, mewing infancy, and then as schoolboys; and he thus concludes: "Oh, my sons, let not your mother have cause to complain of you, for if she should have to lift her hands to Heaven against you, God will assuredly hear that mother's voice!"

I have visited the National Economy Exhibition, with much disappointment. There were no ideas to be picked up by the ordinarily careful and well-educated housewife. Time seems of no consequence to the devisers of domestic economies: for instance, fancy inviting the housewife to make a cleaning-powder for enamel saucepans by grinding eggshells to a fine powder, when a pennyworth of one of several well-known cleaning soaps will suffice for weeks. There is, on the contrary, great need for labour-saving devices for the kitchen. Time and labour are not spared as they ought to be in this direction. I have bought and tried dozens of professed improvements on apparatus with this end in view, and nearly all of them were failures. A girl has said sarcastically to me on this head: "Well, the saying is 'Once bitten, twice shy,' but you with kitchen inventions are a hundred times bitten and not once shy!" It was too true! At this Exhibition there was not even a full display of the few real successes in that line. Some foreign ladies were lecturing on cookery, but for the most part telling us what we knew already. A young man journalist professed to have heard an Englishwoman arguing with one of these teachers about the cooking of spinach; he declared he had heard her say that in England we partly cooked it in plenty of water, and then threw that away and finished it in plenty more water. Rubbish! In English kitchens, as in French, it is cooked in its own juices. The difference then comes in. The French cook will drain it, chop or even sieve it, and re-heat it with a lot of butter. It is served as a dish alone, and French people will consume fried sippets or plain bread with it. This is a different system; we serve ours plain, to eat flavoured with meat and gravy. FILOMENA.



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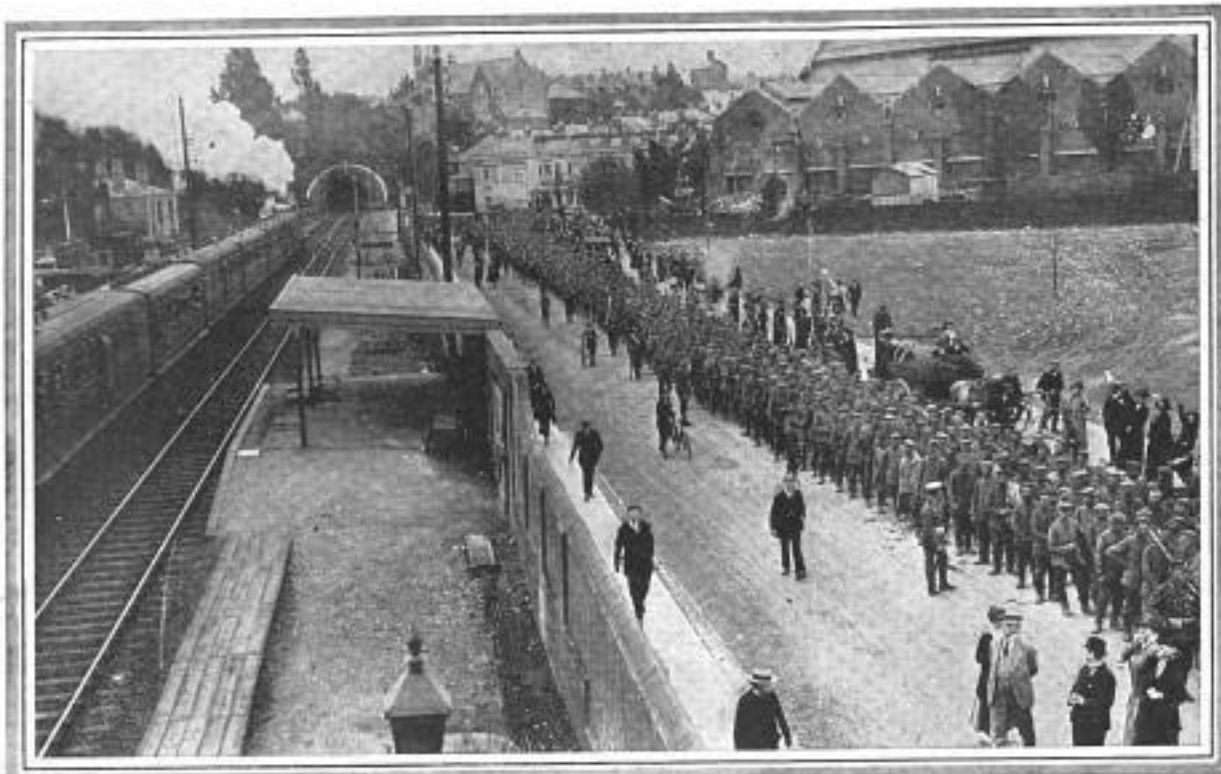
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BELGIANS UNDER THE GERMAN EAGLE.

FROM the earliest days of the war it was seen that the German Eagle was a bird of prey of the most savage type—in fact, its adoption by Teutonic heraldry is a libel on a noble species, and a more appropriate symbol would be the vulture. To realise this it is only necessary to read M. Jean Massart's book, "Belgians Under the German Eagle," in the English translation by Mr. Bernard Miall (Fisher Unwin). The original French work—from which, to save space, some facts and many quotations have been omitted in the English version—was written in Belgium between Aug. 4, 1914, and Aug. 15, 1915. In using books and periodicals as sources of information, the author has confined himself to those which were either of German origin or censored by the Germans, and he has quoted largely from official German documents and proclamations. Thus the testimony against them is mainly taken "out of their own mouths," and lends an unanswerable force to his indictment. "Since I crossed the frontier," he writes, "I have not inserted a single idea into this book: it therefore precisely reflects the state of mind of a Belgian who has lived a year under the German domination. I have forced myself to remain as far as possible objective, in order to give my work the scientific rigour which characterises the Reports of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry. I have simply transferred, to a domain which is new to me, the methods of my customary occupations." M. Massart, it should be mentioned, was Vice-Director of the Class of Sciences in the Royal Academy of Belgium. The

general reader, with a taste for stories of personal experience, may regret that the author did not allow himself a little latitude in this direction, and deal with his subject more "subjectively." Perhaps he will give us his individual adventures in another volume later on, when it will be safe to describe incidents—such, for example, as the manner of his escape across the frontier—

reader is left, at the end, with a somewhat confused impression of events. In a historical work, probably the best method is a chronological narrative, in clearly defined stages. With this little criticism, the book may be commended as an authentic picture of Belgium under German rule, and a timely reminder of all the cruelties and oppressions which the Allies have undertaken to avenge. It also refutes incontestably those accusations which, adding insult to injury, the Germans brought against the Belgians in an attempt to justify their own crimes.



SOME OF THE THOUSANDS TAKEN BY THE BRITISH DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE:
GERMAN PRISONERS ON ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Photograph by L.N.A.

which, if revealed now, might imperil people who assisted him. The scientific method he has adopted in arranging his material may make his book the more valuable as a work of reference for the historian, especially as it is provided with an index; but he has a tendency to over-classify his subjects under headings and sub-headings, which does not make for easy reading. The chapters are so long and so much sub-divided that the

for South Africa (1900). Of to-day, there is a picture of the hospital-ship *Asturias*, which a German submarine attempted to torpedo on Feb. 1, 1915; a sketch of the *Aragon*—the first modern mail steamer to be fitted with naval guns for defensive purposes; and a picture of the engagement in the North Sea on Feb. 29, 1916, between the R.M.S.P. *Alcantara* and the German raider *Greif*.

A "new idea" is always sure of creating interest, and it is a novelty to bring out calendars after Jan. 1. In the case of the R.M.S.P. Picture Calendar, it commences with July 1. In itself it is an excellent production, which includes a series of colour sketches by the well-known marine artist, Charles Dixon, R.I., depicting incidents in past and present wars in which steamers of the company have figured. These include the first liner to be equipped with large naval guns (1842), the Coldstream Guards leaving for the Crimea (1854), the Grenadier Guards leaving for Nova Scotia in connection with the "Trent Affair" (1861), and Paget's Horse leaving

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"Re-educates the Intestine."

MEDICAL REPORTS.
Académie de Médecine (Paris)
Dec. 21, 1909.
Académie des Sciences (Paris)
June 28, 1909.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

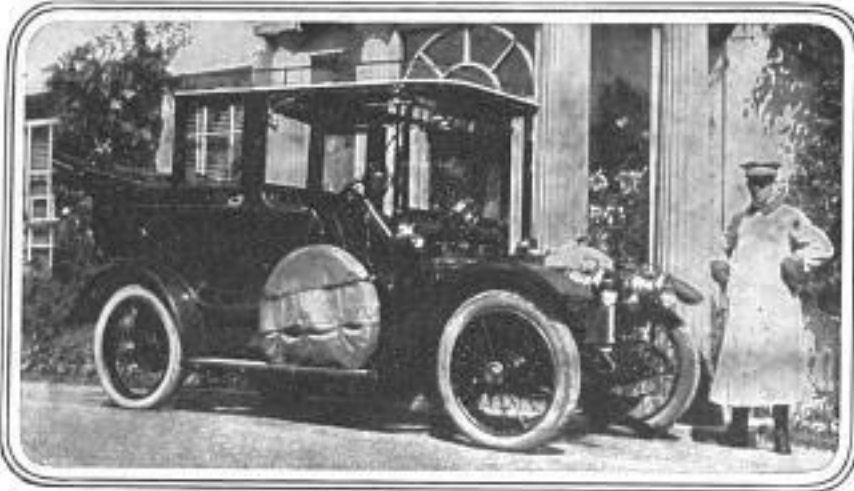
Tyre Gauges. A timely warning has been issued by the Dunlop Company in reference to the many tyres ruined and spent before their proper average mileage of use, due to the under-inflation of the tubes. All tyre-makers issue a booklet giving the proper pressure of air for each size of tyre, for certain loads, to ensure the least damage being done by the road-wear, and also giving the longest life to the cover. The remedy is simple. It merely consists in testing each tyre's air-pressure by a gauge before using the car. As a tyre-gauge costs very little, it seems false economy to neglect this precaution. After all that makers may claim for the merits of any particular tyre, the true life of the wheel-covers is the life of the cotton fabric on which the rubber is placed. It is by under-inflation that the fabric is destroyed, consequently the tyre cannot be re-treaded with its outer rubber surface again, which, under proper treatment, ought to be possible always once, and sometimes even twice.

Current Gossip. Little news is still available in regard to the petrol tickets, but Dame Rumour hath it that private cars are to be docked one-half of their ordinary supplies, and commercial wagons not wanted by Government contractors by one-third. How

much or how little reliance can be placed on current gossip can only be discussed after the regulations are out, which should be soon after these chronicles appear. Anyway, I hear that Major William Whittall, the former writer *and* bellman of these notes, is due back from German East Africa by the end of July, so perhaps we shall learn how the armoured cars fared in that campaign. The last I heard was that the heavy rains had given them a fearful task across rough and swampy country. Still, difficulties of that nature are not unknown to motorists, especially Colonial ones, so I expect they got through all right at the finish. Captain (now Major) Stenson Cooke has received his well-earned promotion on the Headquarters Staff for the hard work he put in for the recruiting campaign. The A.A., of which he is the secretary in peace-times, is very pleased at the honour paid indirectly to them as well as at the acknowledgment of the merit of "Cookie."

Petrol Mixtures. I notice a lot of promiscuous advice in regard to fuel-saving appearing in the Press nowadays. I fancy the accessory-makers of so-called "petrol-saving" devices, booster "pills," and "extra air" inlets to the petrol will have the chance of spending some of their war profits in advertising these classes of goods with advantage. The difficulty is in selecting those which are good and rejecting the valueless, as some cars—or rather, engines—can stand one or other of these economies, while other engines get no benefit whatever from the same device. Personally, I hope to use a paraffin-petrol mixture with discretion if I find any risk of running short of petrol, and to put up with any loss of power or extra carbonisation if I overdo the dilution, though motorists generally will have to live in their overalls more or less frequently until the experimenting stages are completed. In fact, I can picture our amateur mechanics really discovering their knowledge in the ways of carburettors, dirty cylinders, and caked pistons in the coming months. As for those who have recently emerged from the

various schools of motoring, I shall scan the highways anxiously to discover how they get on when "hung up," and be like Harry Tate's boy in asking questions of why and wherefore. Fortunately, in mechanical troubles someone gets wiser in the end, though many a man has got a car to go when stopped, and then never discovered why he had succeeded or what the



"AS STRONG AS EVER": A DAIMLER CAR AFTER 25,000 MILES' RUN.

This car, the property of Mr. E. J. Artindale, Aston Hall, Aston-on-Clun, Shropshire, is a 45-h.p. Daimler, and the owner writes: "The engine has run 25,000 miles, and is going as good and strong as ever, and shows no sign of requiring an overhaul. . . . The cylinder-heads have not even been off." Mr. Artindale's experience is that of all users of the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine. The principle of the Daimler engine is such that its efficiency improves with age. There is no valve-grinding, no carbon-cleaning, and no loss of power in the slightest, continuing service it gives, all of which features tend to reduce maintenance costs to insignificance.



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trouble was. I remember a certain 30-h.p. Metallurgique car which was a thing of beauty and a joy to me when it liked to behave itself, but often it refused to start up. My friends, neighbours, passing strangers, and myself have nearly tired ourselves to death trying to get it to go. Then all of a sudden a half-turn would send it off purring like a contented cat, and no one, expert or amateur, really diagnosed its contrariness. Often I wished I had eaten less lunch when one of these fits befell "Lizzie," as she was called; but eventually I wasted little energy on her, and, if she refused to start after a couple of turns of the crank, I doped her with a petrol injection.

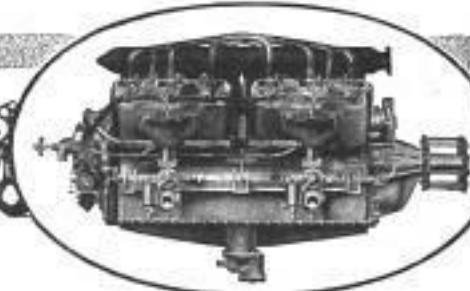
(Continued next page)

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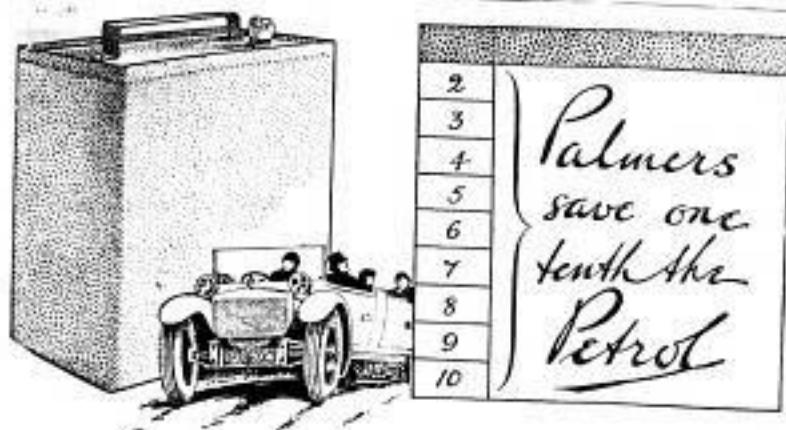
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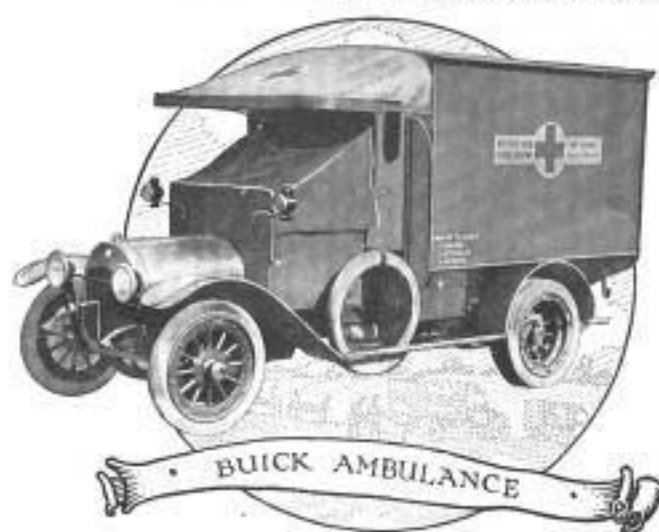
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OUTSIDE the active war zone Buick cars are also maintaining their premier position. In the annual competition for the Graff Cup, held in South Africa under the auspices of the R.A.C., Buicks led all competitors in points of merit for speed, hill climbing, reliability and petrol consumption.

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Continued.) through one of the compression-taps, and after that she behaved herself for the rest of the day. But I often wonder why (like Little Willie)

Synthetic Rubber. I shall be grateful if anyone can write informing me how to distinguish for a certainty between rubber and synthetic rubber. I will pass on the information to my wide circle of readers, as I am told there is a chance of the latter being pushed on to the unwary in place of the genuine article in the near future, via Germany, if not in the present. What I want is an infallible test—perhaps some of my rubber-owning readers can tell me, for which many thanks.—W. W.

The charitable efforts of the Great Britain to Poland and Galicia Relief Fund, to which is affiliated the British Moscow Relief Committee, are recounted in the fourth Report of the Deputation to the Home Committee, terminating the first year of activity, which shows much good work done in various directions for men, women, and children who have suffered by the devastating effects of the war. It is published by the Fund at 36, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C., and will give full information to those who are interested in its benevolent objects.

A cheery crowd of New Zealanders and Tommies were entertained by the Association of Advertising Women at "Moleside," East Molesley, last Saturday, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Samson Clark. The soldiers came from the New Zealand Military Hospital, Walton-on-Thames; the Benfleet Hill Hospital, Sutton, Surrey; and the National Hospital for Paralysis, Bloomsbury. After a few songs and band selections, the guests were invited to a tempting feast. Music, choruses, and sports followed, during which several members of the Association cheerfully submitted to a hair-dressing competition. In this, the New Zealanders bore the palm. Eventually, after a much-enjoyed afternoon, each contingent drove off in the cars generously placed at the disposal of the Association.

A MACCABAEAN ICONOCLAST.

MR. Joseph McCabe, in his latest published work, "The Tyranny of Shams" (Eveleigh Nash), has written a bold, vigorous book, and one that bristles with controversial points. He faces his subject, if one may put it like that, in quite the traditional Maccabean spirit, in his own vigorous way. Possibly a large proportion of his readers will fail to agree with not a few of his conclusions, but for its straightforward expression of convictions the book cannot fail to obtain attention as a challenge. "The Philosophy of Revolt"—so the author entitles his opening chapter—will sufficiently indicate by its title the spirit in which the entire subject is approached. Particularly worth consideration in detail are three of the chapters—those on "The Follies of Sham Patriotism," "Political Shams," and "The Distribution of Wealth." Much also that Mr. McCabe says in his chapter on "The Military Sham" is well deserving of being seriously connoed over. One curious little fact that is specially mentioned in this part of the

book strikes one as new and requiring authoritative explanation. Speaking of the year before war, Mr. McCabe remarks, "By 1913 . . . in point of fact, our authorities knew that war was gravely imminent. I happen to know, from a little breach of confidence, that our War Office secretly warned certain reservists in June 1914 (even before the Serajevo murder) to be ready." As to that, on the other hand, it may be questioned whether really the writer's informant was not referring to preparations in regard to Ireland and Ulster just at that time, not to Germany at all. The story, in any event, is a curious detail, and one that the author might have been more explicit over with advantage—at least most of his readers will like to know a little more. Mr. McCabe, to sum up, on every page of the book, so to speak, trails his coat in veritable Donnybrook Fair fashion. "Many will advise me," he says in one place, "that a man will do well to conceal the more offensive of his heresies. That is the usual and prudent practice, no doubt; but this book has been written in a mood of fiery impatience with untruth, and this has forbidden compromise."

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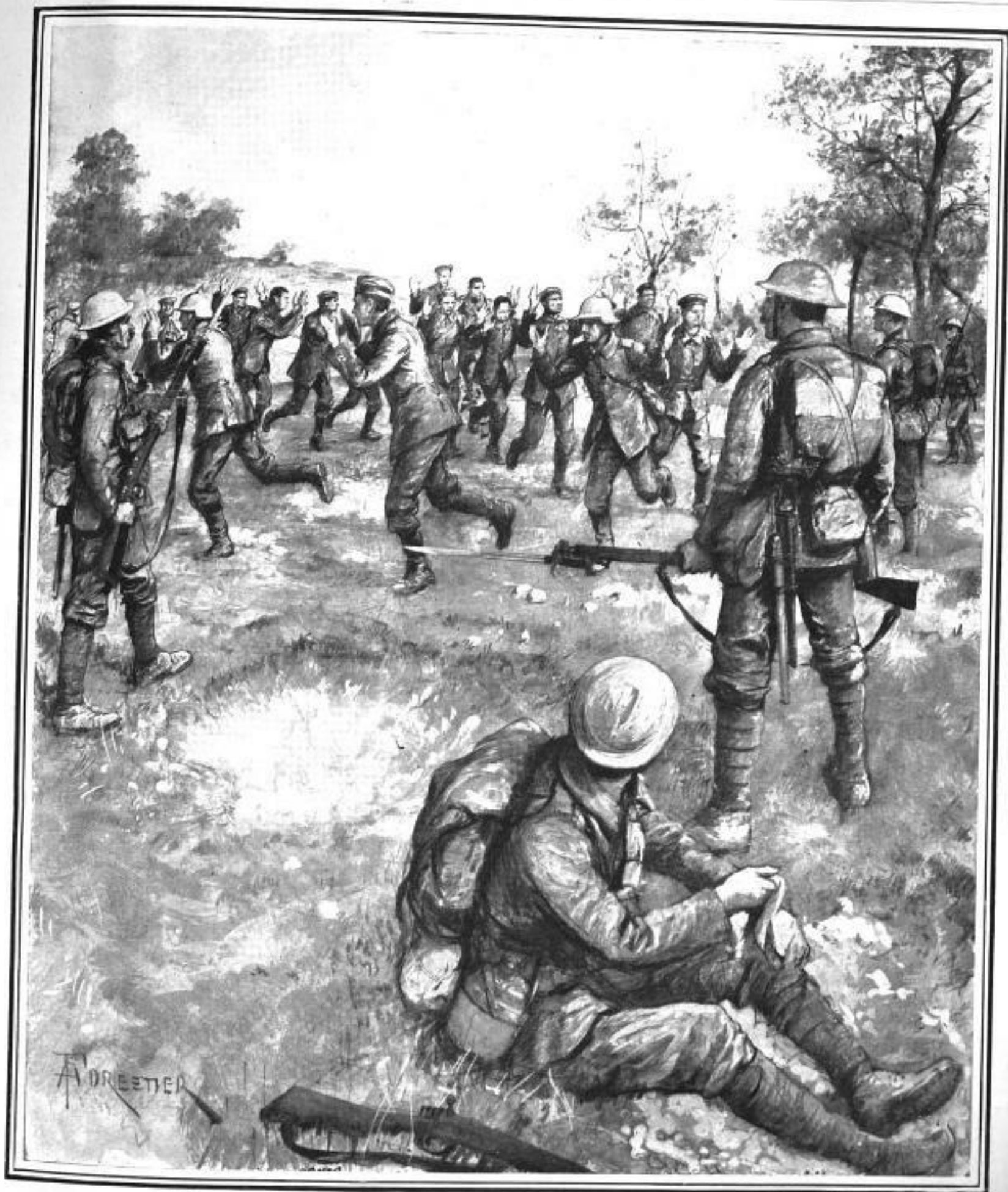
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1526

The International News Company, 83 & 85, Duane Street,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1916.

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RUNNING ROUND AND ROUND WITH THEIR HANDS UP! A NEW AND CURIOUS METHOD OF SURRENDERING LATELY ADOPTED BY THE GERMANS.

Some of the Germans captured in the British offensive have lately taken to surrendering in a peculiar way. Instead of walking straight towards the British troops to whom they want to surrender, the Boches now are seen to run round and round until they reach their captors. This takes place only in the open. The exact reason for such a manoeuvre is not at present known, but it is suggested that their object is to show

that there are no armed men or machine-guns concealed behind them, as might be the case if they advanced in a mass. In this connection it may be recalled that an official despatch from the British Headquarters on the 17th stated: "We have captured some more prisoners, and the total of unwounded German prisoners taken by the British since July 1 is: 189 officers and 10,779 other ranks."

Drawn by A. Dreeter from material supplied by an officer present. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

GERMANY has failed to conquer us; but we may concede to her that she nearly contrived to corrupt us. There have been English blunders and English sins in the most recent times; but it is very difficult for our enemies to condemn them without also condemning themselves. It is easy for the pro-German to write about the arrogance and boorishness of the Briton. It is very difficult for him to contrast these things with the humility and courtesy of the Prussian. He has a facile flow of catchwords about the piratical and rapacious Imperialism of England; he has a considerably harder task when he comes to compare it with the idealistic nationalism and almost mystical sensibility to the sanctity of frontiers which is so striking a feature in the acquisition of Poland or Alsace. The German cannot even show us to be in the wrong in such a way as to leave himself in the right; and the mere fact that even those who, for good or bad reasons, are bitter against British Imperialism are generally yet more bitter against German Imperialism, would of itself be a decision of the quarrel. But since such an entanglement of the *tu quoque* has unavoidably an inconclusive air, however conclusive the retort may really be, I have always found it a firmer controversial basis to discuss the claims of Germany as they affect other nations rather than my own—and especially the French nation, with which the quarrel is both older and more clear.

Perhaps the primary difference between France and Germany might be stated thus: that the Frenchman is proud of France; and in that sense the German is not proud of Germany. He is proud of being a German, which is quite a different thing. For the Frenchman his country is an abstraction—that is, something that can be taken from the idea of himself. Those who are sufficiently clean in their instincts to

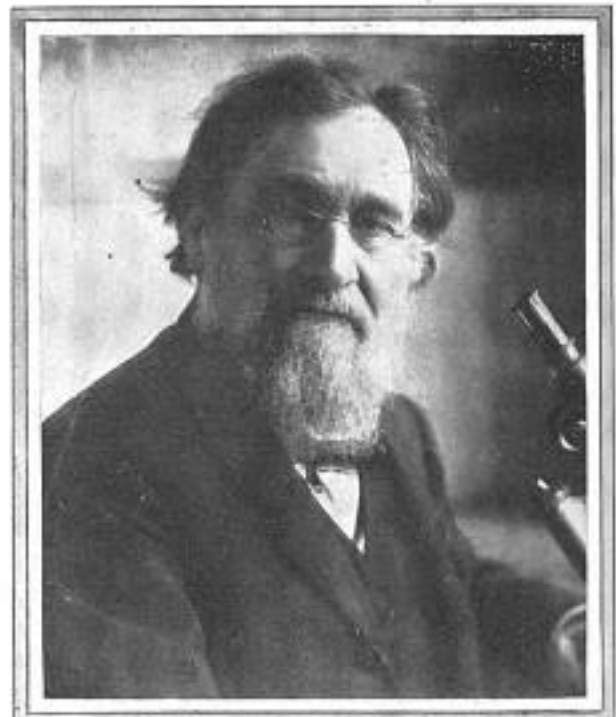
the English reader of the *romans policiers* of Paris is at first amused at the way in which all the activities of a fat policeman or a detective in a wig and spectacles are referred to as the activities of an ideal being called Justice. Justice runs after a cab; Justice climbs a tree; Justice gets in at a window, or walks up to a loaded pistol. It is one of the many matters in which anybody beginning to understand a foreign country will be wise, when he has come to scoff, if he will remain to pray. For to the French this impersonal Justice has always been as vivid as a personality. The adventures of this abstraction in a tale of Gaboriau are tame compared with its wild adventures in the story of France in Europe. Justice went on the Crusades; Justice sat at the right hand of St. Louis when he gave judgment under the garden tree; Justice charged the battle line beside Joan the Maid; Justice armed the crowd against the Kings, and made the miracle of a drilled mob that marched to Moscow and Madrid. No one can understand the French who does not realise that this invisible institution is the first fact in their minds; and even their atheists are theocratic. It was this that wore the mask of the Monarchy, and even the mask of the Terror. For of all men on earth, the Frenchman is the most of a revolutionist and the least of an anarchist.

The Germans are warmly and sincerely patriotic when they sing their great song of "Germany Over All." But they do not—at least, in the French sense—really mean "Germany Over All," for they do not mean Germany over Germans. The essence of Germanism is being German; and anyone who is German partakes of all the qualities he praises. But the Gaul, whatever may be his individual vices, rather aspires towards his country than merely possesses it. She is rather a goddess whom he worships, or a lady of whom he is not worthy. A priest may tyrannise; but in so far as he is a priest he is avowedly a servant, and even admittedly an unprofitable servant. A troubadour may swagger; but in so far as he is a troubadour he is admittedly singing to somebody who may throw cold water on him. Now, the German does not feel this sacred distance between himself and the abstraction of his nationality; he would put it in the form that he and his country are one. And the difference is rooted in the original history of the two communities. France is a race made out of a religion; but Germany is a religion made out of a race. That is to say, there never would have been any French nation at all if certain ideals in the Roman law, in the Christian religion, in the *civitas dei*, or in the city states of antiquity had not been ardently desired by a group of very energetic Europeans. But the Germans themselves will affirm, or even boast, that they were conscious in all ages of a general German kinship, a bond of the blood, though they were never connected by any doctrines or institutions. The German has since, in making a religion out of this kinship, also made a realm out of it; but it is a religion and a realm avowedly founded on race.

Now, it is the unique mark of a religion of race that it permits the worshipper to worship himself. Whether the Frenchman was following the crown of Rheims or the red cap of Paris, he was never merely congratulating himself on having a round head. The German, as he appears in the visions of his most voluminous professors, does deeply and solemnly congratulate himself on having a long head. The oil of St. Louis or the laurel of Napoleon has not been more sacred in French history than the mere possession of yellow hair has been in German philosophy. All that Teutonic philosophy truly praises, the individual Teuton can find in himself. But the individual Frenchman cannot find all

France in himself, for France means something more than a man—at least a woman.

These two creeds have come into collision specially and decisively in one point or place, and that place is Alsace-Lorraine. The only plausible Teutonic claim to Alsace is that Alsations are racially Teutonic. The invariable French answer is that, if they are tribesmen of Germany, they are citizens of France. They are children of the French idea, they look for justice to the French law; they are as much a part of the historic French soul as Picardy or Champagne. The German ethnologist may find much of his own blood there, as he might find some of it anywhere. But he will not find his own brains there; the brains have



A GREAT PATHOLOGIST: THE LATE PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF.

The world of science has lost a great man in Professor Elias Metchnikoff, who died at the Pasteur Institute on July 15, at the age of seventy-one. He was the son of a Russian whose Moldavian ancestor was "sword-bearer" to Prince Cantemir in the early part of the eighteenth century—hence his surname. His father was an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, and his mother of Jewish origin. His researches as an embryologist made him world-famous; he devoted much research to the subject of longevity, and was identified with the sour-milk theory of prolonging life. Professor Metchnikoff was twice married, his first wife dying five years after her marriage. His second wife, Miss Olga Beloskyhoff, whom he married in 1875, has been a valuable aide in both his literary and research work.

undergone a French education, and have been filled with light. The Alsations are Frenchmen because they are French patriots; and, whatever the Fatherland may mean, *la patrie* never meant merely a breed or a soil, but always a law—and a liberty.

This being the case, by the way, I am amused to see (quoted by the *Cambridge Magazine*) a remark from a Hungarian paper. It says that even those "who honestly wished for war, so as to augment the glory, greatness, and wealth of their countries, are confronted by the inexpressibly tragic but invaluable lesson that there is no glory, greatness, or wealth worth the sacrifices that have been made." The *Cambridge Magazine* adds that the context "argues the point with reference to Serbia's aspirations for a 'Greater Serbia,' France's for Alsace-Lorraine," etc. In other words, because Austria-Hungary has grown very sick of taking other people's property, France ought in sympathy to profess herself tired of the idea of taking back her own. I can believe that the Teutons who "honestly wished for war" to augment their wealth desire everything to be forgotten and forgiven. But what about the people who did not wish for war, and did not try to increase their wealth? I fear they will be cruel enough to wish at least for the recovery of stolen goods.

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AN R.A. OF 1899: THE LATE MR. JAMES SANT.

Mr. James Sant, C.V.O., R.A. (retired), who died at his house in Lancaster Gate on July 12, at the age of ninety-six, showed a picture in the Academy Exhibition last year, which, although begun some years before, was only finished just in time for sending-in day. To find a parallel to this remarkable feat we must go back to Sidney Cooper, who exhibited a painting done at the age of ninety-five, or to Titian, who is said to have painted when ninety-nine. Mr. Sant succeeded Sir George Hayter as *Painter-in-Ordinary* to Queen Victoria in 1871, and before that date had painted many portraits of great ladies, Countess Waldegrave giving him commissions to paint a number of her friends. Mr. Sant became an R.A. in 1870 and resigned in 1914. Among his popular works were "The Infant Samuel," and "The Soul's Awakening."—[Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.]

enjoy stories of crime and horror will agree that the detective story is one of the departments in which the French have shown a typical skill and science. But

AN "IMPREGNABLE" POSITION AFTER BRITISH SHELLING! MAMETZ.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



IN THE CENTRE OF MAMETZ: DESTROYED HOUSES BESIDE THE HIGH ROAD THROUGH THE VILLAGE.



IN ONE QUARTER OF THE VILLAGE: SHELL-SHATTERED DEBRIS OF HOUSES OF MAMETZ.

Mametz was the first of the places to be attacked on July 1, the opening day of the British offensive. The village is—*or*, rather, was, for all that remains of it after the bombardment that preceded the British infantry storming of the position may be seen above—a large hamlet inhabited by between 300 and 400 people. It lies about a mile to the east of Fricourt, another village, which was the main objective of the first day's British attack. Fricourt, Mametz, and Montauban—a third and rather larger village—

were the three points, all lying within the same area of terrain, on which Sir Douglas Haig concentrated his first infantry thrust. In Mametz village the fighting went on furiously at close quarters from noon to nearly six in the evening, by which time the place was entirely in our hands. The position at Mametz was of exceptional strength, as the Commander-in-Chief's despatches note. "The enemy," says a "Times" correspondent, speaking of Mametz in particular, "believed their position to be impregnable."

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED ON BEHALF OF THE



EAGER TO SEE THE RESULTS OF OUR ARTILLERY WORK: BRITISH SOLDIERS WATCHING THE BOMBARDMENT.



TWO METHODS OF CARRYING A STRETCHER WOUNDED, WITH SH



ARMED WITH "THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON FOR CLOSE COMBAT," WHICH ENABLED OUR MEN TO BREAK THROUGH: BRITISH BOMBERS GOING UP TO THE FRONT LINE.



EVIDENCE OF THE IMMENSELY DESTROYED BRITISH SOLDIERS

With the aid of these official photographs it is possible to form an accurate idea of the scenes immediately behind the great battle in which our troops have been so gallantly pushing forward through the German lines. In the capture of the enemy's trenches the bombers, a party of whom are seen in one of our photographs, have played an important part. In describing the attack on July 14, for instance, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "Every man among them was a grenadier, provided with bombs and with supplies coming up behind. It was with the bomb, the most deadly weapon of this murderous war for close combat, that the men fought their way through." Of the work of the field-ambulances on the same day he says: "The first men to come back from the battle were the wounded. . . . Ambulances were waiting for them, and the stretcher-bearers were busy with the bad cases. The

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING BATTLE IN PICARDY.

PRESS BUREAU. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



WITH AMBULANCE MEN BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED IN THE BACKGROUND.



WITH THEIR BRITISH CAPTORS LENDING A HELPING HAND: GERMAN PRISONERS, SOME WOUNDED, COMING IN TO LA BOISSELLE.



IS OF A MINE EXPLOSION: THE MINE CRATER.



WITH GERMAN PRISONERS CARRYING A STRETCHER: A PARTY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS RETURNING WITH THE WOUNDED.

Stretcher-bearers had done their duty as gallantly as the fighting men, and some of their own comrades were among the wounded. But they had been reinforced by men who do not belong to the R.A.M.C. Some of the stretchers were being carried by men in grey uniforms with flat, round caps, who walked stolidly, looking about them at all those British soldiers and at those fields on the British side, with curious eyes as though everything were strange to them. They were German prisoners paying for the privilege of life and glad to live. Later in the day there came down a long column of these men, not carrying stretchers out marching shoulder to shoulder, under armed escort. There were over 700 of them in this one conveyance, as a living proof that the day had gone well for British arms."

"FRANCE'S DAY" IN PARIS: THE GREAT MARCH.

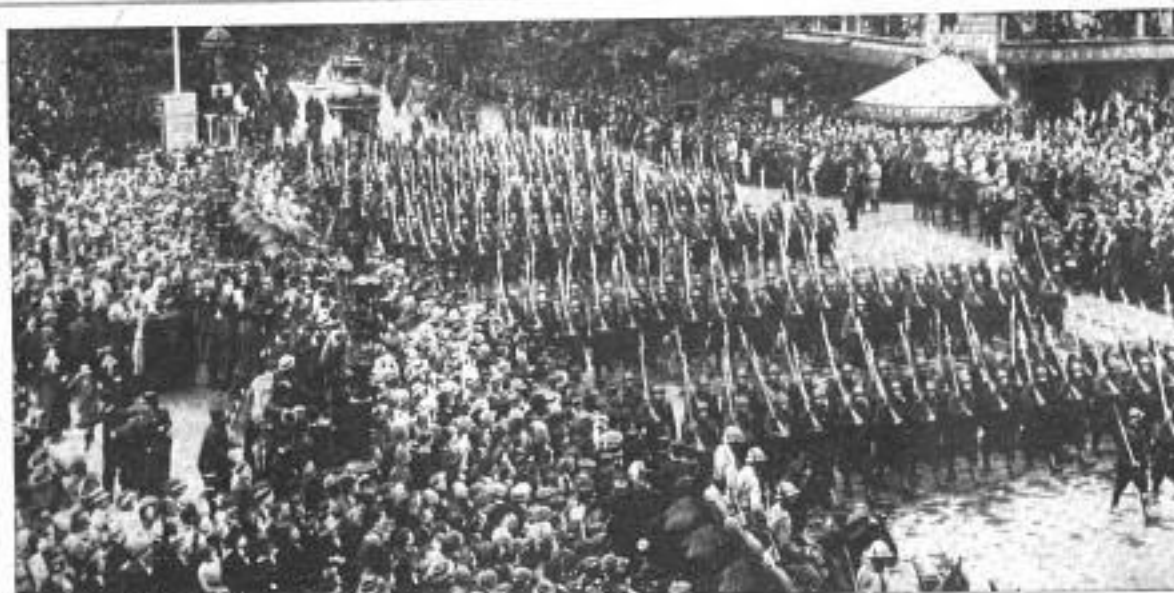
PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNIVERSAL EXCHANGE



HIGHLANDERS.



BR



BELGIANS.



FRENCH, BRITISH, AUSTRALIANS, CANAD



FRENCH INFANTRY.



FRENCH COLONIALS.

Thousands of soldiers of France and the Allies took part in the French National Fête Day march through the streets of Paris on July 14, the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille in 1789. The Belgians headed the marching column. Their appearance, soldierly and business-like to a degree, was greeted with a prolonged burst of enthusiastic and sympathetic cheering. They looked, as an eye-witness notes, "fine, quiet, defiant, and remarkably well-drilled and equipped." Next after the Belgians came the British—Guards, Highlanders, Canadians, "Anzacs," Newfoundlanders, South Africans, and Indians, all in khaki, and headed by the pipes and band of the Scots Guards. "The tribute of the French to their British comrades in arms," notes the "Times" Paris correspondent, "was all that the most jealous Briton could desire, and it was noticeable that for the splendid Dominion troops a special welcome was reserved." The

PAST OF THE ALLIES OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

L.N.A., C.N., TOPICAL, AND FRENCH OFFICIAL.



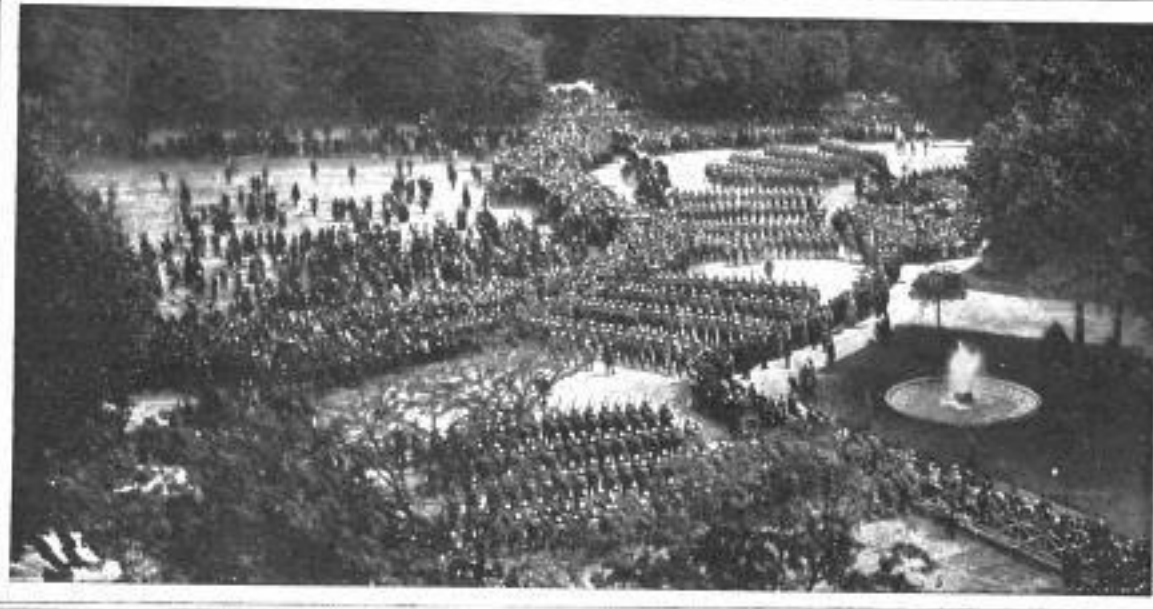
INFANTRY.



INDIAN CAVALRY DISMOUNTED.



INDIANS, RUSSIANS, AND BELGIANS.



RUSSIANS IN COLUMNS.



RUSSIANS.



FRENCH COLONIALS—ANNAMITES.

Russians—belonging to the force now in France, then passed along, marching in a solid phalanx in ranks sixteen men abreast and chanting battle-songs. They were given a reception "worthy of Russia's magnificent victories." Last in the inspiring procession, and rightly occupying the place of honour on such an occasion, came the contingent of France's own soldiers—Regulars and Territorials, Zouaves, Alpine Chasseurs, Fusiliers Marins (of Dismude fame), Algerians, Moroccans, and Annamites. With the French contingent were some of the famous "75's," the guns to whose marvellous firing the Allied cause owes so much. At the sight of the "Soixante-Quinze" the enthusiasm at every point all along the route became unbounded, to be matched only by the warmth of the tremendous reception accorded to the Fusiliers Marins—perhaps of all the marching troops in the French column the heroes *par excellence* of the day.

INCLUDING A "MINNIEWAFFER": SPOILS OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

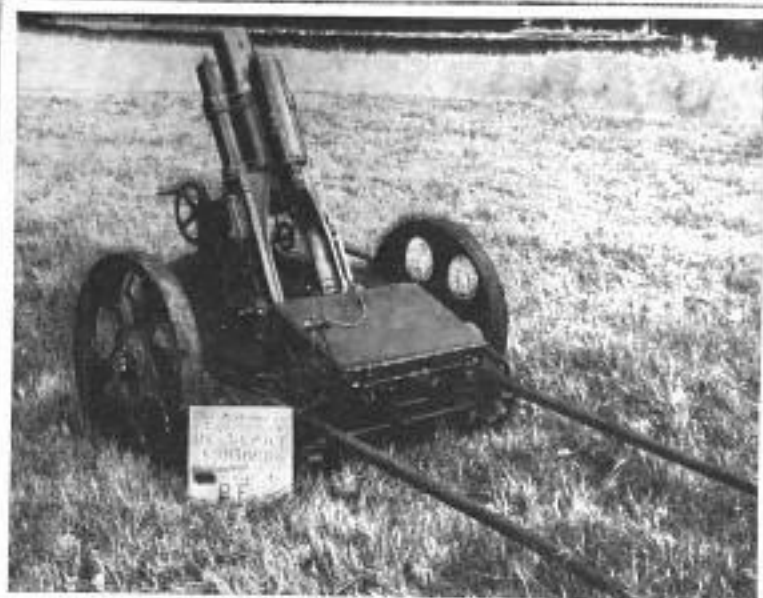
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN AND AUTOMATIC RIFLE.



CAPTURED DURING THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: A GERMAN TRENCH-GUN.



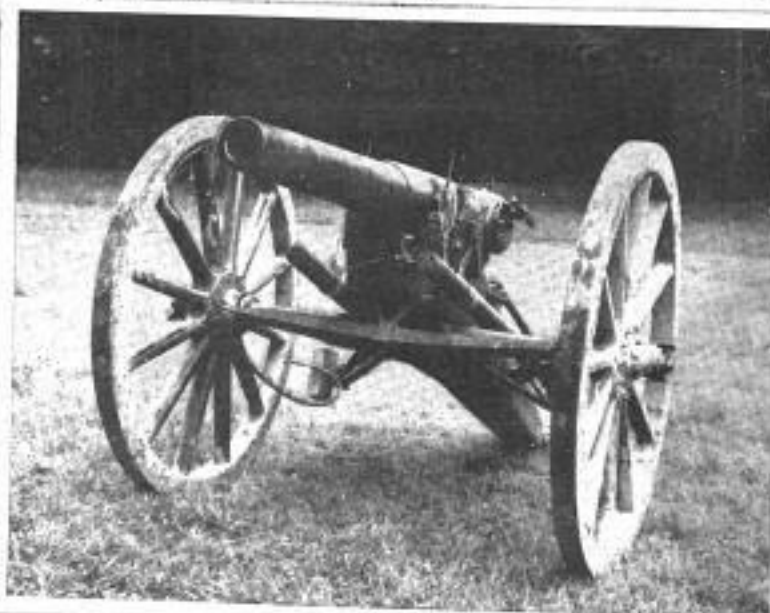
ONE OF MANY CAPTURED BY OUR TROOPS: A GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR.



CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH DURING THE ADVANCE: A GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR.



WITH A WOODEN BARREL BOUND WITH IRON WIRE: A CAPTURED MINENWERFER.



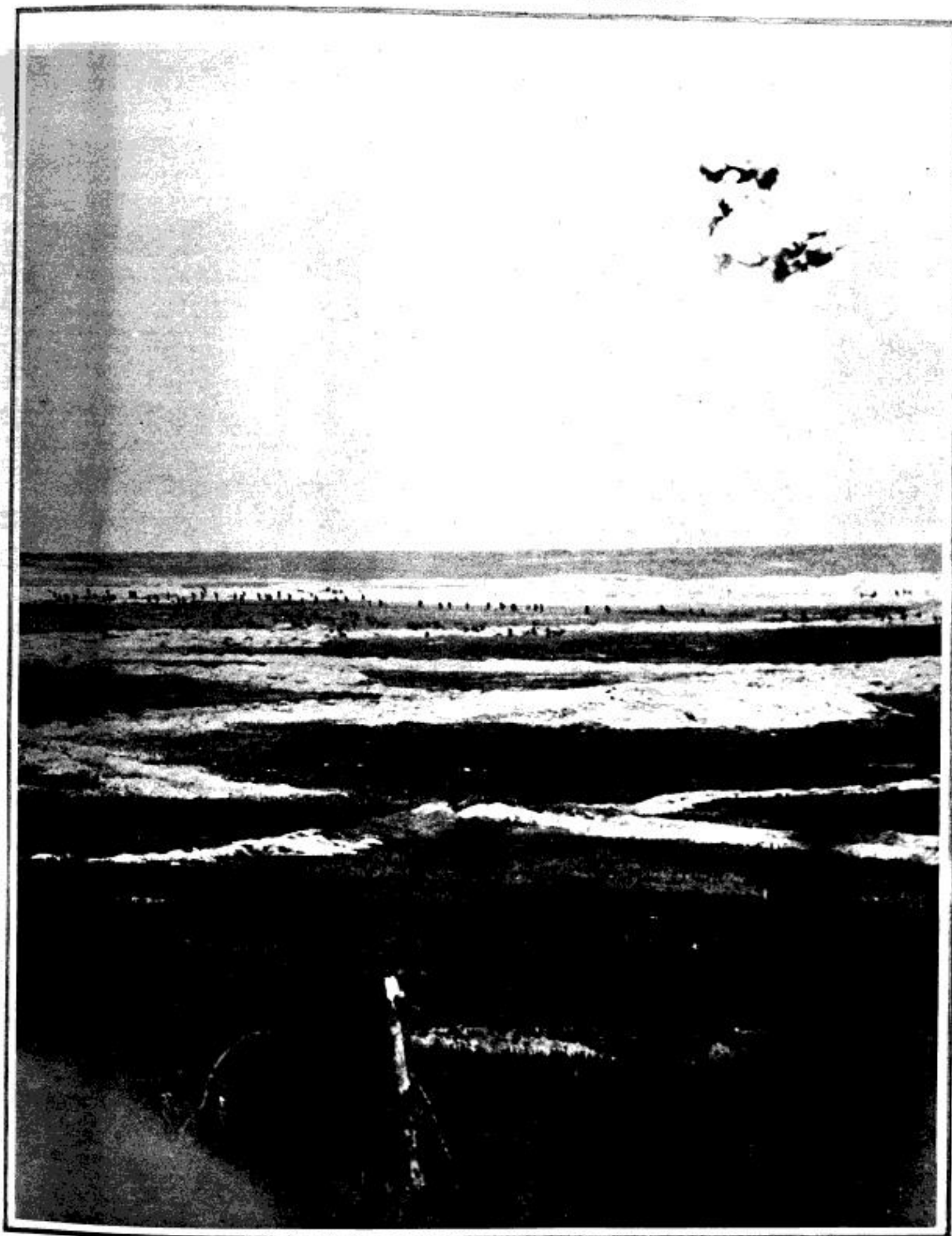
ONE OF 37 CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH UP TO JULY 17: A GERMAN 18-CM. FIELD-GUN.

We give here some typical examples of the large quantity of German war material captured by the British troops during the great advance. An official despatch from the British Headquarters in France on July 17 stated: "The German losses in artillery have been even greater than at first reported. The captured armament already collected by our troops now includes: 5 8-inch howitzers, 1 6-inch howitzer, 4 6-inch guns, 5 other heavy guns, 37 field-guns, 60 trench-howitzers, 66 machine-guns, and many thousands

of rounds of gun ammunition of all descriptions. The above is exclusive of many guns not yet brought in and of the numbers destroyed by our artillery bombardment and abandoned by the enemy." The 18-cm. *Minenwerfer* shown in one of our photographs is interesting as having a barrel constructed of wood bound round with galvanised-iron wire. It was used for throwing tin canisters filled with high explosives. The trophies of our great offensive continue to be added to as each day passes.

BRITISH INFANTRY ATTACKING: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



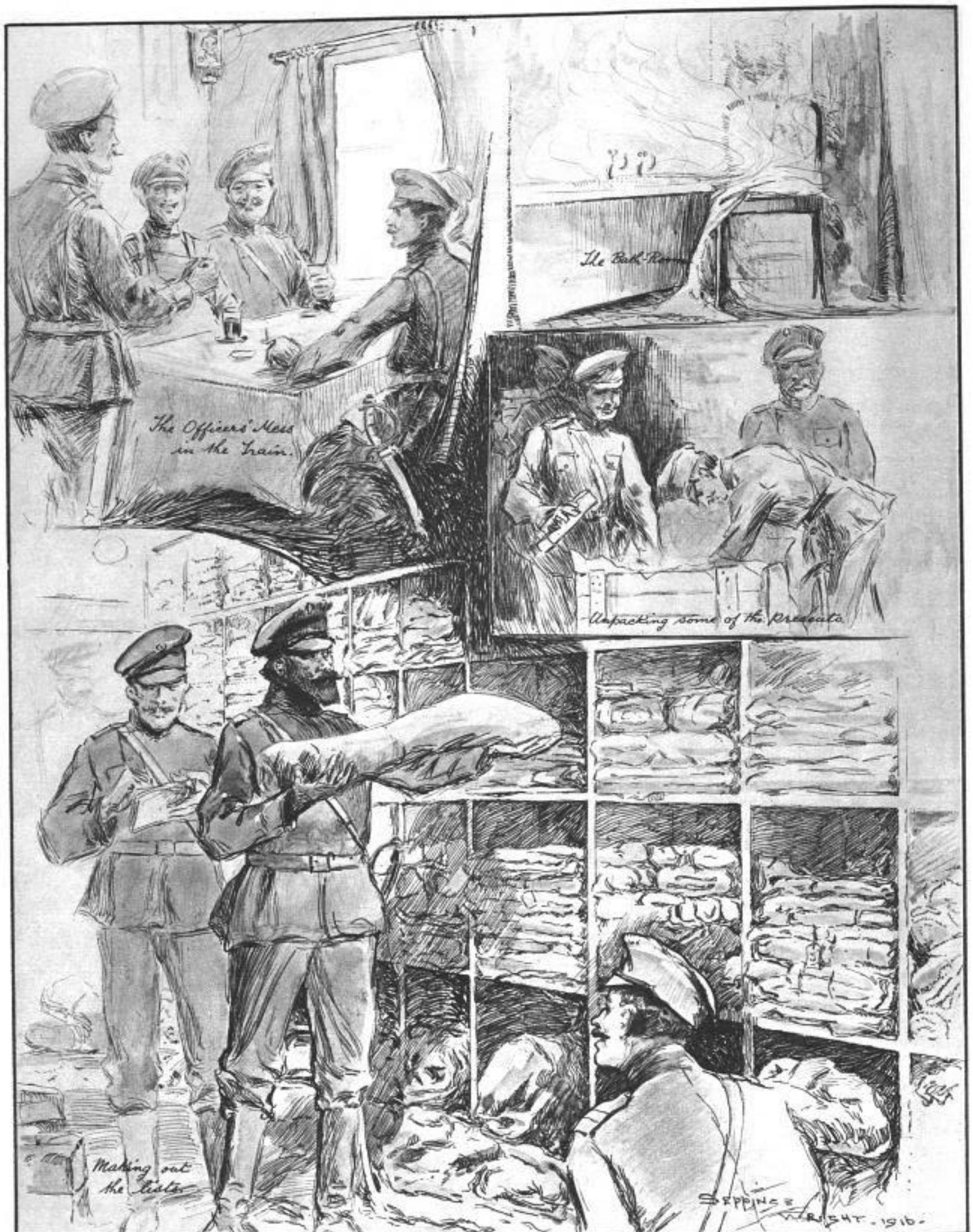
AT THE STORMING OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR MAMETZ: SHRAPNEL BURSTING OVER OUR ADVANCING INFANTRY.

Shrapnel has been termed the "man-killing" projectile. It is essentially that: to strike down troops in the open is its special rôle. Other shells—"common" shell, so called, which is simply a metal case filled with ordinary powder, or "high-explosive" shells, which contain some much more powerful kind of bursting substance—are aimed to burst close to, or in actual contact with, their targets. Shrapnel shells, on the other hand, are fired with time-fuses which are specially set to act while the shell is high up in the air and in full flight: during its downward curve, and also in advance of the

object to be hit. The bursting charge used is comparatively small, being intended only to "open" the shell and let out the bullets inside. These number, on the average, from 250 to 350, according to the size of the shell. The released bullets and fragments of the shell-case sweep forward with the momentum of the projectile at the instant of the burst, spreading out downwards and fan-wise, over an ever-widening area until the ground with the men in the open on it is reached—the shell's target. The exact space to be "peppered" can be calculated to a nicety by gunners.

IMPERIAL GIFTS BY SPECIAL TRAIN: PRESENTS FOR RUSSIANS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



IN ONE OF THE EMPRESS'S GIFT-TRAINS: WITH THE DISTRIBUTORS OF THE PRESENTS FOR THE FIGHTING-MEN.

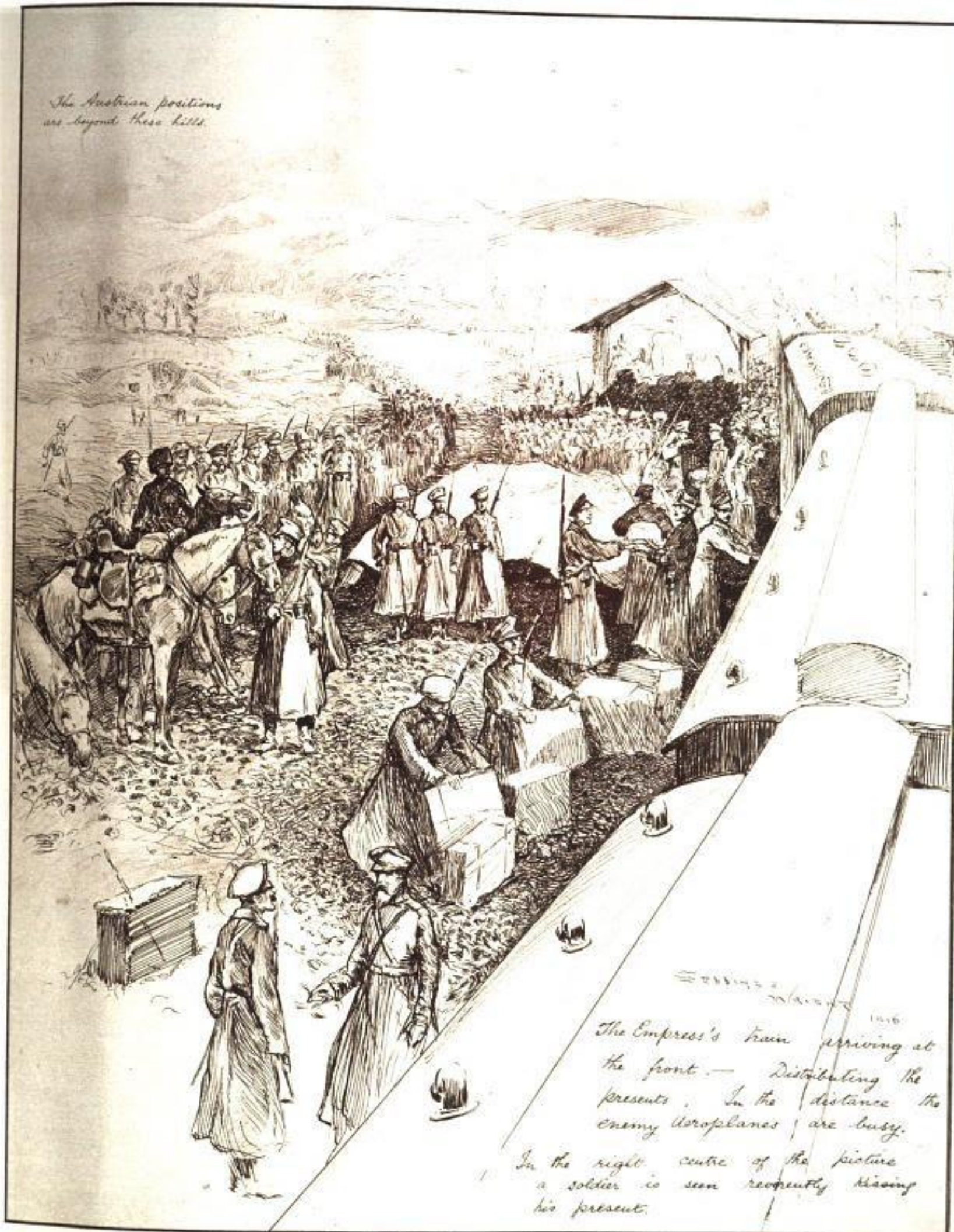
The Empress of Russia, whose beneficent activities on behalf of the wounded have intensified the deep devotion felt for her by the Russian Army, has organised a special railway service for distributing necessities and comforts to the Russians in the field on all the fronts. The funds are supplied by contributions from the Imperial family, supplemented by private subscriptions. Selected officers have been appointed to superintend

the work in its details, for, with distances so vast to be covered, elaborate arrangements are required. Huge storehouses and depôts have been established at centres along the railways, Petrograd, Moscow, and Kieff being the head-centres. From subsidiary collecting-depôts nearest the frontiers, the trains carry the Imperial gifts as near to the fighting lines as possible. The illustrations on the left-hand page show train incidents during a

(Continued opposite)

IMPERIAL GIFTS BY SPECIAL TRAIN: PRESENTS FOR RUSSIANS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



THE RUSSIAN ARMY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER: THE EMPRESS'S GIFTS DISTRIBUTED—ONE OF THE SOLDIERS KISSING HIS PRESENT.

(Continued.)
journey from one of the depôts to points along the railway at which the train stopped to distribute the consignment of gifts designated for the troops in that district. It then moved on to the next halting-place, and so from stage to stage, to the terminus where the last batch of parcels was handed out. The right-hand illustration shows a supply-train arriving at one of its halting-places at the front. "The temporary station," writes

our artist-correspondent, "was thronged with soldiers, who kept arriving in continuous streams from the firing lines, to have their gifts handed to them, man by man, and then return immediately—gloves, comforters, tobacco, and small luxuries, jam, etc. I witnessed one or two heart-stirring scenes: soldiers reverently kissing the token of personal regard from their beloved Imperial Lady."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

EVER GROWING IN NUMBERS: GERMANS TAKEN PRISONER

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY



TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: A BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS ARRIVING AT A TEMPORARY DETENTION CAMP.



SOME OF THE FIRST TAKEN BY THE BRITISH, BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE.



PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH DURING THE FIRST DAYS: THIRSTY GERMANS AT

The list of prisoners taken by the British and French during the Great Offensive on the Western Front grows daily. Upwards of five thousand Germans fell into the hands of the Allies during the opening day's attack, when the German first-line trenches were carried by assault immediately after the terrific preliminary bombardment. The enemy offered but weak resistance in many cases, the Germans left alive in the trenches appearing broken and unnerved after the fearful ordeal of the continuous preliminary cannonade to which they had been subjected. Many of these Germans also had had to remain without rations or water for days, the shell fire of the Allies' guns having prevented any food supplies from reaching them. Others, on the infantry attack beginning, took refuge in their deeper dug-outs and tried to make a stand there, but our bomb-throwers forced them to surrender.

BY THE BRITISH AND THE FRENCH DURING THE OFFENSIVE.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, CENTRAL PRESS, ETC.



PRISONERS FROM MANY REGIMENTS IN A
AWAITING REMOVAL.



AT A ROADSIDE BIVOUAC OF PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH: DEPARTURES
AND NEW ARRIVALS COMING IN.



CENTRATION RAILWAY DEPÔT BEING SUPPLIED BY A FRENCH CAMP WATER-CART.

sons—some of them belonging to the Imperial Guard battalions—and Bavarians constituted the majority of the prisoners taken by the British in the earlier stages of the fighting after the repulse of the enemy's counter-attacks. In one case, some six hundred survivors of a whole Prussian battalion are stated to have surrendered *en bloc* to our men. more prisoners fell into the hands of the French in the course of the opening attack along their sector of the front. The French, as one of their semi-official communiqués Paris generously acknowledged, have had the advantage of operating across a stretch of terrain more open in its nature, and also less heavily fortified, than the elaborately riched sector where the British are making their advance.

THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE NORTH OF THE SOMME:

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED

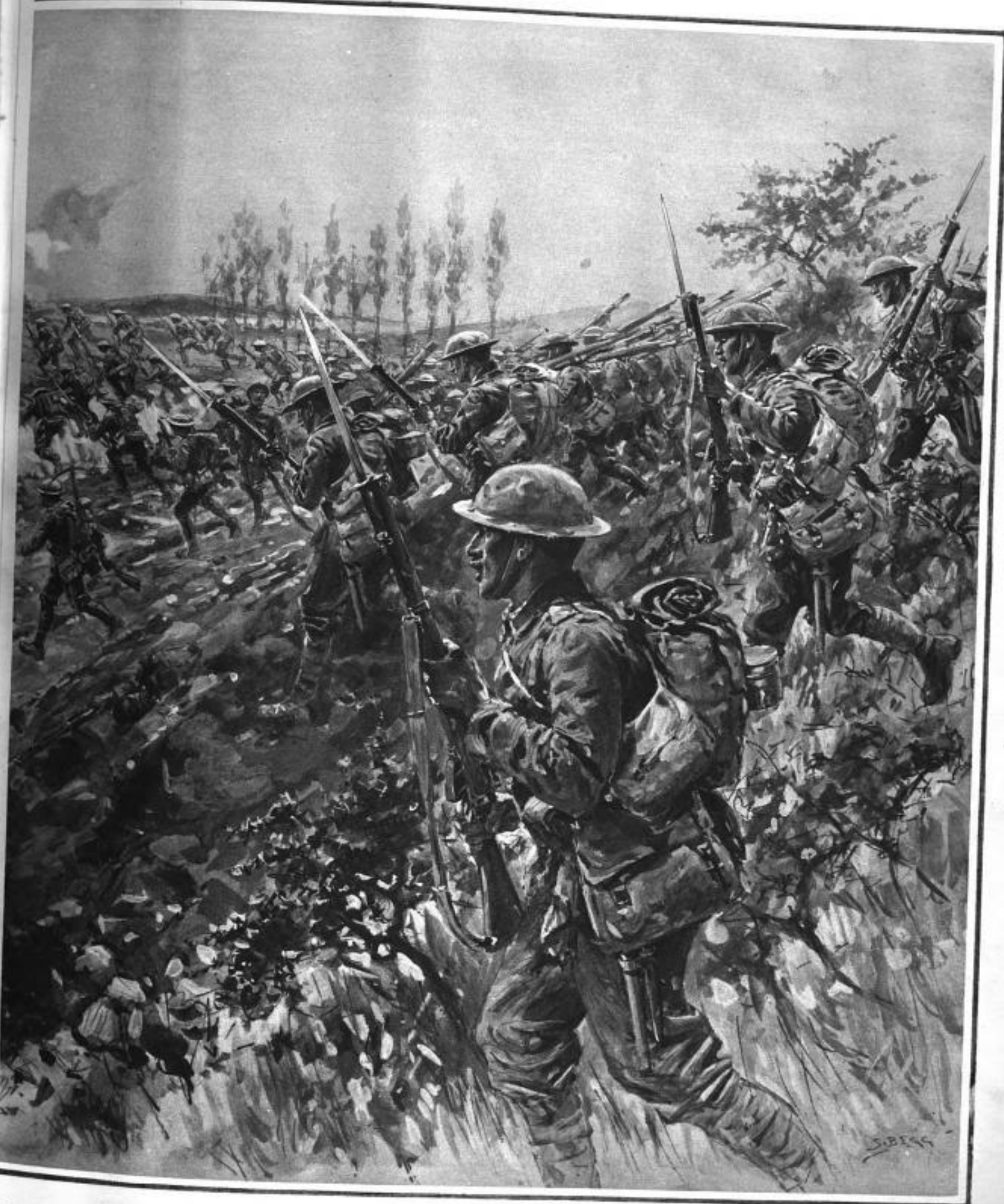


THE TAKING OF MONTAUBAN: THE SECOND "WAVE" OF BRITISH

The village of Montauban, some five miles east of Albert, was one of the most important positions captured in an early stage of the British offensive, and was successfully held against a strong German counter-attack. The ruins of the village itself may be seen in the left background of the illustration. Not a roof was left on any of the houses: all had been shattered by our bombardment, and numerous fires were burning. Beyond the village are seen bursting shells from the British artillery, which was keeping up a "barrage" fire to prevent the enemy's infantry from advancing. Over the ridge behind (on the extreme left) were German batteries. At the time represented in the drawing the first "wave" of our infantry had entered the village, and the second was advancing towards it over a sunken road at the side of which (in the foreground) is shown the entrance to a German dug-out.

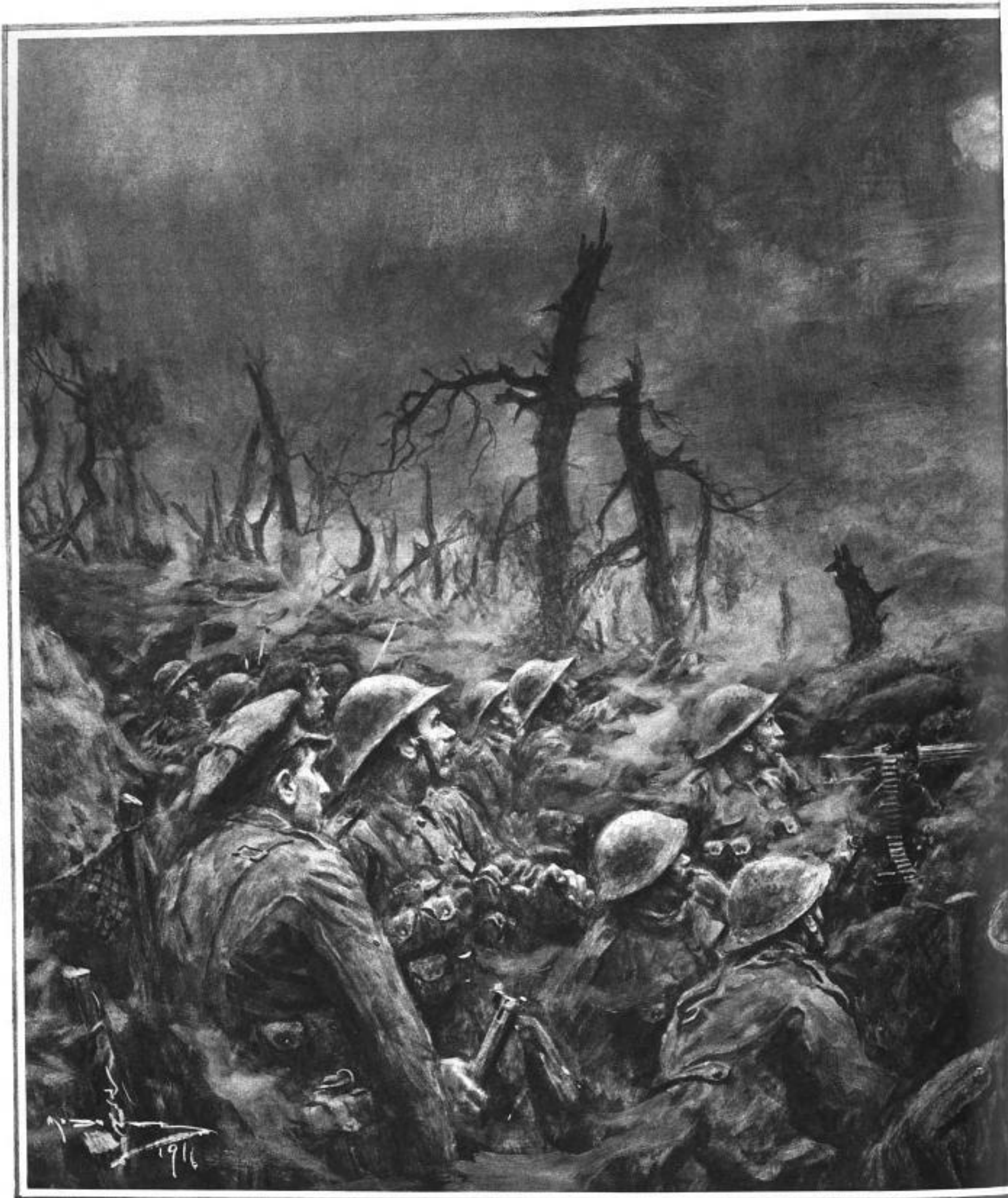
TROOPS ADVANCING TO THE CAPTURE OF MONTAUBAN.

BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



INFANTRY CROSSING A SUNKEN ROAD IN FRONT OF THE VILLAGE.

The men were carrying their packs, with waterproof sheets and rations for two days. In the background on the right will be noted a number of ambulance men carrying stretchers on their shoulders. The group of poplars towards the centre is Bernafay Wood, which has been the scene of heavy fighting. A little to the left of it are seen the ruins of Montauban church. Describing this part of the British offensive, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The attack on Montauban was one of our best successes yesterday. The men were mainly Lancashire troops, supported by men of the Home Counties, including those of Surrey, Kent, Essex, Bedford, and Norfolk. They advanced in splendid order, straight for their objective, swept over the German trenches, and captured large numbers of prisoners, without great loss to themselves."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



THE CROSS IN THE HEAVEN

A story recalling the vision of the "Angels of Mons" came from the British trenches in France not long ago, a story of a strange phenomenon seen in the midnight sky above the opposing lines. It was told in a letter written home to his mother by a Sergeant. "This morning," he wrote, "about 12.30 or 1 o'clock, we saw a most beautiful white cross in the sky. It sailed along until it reached the moon. I think everybody about here saw it, and for about ten or fifteen minutes there was not a shot fired."

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL. COPIED



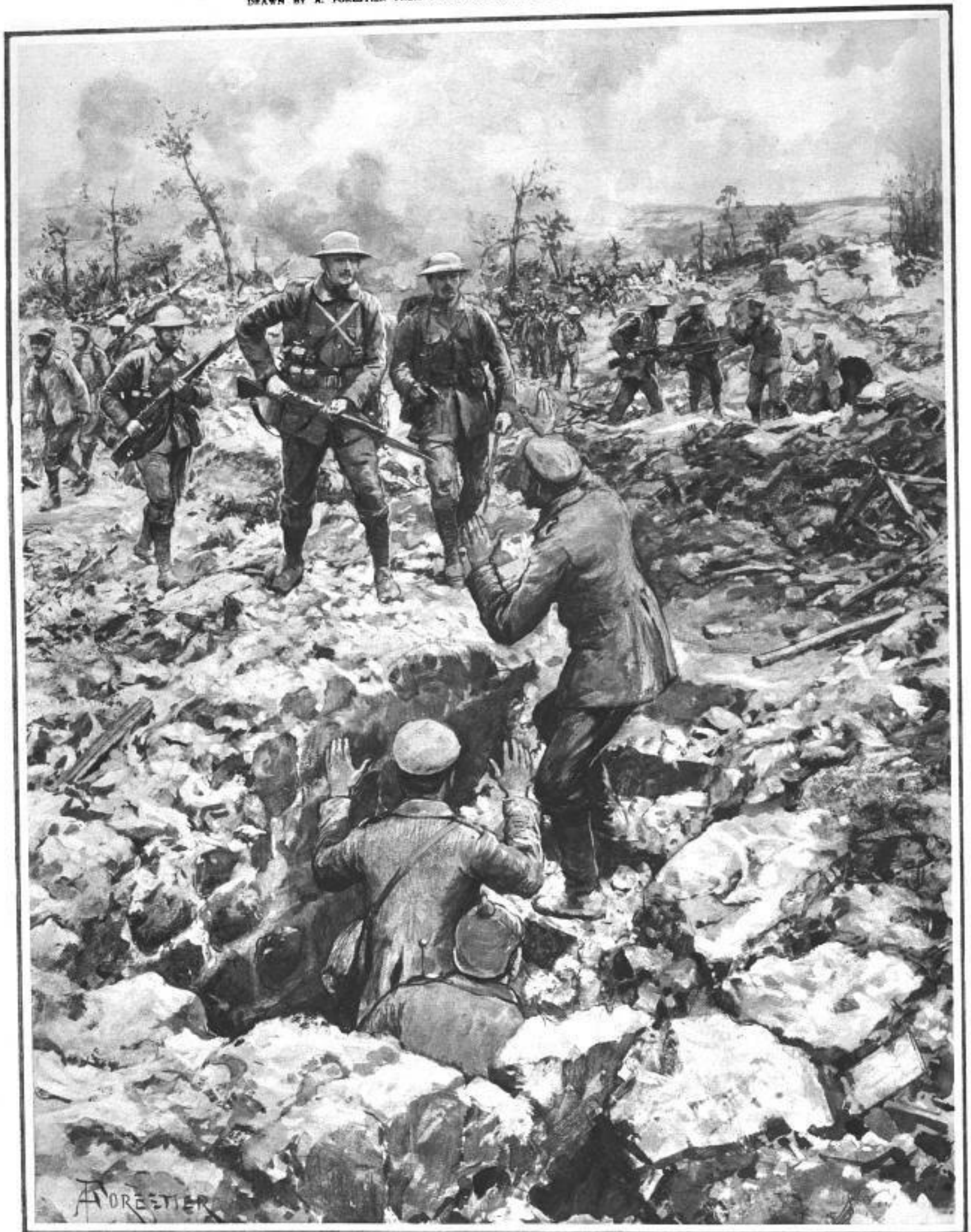
S ABOVE THE TRENCHES.

There was absolute silence on both sides. We are wondering what this vision means." What must have been the thoughts of the men who saw it! Was it merely a natural phenomenon, a chance-effect of moonlight among the clouds; or was it a miraculous sign set in the heavens by the Divine power? In either case, it took the shape of the Christian symbol, and for a while held spellbound the minds of the combatants, and set them musing on the message of the Cross and its lessons of suffering and self-sacrifice.

SEEKED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

SEARCHING THE CELLARS: LOOKING FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.



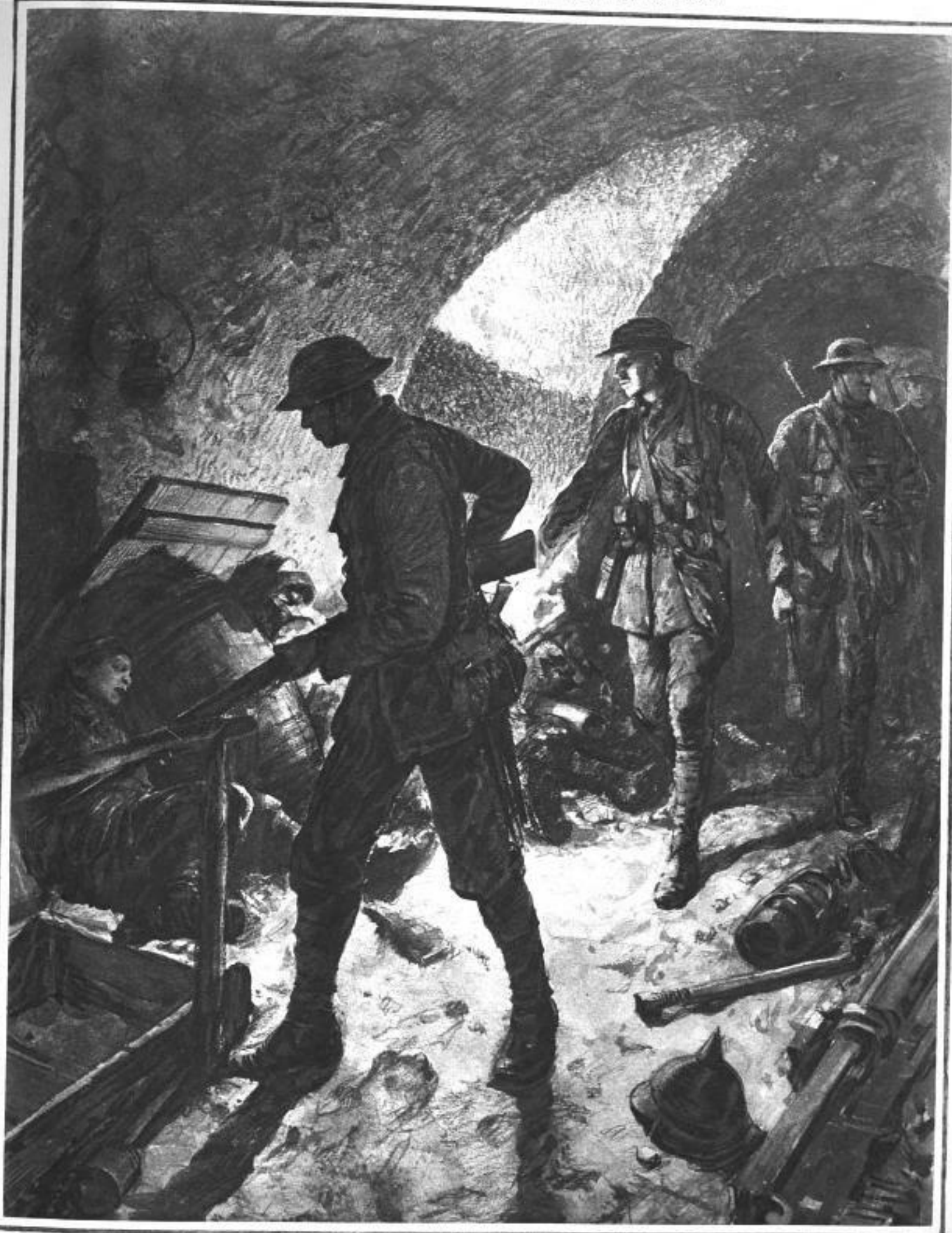
DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: GERMAN SOLDIERS, CUT OFF BY THE BRITISH CURTAIN OF ARTILLERY FIRE, COMING UP FROM THE CELLARS TO SURRENDER, AT MONTAUBAN.

All along the line of the British advance (to say nothing of that of the French) surrenders of the kind here shown are to be witnessed immediately after the great artillery bombardment comes to an end, or the guns "lift" to send shells further ahead. As our infantry charge among the ruins and wreckage of the battered German trenches, men of the enemy appear above-ground to give themselves up. In the case illustrated—at the taking

of Montauban—German soldiers who had been in concealment in the cellars during the shell-fire, emerged to surrender on hearing the British troops passing through the village. Owing to the artillery barrage fire (which effectively prevented the communication-trenches from the support-trenches being used by the enemy), all supplies were cut off and they had been unable to obtain any food for several days.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SEARCHING THE CELLARS: LOOKING FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.



DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: EXPLORING CELLARS UNDER THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF MONTAUBAN, IN SEARCH OF GERMANS IN HIDING.

The cellars, which were used by the enemy as refuges, storehouses, and living quarters, were explored by armed parties of British carrying electric torches, to clear the place of any hiding enemies. Frequently the cellars were connected by underground galleries. They had not proved safe against our heavy shells, and deep dug-outs were found excavated below, to a depth of 70 feet. These were bombproof, and the enemy lived there.

On the floor is seen a sort of German "knobkerrie." It consisted of a hollow wooden tube holding a steel spring to which a heavy, square iron nut was attached. The spring was 4 inches longer than the sheath and was meant to give elasticity to the weapon and enable it to inflict a deadlier blow. On the floor also lies one of the new German steel helmets.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



SEEKING AT FIRST HAND, BY COMPARING ON THEIR OWN—STUDENTS OF A SCHOOL (18th CENTURY).

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING FROM DIFFICULTIES IN A CLASS OF A CATHEDRAL—STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (12th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ASIATIC CHOLERA AND VACCINATION.

THE latest news is that an epidemic of cholera has broken out at Constantinople, and that in consequence the Bulgarians have reduced the train service between Sofia and that city to a minimum. There is even talk of their establishing quarantine at the frontier for all travellers coming from Turkey; and although this may be only a sign that the lesser dupes of Hadji Gulielmo Mahomed are beginning to tire of the unholy alliance into which he has forced them, there is evidently some dread of an epidemic in the Balkans. The last bad outbreak of the disease seems to have begun in Constantinople in 1865, where as many as 2000 persons are said to have died of it in one day. This was in August, but was checked in the familiar Turkish fashion by a fire which occurred (accidentally or otherwise) a month later and destroyed 15,000 houses. It seems, however, to have had time before then to propagate itself, since later on in September it declared itself at Marseilles and other places in the South of France, and eventually in the East End of London. This was before sanitation was understood in the South of Europe, when flies were looked upon as harmless nuisances, and when anything like treatment of the disease was of the roughest. It is exceedingly improbable that, even if the epidemic became serious, it would be allowed to propagate itself in the West, or that modern science would prove incapable of tackling it if it did so.

In these circumstances, attention may be drawn to a lecture delivered a few weeks back in Malta by Major Stafford Cox, of the R.A.M.C., which was fully reported in our contemporary the *Lancet* on the 1st of the present month. Major Cox pointed out that while cholera remains, as he described it, a "water-borne" disease, the popular reliance on filters as a means of prevention was misplaced, some twenty per cent. of the filters which he had examined being useless. Boiling as well as filtering is therefore to be recommended, together with the provision of really good instruments and their frequent cleansing. Other provisions which he suggested were the rendering fly-proof of all latrines and cess-pits, especially in camps; and, of course, the immediate segregation of all persons who had been in contact with anyone attacked by the disease. As to treatment, he

evidently had little faith in it when the disease had once obtained a thorough hold of the patient; but he avowed his preference for the old-fashioned remedy of opium and belladonna when severe collapse has taken place. "Mild and incipient cases," as he put it, should, in his opinion, be treated with castor-oil and chlorodyne (both of them old-

potassium. As stimulants to the heart's action, he recommended digitalis and extract of the pituitary gland.

These remedies have been men-

tioned as being likely to suggest themselves to the ordinary practitioner, and to show that the routine treatment is based on good authority. But prevention is better than cure, and Major Cox went on to point out that a protection or prophylactic against cholera exists which is as nearly perfect as anything can be expected to be in this world. This is inoculation with a serum originally discovered by Haffkine, of which great use has been made in India. According to Major Cox, this gives perfect immunity after ten days; and, although no inoculation seems likely to be of much good when the disease has been allowed to develop, it is evident that it ought to be immediately applied to all who have been in contact with a case of declared cholera of the Asiatic or moribund type. The great drawback to its use is the severity of the local reaction which follows the inoculation; but this does not exist in the case of Wright's serum, which Major Cox therefore recommends in preference. The figures which he gives certainly support this assertion, for he says that no less than 150,000 of the Serbian Army underwent treatment with Wright's serum without a single accident. If this statement is warranted—as, no doubt, it is—there can be no doubt in lay minds as to the efficacy of the treatment, or that vaccination should be immediately enforced, by legislation if necessary, should the disease make its appearance on our shores.

Even in cases where the disease has really taken hold of a patient, however, science is not without new weapons. The terrible fever and high temperature which is apt to follow the loss of body-heat and sudden exhaustion of all vital power characteristic of the complaint can best be combated, according to Major Cox, by an injection into the veins of a solution of salt, for which his paper gives full directions. This is a highly technical matter, and the means of applying the treatment is not likely to be at the disposal of any but the hospital practitioner. Yet it is mentioned here as one proof the more that even in the most desperate maladies Science has not said her last word.—F. L.



THE VISIT OF OVERSEAS M.P.'S TO BRITISH MUNITION-FACILITIES: SIR GEORGE FOSTER AND OTHERS TRYING ON STEEL HELMETS AND BULLET-PROOF SHIELDS.

Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, acted as spokesman for the Overseas Parliamentary delegates when they were received recently by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. The above photograph was taken at Sir Robert Hadfield's works. Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

fashioned drugs enough), or, for those who crave after new things, urotropine and permanganate of

single accident. as, no doubt, it is—there



A TYPE OF PROJECTILE THAT DID GREAT EXECUTION: SOLDIERS CARRYING TRENCH-MORTAR AMMUNITION UP TO THE TRENCHES DURING THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau and distributed by Sport and General.

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: THE MODERN LORD OF BATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



A 16-INCH SHELL: HOISTING A 400-MM. UP TO ITS GUN ON THE FRENCH WESTERN FRONT.

One of the new French 400-mm. (or, approximately, 16-inch) shells fired by the giant ordnance now being employed by our Allies in the Great Offensive on the Western Front, is seen here, about to be placed in a gun. It more than matches the huge projectiles of the giant Skoda and Krupp howitzers, of which so much was heard in the earlier stages of the war. The making of these projectiles, as well as the guns that fire them, has been the task of the workers in the French artillery foundries and arsenals and the munition-factories, during many months past. In that sense it may

be said that the victories which are attending the course of the Great Offensive, both on the Western Front and on the Eastern Front, have been won by the night-and-day labour of the men and women war-workers of the munition-factories in all the Allied countries. Without shells such as we see here, it would be impossible to clear the way through the fortified defences of the enemy's trench-lines so as to allow the infantry to charge home and drive back the enemy and clinch the victory. The continuous efforts of the munition-workers are as valuable as they are beyond praise.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WESTON, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., LANGTIER, LAFAYETTE, C.N., AND WAY.



BRIG-GENERAL C. B. PROWSE, D.S.O.,
Somerset L.I. Son of late Capt. G. B. W.
Prowse, Chippenham. Fought in S. Africa;
King's and Queen's medals, with clasps.



LIEUT.-COL. DONALD WOOD,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. A. H. Wood,
Doddlewell, Uckfield. Fought in S. Africa;
Queen's medal, with clasp.



MAJOR S. W. LOUDOUN-SHAND,
Yorks Regt. Son of Mr. John Loudoun-Shand,
Dulwich, and brother of Lieut. E. G. Loudoun-
Shand, the Rugby International.



MAJOR W. LESLIE GEARD,
R.F.A. Second son of Mr. and Mrs.
Geard, of Ardwick Road, Hampstead.
Killed in action.



LIEUT.-COL. A. CATOR
ANNESLEY, D.S.O.,
R. Fusiliers. Son of late Capt.
W. H. Annesley, R.N.



MAJOR ARTHUR DICKSON,
S. Lancs. Regt. Son of late
Mr. Arthur Dickson, Sheriff-
Substitute of Pembrokeshire.



LT.-COL. R. J. DOUGLAS,
Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Douglas, Bella-
baster.



MAJOR P. ST. GEORGE
TUCKER,
Worcestershire Regt. Men-
tioned in despatches in June.



CAPT. OLAF R. CUTHBERT,
York and Lancaster Regt.
Younger son of Mrs. Cuth-
bert, of Palace Mansions.



MAJOR G. RYDING S.
GARDNER,
R.F.A. Son of Col. and Mrs.
A. Sidney Gardner, Neath.



JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL,
H.M.S. "Chester." The brave
boy, aged 15, mortally wounded
in the Battle of Jutland.



MAJOR J. L. KNOTT,
W. Yorks Regt. Son of Mr.
James Knott, Head of the
Pier Line, Newcastle.



2ND LIEUT.
LESLIE CROOME TELFER,
Bedfordshire Regt. Son of Mr.
H. J. Telfer, Elgin Court, W.



LIEUT.-COL. R. LOWNDES
ASPINALL, D.S.O.,
Cheshire Regt. Son of late
Robert A. Aspinall, J.P., D.E.



MAJOR G. R. BOSANQUET,
Gloucestershire Regt. Son of
Admiral Sir Day Bosanquet,
late Governor of S. Australia.



MAJOR P. R. HARDINGE,
The Camerons. Son of the
Hon. R. Hardinge, Brock-
worth House, Gloucester.



LT.-COL. J. A. THICKNESSE,
Somerset Light Infantry. Son
of Bishop Thicknesse, South
Luffenham Hall, Stamford.



CAPT. CHARLES E. BAIRD,
Seaforth Highlanders. Son of
Brig-Gen. E. W. D. Baird,
of Forc (now serving).



LIEUT.-COL. MONTAGUE B. STOW,
E. Yorks Regt. Son of late Montagu H.
Stow, Campden Hill Court. Despatches. Was
A.D.C. to Governor of Bengal, 1903.



LIEUT.-COL. PERCY W. MACNEILL, D.S.O.,
Border Regt. Son of late Rev. Canon MacNeill
and of the Hon. Emma, sister of the eighth
Lord Middleton.



MAJOR ROBERT G. RAPER,
R. Staffordshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
W. A. Raper, of Battle. Received Captaincy,
November 1914; promoted Major, May 1915.



LIEUT.-COL. HAROLD LEWIS,
Baluch Horse, Indian Army. Son
of Captain Lewis, The Red House,
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25, Cheapside, E.C. 4; 202, Regent St., W., London; 1, Exchange Street, Manchester, and at Paris, Zurich, Sydney. London Factory—100-102, Weston St., S.E. Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

LITERATURE.

"The Great Push."

It is the battle of Loos of which Mr. Patrick McGill writes in "The Great Push" (Herbert Jenkins)—or rather, he describes that particular bit of it shared by the London Irish, with whom he served as a stretcher-bearer. Their jumping-off place for the advance was Les Brebis, opposite Bully-Grenay, and their objective the second German trench just in front of Loos village—the big crucifix in Loos Churchyard, to be exact—a mile away from their own first-line trench. Of battle dispositions, tactics, and strategy, numbers of men, and relative weight of guns, 3008 Rifleman P. McGill has nothing to say. These are not his business. He does not give us even a glimpse of what has been going on in sectors of the fight other than his own, except so much as can be guessed from a whooping rush across the advance of some killed Highlanders who had lost their objective and were charging parallel to their own trench. He concentrates his powers of vivid seeing upon his own particular company and his own particular mates, and the result is an extraordinarily living picture of details. It is not a pretty picture, and the details are mostly horrible. There are gruesome humours in it, but no romances. The virtues of the light heart and cheerful temper appear in it always, and at the finish those of courage and chivalry. In fact, the courage is the more shining in the open field of death because of the qualms in the hours of waiting for the dawn and the clamber over the parapet out of the security of the trench. When a man is stopped by a bullet that is not deadly his first thought is that it will get him home to England. According to Bill Teake, "If you're lucky, you'll get killed quick; if you're damned lucky, you'll get it where it don't hurt and sent back to Blighty." Yet the man who blesses his luck because he has got it where it "don't hurt" risks not getting sent back to Blighty after all in helping a tortured comrade, which is an act of chivalry. Mr. McGill writes of the dirt, squalor, blood-lust, horror, unreasonableness, and futility of war, and makes no pretence of thinking it glorious, and, being sincere to himself, is, we are persuaded, true in his interpretation of the others at least whom he selects to depict. His book thus takes its place with his "Red Horizon" as a valuable

report about one incident of this amazing war, and a most interesting contribution to its psychology.

The Causes and Consequences of the War.

All the fine qualities of the French intellect at its best are exhibited in M. Yves Guyot's new book, which has just been published in an English form under the title "The Causes and Consequences of the War" (Hutchinson). The translation, by Mr. F. Appleby Holt, has been so done that it reads like an original work in English, and that—next to accuracy—is an English trans-

are lucidity, candour, and thoroughness, combined with such conciseness that he is enabled to cover an immense amount of ground in a comparatively small space. He approaches his subject from every point of view—political, historical, and economic. The recent history of all the countries concerned in the war, and their relations with each other, is admirably summarised, and no aspect of the European crisis has been left unnoticed. M. Guyot is not content with vague allusions and generalisations; he supports his contentions with facts and figures, and gives chapter and verse for his references. When he mentions

such matters as the Ems telegram, or historic phrases like "the Sick Man," "shining armour," and so on, he gives in each case the story of its origin. In its arrangement the book affords a model that might well be studied by other writers. Its orderly classification and division into parts and short chapters make it delightfully easy to read, in spite of its close-packed thought and multitudes of facts, which in less skilful hands might have become a tedious labour to peruse. The severities of history and discussion are lightened by the author's playful French irony, and also by interesting details about events and personages. M. Guyot is a strong advocate of international Free Trade, and his suggestions as to the coming settlement after the war deserve careful consideration. "My one object," he concludes, "has been to discover the means of arriving at a lasting peace. . . . The political dissolution of the German Empire is the essential outcome of this war, but it will only become effective if it is accompanied and followed by its moral dissolution. We must work for that moral dissolution by refusing to be carried away by hatred. . . . We must not

be turned aside from our task of replacing the civilisation of brigandage by the civilisation of exchange."

With its new edition for 1916, the "Clergy List" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.) has reached its seventy-fourth year of publication. This very useful book continues to maintain its high standard of accuracy. The biographical details have, as usual, been submitted for verification to the clergymen included, numbering between 20,000 and 30,000. In the list of benefices, both the gross and net values are given. It is an interesting point that the tithe-rent charge shows a steady tendency to increase.



SOME OF RUSSIA'S SPLENDID SOLDIERS GOING TO MEET THE ENEMY: A RUSSIAN COLUMN ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT.

lator's summum bonum. M. Guyot, it will be remembered, was formerly French Minister of State, and he writes from an intimate knowledge and long experience of Continental diplomatic affairs, in many of which he has taken a practical part. He is also a distinguished authority on economics, social questions, and international commerce—subjects on which he has written a number of well-known books. What he has to say about the origin of the war and its probable results, therefore, is not to be classed with the mere imaginings of irresponsible and ill-informed theorists: it is entitled to the close attention of statesmen and leaders of thought. The characteristics of his work

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It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

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NEW NOVELS.

"One of Our Grandmothers." "One of Our Grandmothers" (Chapman and Hall) is an admirable piece of work. It will probably be caviare to the novel-devouring multitude, which will decide that Miss Ethel Colbourn Mayne is making too much fuss about a young girl's temperament—exactly the point of view, be it noticed, of the young girl's father when her attempted revolt bewildered him. Out of the stuff of such grand-

of the year. We have only one criticism to offer. Millie's young men are too articulate. Some of her—or the author's—"cleverness" is put into their mouths, when plainly it was not their own brains that inspired it.

"Anna of the Underworld."

The underworld, for the information of those who do not know, is a social abyss inhabited by glittering adventures, burglars, nihilists, and German spies. It possesses a ladder to the upper air; and Moya Havering, who once explored its depths, was enabled without difficulty again to breathe the air of respectability. It need not be said that such a veteran as Mr. George R. Sims knows well how to handle the material he has accumulated, and that a thrilling romance is concocted out of the adventures of the Annas—permanent and temporary—and their strange associates. Mr. Sims provides all the delicacies of

"The Triumph of Tim."

Tim's peregrinations cover ground in America and France already familiar to Mr. H. A. Vachell's readers: we did not need to be told that his encounter with the mate of the *Cassandra* would lead him to California, nor that, if he were to embrace art for art's sake, it would be on the coast of Brittany. "The Triumph of Tim" (Smith, Elder) is, in fact, a composition—in the painter's meaning of the word. It is only Harrow that is left out, and even that may be discovered by inference in the unflattering if truthful picture of a "Tug's" position at Eton thirty years ago. Tim was brought up by a saint, who unwittingly exposed his adolescence to temptation. A less saintly guardian would have known all about Ivy Lilicoe; but then the story of Tim would have been written differently. As it is, he escapes from the rigid morality of Little Pennington to sea, to the Golden State, and subsequently to artistic joys and fame as a novelist—a fairly good record for one young Englishman. It is all very good fiction, and Mr. Vachell makes full use of the varied material he has stored in his retentive memory. In some ways it is the most complete novel he has written, a book that is packed with observation and experience, and lively with dramatic incident. Now and then, perhaps, a dose of perverted sentiment has the effect

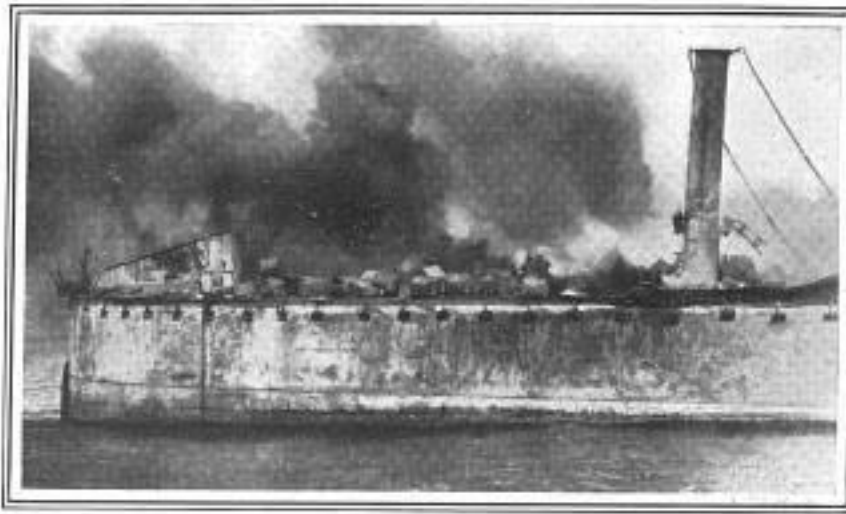


A FIRE IN A BRITISH CAMP NEAR SALONIKA: LOADING A TRAIN ON A LIGHT RAILWAY TO SAVE THE NEXT PILE OF STORES.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau. Crown Copyright reserved.

mothers the present generation has been made; but it has to be remembered too that the figure of Mr. North, the male with the fierce moustache and the timid spirit, still haunts the scenes of our twentieth-century activities. Millie North bloomed when Mr. Alfred Tennyson was somebody new and daring, a silver trumpet crying to the souls of the elect, and insistent in the ears of a young woman who fought against the insignificance that was allotted to her in the mid-Victorian world. She was musical, which was to be an enigma, if not an affront; and she was "clever"—still more enigmatical, and greatly offending. She was ignorant of her own womanhood, and learned the lessons of its awakening from that frank and vituperative vulgarian, the second Mrs. North. All this is put before the reader with a sensitive touch and a pitying clarity of vision that disclose Miss Colbourn Mayne as a force to be reckoned with in contemporary fiction, and establish "One of Our Grandmothers" among the noteworthy books

of the season—the abstraction of military plans, a murder in Soho, burglary in high places, and a night on the Embankment for the heroine. "Anna of the Underworld" (Chatto and Windus) is a fine, full-blooded, sensational novel, with not a word in it to give offence to the puritans. Women may find it rather juvenile; but we are sure that men of action, in hospital or at the base camps, or that lively breed the boy-men of the gun-rooms, will enjoy the wild adventures that seem to drop upon Moya Havering as inevitably as autumn leaves fall down to Mother Earth.



A FRENCH OIL-LIGHTER ON FIRE IN SALONIKA HARBOUR: AN OUTBREAK OF WHICH THE ORIGIN IS UNKNOWN.

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of setting one's teeth on edge; but for the most part "The Triumph of Tim" is, too, the triumph of an expert maker of modern romance.



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**Bird's
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The men like Bird's Custard!

—the manly men with big hearty appetites, as well as the thousands of men, leading sedentary lives, who find BIRD'S Custard and stewed fruit so great an aid to health.

The men like BIRD'S Custard because of its clean fresh taste, and because it is nutritious and easy of digestion. They have grown up liking BIRD'S—they enjoy it always, and "come again"—even the men who do not take other dinner sweets, or puddings.

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is also the Custard for mothers. What a great help it is when preparing meals! In a moment, you have a perfect Custard for serving with stewed or tinned fruit or a delicious sauce for puddings; and it freezes into lovely ice cream.

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ASTHMA
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**"It Worked
Like a Charm"**
writes a clergyman who
had suffered from Asthmatic
affection for fifty years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

COMPLEXION PERFECTION
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(Pronounced Tok-a-lon) &
THE CREAM SUPREME.
The maximum high standard by which to judge
pure, non-greasy toilet creams.

Not a cheap cream, but of moderate price and the best
that can be made, regardless of cost. This renowned
toilet cream is widely known. If you haven't yet
used it a pleasant surprise awaits you.
NOTE.—Have the cream and return to us. We then
send you a special free with Poudre Tokalon, the
famous French face powder that does not "show,"
runs off or clogs the pores. Large trial
tube of the cream, also packets of the
powder in all shades, sent on receipt
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TOKALON (Dept. 20 B),
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1/3
a pot

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOOK WHO'S HERE," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

THE bulk of the thing, the crowd of entertainers, the massing of effects and turns in extraordinary variety—these are the impressions left by the new revue, "Look Who's Here," which is surely going to bring prosperity and a vogue to the London Opera House. There is, to be sure, one over-topping and magnetic personality—that of Miss Ethel Levey—to keep some unity in the panorama of change; and, fortunately, there is just enough story, with her playing the part of temptress to Mr. Billy Merson's suddenly enriched coster, to render this dominance appropriate as well as attractive. Her breezy humour, the robustness of her singing—whether in rag-time, or in a song about the summer charm of the river, or in her Pierrot turn—her tempestuous dancing (of which, alas! there is far too little on the present occasion), make her the life and soul of the piece, though it would be unfair to stint appreciation of Mr. Merson's unflagging spirits, or, again, of Miss Florence Smithson's delightful and artistic vocalisation. But to try to enumerate the other features—wonderful trick cycling, for instance, acrobatic dances, guitar-playing, and blocks of comic relief are among them—would be to attempt the well-nigh impossible. The most laughable scene of all is that of Barnet Fair; but the prettiest is certainly the river scene, in which a neat surprise is provided after Miss Dorothy Grey's doll-song by marionettes, who are shown dancing on the lawn, followed by a night picture in which the river is crowded with canoes. Probably the management will find it has been a little too lavish with its riches, and must make some sacrifices to keep its show within time-limits.

"WE'RE ALL IN IT," AT THE EMPIRE.

Fun and beauty provide the combination—surely the right combination—at the Empire's latest entertainment, "We're All In It"; and the fun gets funnier and the spectacle more beautiful as the revue proceeds, which is no less surely the right sort of progression. Mr. George Graves is the prime fun-maker; you see him in pyjamas and night-cap, you observe him beset by an army of other George Graves

most unlikely places, and we see a model farm of the strangest model. But Mr. Graves is not alone, though a host in himself; his comrade of pantomime, Mr. Will Evans, once more supports, supplying at one point an amusing skit on Miss Gertie Millar. And Mr. Lupino Lane is in the cast, and with Miss Dorothy Sabine takes off neatly the Apache dance. And Miss Blanche Tomlin has taken songs, and Miss Dorothy Ward taking ways, and the music is lively enough to maintain even the Empire's record.



THE GREAT OFFENSIVE—FRENCH SPOILS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE SOMME: CAPTURED GERMAN SIEGE-GUNS IN A FRENCH RESERVE CAMP.

Both the French and Sir Douglas Haig's men have captured several German heavy guns, some of siege artillery calibre; as well as large howitzers. This is in addition to many more German field-artillery 77's. Further captures continue to be recorded. The three big guns here are 15-cm. siege pieces, which the Germans probably were unable to move back in time. They are seen in one of the French reserve-line camps. French War Office Photograph.

of all sorts and sizes, you watch him at Longchamps and in Egypt. And beauty reaches its climax in the gorgeous "Ladder of Roses," a chain of lovely girls and lovely frocks, which moved and will move its audience to rapture, though there is also charm in the quaint little rural picture in which Heath Robinson's pigs and cows are found in the

from London Bridge 12 noon (E—to Eastbourne only); to Littlehampton and Bognor, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m.; to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 11.35 a.m.

Several interesting volumes have been added to Messrs. Nelson's "Collection Nelson" and Edition Lutetia of French classics. One is Renan's "Vie de Jésus"; another, Fénelon's "L'Education des Filles" and "Dialogues des Morts." Two others contain dramatic works by Alfred de Vigny and his "Journal d'un Poète." Three more volumes are Jean Aicard's "Notre Dame d'Amour," Edouard Rod's "L'Ombre s'étend sur la Montagne," and Léon de Tinseau's "Un Nid dans les Ruines," with "La Lampe de Psyché."

The Brighton Railway announce that additional trains are now being run to the South Coast resorts, while others are altered in working. Particulars can be obtained from the stations, but the more important of the extra trains are: To Brighton, Hove, and Worthing, from Victoria 11.40 a.m., 7.15 p.m., 9.55 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.3 p.m. (not Saturdays) and 7.20 p.m.; to Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, from Victoria 9.55 a.m., 1.10 p.m. (Saturdays), 8.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 12 noon (E—to Eastbourne only); to Littlehampton and Bognor, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m.; to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight, from Victoria 8.55 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m.; from London Bridge 11.35 a.m.

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The Hot Sun and Dust

will not hurt your skin or complexion if you use freely several times a day.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

which cools and refreshes the FACE, HANDS, and ARMS, PREVENTS FRECKLES, TAN, SUNBURN, REDNESS and ROUGHNESS, etc., and makes the skin as SOFT as VELVET. Bottles 2/3 and 6/6. Of Stores Chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London

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AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

(The Soldiers' Soap.)

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

In United Kingdom, 4d. per Tablet.
In Australia, Canada, India, & British Colonies, 6d. per Tablet.

96 out of 100 Dyspeptics have ACID STOMACHS

If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation you do not get proper nourishment from your food. The acid condition must be corrected if good health is to be maintained.

Neutralise the acid-forming elements in your daily food, prevent food fermentation, and preserve your good digestion and general health by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

Bisurated Magnesia

Acid stomachs are dangerous to the general health, and if you wish to keep well you must prevent the contents of the stomach from becoming acid and ensure their remaining perfectly sweet and bland. Scientific tests show that in 96 times out of 100, where people are dosing and drugging themselves for indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., the stomach itself is perfectly healthy and normal, the pain and discomfort arising solely from the acidity and food fermentation. This condition is unnatural and therefore dangerous. You must correct the acid-forming tendency in the food you eat, or it will turn the food acid in the stomach and cause it to ferment before it is digested; thus robbing your body of proper nourishment. Good health could not possibly be maintained for any length of time under such conditions.

Until recently, physicians have always recommended a diet, but to be effective this must be so limited that the average person

finds it impracticable. The pleasantest, most efficient, and most natural way to correct the acid-forming elements in the food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food fermentation, is to take Bisurated Magnesia, the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half a teaspoonful in a quarter-glass of warm or cold water—or two or three Bisurated Magnesia tablets—after each meal and at bedtime. It will correct all fermentation and quickly neutralise the acid-forming tendency of the most indigestible foods. You will be able to enjoy the heartiest meal without fear of the slightest inconvenience. The Bisurated Magnesia will keep the food sweet and wholesome until it has properly digested and assimilated, and ensure your deriving full nourishment from everything you eat.

If you would ensure good digestion, always carry a bottle of Bisurated Magnesia about with you. It is obtainable from any chemist at the following prices:

Powder Form ... 1/8 and 2/9 per bottle

Mint Flavoured Tablets ... 1/1 and 2/1 in bottles (holding 60 and 150 tablets respectively).

Beware of Imitations

The remarkable merits and great popularity of Bisurated Magnesia have led to the offering of many substitutes, similar in name but absolutely lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties. Do not experiment at the expense of your stomach. Protect your stomach and your health by demanding Bisurated Magnesia. Be sure that the name on the label is spelled

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If you cannot get the genuine article from your chemist it will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price by the manufacturers.

BISMAG LIMITED, 212-214, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

This is what I use

to keep my skin cool and clear and prevent blemishes. It's a most fragrant cream, a skin-appearing cream, and so refreshing. I have now what skin condition is even in the hottest weather, thanks to



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THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS
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WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER OR LATHER.

Put a Tube in your Kit Bag

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From all Chemists, Druggists, etc.

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are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectively.

Start to-day the regular night and morning use of Calox.

CALOX The Oxygen Tooth Powder

A Dainty Sample Box of Calox sent Free for a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/3, in non-wasting metal boxes. G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

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skillfully blended
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Prices include cost of packing in
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A LADY'S DUTY

is to Always Look Her Best.



IT is not vanity to desire to look your best, but *your duty*. Ven-Yusa, the new Oxygen Face Cream, makes the task easy and delightful.

Ven-Yusa is most natural and refined, as distinguished from those artificial and coarse creams which have had to suffice hitherto. It embraces an *entirely novel idea* of softening and beautifying the skin by giving it the equivalent of

an oxygen bath. This invigorates and revitalises the tissues.

Ven-Yusa is an absolutely *greaseless* and most fragrant preparation. Miss Gladys Cooper describes it as exquisite.

Be sure you do your duty to your complexion by having a dainty jar of Ven-Yusa always on your dressing-table and using it regularly every day.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream.

A Dainty Sample Jar, suitable for the hand-bag, will be posted to any reader who sends name and address and 3 penny stamps to C. E. Felford, Ltd., Leeds. Mention *The Illustrated London News*, 22/7/16, when writing. Full-size jars 1/- each of Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Our Club. It seems to me that somehow or other the Royal Automobile Club has escaped notice in the shower of bouquets flung around various bodies for their work in the war, to say nothing of what it has done for motorists and motoring generally. I have no hesitation in singing its praises, for I have been a spectator of its work since 1897, when it came into existence. It is in trying times like these that support should be given to worthy institutions, and among such "our club" ranks

list of its members, and such gaps must be filled. Every department of the club has been worked at high pressure during the past two years, and this with depleted staff, in order that the needs of all those who came to the club for assistance—from the War Office to the youngest member—might be met, and their wants have indeed been various.

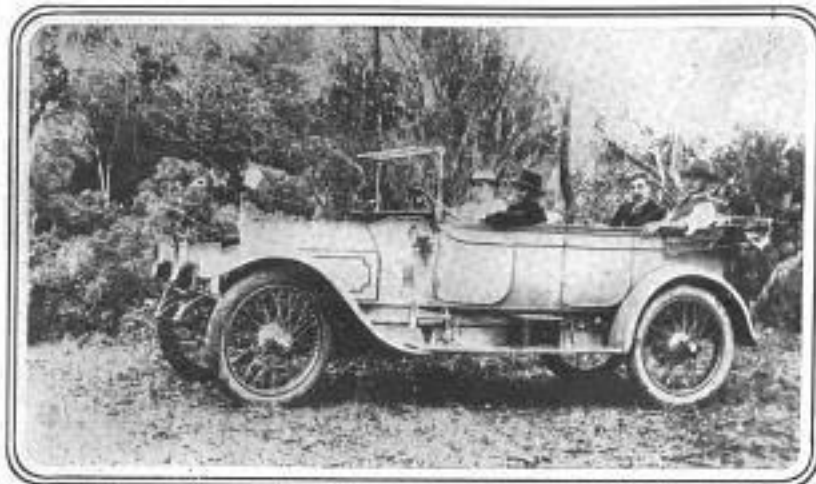
Car Design. Although no man can say exactly when the war will finish, the end is beginning to loom into the near perspective. Therefore it may not be out of place to suggest that we shall soon have to face problems of construction of goods for after the war. As regards cars, multiplicity of design has both its advantages and evils. Its advantages are individuality and, perhaps, encouragement for novel features. Its evils are costly manufacturing and want of standardisation, so that it restricts the supplies of spare parts while adding to the already over-large number of such parts to be stocked by the trade. Now this war has shown us that we must co-operate with each other in order to succeed. Applying this principle to motor design, I do think that the trade might co-operate and produce a series of motors beginning at the Rolls-Royce and ending with the G.W.K., at prices that should suit all

axles, wings, and other details were for each power all alike, replacements would be easier, prices would be cheaper, and factories could place their orders with the firms who specialise in parts that none of them make themselves in such quantities that would benefit both makers and the public alike in cost of production and selling price. At the present time there is no British-made magneto. It is a horrible confession, but unfortunately true as regards motor-cars. Here is a detail that must be made in this country. I tremble to think what our foolishness in this respect has cost this nation during the past two years. We must never let such a position of affairs happen again. W. W.



A BRAVE OFFICER REPORTED "MISSING": LIEUT. CYRIL ALDIN SMITH, R.N.V.R., D.S.O.

Lieut. Cyril Aldin Smith went out with a patrol on the evening of June 9, near Ypres. Four men returned, but it is feared that, after a grenade fight with the enemy, Lieut. Smith, with his corporal, was taken prisoner. His many friends are awaiting news of him with anxiety.



ON A LONG-DISTANCE TRIP: A COLONIAL NAPIER IN QUEENSLAND.

Lieut. Forrest, R.F.A., the well-known Australian motorist, is here seen in a 20-h.p. Colonial Napier, at a boundary spot between Queensland and the Northern Territories, where Lieut. Forrest controls large cattle stations. There is no road in the district, but a fairly good track made by the passage of many thousand cattle, and the car has made the long-distance trip without mishap or delay.

first. Probably no institution has so many ramifications, and no body of men have been able to perform such a variety of useful and needful acts, although the club cannot make public its part in such schemes. Only the awful eye of the Censor makes me refrain from stating a few of these done when the whole nation found itself involved in the struggle for the freedom of the world. From the declaration of war it has thrown its doors open wide, and made every officer of the Army and Navy welcome, as well as those from overseas, as honorary members. The subscription has been reduced and the entrance-fee abolished, so that at the present time a town member's subscription for the remainder of the year is only £3 13s. 6d., and a country member's only £2 2s. What it gives for such a low rate is astounding value, and therefore all who can should join it in order to support the R.A.C. in its good work, as the war has made a very large casualty

pockets, and vehicles that would meet all requirements. To make the matter plainer, the public will pay from £1500 down to £150. They want powers from 40-50-h.p. down to 10-h.p.; but that does not mean a very great number of models, as between those powers there are only required 25-h.p., 15-20-h.p., and 12-h.p.—five sizes of cars in all. We all know the cars that have successfully withstood the extra strains of war use—I could name them, but must not at the present time—and the experience so gained tells us that all other models are pure superfluities. They may be excellent cars in their way; but if all factories standardised some of the above-mentioned designs, so that frames, engines, gear-boxes,



OVER A BUMPY BRIDGE: A VAUXHALL CAR AT HIGH SPEED.

Mr. Boyd Edkins recently beat the Melbourne-Sydney record in a Vauxhall car, his time being more than two hours faster than the previous record. It is seen here passing over a bumpy bridge at high speed, the back wheel, it will be noticed, being off the ground.

Crossley

"The Car Efficient"

Write large on the scroll of fame.

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are famous for their free and easy running qualities and for durability. They can be obtained on Easy Payment terms if desired, full particulars of which will be found in the B.S.A. Catalogue.



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54, SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

Gentlemen's Roll-up Dressing Cases.



Gentlemen's Travel Dressing Roll-up, Travelling Case, with packing straps and Ebony Toilet Requisites, £5 15 0

Size when closed, 14 1/2 in. x 3 in.

If with Fine African Lion Headed or Monkey Headed, £5 15 0

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FRIENDLY ALLIES!



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JUNE 17TH SAYS:—

"It is often assumed that the keenest competition exists between the Railways and Motor Transporters, but as a matter of fact the two services work in very friendly alliance, the Business Vehicles being used to feed the Railways and for delivery of goods."

Napier Business Vehicles have been engaged on this class of work for a considerable time, and they are spoken of very highly for their efficiency and reliability by the great carrying companies, and their sphere of service is steadily growing."

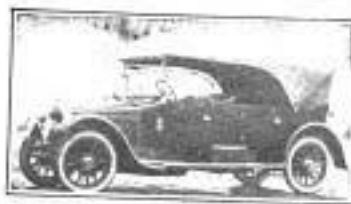
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OF THE NAPIER 3½ TON MODEL.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.

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Constructors to the
BRITISH HUMAN FRIGATE
& BELGIAN GOVERNMENT



Efficiency—past, present, and future.



To-day the Austin works are given to National needs, and the Company's products are utilised by H.M. Government in the field of war. Later, present experience will be reflected in the new Austin cars. They will attain to a higher standard of efficiency, and for that reason alone they will be worth waiting for.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd.,

Longbridge Works, Birmingham; 47-49, Oxford Street, Great Marble Arch, W.1. Also at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

There are many good reasons why
car owners are buying

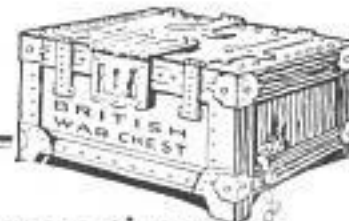
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NON-SKID TYRES

If you would know what they are, write for our Brochure
"WHAT'S WHAT IN TYRES," post free from the

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A free Rubberized Bag to hold a spare tube will be sent free on receipt of threepence for the postage, and the address of your dealer.

There's a big leak in
the Nation's War Chest.



Yes—just at the very time
when every penny we can spare is needed
to fight the Hun, there's a big leak in
the Nation's War Chest—and motorists
are responsible for it.

Millions of pounds sterling are sent out
of the Empire every year to pay for
imported American tyres—and this when
there is an ample supply of better and
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to meet the demand. Be Patriotic!
Be Wise! Get better value—and
at the same time help your country
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For Commercial Vehicles, fit North British
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F. J. M. McCarty (Barns).—There has been no such collection published, although often under consideration. Your solution is correct.

J. T. Andrews (Byfield).—We are pleased to hear again from an old contributor like yourself, and trust to find on examination your hand has not lost its cunning in the interval.

M. H. Cannon (Peterborough).—We are sorry there was a mistake, and the problem as published does not admit of a solution.

E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth).—Your problem is now sound, and we shall have pleasure in publishing it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3729 received from F. J. McCarty (Maynoe, Barns); of No. 3731 from C. A. M. (Ponang); of No. 3732 from Ethel W. Corbett (Portland, U.S.A.); of No. 3733 from J. H. V. (Skaskatoon), O. F. Blankenship (Richmond, U.S.A.), H. J. B. Leadley (Guelph, Canada), Edith Vices (Wood Dalling), and Ethel W. Corbett; of No. 3734 from R. C. Dorell (Wantage), Rev. E. J. George (Wendy), Fideles, and H. J. B. Leadley; of No. 3735 from E. W. Allan (Highgate), L. Choult La Roque, R. C. Dorell, H. Grasett (Baldwin), and Jacob Verrall (Rodrigo).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3736 received from T. T. Garney (Cambridge), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), A. H. Arthur (Bath), H. Grasett (Baldwin), Rev. J. Christie (Redditch), J. Dixon (Colchester), J. Fowler, J. R. Jameson (Freyhill), M. E. Owsley (Bournemouth), E. W. Allen, A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Rice Progressive Chess Club, New York, between Moses Caspary and Koestel.
(Two Knights Defense.)

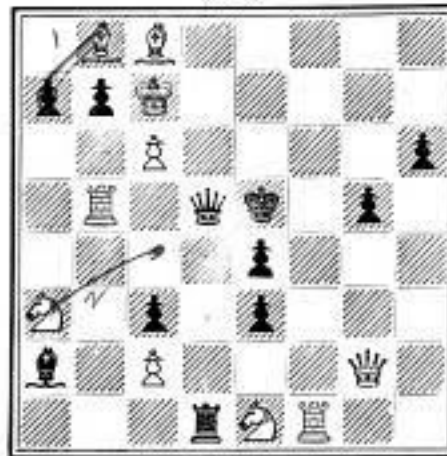
WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to B 4th	Kt to B 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to B 2nd	B to Kt and
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	16. Kt to Kt 4th	P to K 4th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th		
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th		
6. P to Q R 3rd			
The authoritative is, of course, B to Kt 5th (ch); but this game was specially arranged to test the text move, which was the invention of the White player.			
6.	P to K R 3rd		
7. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes B		
8. P takes Kt	P to K 5th		
A very strong reply which of itself apparently invalidates White's novelty, and its part in the final combination will be seen later on.			
9. Kt to K 5th	B to Q 3rd		
10. P to Q 4th	Castles		
11. Castles	R to K sq		
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
Another clever Pawn move, which completes the destruction of White's strategy.			
13. P takes P	Kt takes P		

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3734.—By M. L. FENCE.

WHITE
1. Q to B 5th
2. Kt takes P (ch)
3. R mates.

BLACK
B takes Q
Kt takes Kt

If Black play 1. Q takes Q, 2. P to K 5th (a Q); if 1. Q takes P (ch), 2. R takes Q (ch); if 1. Kt to B 6th, 2. R to K sq (ch); if 1. Kt to Kt 7th, 2. R to K sq (ch), etc. The above is the author's solution, but he has overlooked, as several correspondents point out, that if Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, there is no mate in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 3737.—By R. C. DORELL.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The offer of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London to replace the Mace destroyed during the great fire at the Canadian Houses of Parliament having been accepted by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, on behalf of the Canadian Parliament, the making of the new Mace has been entrusted to the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., whose excellent taste in the designing of presentation plate, official insignia, etc., is recognised all the world over.

The demand for women workers in New Zealand has increased as each successive contingent of men has left for the front, and is likely to become more apparent still now that compulsion is in force. Fortunately, the Women's Branch of the National Reserve got ready for any emergency some time ago, and in Wellington, the capital city, alone several thousand women enrolled in response to a registration card setting out the details of the scheme. The card enumerated the different branches of employment, and each person enrolling was requested to state what branch she desired to work in, and the amount of time she could devote to it.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

IT would be difficult to imagine two things in greater or more fascinating contrast than the picture of Parnell popularly entertained and the fraternal picture presented in "Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir" (Constable). This does not mean that Mr. John Parnell's portrait of his brother must be rejected as a bad likeness, or else that the traditional Parnell must be treated as a myth. On the contrary, the latter gains in substance and credibility from the modifications which the former imposes on it. But it does mean that Mr. John Parnell, in writing of "Charley," has taken no thought for the model set up by popular opinion or political preconception; and in consequence, on his limited scale, has achieved something like Boswellian virtue as a biographer. It is an ingratiating effect that is produced by the affection which gilds the head of the god and the frankness which insists on demonstrating the feet to be of clay. A cold, implacable reserve such as that attributed to Parnell might easily cover a passionate nature, and so in the general estimate it undoubtedly did in his case. But here is new light upon that: "I remember meeting Charley, when he was at the height of his glory, one day in Kildare Street. I had only just returned from one of my trips to America, and . . . was expecting to meet him at Harcourt Street Station in the evening, and to go down with him to Avondale. We were going in opposite directions, and passed on the same pavement, almost touching one another. Charley, however, showed not the slightest sign of recognition until we were almost side by side; then he just winked the eye nearest to me." And this, his brother comments, was not a sign of boisterous jollity or facetious slyness, but just the conscious practice in the open of an aloofness useful as armour against the English and as a lure to the Irish. It was the wink of the Sphinx. Accepting that explanation, the wise reader will still not believe that the "uncrowned King" was all head and no heart. From other revelations, he will perceive that unbendingness was not really one of Parnell's sovereign qualities, for again and again he compromised; and this, indeed, was his undoing. The impression we get from this transparent biography is rather of a wilful man whose conduct at critical moments and at ordinary was frequently ruled by temper rather than by pride, and whose diverse inherited prejudices—a hatred of England from American ancestors, for example—had never been disciplined by regular training, and grew rank in a soil of extreme self-consciousness and self-centredness. Such a character, thrust almost accidentally by circumstances as a chief personage upon a stage of vivid, passionate national happenings, is certain to create drama; and the sense of the dramatic element in human nature is precisely what this often naïve and always intimate biography very fascinatingly produces.

URODONAL

Cleanses the Liver and Prevents the Formation of Gall-stones.

That every organ of the body fulfils a useful task is proved beyond doubt. Nevertheless, the usefulness of the various organs is not equal in degree. Thus, it is known that a person can live with one lung, or one kidney, and even without a stomach, but no one can live without his liver, so that it would appear as if this somewhat troublesome and capricious organ is the most essential of all. To the liver falls the task of fixing and distributing the minerals contained in the blood, the sugar and fat. It is the liver that produces urea. But, above all, it is the liver that filters and eliminates the waste products and toxins of the body.

Whenever the liver becomes clogged, the whole machinery comes to a standstill. The blood becomes saturated with impurities; oxidation is slackened; the production and distribution of fats and sugars are disorganised; urea is transformed into acids which permeate the whole system; the re-absorption of toxins is allowed to proceed unchecked, thus preparing the way for general auto-intoxication.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to prevent the liver from being obstructed, and if perchance it has already become obstructed, it is even more necessary to remove the obstruction by energetic cleansing of the organ with URODONAL, the unrivalled solvent and eliminator of uric acid (thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia), this poison being the chief cause of the clogging of the liver, so that the organ, once freed from the salts and purins which hinder its normal functioning, resumes its work with renewed and increased energy, inasmuch as the blood, which has undergone the same cleansing process through the agency of URODONAL, is also freed from impurities, and thus facilitates the task of the liver.

FILUDINE, the up-to-date remedy for all disorders of the liver due to weak or sluggish condition of the organ, is also invaluable for assisting in the speedy restoration of its functions, which have been momentarily suspended.

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Medical Faculty.

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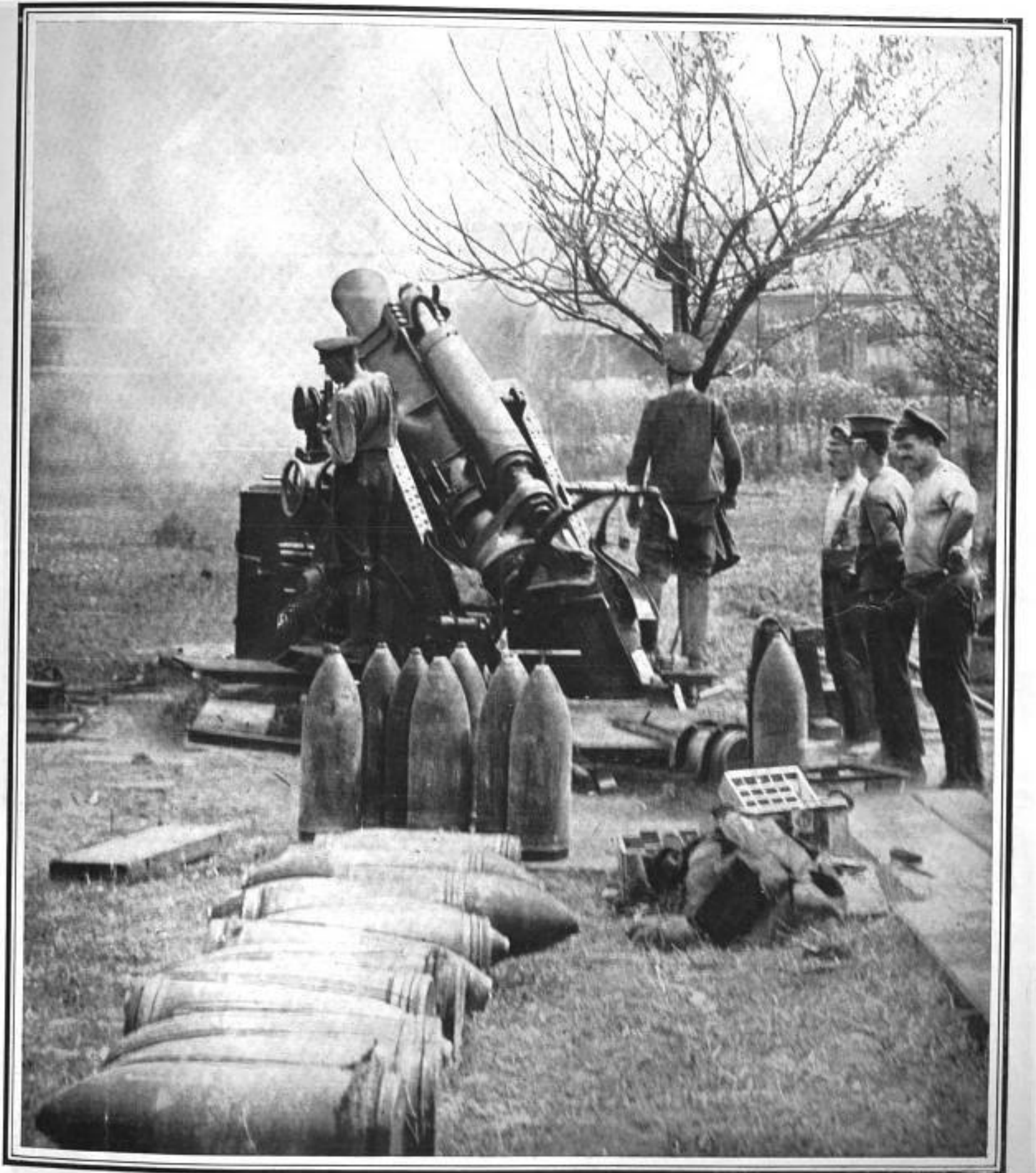
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THE MIGHT OF THE NEW BRITISH ARTILLERY: A BIG HOWITZER IN ACTION DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE.

The enormous accession of strength to the British artillery, made since the war began as a result of the national effort in the manufacture of ordnance and munitions, has been the enabling cause of the successful offensive. Given the machinery, the men of the new armies have used it with the utmost skill and courage. An artillery officer, for example, writing home during the advance, said recently: "My gunners were splendid:

I have lost good officers and gallant men, but they worked their guns with great accuracy and effect, and without a moment's cessation by day or night for 10 days, and I don't believe any artillery have ever had a higher or a longer test, or did it more splendidly. . . . And these men a year ago not even soldiers—much less gunners. Isn't it magnificent, and enough to make the commander of such men feel uplifted?"

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ALL TAKING A HAND IN THE GREAT WAR: GROUPS AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, ALFRED



THE NEW WAR MINISTER AND THE HOME SECRETARY WATCH THE PROCESSION: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (ON THE RIGHT) AND MR. HERBERT SAMUEL.



A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN THE "PAGEANT OF THE ALLIES": MISS FARMER-BRINGHURST AS JOAN OF ARC.



WEARING RESPIRATOR-VEILS: A STRIKING GROUP OF HEARTILY APPLAUDED WAR-WORKERS.



THE PROCESSION IN WHITEHALL: WOMEN "FROM THE FITTING SHOP" AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) ONE OF MANY BANNERS DEMANDING THE RETURN OF MR. HUGHES.

The War Procession organised by the Women's Social and Political Union and held in London on Saturday, July 22, was a great success. The ladies were fortunate in the day, for the Clerk of the Weather had provided a welcome interval of sunshine amid a dull and rainy period. Every branch of women's war work was represented, and the result indicated what a large and important share they are taking in the national effort towards victory. The pageant must have done much to stimulate other women to respond to the calls that are still being made for their help in munition-making, agriculture, and other fields of activity. The munition-makers, in particular, received a very hearty welcome from the assembled crowds. Some called out, "Are we down-hearted?" and soldiers looking on shouted "No!" Others cried, "Do we like overtime?" but the reply was left to the imagination. Many of the women had been working on the

FIGURES IN THE WOMEN'S WAR PROCESSION IN LONDON.

L.N.A. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AN ARCHANGEL IN THE "PAGEANT OF THE ALLIES": MISS OLIVE TERRY RIDING ON HORSEBACK AS ST. MICHAEL.



A TRIBUTE TO "THE HEROIC DEAD": A SYMBOLIC WAR-TABEAU SPECIALLY DESIGNED IN HONOUR OF OUR FALLEN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.



WAR-WORKERS WHO WERE CHEERED BY THE WAR MINISTER AND WAVED THEIR GLEAMING SHELL-CASES IN RETURN: WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS.



TROUSERED FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK: REPRESENTATIVES OF "WOMEN ON THE LAND."

previous night's shift, and sacrificed their day's rest to join the procession. As the munition-makers passed the War Office, they were cheered from a balcony by the new War Secretary, Mr. Lloyd George, with whom was Mr. Herbert Samuel. In acknowledgment the women waved their glittering shell-cases. In other parts of the procession a large number of banners expressed the wish that the Premier of Australia, Mr. W. M. Hughes, should return to this country and take a hand in the direction of affairs. Some of the women who represented agriculture were attired in trousers, as seen in the lower photograph on the extreme right. Among other war-time occupations for women represented were those of railway employees, bus-conductors, clerks, window-cleaners, and sweeps. At the head of the nurses was a relative of Florence Nightingale.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF we suppose that a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies, we must frankly concede to the Germans that their lies against England are very white lies indeed. The crimes of which the German Press accuses us are things to which we have never been tempted, or even imagined ourselves as tempted. They are not so much things to which our will never sank as things to which our imagination never rose. I find a paragraph like this, for instance, quoted from the *Vossische Zeitung*: "The Association for Germanism in Foreign Countries has received a communication

ordinary Englishman's head from one end of the war to the other. Now it would, I regret to say, be quite possible to quote random remarks by individual Englishmen which might well embarrass and embitter the Alliance. An Englishman might make all kinds of idiotic remarks to a Russian; but not that remark. He might suppose that the Russian lived on tallow candles; but he would not say that he was going to attack Russia at the end of the war. It would mean a certain type of far-sightedness, a certain type of megalomania, a certain type of clear-headed conspiracy and cynical imagination about Continental affairs, which are at every point incompatible with the English vices as much as the English virtues. It has been the fatal and obstinate fallacy of the Germans throughout this war that England has been their powerful and particular enemy, that England engineered whatever enmity there may have been against them in the world. The fact of the matter was that England was almost the only country in the world where the problem of Prussian cynicism and rapacity was not realised at all. I can myself remember being considered merely moonstruck and morbid by most of my countrymen because I always thought the spoliation of France in 1870 a wrong that cried to heaven for vengeance. Everybody else in Europe understood that feeling, even if he did not share it; the average educated Englishman was the only civilised man in the world who did not. Not content with being so wildly far from the fact as this, the German has flung his fancy yet further afield. He not only thinks we desired this war, which we did not even foresee; he now thinks we also desired another war which we never so much as dreamed of. And the need is immediately supplied by the testimony of these mysterious Muscovites, to whom the most abominable secrets of our black diplomacy are casually confided; and who then feel ashamed and go to reside in Norway, where they relieve their feelings by telling this story and having it told to them over and over again, without ever getting tired of it. And all the time there are weaknesses and absurdities in England and the English policy which simply gape at the German, and are not so much holes as caverns. But I am not going to tell him what they are.

But if the German slanders are so wide of the mark that they are almost compliments, it is even more true that German compliments have a curious way of being insults. If anyone really fails to understand what we mean when we say that the Prussian spirit is a poisonous insolence, destructive of the whole moral health of humanity, let him look at Prussian utterances, not when they are meant to be malignant, but when they are meant to be amiable. The Prussian's friendliness is more offensive than anyone else's brutality—indeed, it is more brutal. A compilation called the *Cambridge Magazine* appears at intervals, and is a kind of scrap-book of foreign comments on the war. In its own words, it is "not intended to offer a comprehensive survey of the opinions in the Press of any country, but to supplement what may be found in English papers." But I do not think that those who produce it would demur to the addition that they mean to supplement it, so far as the German Press is concerned, with evidences of a more genial German spirit, which may not be found in the English papers for reasons which are natural enough. And yet, for anyone who knows and hates the smell of self-complacency, and a cold and coarse conceit, the more magnanimous extracts printed in this sheet will be more provocative than a Hymn of Hate. "A little story entitled 'German

Hatred' describes a deep change of feeling." It proceeds to explain how a German soldier who had gone to the war with a hatred of everything French, English, or Russian came back with sentiments which are supposed to be much more benevolent. I cannot see myself that there has been "a deep change of feeling"—or, strictly speaking, anything that deserves to be called feeling at all, except a feeling of self-satisfaction. The Prussian officer has the same frozen *idée fixe* of natural superiority and supremacy before his enlightenment and after. This is how he praises the French, for instance; and the first sentence of it is printed by the *Cambridge Magazine* in very large letters: "However—the French!—I take off my hat to them. They defend themselves as though their great Emperor were still alive. It won't save them; but I am glad all the same that my old love for them needn't be buried after all." Everything that is wrong with Prussia is wrong with those words: the ignorance of history, the ignorance of humility, the ignorance of the chivalry of chances. Note the necessity of dragging in Napoleon, some miraculous foreign man of genius, to explain the fact that the French should fight well: the French who had rolled Europe in the dust of defeat, in war after war, a thousand years before Napoleon was born or thought of, and who were the military masters of Europe centuries before the Germans had learned from them the very military terminology which they still employ. Note the blind and brainless certainty of success, in that gallant and desperate game where no such certainty is ever possible. "It won't save them"; really, the inevitable and invariable failure of French soldiers in war is



A PUPIL OF WHISTLER: THE LATE CYRUS CUNEO.

Many interested in the world of art will have heard with regret that the clever artist, Cyrus Cuneo, whose work is so familiar to our readers through the medium of many striking pictures in this paper, died on July 23, after a very short illness, at the early age of thirty-seven. His bold, vigorous style, clever characterisation, and vivid contrasts of light and shadow, gave strength to his drawings, which, too, were always inspired by some healthy human feeling. Cyrus Cuneo was born in San Francisco, of Italian parents, and studied in Paris with Whistler and other masters—a combination of influences which may account for the cosmopolitan range of his art. His colleagues mourn him sincerely.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

from a confidential person in Bergen (Norway), who states that a number of Russians who had reached Norway from England had told a friend of his that a Norwegian who had spoken with these Russians heard that the Russians had had an opportunity of witnessing the drilling of the new English armies, and had learned much about the British spirit. The Russians asked why these troops were not sent out to the front in order to assist their Allies. The reply they received from an authority was, "Oh, no; these soldiers remain in England. We shall require them ourselves to fight France and Russia." The Russians were filled with shame, and left England at once."

There seem to be too many confidential persons in this story, and my head is in something of a whirl as to who told what to whom. I do not think it is a very good story; but it seems to have been told a great many times, by various people to each other—and even, in a circuitous manner, by some people to themselves. I cannot understand why the Russians should not have said what they had to say to the confidential person's friend, instead of saying that they had said so to a wholly unnecessary Norwegian; but perhaps this only means that some network of German syntax has given under the strain of translation. But what interested me about the story itself, when I got to it at last, was that it expressed an idea which I am quite certain would never have come into an



A FAMOUS MAN OF SCIENCE: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., ETC.

A great man in the world of science was lost by the death of Sir William Ramsay, on July 23, at Bechcroft, Haslemere, High Wycombe, at the age of sixty-three. Sir William was one of the best-known men of science of his day, and half the learned societies of Europe had made him an honorary member. Chemistry was in his blood; for he came of a family who had been students and investigators of chemical processes for generations. His own name has been associated chiefly with his discovery of the "inert" gases of the atmosphere. He added, it has been said, "three more substances to the list of the elementary bodies."—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

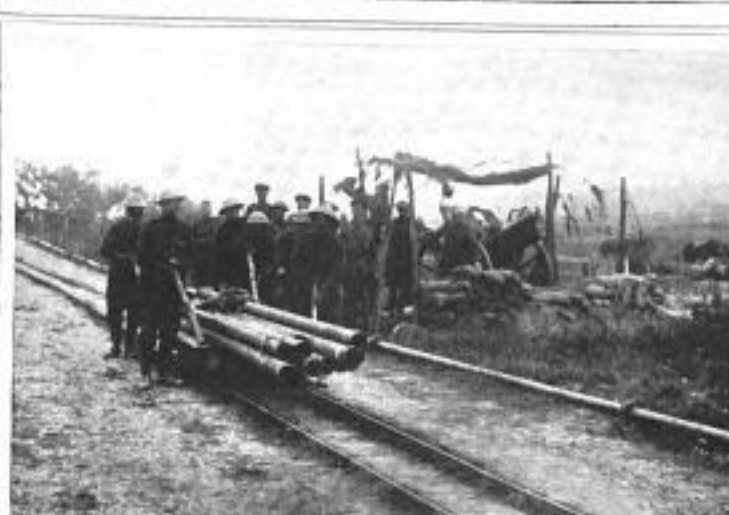
quite touching, and brings a tear to 'the Teutonic eye. Of course he talks of "the French charm." Will nothing teach this fool that he is talking about the charm of red-hot iron?

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THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST: CLOSE BEHIND OUR FIGHTERS.



TO SUPPLY THE TROOPS WITH DRINKING WATER THAT CAN BE TRUSTED: HAULING A CONDENSING-MACHINE THROUGH A SHELLED VILLAGE.



FOR KEEPING THE WATER-SUPPLY TANKS AT THE FRONT FILLED FROM THE MAIN SOURCE IN REAR: PIPES FOR A TEMPORARY PIPE-LINE.



SOME OF THE "BOYS" WHO ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY FORWARD WITH BULLETS, BOMBS, AND BAYONETS: LONDON SCOTTISH MARCHING UP.



THE FEEDING OF THE FIRST-LINE TROOPS FROM DAY TO DAY: REGIMENTAL PARTIES COLLECTING RATIONS FOR THEIR UNITS AT A COMMISSARIAT "DUMP."



THE NEVER-CEASING ACTIVITY OF THE A.S.C.: A CONTINUOUS LINE OF BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT-WAGONS ON THE ROAD—A TEMPORARY HALT.

These are photographs taken at places immediately in rear of where the attacking battalions of Sir Douglas Haig's army are successfully fighting their way forward. The first shows a working party, all steel-helmeted, as they are within range of the enemy's shrapnel, bringing forward a condensing-engine for supplying pure water to the troops ahead, across broken ground amid the ruins of a village within the battlefield zone. Owing to the danger of men drinking promiscuously from wells and other wayside sources probably contaminated, the soldiers are regularly supplied from camps in rear with the water for their water-bottles. The second illustration shows a trolley-load of water-pipes being pushed forward along a light railway line, in order to be laid down for

filling the tanks where camp and trench supplies are stored for distribution in the front line. In the third illustration a battalion of the London Scottish, kilted as usual, and wearing steel helmets, is marching to take part in action. A roadside scene at a "dump," the temporary place where commissariat stores are dumped down from the depot transport-wagons, to be carried off by regimental quartermasters' staffs, is seen in the fourth illustration. The last illustration of motor transport-wagons on a winding road will give an idea of the vastness of the organisation that furnishes the troops in the field with their daily food. It suggests incidentally why we must economise in petrol.

THE BRITISH MAIN ATTACK: HACKING THROUGH TO VICTORY.

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A GAP MADE BY THE GUNS IN A GERMAN BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT: A CLEAR PASSAGE, WITH A SHELL-HOLE BEYOND BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD A MAN.



ONE WAY OF DESTROYING GERMAN ENTANGLEMENT BARRIERS: A WELL-PLACED HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL BURSTING.



"BLIND": A GERMAN 12-INCH SHELL WHICH FELL WITHOUT EXPLODING.



"BLIND": A DOUBLE-SHELL FROM A TRENCH-MORTAR WHICH DID NOT EXPLODE.



THE ALMOST SUPERHUMAN COURAGE OF OUR SOLDIERS: A DUG-OUT TAKEN IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AT CONTALMAISON.



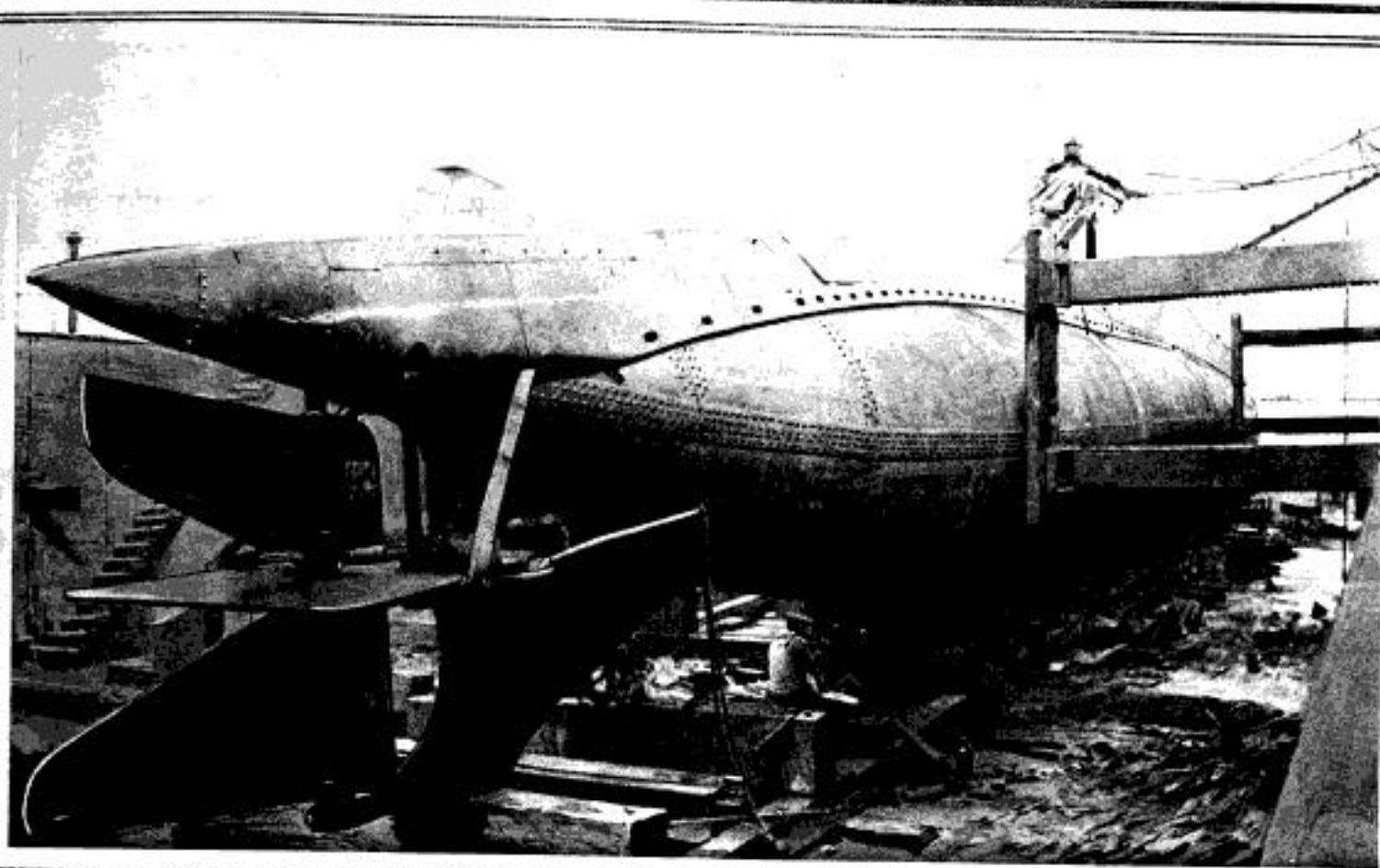
ANOTHER APPARENTLY IMPREGNABLE DUG-OUT STORMED AT CONTALMAISON: THE ENTRANCE LEADING UNDERGROUND.

Severe and continuous bombardment with high-explosive shells fired to burst on impact with the ground is the only means by which it is possible to blast a way through the wide and deep barriers of barbed wire in front of the German trench lines. The effect of such a bombardment is seen in the upper illustration. In the centre a clear opening has been driven, the barbed wire on either side being blown by the shell-explosions into tangled heaps, looking like the matted brambles of a hedge-row. The depth of the hole where a shell drops is shown by the figure of the soldier, in the hole up to his arm-pits. The second illustration shows the dense black smoke of a high-explosive

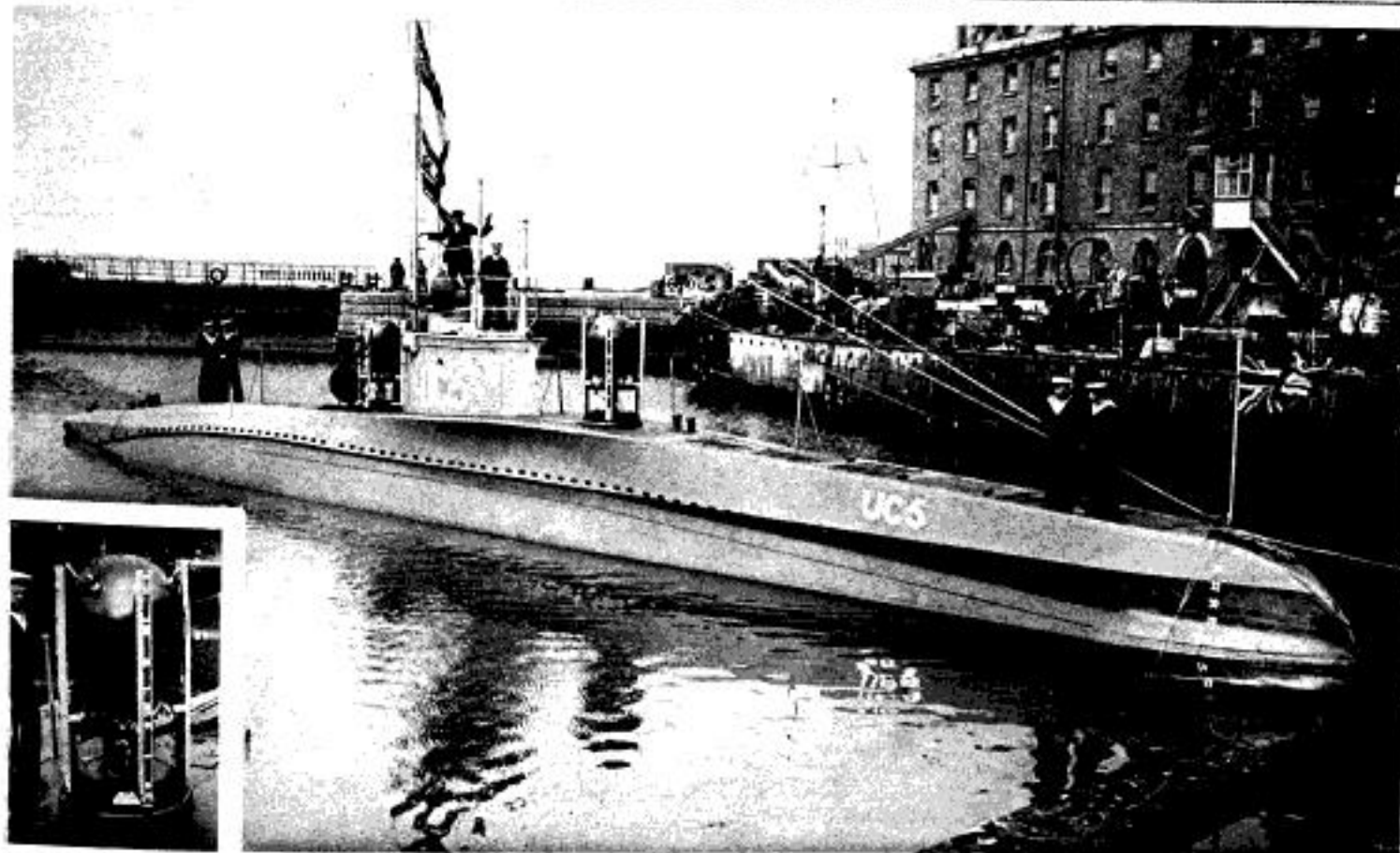
shell skillfully placed to burst exactly in the midst of the barbed wire. The third illustration shows a German 12-inch (850-lb.) shell that fell harmlessly—the copper band towards the rear end of the shell is deeply scored by the rifling of the gun that fired it. A German double-bomb from a trench-mortar—looking like a giant dumb-bell—is shown in the fourth illustration, as photographed where it fell. In the fifth and sixth photographs we see parts of German dug-outs at Contalmaison, near the place where the Prussian Guard fought. The dug-outs were of exceptional depth and were taken by us, retaken, and taken again. In many of them our men had to fight hand to hand.

A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER NOW OFF TEMPLE PIER: THE "UC 5."

DRAWING (MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION) BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN; PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



BEFORE RECEIVING A FRESH COAT OF PAINT: THE CAPTURED GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER "UC 5" IN A DRY DOCK IN ENGLAND.



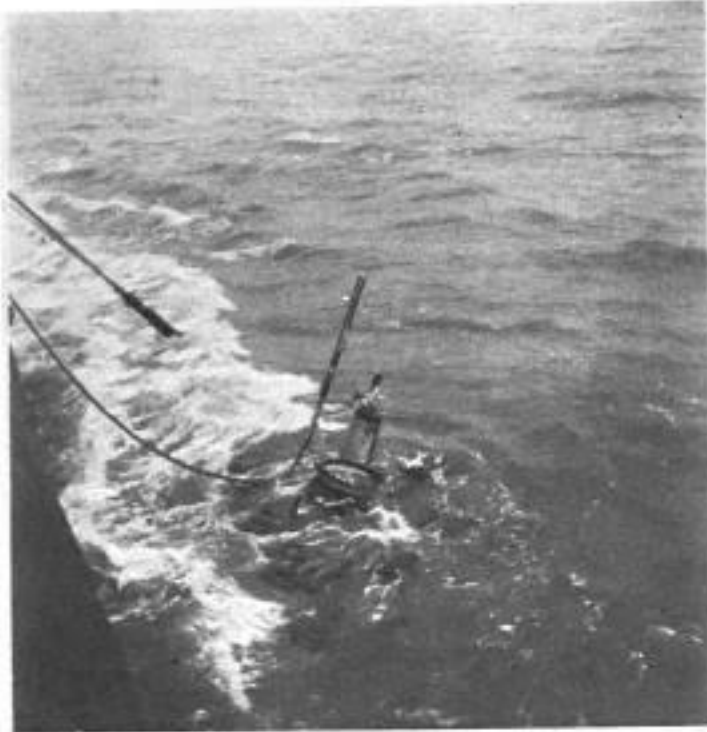
FLYING THE BRITISH NAVAL ENSIGN ABOVE THE GERMAN FLAG: THE CAPTURED MINE-LAYER "UC 5," FRESHLY PAINTED, LYING IN DOCK—WITH ONE OF HER MINES SHOWN IN THE INSET PHOTOGRAPH.

It was announced in the House of Commons recently that the Admiralty proposed to bring a captured German submarine of the mine-laying type—"UC 5"—up the Thames, to lie alongside Temple Pier for a fortnight beginning on Wednesday, July 26. During that time, it was arranged, the vessel should be on view to the public every day (including Sundays) from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., a small charge (6d. up to 1 p.m., and 3d. thereafter) being made for admission to the pier, in order to facilitate the regulation of traffic. The proceeds are to be devoted to naval and merchant service charities, and

partly to the police orphanage. The "UC 5" was captured by a British destroyer off the East Coast and was brought into dock. There she was given a fresh coat of light-grey paint, with vermilion for the hand-rails. The British naval ensign was flown above the German flag from the mast on the conning-tower, indicating that the craft was a naval prize. Particulars of her capture are given on the next page, and on the one following that some details regarding the mechanism for laying mines shown in the small photograph above.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A FOE TO NEUTRAL AS WELL AS BRITISH SHIPPING: "UC 5" CAPTURED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER CAUGHT IN THE NORTH SEA: THE CONNING-TOWER AWASH AS SEEN FROM A LIGHTER.



SALVING THE "UC 5" AFTER THE EXPLOSIONS: AT WORK ON THE SUBMARINE, WITH THE CONNING-TOWER SHOWING ABOVE WATER.



SALVING THE CAPTURED "UC 5": THE SUBMARINE'S CONNING-TOWER LIFTED HIGHER OUT OF THE WATER.



SHOWING THE GRATINGS OVER THE WELLS FOR MINES: BRITISH BLUE-JACKETS AND AN OFFICER BOARDING THE "UC 5" AFTER THE EXPLOSIONS.

The "UC 5" was found in distress somewhere off the East Coast by a British destroyer whose commander, through a megaphone, summoned the German to surrender. The submarine's crew held up their hands and presently jumped into the sea. As the destroyer's boat, after picking them up and taking them to the destroyer, was returning to the submarine, another man was seen to jump off her into the sea, and simultaneously several violent explosions took place on board her. The sub-lieutenant in charge of the boat put on a gas-mask and descended through the conning-tower hatch. He found

that the submarine had been badly holed and had two feet of water in her. All her twelve mines were on board, but two had been dislodged by the explosions and were bumping about loose, liable to explode at any moment. An officer—since awarded the D.S.O.—bravely went down in diving dress and secured them, after two days' work, but could not remove the detonating-horns, so that the work of salvage was still perilous. Eventually the submarine was brought safely into harbour and docked. The gratings over the wells for holding mines are shown also on the next page.

IN DRY DOCK: MECHANISM OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



HOW THE "UC5" LAID HER DEADLY "EGGS": THE CAPTURED SUBMARINE, SHOWING THE COMPARTMENTS FOR HER MINES—
WITH SOME OF THEM IN PLACE UNDER THE GRIDS.

Mr. A. H. Pollen, the well-known naval expert, writes after visiting the captured "UC5": "From the centre forward it is pierced by six great wells, big slanting tubes, canted at an angle of about 70 degrees from the keel, and sloping downwards from the bows towards the stern. In each of these wells are housed two mines, one above the other—black, smooth, ugly looking eggs, with four evil-looking horns sticking out near the top. . . . The diameter of the weight [below the mine] is 6 inches or so greater than the diameter of the mine, and there are hinged to this weight four light galvanised-iron arms, which, when folded upright, lie flat against the mine, so that the great egg seems

to be sitting in a kind of cage. . . . Mine, weight, galvanised arms, and all . . . can be released from the tube by a catch control in the conning-tower, and then the whole device tumbles out and slips quietly to the bottom. Once it strikes bottom, contact with the water releases the holding mechanism that keeps the iron arms upright against the mine. . . . The mine . . . is buoyant, so that when the hydrostatic valve releases the cable that is coiled away in the weight, the mine rises slowly from its seat towards the surface. The valve is so constructed as to let out only so much cable as will allow the mine to reach a certain distance from the surface."

ITALY'S GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE IN THE TRENTINO:

DRAWN BY H. W. KORKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE



WHERE THE AUSTRIANS EMULATED GERMAN VANDALISM IN BELGIUM BY SETTING FIRE TO

In a note to his sketch from which our drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "Driven out of their trenches outside Asiago, the Austrians retired on the village itself, and some desperate street fighting ensued. Wire entanglements, specially adapted to impede cavalry, obstructed the advance of the Italian troops. Although the fighting only lasted a few hours before the Austrians were driven out, the village was practically destroyed, but the Austrian thrust towards the plain of Vicenza had been arrested and they were in full retreat on Ratsa and Monte Interoto." It may be noted that the Italian troops are now wearing steel helmets, like most other armies. Lying on the pavement in the left foreground of the drawing is a wounded Austrian officer. In the Trentino the Austrians appear to have emulated the destructive practices of the Germans in Belgium. Shortly after the fight here illustrated, an Italian officer

THE RECAPTURE OF ASIAGO FROM THE AUSTRIANS.

M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



HOUSES: ITALIAN TROOPS DRIVING THE ENEMY THROUGH THE BURNING STREETS OF ASIAGO.

wrote: "I have just been in Asiago, which is burning and smoking. The barbarians, before their precipitate retreat, wanted to leave marks of their leaviness behind. Worthy allies of those who burnt Louvain and Ypres, they departed leaving every village in ashes. Their line of retreat is indicated by the long trail of burning villages, hamlets, cottages, and smoking ruins. Their rear-guard, instead of defending themselves like soldiers, are busy with only one thing—pouring cans full of petroleum into any house or hut still standing, and setting it afire. What previous bombardments had respected, the retreating vandals have burnt. All round the slopes of Asiago I see cottages in ashes, and curls of smoke rising, not from chimneys but from smouldering ruins. Our soldiers, to pursue the enemy, have only to follow the track of burning cottages."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SPLENDID PROGRESS UNDER GENERAL SMUTS IN



WHERE OXEN ARE MUCH USED FOR TRANSPORT PURPOSES: OX-DRAWN ARTILLERY OF THE BRITISH FORCE.



WITH A PARTY OF NATIVES WITH THE NEXT DAY



WITH AN INDIAN IN THE FOREGROUND: A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ON THE MARCH.



INDIAN GUNNERS ON SERVICE IN EAST AFRICA: A MOUNTAIN BATTERY AT WORK.



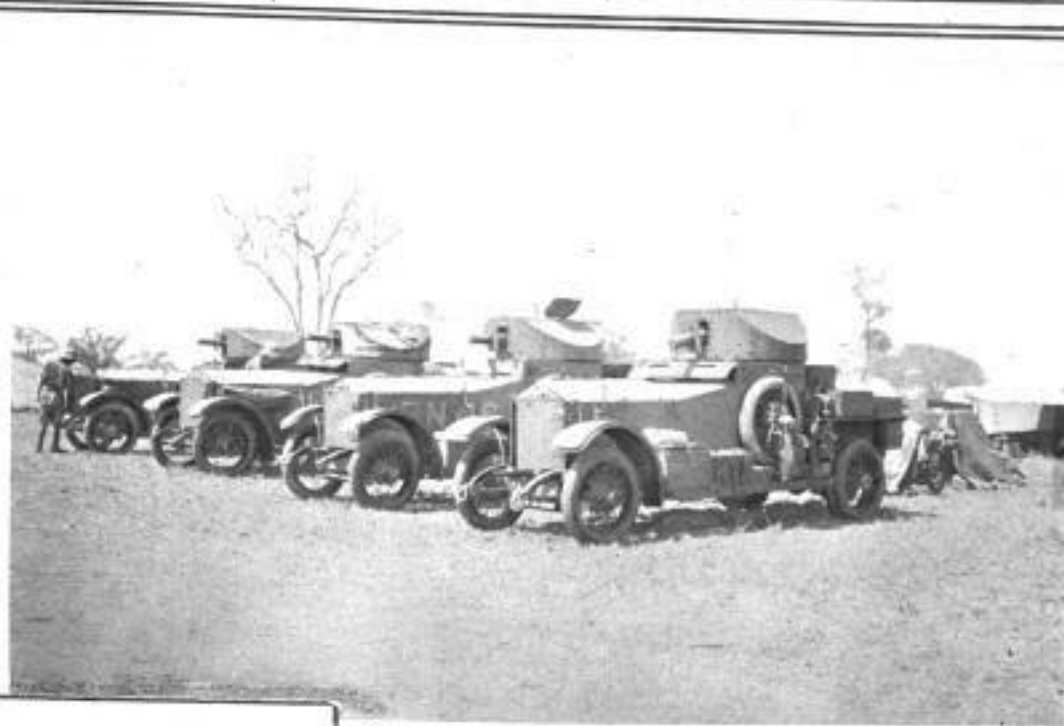
DIGGING OPERATIONS: BRITISH TROOPS

The East African Campaign, under the able leadership of General Smuts, continues to proceed steadily and surely. The capture of Tanga, the second port of German East Africa, 77 miles south of Mombasa, took place on July 7. The photographs here given show some typical scenes and various units of the British force. Regarding the middle photograph at the top, showing Masai trekking, our correspondent says: "These people got their throats cut by the Germans next day." In the large photograph in the centre, the German position was on the hill in the distance, seen to the left of the tree in the right foreground. "All the trees," says our correspondent, "are thorn." Of the scout seen in the lower photograph on the right he says: "He has given the Germans considerable trouble." Further progress in East Africa was announced recently by the War Office as follows: "Telegraphing

EAST AFRICA: TYPICAL SCENES OF THE CAMPAIGN.



THROATS WERE CUT BY THE GERMANS
MASAI TREKING.



THE UBIQUITOUS LAND FORCES OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE:
R.N.A.S. ARMOURD CARS.



WORK FORTIFYING A HILL ON THE BORDER.



BRITISH HEAVY ARTILLERY IN EAST AFRICA: A LONG-RANGE GUN,
AND A MOTOR-WAGON.



A VERY USEFUL MEMBER OF THE BRITISH FORCE: A SCOUT AND GUIDE
WITH HIS MASAI ASSISTANTS.

On July 18, Lieut-General Smuts reports that enemy forces which had endeavoured to operate against his communications north of Handeni and on the Usambara Railway between Korogwe and Tanga have now been driven down the Pangani River, abandoning a field-gun. The clearance of this area is progressing satisfactorily. On the southern shore of Lake Victoria a force under Brig-General Sir C. Crewe, having disembarked at Kongoro, occupied Mwanza during the night of July 14-15. The enemy evacuated the town after a slight resistance, leaving many rifles; a portion of a supply column, and a naval gun of the cruiser 'Königsberg' in our hands. The majority of the German Europeans embarked in a steamship and fled southwards by the Stuhlmann Sound, pursued by our armed lake vessels."

"THE SURREYS PLAY THE GAME!" KICKING FOOTBALLS TOWARDS THE ENEMY

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE SURREY REGIMENT



"ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF SLAUGHTER... THEY DRIVE THE TRICKLING BALL": MEN OF THE SURREY REGIMENT

The association between the spirit of our national games and the spirit that inspires our troops in the great game of war has received fresh proof on the battlefield. As on previous occasions in the war, footballs have been used during the great British advance of this month as a help to the men in advancing to attack. For example, a Reuter correspondent writes regarding a certain battalion of the East Surrey Regiment which took part in the assault: "The Captain of one of the companies had provided four footballs, one for each platoon, urging them to keep up a dribbling competition all the way over the mile and a quarter of ground they had to traverse. As the company formed on emerging from the trench, the platoon commanders kicked off, and the match against Death commenced. The gallant Captain himself fell early in the charge, and men began to drop rapidly under the hail of machine-gun bullets. But still the footballs were booted onwards, with hoarse cries of encouragement or defiance,

TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES UNDER A HAIL OF SHELLS.

ORIGINAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



THE EAST SURREYS CHARGING TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT CONTALMAISON.

until they disappeared in the dense smother behind which the Germans were shooting. Then, when the bombs and bayonets had done their work, and the enemy had cleared out, the Surrey men looked for their footballs and recovered two of them in the captured traverses. These will be sent to the Regimental Depot at Kingston as trophies worth preserving." This incident formed the subject of a set of verses by the "Daily Mail" poet who writes under the name of Touchstone. The first of the three stanzas runs as follows: "On through the hail of slaughter Where gallant comrades fall, Where blood is poured like water, They drive the trickling ball. The fear of death before them is but an empty name; True to the land that bore them The Surreys play the game!" In our illustration one football is seen on the right, and a second is in the air towards the background near the centre.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE AIR ATTACK ON THE TURKS AT EL ARISH: BATTLE INCIDENTS.

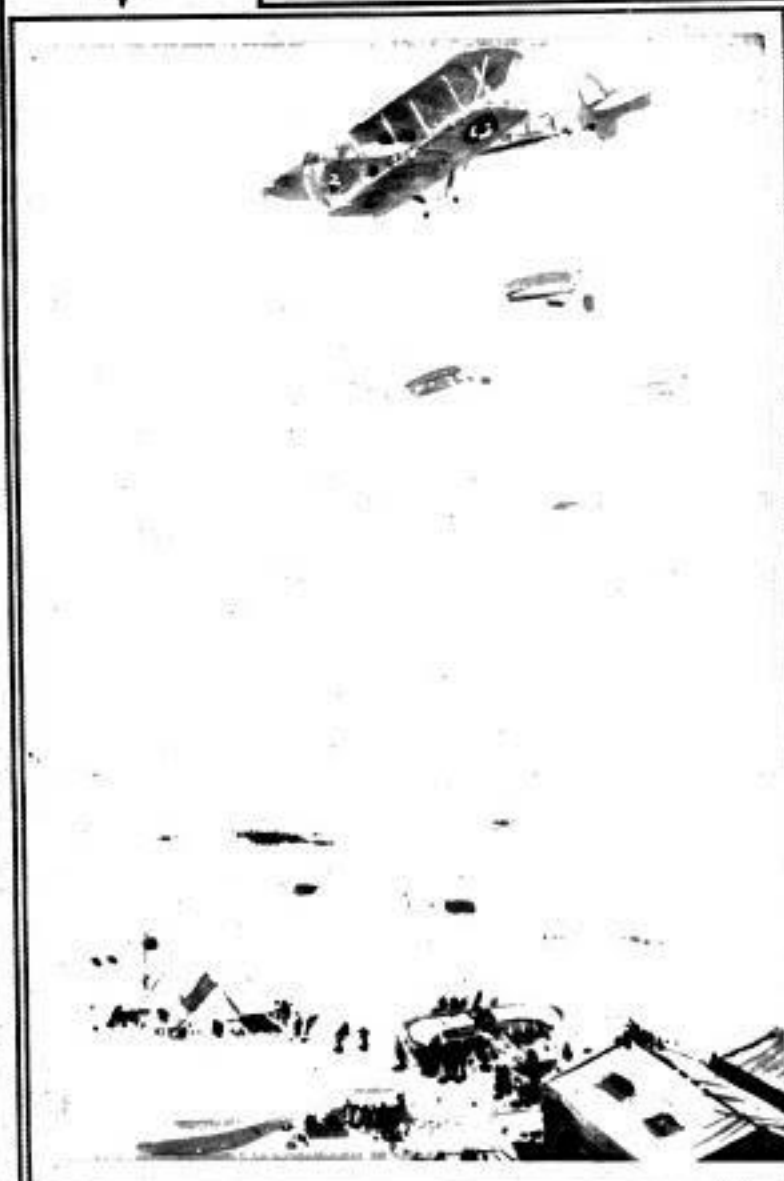
EL ARISH is a border town on the western side of the eastern frontier of Egypt. It is thirty miles from the actual frontier line between Egypt and the Turkish province of Syria. The frontier runs in an almost straight line from north to south for between a hundred and a hundred-and-fifty miles across the desert; from Rafa, on the Mediterranean coast, to Akaba, at the head of the gulf of that name, which separates the Sinai Peninsula from Arabia. The town, or large village, of

(Continued opposite.)



A SEA-FIGHT NEAR PORT SAID BETWEEN A BRITISH MOTOR-LAUNCH AND A TURKISH AEROPLANE: BEATING OFF THE ENEMY WITH RIFLE-FIRE.

(Continued.) El Arish stands at the upper portion of the valley of El Arish, a dip in the sandy desert waste all round, where there is an oasis with wells. The water supply was the reason for the Turco-German invasion forces having selected the locality for their largest advanced camp in that direction. El Arish is the principal town in that quarter, owing to the main caravan route from Egypt to Syria passing through it. The Turco - Egyptian aerodrome is about five miles to the south of El Arish.



BEFORE THE BRITISH ATTACK ON THE AERODROME: THE R.F.C. SQUADRON MANOEUVRING OVER THE HANGARS ON ARRIVAL.



OUR LEADING AIRMAN SWOOPING AND DROPPING HIS FIRST BOMB ON THE ONLY ENEMY PLANE OUT: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH CRAFT.

In the first drawing is seen an exciting duel on the day of the successful raid a short while ago of a Royal Flying Corps squadron on the Turco-German hangars at El Arish, a hundred miles east of the Suez Canal. From that neighbourhood enemy troops are now reported to have advanced to Katia, twenty miles from Suez, and aircraft are stated to have dropped bombs on Suez. During the Flying Corps' raid on El Arish already mentioned, a British motor-launch cruised off the coast in case any airmen came down at sea. After our squadron had returned, an enemy machine attacked the motor-launch while going back to Port Said. The vessel evaded the bombs, but, her gun having

insufficient elevation to hit the aeroplane, the enemy swooped and fired with a machine-gun until beaten off by rifle-fire. No lives were lost on our side. The arrival of the R.F.C. squadron over the enemy's hangars is shown in the second drawing; while manoeuvring for the attack. In the third drawing the opening of the fight is seen. Only one enemy machine was out of its hangar, and was being hurriedly prepared for flight. Seizing the chance, the leading British airman came down to within 100 feet and dropped a bomb right on the enemy machine, blowing it and the party working on it to pieces. The scene as the bomb burst is shown.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INDIAN CAVALRY IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: READY TO CHARGE.

OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHS.



MUSTERING IN READINESS FOR A CHARGE: INDIAN CAVALRY FORMING UP TO GO FORWARD.



IN THE FRONT RANK OF THE INDIAN CAVALRY JUST BEFORE ADVANCING: STEEL-HELMETED AND TURBANED TROOPERS WITH THEIR BAMBOO LANCES.

The most dramatic incident, as the "Times" correspondent calls it, of the fighting on the British Front on July 14, when our troops gained a lodgment in the German Third Line in the Wood of Fouries, north of Bazentin-le-Grand, was the cavalry charge by a troop of Dragoon Guards in company with a troop of Indian Cavalry. The occasion was, to quote Sir Douglas Haig's telegraphed despatch, "the first opportunity for mounted action which has been afforded to our cavalry since 1914." They had formed up, as men above, in anticipation for service in the fairly open ground to which our advance was leading, and the enemy began sniping at them from among the growing corn.

The troopers rode through the corn-fields at the enemy. Many Germans, it is said, flung themselves to the ground and cried for quarter. "Both lances and sabre did their work cleanly and thoroughly, and with the exception of 34 prisoners whom, between them, they brought back, there were no Germans alive of those who had been among the corn." The fact of a cavalry charge being at length possible is of peculiar significance. It shows that the Allies are getting through the lines of trench positions, and that pursuit and dashes over open ground—the cavalry battlefield rôle—may be looked for soon. Other cavalry charges, indeed, have been referred to in German despatches.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.SEIZING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
PAPERS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN UNEXPECTED HAUL AT SEA.

THE advantages of our supremacy of the seas have been brought home to us rather forcibly during the last two years: even the British Museum of Natural History has derived benefit therefrom. For it gave us, during the middle of June last, a remarkably fine specimen of that extremely rare chelonian, the Leathery Turtle, or Huth, which was taken in a net off Scilly. From the time of its arrival at the Museum till now I have been mainly occupied in the preparation of casts and dissections of its body, and a very interesting task it has proved, even though somewhat odoriferous. For it has afforded me a fine opportunity for the study of one of the most singular members of the tortoise family.

This, it should be remarked, holds a unique position among the vertebrates, since its members are characterised by having the skeleton of the trunk fused with an outer armature of bony plates forming the shell. Thus is brought about a resemblance to the beetles, for example, among the invertebrates, wherein the skeleton is also outside the body, instead of being embedded within it. But the huth stands alone among his kind in having the skeleton of the trunk still free, the bony shell being separated therefrom by a thick layer of "blubber." The shell itself is likely to puzzle the experts for many a long day, for, according to some, it represents the primitive condition of the chelonian armature, while others take the view that it is a degenerate structure. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that it is made up of a mosaic of small bony plates; while the typical tortoise-shell is formed of large, symmetrically disposed plates overlaid by a series of horny shields, also symmetrically disposed, but having a quite different arrangement. In the huth these horny plates are wanting, a leathery skin taking their place—hence the name "leathery turtle."

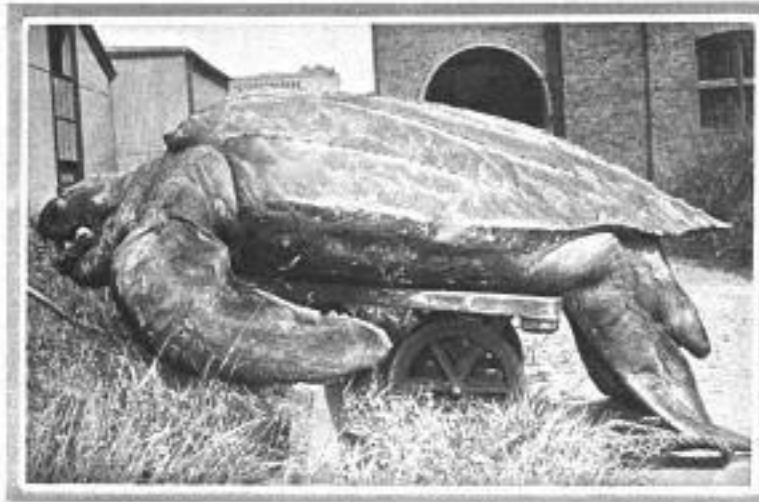
The huth affords us a very helpful guide as to the conditions which brought about the evolution of the typical tortoise-shell. It began, we may safely assume, with the development of bony nodules in the skin, and, as these increased in size to form a

continuous shield, so they restricted the movements of the back; thus its muscles degenerated and slowly wasted away, while at the same time the spine became transformed into a long inflexible tube enclosing the spinal cord. Gradually, with the decline of the muscles of the back, the bony armature of the back, which represents an ossified skin, was lowered, so to speak, down on to the spinal column and ribs,

Among the reptiles, for example, it occurs in the old sea-dragons the ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, in the penguins among the birds, and in the whales among the mammals.

Though this giant turtle occurs in all tropical and sub-tropical seas, it is everywhere extremely rare, and but little is known of its habits or even of its food.

At one time it was supposed to feed on sea-weed; it would seem, however, that it is really carnivorous. I hoped to settle this question during my *post-mortem* examination; but in this I was only partially successful, for the stomach was empty. In the lower part of the intestine, however, I found large numbers of crustacea belonging to the surface-swimming forms known as "Amphipods." But cuttle-fish beaks, which I expected to find, were entirely absent. That crustacea do not form the staple diet I feel sure; and this because of the curious armature of the mouth and gullet, which are lined with huge spines as formidable as the quills of a porcupine. Since all point backwards, every facility is afforded to food passing downwards, but a return is impossible. Similar spines are found in the green or edible turtle, and on the tongue and back of the throat of the penguins, which suggests a common need for holding slippery prey. The nature of these curious spines and their relation to the mouth can be well seen in the accompanying photograph.



CAPTURED OFF SCILLY: A LEATHERY TURTLE, OR HUTH.

The massiveness of the shoulders is due to the enormous muscles that provide the motive power of the great fore-flippers, which, as with the penguin, serve as propellers.

Copyright Photographs by W. P. PYCRAFT.

with which, later, a complete fusion took place. A similar ossification of the skin of the under-surface of the body completed the formation of the



ARMED WITH BIG SPINES POINTING BACKWARDS DOWN ITS THROAT: THE INTERIOR OF THE MOUTH.

Inside the mouth may be seen the formidable armature of spines. The upper jaw is armed with two great horny teeth. The rope is passed behind them.

bony box which now encases the tortoise of to-day. The limbs of the leathery turtle bear no less certain evidence of having undergone a transformation. Originally fashioned to support the body on land, they have now become translated into paddles, or "flippers," to serve as swimming organs. The stages by which this has come about are not difficult to follow, since a most instructive half-way stage is preserved to us in the limbs of the fresh-water pond-tortoises. A precisely similar transformation of the limbs from the type originally fashioned to support the body on land into swimming organs has occurred independently in many different groups of the vertebrates, and in different periods of the world's history.



WITH HIND-LEGS TRANSFORMED INTO FLIPPERS: A BACK VIEW OF THE LEATHERY TURTLE CAUGHT OFF SCILLY.

This photograph shows the large size of the hind-limbs, which serve for steering purposes, the tail being a quite degenerate structure.



SHOWING ITS HUGE BULK COMPARED WITH THE MAN: OPENING THE SCILLY HUTH'S MOUTH.

The mouth is being forced open to show the interior. The huge bulk of the creature is well brought out by comparison with the Museum "preparator" who is pulling on the rope.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, L.E.A., ELIOTT AND FRY, DRENNHAM, AND BARNETT.



COLONEL A. E. FITZGERALD,
R. Surrey Regt. (commanding battalion Durham
L.I.). Served in S. Africa, Jamaica, Gold
Coast, and with Egyptian Army.



MAJ. G. BRAUMONT TYSER,
E. Lancashire Regt. S. Africa
medal, 5 clasps. Son of Mr.
G. W. Tyser, Marlow.



MAJOR H. DE B. PURVES,
Argyll and Sutherland High-
landers. Son of late G. Hurdle
Purves and Mrs. R. S. Borell.



LIEUT.-COL. W. A. SMITH,
Manchester Regt. Son of late Mr. W. J.
Smith, of Gillingham, and Mrs. Scudamore
Smith, of Walton, Clevedon.



MAJOR A. NEVIN WHEATLEY,
D. of Wellington's Regt. Mentioned in des-
patches, June. Son of Mr. Joseph Wheatley,
J.P., of Woodlands, Miffield.



CAPT. THE HON. ROLAND
ERASMUS PHILLIPS,
Royal Fusiliers. Only sur-
viving son of Lord St. David.



MAJOR S. B. MAUFE,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Men-
tioned in despatches. Son of
Mr. F. B. Maufe, of Eshley.



MAJOR SIMMONDS,
King's Royal Rifle Corps. Has been officially
reported by the War Office as having been
killed in action.



MAJOR JOHN M. F. ARMSTRONG,
R. Engineers. Son of late John Armstrong
R.C., formerly Crown Prosecutor and Deputy
Judge, New S. Wales, and Mrs. Armstrong.



MAJ. GEORGE J. MALCOLM,
R.A. (and R.F.C.). Son of
Mr. George Malcolm, Resident,
Sokoto.



COL. SIR VICTOR HORSLEY,
R.A.M.C. A distinguished
surgeon and consultant with
the Forces in Mesopotamia.



CAPT. GEORGE GUY
HERMON-HODGE,
R.F.A. Son of Col. Sir Robert
Hermon-Hodge, Reading.



MAJOR L. A. HIRD,
Sherwood Foresters. Despatches twice; Mil-
itary Cross. Son of Mr. Jesse Hird, Edwinton,
Nottingham. Reported missing, believed killed.



LIEUT.-COL. A. MERVYN HOLDSWORTH,
Royal Berkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Arthur F. Holdsworth, of Widdowes, Kings-
bridge. Died of wounds.



LT. EVELYN H. LINTOTT,
W. Yorkshire Regt. A famous
International Association foot-
ball player.



LIEUT. H. FIELD,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Son of
Mr. H. C. Field, and grandson
of Right Hon. Jesse Collings.



2ND LIEUT. M. W. BOOTH,
W. Yorkshire Regt. A well-
known member of the York-
shire county eleven.



CAPT. AND ADJ. C. C. FORD,
Somerset L.I. Son of late
Commander C. R. Ford,
R.N.M.



CAPT. ARTHUR R. HATT,
Somerset L.I. Son of Mayor
of Bath, Alderman H. T. Hatt.
Awarded Military Cross.



CAPT. D. WATERSTON,
M.D., 9th Canadian Field
Ambulance. Son of Mr. T.
Waterston, Westmead.



MAJOR G. HORNER GAFFIKIN,
R. Irish Fusiliers. Only son of Mr. and Mrs.
William Gaffikin, King's Court, Ardara,
Co. Down.



“Shall we find a nice, quiet corner?”

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Continued. makes mistakes. His remedy is that the literary man should learn science, and he laments the attitude of the State towards its teaching. Thus, he says, "the politicians who pay themselves a salary for the time they devote to party tactics and personal persiflage would be astounded if the proposal were made to provide for the support of Fellows of the Royal Society or of any other scientific institution, yet of the relative values to the nation of work done in the two spheres of politics and science there can be no question." This is very well, but the question suggests itself whether, if scientific men were paid salaries like Members of Parliament, they would not become like those Alexandrian philosophers whom the other learned Greeks called "the King's stuffed capons," incapable of or indifferent to the turning out of any decent work whatever. For the rest, Professor Gregory has a most whole-hearted belief in the disinterestedness of men of science, and dwells frequently on their contempt for money-making and everything but the pursuit of truth. If this be so, science has succeeded where Pascal said religion had failed, and has really made an angel out of a beast. Our own experience is that, science apart, scientific people are very much like the rest of the world; but that does not lessen our admiration for Professor Gregory's excellent book.

"The Eighteenth Century."

"The Eighteenth Century," by Casimir Stryenski (Heinemann), is not, as a casual observer of the title might imagine, a detached work. An account of the eighteenth century in France, it is the fourth of the six volumes of "The National History of France," edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano. It is a pity that this fact should not be presented quite clearly. M. Stryenski's volume deals with the life of Louis XV., and follows the career of his unfortunate grandson down to the beginnings of the Revolution; it must be admitted that the author has given life to the dry bones of history. He is inclined, perhaps, to treat Louis XV. too leniently, to explain away all his shortcomings. He quotes the King's self-criticism: "I have governed and administered badly, because I have little talent and I have been badly advised," and asks what could be added to so frank an admission. He lays little

stress upon the most ugly aspects of the King's life; and though his picture of Louis XV. is drawn from the best records, it is not in keeping with many that have gone before it—perhaps by reason of a certain calculated reticence. It is interesting just now to recall the indifference with which the signature of the Treaty for the Partition of Poland was received at Versailles. "From the distance of five hundred leagues," said King Louis, "it is difficult to aid Poland. I could have preferred that it should remain intact, but I can give it little more than my good wishes."



WITH THE VICTORIOUS ITALIANS: IN A CEMENT TRENCH.

This is a small reproduction of one of the many remarkably interesting pictures—photographs, paintings, drawings, and cartoons—to be seen at the Italian War Pictures Exhibition, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. In opening the Exhibition, Lord Robert Cecil expressed a hope that his fellow-countrymen would make it their business to pay a visit, if only to realize what terrific difficulties the Italian Army had to face in Alpine fighting.

Little as France has reason to love or history to respect Louis XV., let it be admitted that he must needs have been a very strong man to have reduced the chaos around him to order. The great nobles of France were "incapable of forgetting their own interests, privileges, and futile pretensions, incapable also of taking a serious view of their duties as statesmen." Cardinal de Fleury, in spite of the limitations that Voltaire has exaggerated, was the adminis-

trator who did best by France in that evil reign; and, had he lived, it may be that France would not have lost what she did to the whim and caprice of courtiers, and that the history of Europe would have been altogether different. It is only after the passing of Fleury and the death of the Dauphin that the Revolution appears inevitable—or at least a perfectly logical event following a natural sequence. The Cardinal was not brilliant, but he was safe, and was at least the uncompromising foe of extravagance. In any event, Mme. de Pompadour was a bad substitute; and M. de Stryenski has brought out with great clearness and sufficient emphasis the part she played in promoting the ruin of her country. He holds that Cardinal Fleury allowed himself to be duped by Walpole, and that in allowing the Fleet to fall out of proper order he gave the astute English statesman a long-sought opportunity. It is curiously interesting to read the international history of this period through the eyes of a French historian. Perhaps it is the view of the international situation that gives the book its piquancy, and helps us to overlook a certain bias. The angle of vision from which the Seven Years' War is seen may be cited as an instance.

Amid all her war-time tasks and pre-occupations, woman wisely retains an interest in her complexion, and even the most strenuous of war workers feels the need of a holiday in the open air. The holiday season, with its anticipations of outdoor life and amusements, is now with us, and those who wish to preserve their skins from the rays of the sun, contact with sea-water, or other adverse influence, should use a reliable emollient, and for this purpose, and also for building up the skin tissues and beautifying the complexion, they can rely upon the efficacy of Beetham's "La-rola," the fame of which is world-wide. A little rubbed on the hands will be found distinctly beneficial, and a few applications will leave them beautifully soft and white. For those naturally pale, just a suggestion of La-rola Rose Bloom will impart a delicate tint to the complexion, quite harmless and impossible to detect. Both of these safe and efficacious aids to beauty and to health and comfort are obtainable as all chemists and stores.

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possessing many distinct advantages—is afforded by a Scottish Widows Fund Endowment Assurance. Besides providing for old age, and for dependants in the event of earlier death, a further advantage is secured in the rebate on Income Tax, which is allowed up to one-sixth of income in some cases. It should be remembered also that the full amount of the Policy is at all times ready to meet Death Duties. This is of great importance at the present time, seeing that Income Tax and Death Duties are certain to continue very high owing to the war.

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The Original Worcestershire

BATAVIA
JAVA

*Born 1820
—still going strong.*



PESSIMISTIC ONE: "Then you are not alarmed?"

OPTIMIST: "Bless you, No! Like Johnnie Walker, the British Empire
is——'Still going strong.'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS. KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

NEW NOVELS.

"How Jonas Found His Enemy." Dr. Greville MacDonald, whose manner and method as a writer are an interesting study in heredity, has sub-titled his book "A Romance of the South Downs." Is it a romance? If so, what is a romance? We should have been inclined to call it a Morality. Yet this implies something direct and primitive in its appeal; and "How Jonas Found His Enemy" (Constable) demands searching reading, line by line. For one thing, it has a knack of doubling and twisting after the idea, of harking back and making light of sequences of time, and of running

by hackneyed fiction will find a tonic refreshment in this strangely fascinating book.

"The Green Archway." The simple annals of the undergraduate cover the ground in "The Green Archway" (Melrose). We all know him very well, and we are not quite sure that meeting him just now is worth while, though, if he is to intrude himself into a bellicose world, Mr. G. Gordon Winter's method of handling him has something to commend it. He dines and wines, he "rags" and fights, he falls in love with Jessie the shop-girl, he is sent down. He is from first to last a pleasant English young ass. We fail to under-

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME," AT THE ROYALTY.

TIMES have changed since we first made the acquaintance of "The Man Who Stayed At Home," and to-day even Christopher Brent would scarcely have chosen or been allowed to do detective work, however brilliant, instead of donning khaki; but the spy-peril is sufficient of a reality, and an invasion of the East Coast is sufficiently conceivable for Messrs. Harold Terry and Lechmere Worrall's play not to have lost its savour of piquancy. Half the attractiveness, too, of their story, as of its hero,



BRITISH HEAVY GUNS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: IN ACTION AGAINST CONTALMAISON.

An incident which will become part of the history of the great battle now raging in the West was the remarkable fight for Contalmaison. This village was taken and retaken several times until in the end our gallant soldiers won and kept it. Our photograph shows British heavy guns in action. A recent despatch says: "Two heavy German attacks against Contalmaison completely broke down under our fire." The village was eventually captured by our troops after a "brisk bombardment."—[Official Photograph issued on behalf of the Press Bureau. Crown Copyright reserved.]

(the most puzzling trick of all) actuality and symbolism in a sort of literary double-harness. A mind high and fantastic, informed with mystical vision, has made the story of Jonas, the South Down shepherd—"made it up out of his own head," as the children say. In the rare atmosphere of its fantasy, common things of earth slip free from their integument, and we think their story may float over the head of the average reader. This has not been Dr. MacDonald's intention, and he will probably protest that he can see no reason why anyone should have difficulty in following him. We may put in a word here: that the difficulties are well worth facing, and that people surfeited

stand why he did not return to medical studies in his year of exile from the University; and the obvious reason that Mr. Winter wanted to get him to Paris does not hold water—why not study medicine there? This part of his story is not well considered; nor is its facile ending, the jejune courtship of Nina Hamilton, and the tardy repentance of his remarkably wooden parent. Almost, we think, the artlessness of Gerald Percival has communicated itself to the author; or is it, perhaps, the other way about? There is a point where moderation is not to be distinguished from insignificance, and "The Green Archway" reminds us rather too plainly of its existence.

was the humour which was so neatly blended with what was exciting and topical; and though seaside girls have no longer occasion to present young men with white feathers, the contrast between bluster which can teach other people how to do things, and modesty which quietly performs its task, has still as much point as ever. So that the revival of the popular piece is welcome, and wins the old laughs, notwithstanding that Mr. Dennis Eadie no longer appears in the title-role; for he has found a capital substitute in Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who assumes just the right air of languor; and fortunately Miss Mary Jerrold is at hand to make the most of the cunning Fräulein's scenes.

URODONAL

THE UNRIVALLED SPECIFIC FOR:



Rheumatism,
Gout,
Gravel,
Calculi,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Arterio-
Sclerosis,
Obesity,
Acidity.

PREMATURE
OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of the temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82 %) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

A complete course of URODONAL (3 bottles) induces the thorough elimination of uric acid, cleanses the kidneys, and removes impurities. It is for those who avail themselves of its benefits the dawn of a period of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of URODONAL as in a magic mirror. Have confidence in URODONAL, and you will quickly reap your reward.

DR. DAURIAN,
of the Paris Medical Faculty.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.
Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, CHIF Street, New York, U.S.A.
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JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

Constipation
Enteritis
Haemorrhoids
Dyspepsia
Migraine

JUBOL

Cleanses the Intestine,
Prevents Appendicitis & Enteritis
Relieves Haemorrhoids,
Prevents Obesity,
Preserves the harmonious curves
of the figure.



Medical
Reports:

Académie des Sciences
(Paris, June 28, 1904)
Académie de Médecine
(Paris, Dec. 27, 1909)

"There is no doubt about it, my dear friend. Your attack of Enteritis (Inflammation of the Bowels) is the inevitable result of taking too many purgatives, which will effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 25/-). Prepared by J. L. Chatelein, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, Heppells, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be had, post free, full explanatory booklet, "Scientific Remedies"; also "Treatise on Diet" and the *Lancet* Report.



THE SOUL OF TOBACCO

Maeterlinck says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume.—What a Noble Thought!—But to the pipe smoker there is something infinitely sweeter than the perfume of flowers—even the sweetness of the Tobacco flower itself—The Soul of **CRAVEN MIXTURE**. The Soul of **CRAVEN** is inimitable, unmatched. You cannot find it in other Tobaccos any more than you can find the perfume of the natural rose in a soulless imitation

Craven

1/7 per 2 oz. tin

If you cannot obtain CRAVEN, write to our West-End Depot, 35 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. CRAVEN is made by CAHBERAS LTD., Arcadia Works, London, E.C. Estd. 1788 and entirely BRITISH

I shall be a great Engineer.

IT is the charm of youth that it dreams its ideals. And the boy who aspires to engineering fame would scorn to use tools unworthy of a master worker.

"Man," said the sage, "is a tool-using animal." He is at his best when his tools are right. Thus it is that all who use the "Swan" Fountainpen perform their work more easily and efficiently. It is the master tool of its kind, giving the best service and life-long satisfaction. Everyone has a use for it.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

Standard Pattern, from 10/6 up.
Safety Pattern, from 12/6 up.



The above is the finished advertisement of which the rough preparatory plan appeared last week—see the small illustration.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship

HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.

Memorial Crosses & Armorial Windows.

LED CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

FOR BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

WHAT SOLDIERS DO FOR CORNS, CALLOUSES, BLISTERS, BUNIONS, &c., AND WHEN FEET SWELL, ACHIE, BURN, SMART, AND PERSPIRE.

This is a fact not generally known, but practically all serious foot troubles can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply rubbing the feet a few minutes in ordinary salicylic water. This salicylic water, the worst enemy, so they say, comes right out, root and all, of the first touch. On account of its nature, the salicylic water does not burn or irritate, but it does remove the cause of the trouble, and it does so in a most effective manner. The salicylic water will cure all these troubles. The salicylic water will cure all these troubles.



Immediately stimulate the circulation, clear out poisonous and poisonous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, and prevent offensive odours on the feet. The salicylic water, a few ounces of which should prove more than sufficient to permanently cure any foot ailment for all time and at slight cost. Dissolve about a level tablespoonful in warm water for a foot bath. This produces medicinal water similar in composition to that of natural mineral springs. Among other remarkable benefits, this medicinal water cures elements which actually cleanse the whole foot of free oxygen to the owner, thus rendering it in a most effective manner. The salicylic water, a few ounces of which should prove more than sufficient to permanently cure any foot ailment for all time and at slight cost. Dissolve about a level tablespoonful in warm water for a foot bath. This produces medicinal water similar in composition to that of natural mineral springs. Among other remarkable benefits, this medicinal water cures elements which actually cleanse the whole foot of free oxygen to the owner, thus rendering it in a most effective manner.

NOTE.—There has at no time been any rise in the price of this compound, but in the case of all drugs during the war, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.



DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(2)

It is sound national economy to buy British tyres in preference to foreign ones; and sound personal economy to buy Dunlops in preference to others.

FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET, (Oxford St. East) LONDON, W. ALSO PARIS & NEW YORK BRANCHES.

Telephone—GERRARD 3782

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Cough, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE.

Sold Everywhere.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (AIRED DALES) as supplied Army in France. 5 gns.

POLICE DOGS (AIRED DALES) for house and personal guard. 5 gns. 2 gns.

BLOODHOUNDS, from 20 gns. 5 gns.

BERKELEY, SCOTCH FOX and IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns. 2 gns.

GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 427

BAILEY'S "CALIBAN" RAM.

Raises water from streams to any height.

Costs nothing to work it.

All kinds of PUMPS in stock for all purposes.

SIR W. H. BAILEY & CO., Ltd., Manchester

KEATING'S KILLS

BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Time—1' 3" 6" 1'

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cans at 1/6, 1/3, 1/2, & 1 lb. by Grocers, Ironmongers, etc.

Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, E.C.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

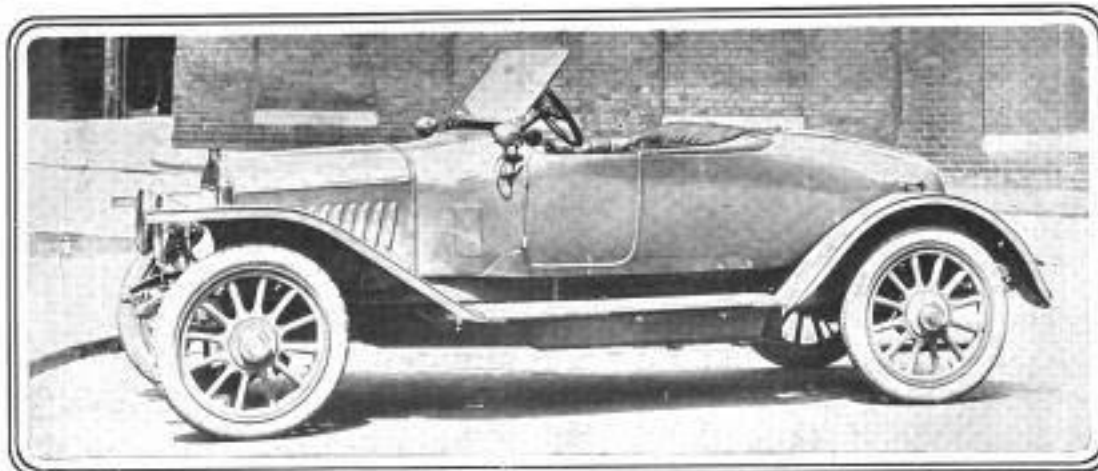
Paraffin as Fuel. With the curtailment of the supplies of petrol, paraffin as a fuel for motor-vehicles looms large on the horizon. The internal-combustion engine is agreeable to work, on an emergency, on gin, whisky, methylated spirit, paraffin, and other vapourising oils, provided some assistance is given it, and to-day the crisis has arisen that calls for man's ingenuity to keep the vehicles on the road, using a minimum of petrol. Recently a demonstration organised by Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, Ltd., to show the capabilities of the Smith-King paraffin carburettor attachment was carried out on some motor-lorries with so great a measure of success that hopes were expressed that it could be adapted for private cars. The principle underlying the employment of paraffin with the Smith-King attachment (I am quoting the inventor's statement) is that, while one of the four spraying-jets is supplied with petrol from a special float-chamber, the other three jets receive their fuel from a separate float-chamber fed from the main paraffin-tank. When the engine-suction is low, when the throttle is only slightly open, petrol vapour alone reaches the combustion-chamber; but as the suction increases the three remaining jets come progressively into action, and a fuel-mixture increasing in its proportion of paraffin to petrol as the throttle opens is supplied automatically. Hot-water jacketing is provided for the paraffin float-chamber and for the mixing-chamber, while the induction branch is heated by means of a jacket to which the exhaust-gases are let by way of a by-pass pipe from the exhaust-pipe.

An Irish Plan. Messrs. Harry Ferguson, Ltd., of Dublin and Belfast, have also successfully used on a variety of makes of cars a mixture of petrol and paraffin in the proportion of two-thirds petrol and one-third paraffin. I had opportunities of testing this and seeing what help had been given to the engine on a recent visit to the Emerald Isle, and it certainly worked splendidly, thereby reducing running expenses and also extending the radius of running by increasing the fuel-supply by one-third. The method of using this paraffin-petrol mixture is to fit a small auxiliary tank for pure petrol, and a two-way valve on the ordinary



DECORATED FOR FRANCE'S DAY: A BABY PEUGEOT.

The gallant spirit of France, which found universal expression on the "Day" recently given in honour of our brave Ally, was to be seen everywhere, even, as shown in our illustration, in the decoration of a shapely "Baby Peugeot" car, with its charming occupants, who did excellent service in adding to the Funds which formed a practical appreciation of the splendid work done by the devoted French Army from the outbreak of the war. The Peugeot car show-rooms are at 20, Brompton Road, S.W.—[Photograph by Birkett.]



A COMPACT AND COMFORTABLE CAR: A TWO-SEATER AUSTIN.

The handsome car shown in our photograph is a two-seater 22-14-h.p. Austin car, thoroughly up to date in every detail, moderate in cost, and comfortable, all of which are invariable features associated with the cars of the well-known Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Northfield Works, Birmingham, and 479-483, Oxford Street, W.

supply-pipe connection to the carburettor, to which the main tank, filled with the two-to-one petrol-paraffin mixture, is connected, and the pure petrol tank. The engine is started up on petrol, and when it and the connections are thoroughly warmed the valve is turned, shutting off the petrol and admitting the mixture only to the carburettor. At the same time, as the mixture requires less air than pure petrol, that supply on some carburetters needs lessening, so as to give a richer gas to the combustion-chamber. As also the fluid mixture is not so volatile as petrol by itself, it requires to have the carburettor and inlet-pipes shielded by a screen of sheet-iron, so as to stop the air blowing directly upon these connections through the radiator. But this is all that has to be done, and I believe the charge for the whole outfit is between £3 and £4. Mr. Croxson, the Dublin partner, told me that the design of the two-way petrol-cock cost them many weeks of work and experimenting so as to find a method of design that entirely prevented the petrol-paraffin mixture "creeping." He at last got one that is perfectly oil-tight, and Ireland is gradually getting all its cars fitted with the Ferguson economic fuel mixture arrangement.

Irish Traders. I suppose England is so accustomed to Ireland asking to act on its own that it was not surprising to find that the Irish division of the Motor Trade Association had asked the central headquarters in London to be allowed to deal with such trade matters independent of the whole body of English, Scotch, and Welsh traders. Two meetings were held a fortnight ago, one in Dublin and one in Belfast. Mr. Watson presided at the first, and Mr. H. Ferguson at the northern gathering, at which the pros and cons were duly discussed. The President of the M.T.A. (Mr. A. Goodwin), aided by Mr. Noel Mobbs and others from England, attended to show cause why the wielding of the "big stick" should remain solely in the hands of the Council of the M.T.A., on which all divisions are represented. Their arguments that a united policy was the best proved so convincing that the threatened split is averted.—W. W.



THEY ALL SMOKE

Player's Navy Cut

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

TOBACCO.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - - - } PER OUNCE.
 Player's Medium Navy Cut - - - } **7^D**
 Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut - - - }

Player's 'White Label' Navy Cut **6^D**

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe - - - **1/6** Per 2-oz. Tin.

CIGARETTES.

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—

Tin of 100 - - - - - **3/8**
 Tin of 50 - - - - - **1/10**

Medium Navy Cut—

Card Box of 100 - - - - - **3/-**
 Card Box of 50 - - - - - **1/7**

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co.

Terms on application to—
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

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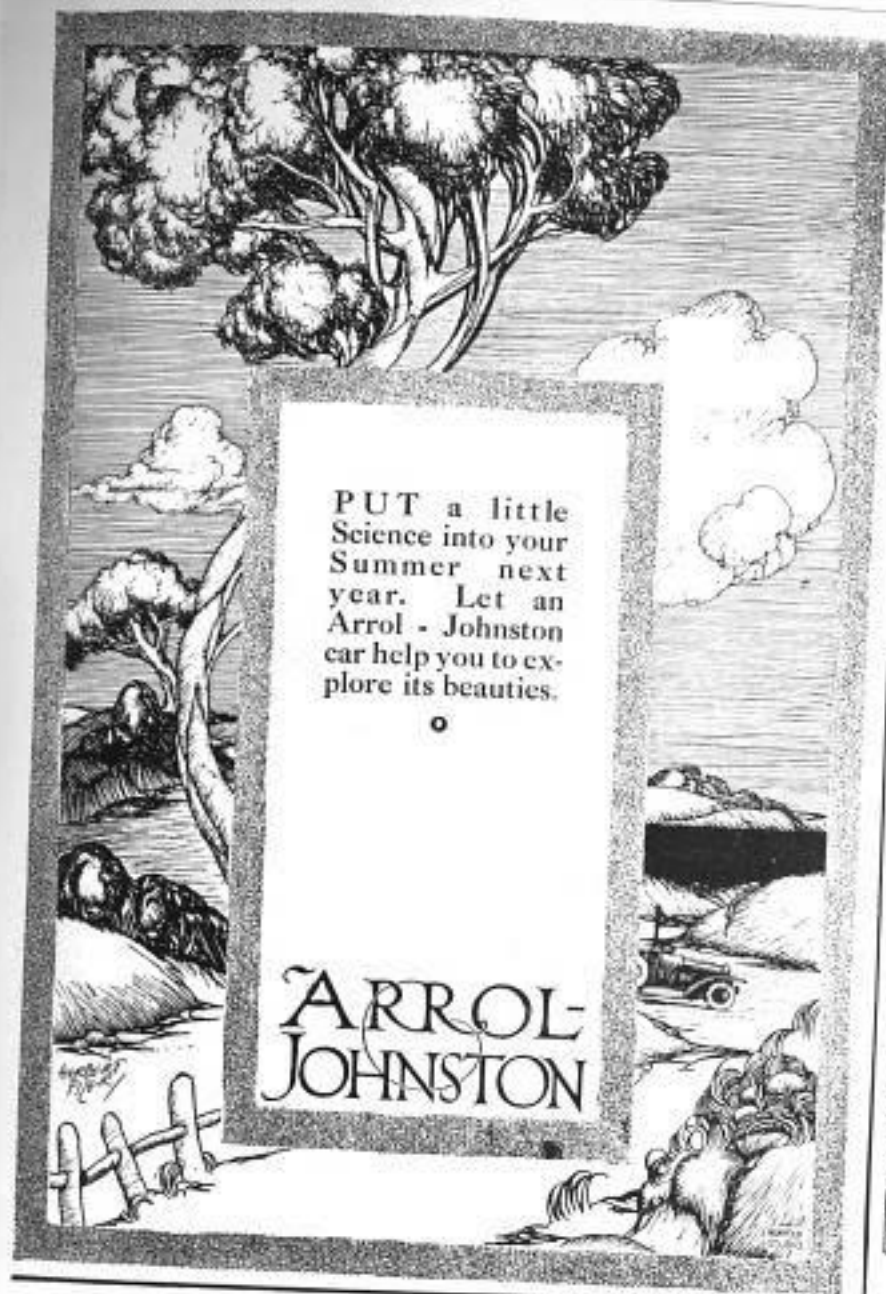
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Regd. No.



154011.




PUT a little Science into your Summer next year. Let an Arrol-Johnston car help you to explore its beauties.

ARROL-JOHNSTON

ONE REASON FOR THE GREAT ECONOMY OF

B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES

FOR SOLO & SIDECAR


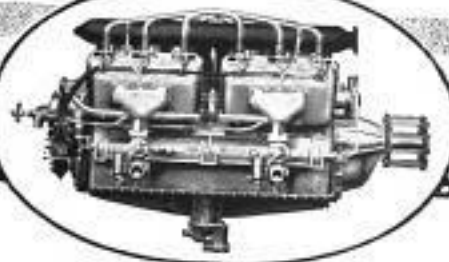


THE MARK OF THE "PERFECT IN EVERY PART" MOTOR BICYCLE.

is the extreme efficiency of the B.S.A. Counter-shaft Three-speed Gear. This well-known device renders hill climbing with a Sidecar and passenger easy and sure. Its simplicity and unfailing service have earned the highest praise from riders.

1916 LIST OF B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES FREE.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY LIMITED,
54, SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

12-CYL. SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

IF you are in doubt as to which car is actually supreme, remember that convincing evidence of supremacy is offered by the manner in which Sunbeam cars have always behaved under difficulties, and by the efficiency of Sunbeam-Coatalen Aircraft Engines on war service.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Works: Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112 Deansgate
London and District Agent for Cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.

The Happy Days to come

WHEN victory crowns our arms, and the Nation's mighty efforts achieve their end, relaxation & recuperation will be found in the beauties and freedom of rural Britain.

THE Daimler Sleeve Valve Engine will be in harmony with your desire for silence, freedom from worry, and the satisfaction of a job well done.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.
Coventry.

Here Daimler is shown in its natural habitat, the English countryside.



DAIMLER

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE was an interesting and impressive display of the new work that women are doing in the "Women's War Procession" in London on Saturday last. There appeared representative women station masters, porters, carriage-cleaners, and railway office clerks; omnibus conductors, motor-van drivers, van-guards, and porters; assistants in grocers' and butchers' shops; newspaper-girls; postwomen; farm-workers of many sorts, including plough-women, milkers, sheep-dippers, haymakers, and fruit-pickers; navvies and dock-labourers, and coal-mine pit-head workers; and, most impressive and wonderful, lorries with tableaux showing something of the munition-makers' achievements, from the fine and delicate processes that seem fittest for the handling of the more delicate sex to the lifting and downright hard labour that once we should have thought women incapable of performing. Several hundred women munition-workers walked in the procession, and, a sad but noble sight, amongst them went a number of those whose faces and hands are deep yellow for life from working "T.N.T.," our "munition wounded." The war-nurses were absurdly said to be "led by a descendant of Florence Nightingale." Of course, she has no descendants in the ordinary sense, though, spiritually, every brave and capable trained nurse is her daughter; and never was her great life-work more precious than now—as carried on by those children.

Lady doctors alone officer one of the great Military Hospitals in London, with several hundred wounded men in it. It is currently reported that the men wounded in France often express a hope to be sent to that hospital, as they have heard how specially comfortable it is; and it is also recorded that on a reporter, visiting the wards, expressing surprise that the hospital had not a man about it except the door-porter (couples of girls do even the stretcher work), he was answered by a patient, a stalwart Highlander, in indignant tones, "And what for should we want a man here?" This is a change indeed from the days—only some forty years ago too—when the male students of Edinburgh Infirmary unanimously refused to enter the wards if women students were admitted, and the *Lancet* congratulated them on their stand, as being "manly in the best sense." The Scotch medical schools, like patients, have now long been "mixed," but this very week it is for the first time announced that women students are to be admitted freely to a London Hospital School—namely, Charing Cross. So completely has enmity vanished before experience in this matter!

It was because the Scotch medical schools had long admitted women that the capable band of doctors and ambulance workers who went to Serbia, with funds raised by the Scottish Women's Suffrage Society, was composed almost entirely of Scotchwomen. They were stopped on the way by a wireless telegram begging them to go to Malta, where a large body of our own wounded from the Dardanelles was in urgent need of surgical and medical aid; and the work that they did there was enthusiastically



A CHARMING SUMMER FROCK FOR A GIRL.

The little coat is of white silk with stripes of Pragenard blue, patterned with pink roses. The cape collar is of white Georgette crepe with hem-stitched bands of tulle. The skirt is of the same materials, and is trimmed with blue ribbons weighted with pink roses.

praised by the Governor. Then they went on to Serbia, where several of the party laid down their lives on duty in the raging typhus epidemic. And this week there is a tragic reminder of those sacrifices, for, under the heading "Brothers Killed," the newspapers record that Lieutenant P. Neill Fraser, just lost, was a brother of Miss M. Neill Fraser, the well-known lady golfer, who died last year in Serbia, while acting as one of the nurses of the Scottish party. By a sad coincidence, the same paragraph records the death of the second and last of the sons of Lord St. Davids, both killed in action in the space of about a year. Their beautiful and brilliant mother, the late Lady St. Davids, was better known as Mrs. Wynford Phillips, under which name she gave generously both money and personal effort to help on women in various ways. Happily, she died shortly before her first boy fell in action.

It is quite heart-breaking to know of such losses and sacrifices as these—so many only sons, only children, or two or even more brothers and other members of families, in the pride of their youth, with their long years of education and up-bringing only just accomplished. No words or thoughts can heal the wounds in the hearts of those left behind. "Reversed our Nature's kinder doom, His weeping parents bore him to the tomb," as Pope translates Homer's regret for a young warrior. And, apart from the personal overwhelming grief, how much knowledge and what potential wisdom are being wasted amongst the minds that are passing away with their powers and possibilities only half-developed! Yet, sad though that is for this world, perhaps the waste is not so complete as at first appears.

Where nothing is known, why should we not comfort ourselves, if so it may be, by imagination? And I would suggest to the mourning mothers (and I know that they are many) to whom the sense of personal loss is even less a constant pang than is the reflection that he who has been so cruelly snatched away had it in him to do much fine work—perhaps even some great thing—that science, literature, art, wisdom have lost for ever in this premature withdrawal from the world's service of splendid talents unused, that perhaps that mind has but gone to be used more fully and more happily elsewhere. I do not offer this suggestion wholly as a consoling fancy, but as based on a fact which has always seemed to me strange and possibly significant. It is that in history there have so often been great periods, and even great years, when there have come into this world wonderful minds in groups and clusters: so many, of such varied talents, that humanity has gained a marked and lasting advance in the generation to which they came. Perhaps in some other star at this time, the taught, experienced, mentally and morally trained yet unused souls that we are losing here are being born! "But what is that to me, who have lost him from my side?" cries the mother or the widow. But perhaps we may rightly read a mystic meaning into the wonderful phrase, never fully explained: "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."

FILOMENA.

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Ice Cold 72 Hours; Hot 24 Hours

ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks Afford hot or cold beverages at home or abroad when preparation is impossible. Indispensable when traveling or on any outing. They will furnish the men in the trenches with steaming hot, sustaining refreshment or a cooling drink when commissary is far away.

Thoroughly Protected Against Breakage A thickly padded spring cushion at oval bottom makes flask practically unbreakable. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner flask, eliminating breakage at the neck.

Absolutely Sanitary Projecting glass neck. Leakage into case when pouring prevented by rubber ring. Instantly detachable. Easy to keep clean. Inexpensive to replace. The "Tommy Atkins" Icy-Hot Vacuum Flask shown here comes in container encased in leather effect, with nickel-plated shoulder and drinking cap. Made for hard usage. Ideal gift for the soldier friend ordered to the continent. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

For Sale by all Chemists, Ironmongers, Drapers and Stores.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO. Cincinnati, O. U.S.A.
132, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Price 4/11 and upwards.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY.

To Prevent Seasickness, Trainsickness & Nausea

For name to remember to put in his bag a box of **Mothersill's Seasick Remedy.**

(Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.)

Recognized generally as the world's most dependable preventive of seasickness. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or other poisons or their derivatives. Sold by all chemists, in two sizes: 20 fols., enough for 4 hours; 50 fols. for longer voyage.

A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book sent by request. Free of charge.

MOTHERSILL'S REMEDY CO., Ltd., 19, St. Bride St., London.
Also at Detroit, Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan.

PAN YAN PICKLE

HOT and COLD JOINTS, FISH, GAME, in fact EVERY DISH is improved by the exquisite and delicate **Flavour of 'PAN YAN.'**

Composed of **FRESH FRUITS, RARE SPICES** and the **CHOICEST VEGETABLES.**

It converts the plainest Fare into a delicious meal.

In Two Sizes at Popular Prices **EVERYWHERE.**

PAN YAN SAUCE IS JUST AS GOOD

The Whisky de Luxe

"Premier"

Of many fine whiskies, the finest.

Possesses a delicate flavour and bouquet which will give you a new appreciation of Scotch Whisky.

Wright & Greig, Ltd.,
Sole Importers of
"RODERICK DHU."

MOTORISTS

WHEN it is necessary to save every drop of motor spirit, remember that the **ZENITH CARBURETTOR** saves with every turn of the engine, besides greatly increasing the efficiency of every engine.

Send for Booklet No. 49.

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A WRINKLED SKIN.

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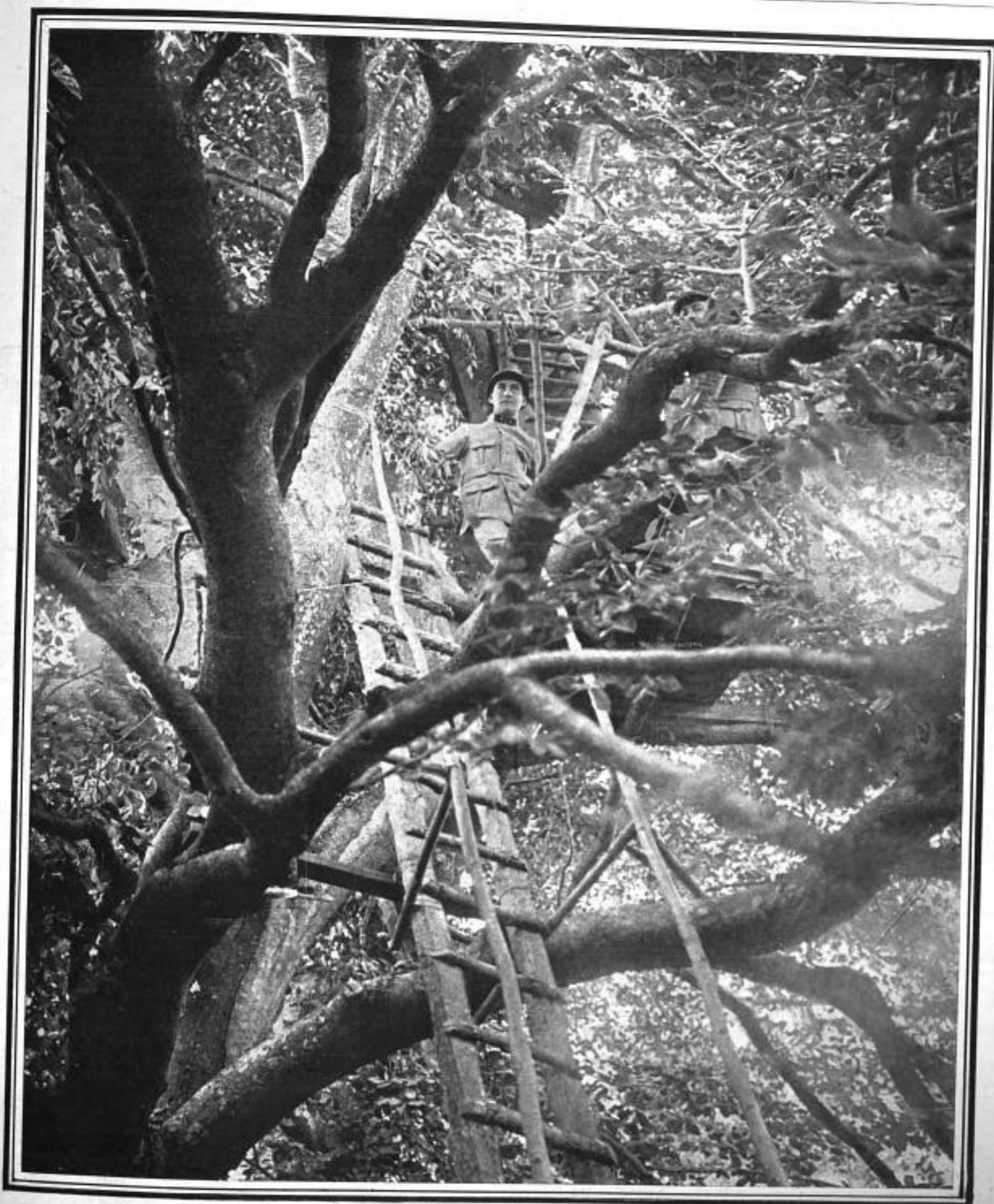
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THE LOOK-OUT: A FRENCH OBSERVATION-POST UP A TREE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

A well-foliated tree with open ground in view from its upper branches makes an excellent "crow's nest" look-out post, and, with ladders up it, is often made use of as a staff

observing-station. A few weeks ago the story was told of how the Kaiser spent a morning in Alsace in such a German tree-post, taking notes of the French lines opposite.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: WAR NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



FOUND ON A BAVARIAN PRISONER: THE ADDRESS SIDE OF THE PICTURE POST-CARD SHOWN OPPOSITE.

The above illustrations show both sides of a picture post-card taken recently from a prisoner of the 21st Bavarian Reserve Regiment. It proves not only that German troops commit unnecessary acts of



WANTON DESECRATION OF CHURCHES BY THE GERMANS: SOLDIERS CAROUSING AT AN ALTAR.

desecration in churches, but that they are proud of it!—so much so that they have themselves photographed carousing on an altar and send copies home to their friends.



LAST HONOURS TO THE BOY HERO OF THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT: THE NAVAL FUNERAL OF JACK CORNWELL.

John Travers Cornwell, the boy hero of the Battle of Jutland Bank, was buried in Manor Park Cemetery, with full honours, on July 29. The coffin was taken in procession on a gun-carriage from the Town Hall of East Ham, his native place. The Bishop of Barking performed the service, and an address was given by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., representing the Admiralty.—[Photo. by L.N.A.]



A VICTIM OF GERMANY'S ATROCIOUS CRIME AGAINST THE LAW OF NATIONS: THE LATE CAPTAIN FYFE.

Captain Charles Fyfe, master of the Great Eastern Railway's steamer "Brussels," captured by German war-ships, was shot at Bruges for an alleged attempt to ram a German submarine. The Foreign Office has stated that "his action was perfectly legitimate," and that "the act of a merchant ship in steering for an enemy submarine and forcing her to dive is essentially defensive." Mr. Asquith said: "His Majesty's Government have heard with the utmost indignation of this atrocious crime against the law of nations and the usages of war. . . . When the time arrives they are determined to bring to justice the criminals."—[Photo. by Illus. Bureau.]



A TRIBUTE FROM HIS ADMIRAL: SIR DAVID BEATTY'S WREATH FOR THE FUNERAL OF JACK CORNWELL.

Admiral Beatty, who specially mentioned in his report Jack Cornwell's heroism in the Battle of Jutland Bank, sent a wreath. The inscription was "With deep respect." The wreath was carried in the funeral procession by a sailor who walked before the gun-carriage. It is well that the principle which inspired the lad, "Faithful unto Death," should be thus honoured.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



ITALIAN INDIGNATION AT THE EXECUTION OF CÉSARE BATTISTI BY THE AUSTRIANS: A GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT MILAN.

Dr. Cesare Battisti, a well-known Italian Socialist and Irredentist, was a native of the Trentino and a Member for Trent in the Austrian Parliament. He fought for Italy in the war as an officer of Alpini, and, in recognition of his services, was elected to the Italian Parliament. During July he was wounded and captured by the Austrians and executed on a charge of treason. There are different versions of his



THE PROTEST AGAINST THE DEATH OF CÉSARE BATTISTI: GARIBOLDIANS WHO TOOK PART IN THE DEMONSTRATION.

death, some saying that he was hanged after he was dead, and some before. Intense indignation at his death is felt in Italy. "As a deputy to Vienna," writes Mr. A. Beaumont from Milan, "he had never accepted Austrian domination, having sought his election merely for the purpose of securing the liberation of his native country."—[Photos. by Record Press.]

THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST: CLOSE BEHIND THE ATTACK.

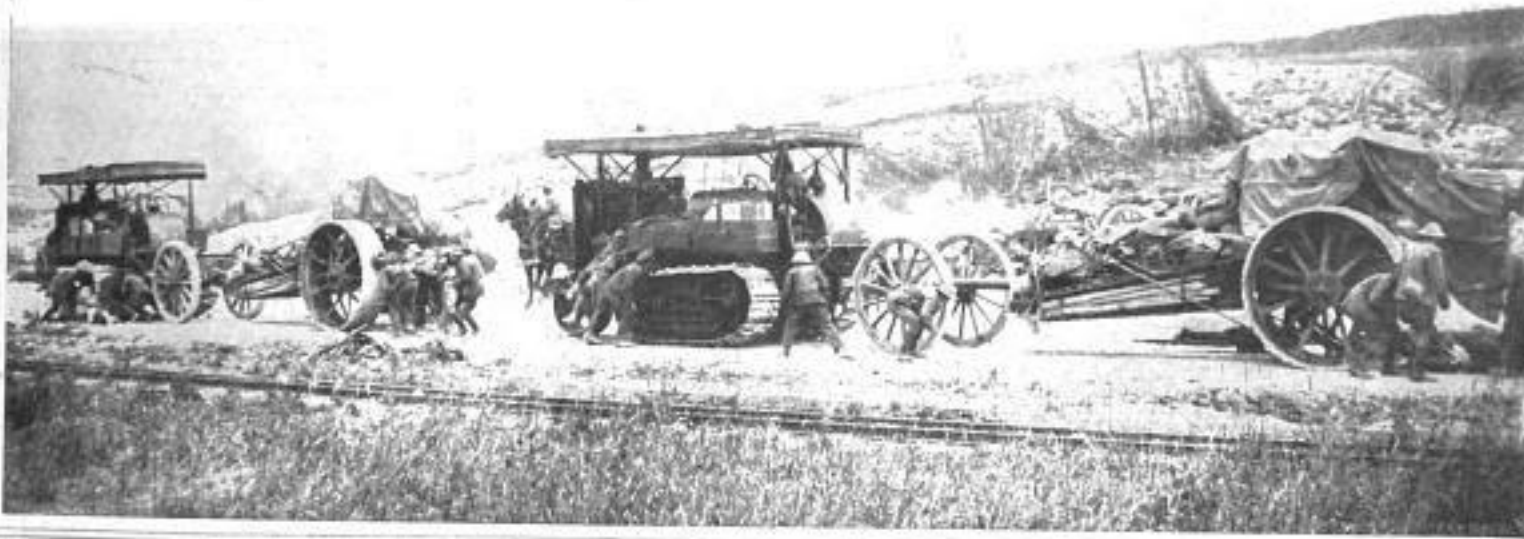
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



ROAD-REPAIRING BEHIND THE ADVANCING TROOPS, FOR ARMY VEHICLES TO KEEP CLOSE UP: DISCHARGING ROAD-MENDING METAL.



A TRANSPORT-WAGON FOLLOWING IN THE TRACK OF THE FIGHTING BATTALIONS: DRIVERS WITH THEIR PET GOAT.



OUR EVER-ADVANCING HEAVY-GUN BATTERIES: HOWITZER MOTOR-TRACTORS ON THE ROAD.



CAVALRY PRECAUTIONS BEFORE THE GENERAL ADVANCE: TESTING A BRIDGE OVER A TRENCH-GAP.



GUNNERS ABOUT TO ATTACK A "TARGET" REPORTED BY WIRELESS: A BATTERY COMMANDER MEGAPHONING ORDERS.

Nothing in the carrying way comes amiss to the Motor Transport service at the front. One day its vehicles are speeding up reinforcements of fresh battalions. On another they are carting shells and boxes of rifle and Maxim ammunition, or bully-beef tins and blankets. On another they are employed, as seen in the first illustration, conveying loads of road metal for keeping in repair the roads the vehicles themselves wear out, or to fill up shell-holes in the way of traffic. In the second illustration is shown a transport-wagon with its driver's pet goat on it—perhaps carried as a mascot. The third illustration

shows a team of heavy-gun motor-tractors on a road, at a halt for overhauling and adjusting the travelling-gear of the engines. A party of cavalymen are shown in the fourth illustration, testing by means of their united weight the bearing capacity of a light field-bridge over an awkward trench-gap where an accident after dark might happen. The fifth illustration shows an artillery battery commander, ensconced in rear of his guns, megaphoning orders to "commence firing" on a "target," information as to which has just been received through a "wireless" installation.

SMASHING THE GERMAN LINE: EFFECTS OF BRITISH GUNS AT OVILLERS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



FOUNDED BY THE BRITISH ARTILLERY: GERMAN TRENCHES AT OVILLERS BATTERED BY OUR BOMBARDMENT.



WHERE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING CONTINUED FOR TEN DAYS: RESULTS OF BRITISH HEAVY GUN-FIRE NEAR OVILLERS.

The havoc wrought in the German trenches by the British bombardment is well shown by these photographs. An official Headquarters despatch of July 17 stated: "In Ovillers-la-Boisselle, where there has been continuous hand-to-hand fighting since July 7, we captured the remaining stronghold of the enemy, together with 2 officers and 124 Guardsmen, who formed the remnants of its brave garrison. The whole village is now in our hands." As evidence of what the Germans suffered from the British bom-

bardment, the despatch went on to quote from several captured German documents. One of these, a message from a company of the 16th Bavarian Infantry Regiment to the 3rd Battalion 16th Bavarian Infantry, said: "Severe enemy artillery fire of all calibres up to 28 cm. on company sector. Company strength, 1 officer, 12 men. Beg urgently speedy relief for the company. What remains of the company is so exhausted that, in case of an attack, the few totally exhausted men cannot be counted on."

A CHARGE BY FRENCH INFANTRY: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

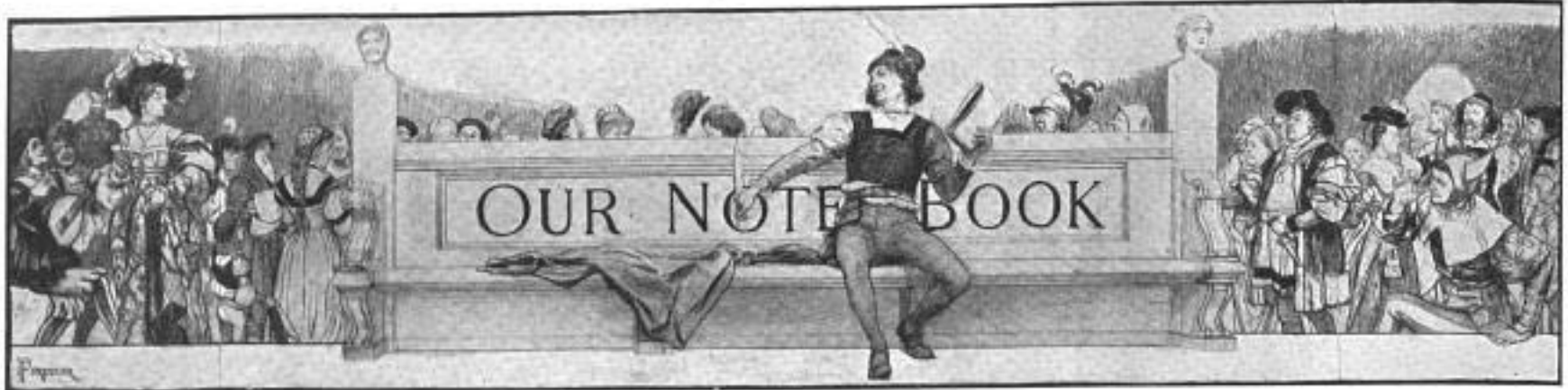
PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



CROSSING NO-MAN'S LAND: A FRENCH BAYONET-CHARGE.

The heroism of the Allied troops on the Western Front has been the subject of much well-earned admiration, and the public is never tired of learning, from men who write of what they have seen, of the valour of "fragments of battalions, scraps of companies, shreds of platoons," and the courage which they have shown. Our photograph shows

a French officer gallantly leading and encouraging his men in a daring advance over open ground, where any moment may bring death hurtling through the air. And this is not an isolated incident, but a peril, boldly faced, which may recur at any moment as the gallant men press on with stern, set faces, keen eyes, and bayonets fixed.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the main troubles with the modern German is that he does not understand the idea of intellectual self-sacrifice. Material and moral self-sacrifice, as in the endurance of death for oneself or for one's friends, he understands like all other Europeans; and none of his enemies, who are suffering the same things, will speak lightly of such virtues. But the idea of a sacrifice for truth is totally unmeaning to him. He will not give up a claim, even when he is advancing a stronger claim which is quite inconsistent with it. He will give up anything rather than a boast; and his boasting will always have it both ways. The German Eagle is of the same feather as the famous bird who was habitually in two places at once. It is notable, for instance, that the Germans were perpetually in a dilemma between their pride in population and their pride in personality. They boasted by habit that there were three Germans to one Frenchman; but they tried to combine it with saying that three Frenchmen had fled before one German. Germany expanded and contracted in the course of a single sentence. It was sometimes a conquering civilisation that already covered most of the world, and sometimes a single or even small country which by its supernatural excellence could keep the whole world at bay. When a much larger force drove a much smaller one backward from the Sambre it was a proof that Germany was gigantic. But when the same small force drove the same large force backwards from the Marne it only proved how the whole world was taking advantage of Germany being small. The same crazy self-contradiction can be seen in the German comments on the French bomb raids at Karlsruhe, especially if we take them in connection with their comments on German bomb raids on the East Coast.

It is a common enough historical phenomenon, of course, for one party to permit to itself as an expedient what it denounces in its opponent as an atrocity; the princes and diplomatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for instance, were constantly fomenting plots of assassination and indignantly fastening the guilt of them on others. But in these cases at least the criminals who denounced other people's crimes denied their own. They had at least consistency enough to be hypocrites, and concealed in themselves what they condemned in others. What is abnormal, and even maniacal, about the German writer is his honesty. He is innocently vain-glorious about doing to somebody else what he is innocently horrified at anybody else doing to him. He does not disguise the object of the Zeppelin raids in England; he does not even disguise the effect of them on unarmed civilians, on women, or on children: he appears to glory in it. But he appears to hold that what can be his glory can be our infamy. And if it be asked why he should not simply keep silence on his own crimes, like any other criminal—why he should not present the French retaliations as entirely new provocations and pretend to avenge them as such—the answer is that in order to tell this comparatively sensible and practical lie he would have to surrender another boast: he would have to surrender his boast of having been "first in the field" with new scientific antics and new types of international terrorism. A certain number of non-combatant corpses in Essex are required to satisfy his prestige in aeronautics; while at the same time a certain number of non-combatant corpses in Karlsruhe will satisfy his deep-hearted German craving for righteous indignation. But he cannot either reject the method because it is

horrible or accept the method although it is horrible—for, either way, he would lose one of the feathers he has stuck into his fool's cap.

Mr. Belloc's recently published book upon the Battle of the Marne—for that is the truest description of the second volume of his series called "A General Sketch of the European War"—raises some very fascinating problems about this inconsistency in the German: this indescribable element of double-mindedness and confusion, like the dual personality in a dream. Mr. Belloc himself, indeed, refuses altogether to dally with such matters; he deliberately keeps close to the facts with a military severity which produces a remarkable impression of military speed. His very coldness is exciting, as suggesting the sort of icy concentration of the intelligence when it can manage to deal with instantaneous peril. The very fact that he will not stop for natural description or moral

efficiency, but was something very like anti-efficiency. They had managed in some way to allow the magnificence of the march to obscure the simplicity of the goal. The art of war became sterile—a sort of art for art's sake.

For instance, they have incessantly excused themselves by saying that the violation of Belgium was a necessity. It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration if I were to say that it was really a luxury. But it was something very extraordinary for which the word "luxury" gives the key. It is more and more apparent that it was almost certainly a very expensive blunder; and I believe there is something duplex in the Teutonic temper by which the very expensiveness concealed the blundering.

As Colonel Feyler, Mr. Belloc, and others point out, the passage through Belgium gave the Germans longer and more vulnerable communications. It hampered them by having to turn a great part of their army into a police. Above all—and what has not, I think, been so much noticed—it demonstrated the failure of the ring fortress on the comparatively harmless working model of Liège, instead of letting the first and fatal blow fall without warning upon Verdun or Belfort. Doubtless there were practical arguments on the other side; but I strongly suspect they were supported by something not practical. They were supported by the German artistic temperament, which has a positive taste in violence. The abstract idea of "smashing through" something simply went to their heads. They were intoxicated with their own terrorism, and by the very fact that it was what they would call an old Continental convention that they were smashing like a stick. We see the same thing in the killing of Nurse Cavell—an utterly brainless explosion of the "will to power."



IN AMSTERDAM: H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS—A RECENT SNAPSHOT. With her Majesty is Mr. van Aalst, President of the Netherlands Overseas Trust, and a prominent figure in the Netherlands.

philosophy, save briefly at the beginning and the end, gives the reader an almost oppressive vision of the vast and wheeling armies that will not stop for anything.

War pictures of to-day would have to take the form of a sort of free and even wild cartography, more like that of the antiquated bird's-eye views, with their pattern of toy trees and toy ships. The impression produced on anyone used to the slightly soapy sentiment of the Royal Academy might merely be the impression of a map gone mad. But it is a very good example of a possible and intelligent sort of Futurism, which might really somewhat enlighten and refresh the future. It is also a very good example of the truth that, when we do really find something to refresh us in the future, it is generally very like something that existed long ago in the past.

But I am not reviewing Mr. Belloc's book, but remarking on some curious questions which it raises in connection with German psychology. It is more and more apparent that there was present with the German hosts from the beginning, amid all their unquestionable closeness of application and colossal care for detail, a spirit which not only was not

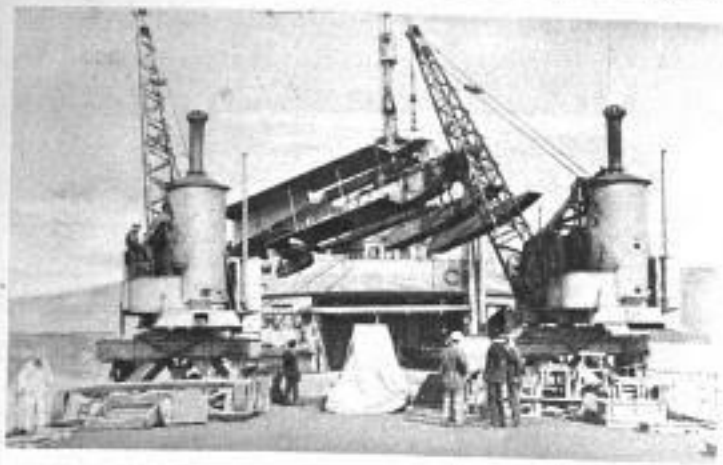
We see it, as I have said at the beginning of this article, in the quite self-contradictory cock-a-whooping over the Zeppelin terrorism in England, which their consciences repudiate when it occurs in Germany. A sort of exultation in ruin carries them on with its own weight, not only against their moral sense, but sometimes even against their material interest.

And I incline to fancy that we can see it, though the point is much more perplexed and very much more beyond my competence to settle, even in the error which broke them at the Battle of the Marne. I merely throw it out as a suggestion, for I am wholly ignorant of innumerable things that may make it quite inadmissible. But Mr. Belloc confesses himself puzzled by the Germans even permitting such a blunder; and the explanation might well be as odd as the fact. It is admitted that a gap opened in the Prussian Guard, through which Foch drove his forces, because one half of the German line was rolled up westwards to meet an unexpected attack, while the rest was driving southward to break the French centre. It might at least be maintained that it was the very violence and enthusiasm of this southward drive that blinded the enemy with oblivion of the gap opening behind him, that a sort of triumphant unreason made their judgment totter, that they were dragged with the mere physical sensation of advance and victory, and the mere thirst to destroy drove them on to their destruction.

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EYES OF THE FLEET AT SALONIKA: THE WORK OF BRITISH SEAPLANES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU.

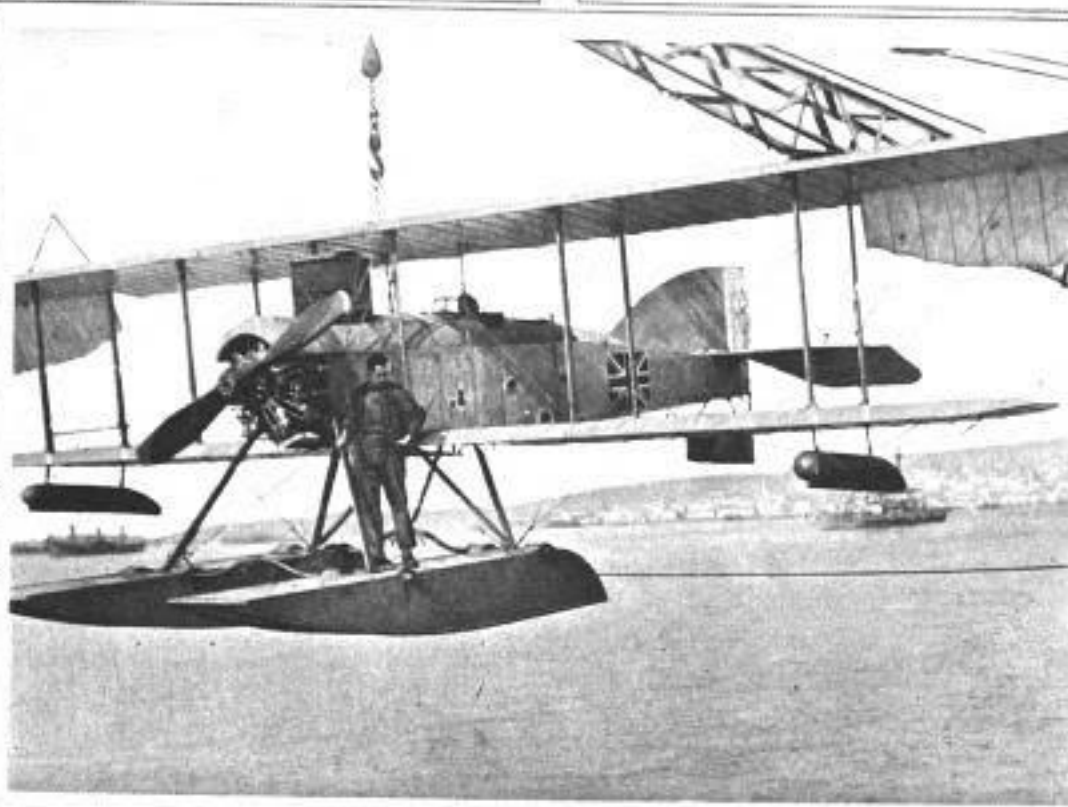


THE FIRST STAGE OF A SEAPLANE FLIGHT: LIFTING A MACHINE FROM THE HOLD OF A PARENT SHIP.



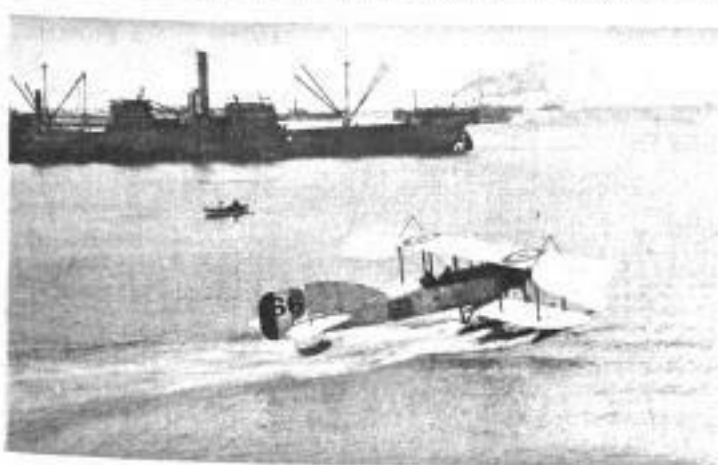
THE SECOND STAGE: A SEAPLANE READY FOR FLIGHT, WITH PILOT AND OBSERVER ON BOARD, ABOUT TO START FROM THE PARENT SHIP.

IN his report of the operations of the Battle-Cruiser Fleet in the Battle of Jutland, Admiral Beatty said: "I ordered 'Engadine' to send up a seaplane and scout to N.N.E. This order was carried out very quickly, and by 3.8 p.m. a seaplane . . . was well under way; her first reports of the enemy were received in 'Engadine' about 3.30 p.m. Owing to clouds it was necessary to fly very low, and in order to identify four enemy light cruisers the seaplane had to fly at a height of 900 ft. within 3000 yards of them, the light cruisers opening fire on her with every gun that would bear. This in no way interfered with the clarity of their reports, and both Flight-Lieut. Rutland and Assistant Paymaster Trewin are to be congratulated on their achievement, which indicates that seaplanes . . . are of distinct value."

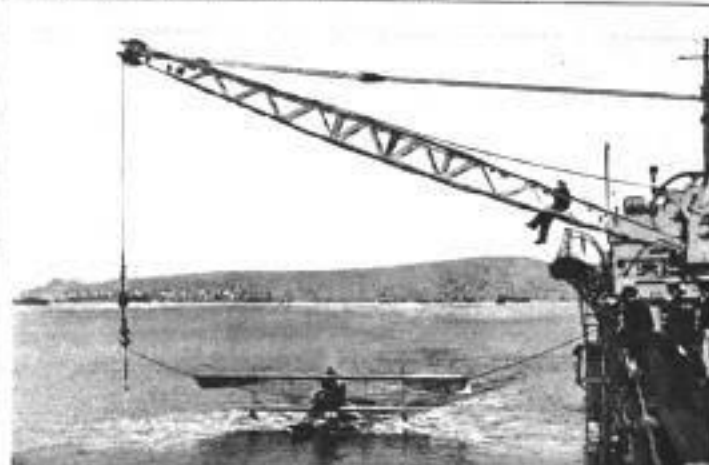


THE THIRD STAGE: A BRITISH SEAPLANE BEING LOWERED TO THE WATER FROM THE DECK OF THE PARENT SHIP.

WRITING from Salonika a few weeks ago, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "High regard should be had for these Allied airmen in the Balkans. They fly over most dangerous country. Places where, in case of engine breakdown, it would be possible to land are rare indeed in such mountainous country. They start off on long tours, often at night, knowing that the slightest panic will mean certain death, and fly 100 or 150 miles, with no better guidance than a pocket electric torch, occasionally flashed on the dials of their instruments. Nor is their gravest danger over when they reach home before dawn. With the best skill most serious accidents can take place while landing. Allied seaplanes, too, make long overseas flights entirely unescorted. Some of them have had breakdowns and alighted—fortunately, near an island."



HOME AGAIN: A BRITISH SEAPLANE IN SALONIKA BAY AFTER FLYING IN SEARCH OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT.



THE RETURN TO THE PARENT SHIP: A SEAPLANE ON THE WATER AND THE CRANE READY TO HAUL IT UP ON DECK.

Seaplanes are an important adjunct to a modern fleet, for scouting and observation purposes. Their worth in a fleet action was proved in the Battle of Jutland Bank, as described in the extract quoted above from Sir David Beatty's report, which was published along with Sir John Jellicoe's despatch. At Salonika the British seaplanes, as well as the aeroplanes of the land forces, have done excellent service. The other quotation given above, from one of Mr. G. Ward Price's messages, indicates the valuable work

they perform in that sphere of operations. Seaplanes attached to a naval force are carried on board a ship specially fitted for the purpose, known as a "parent" ship. At the Dardanelles, it will be remembered, the "Ark Royal" was employed in this capacity. The photographs on this page show the successive stages of launching a seaplane from the parent ship and taking it aboard again on its return from a flight.

WHERE EVERY RUIN WAS A "FORT": AT DOMPIERRE



EVERY RUINED HOUSE AND COTTAGE A FORT ONLY TAKEN BY HAND.



THE CAPTORS OF DOMPIERRE: THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH INFANTRY OF THE

"The Franco-British troops this morning developed an offensive action on a front of about 40 kilometres (about 25 miles), and during the afternoon along the whole of the front of the attack the Allied troops captured the first-line German positions. . . . South of the Somme, the villages of Dompierre, Becquincourt, Busson, and Fay fell into our hands." So ran the French official communiqué of July 1, recording the attack with which the above illustrations have to do. They are photographs taken on the spot immediately after the battle. It was of the same action that Sir Douglas Haig, in recording the general progress of the day's fighting, used the memorable expression, "So far the day goes well for England and France."

PIERRE DURING THE OPENING OF THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE.



Y-M-T-O-H-A-N-D FIGHTING: IN THE VILLAGE OF DOMPIERRE AFTER ITS STORMING.



ATTACKING COLUMN RETURNING AFTER BEING RELIEVED BY THEIR SUPPORTS.

Describing the attack at Dompierre and thereabouts, a "Times" correspondent said: "The chain of fortified villages which formed the backbone of the German first defence line was carried almost wholly in the first 24 hours of the attack, about six miles of the French front being pushed eastwards to a depth varying from 2½ to 3½ miles. The French infantry, who went out to the assault with all their old dash and gaiety, quickly seized the villages of Dompierre, Becquincourt, and Fay, on the plateau of Péronne. Dompierre itself, before its destruction by the preliminary bombardment that cleared the way for the infantry, was a village of some six hundred and fifty inhabitants, two miles south of the Somme."—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE ALLIED LINE": THE NEW

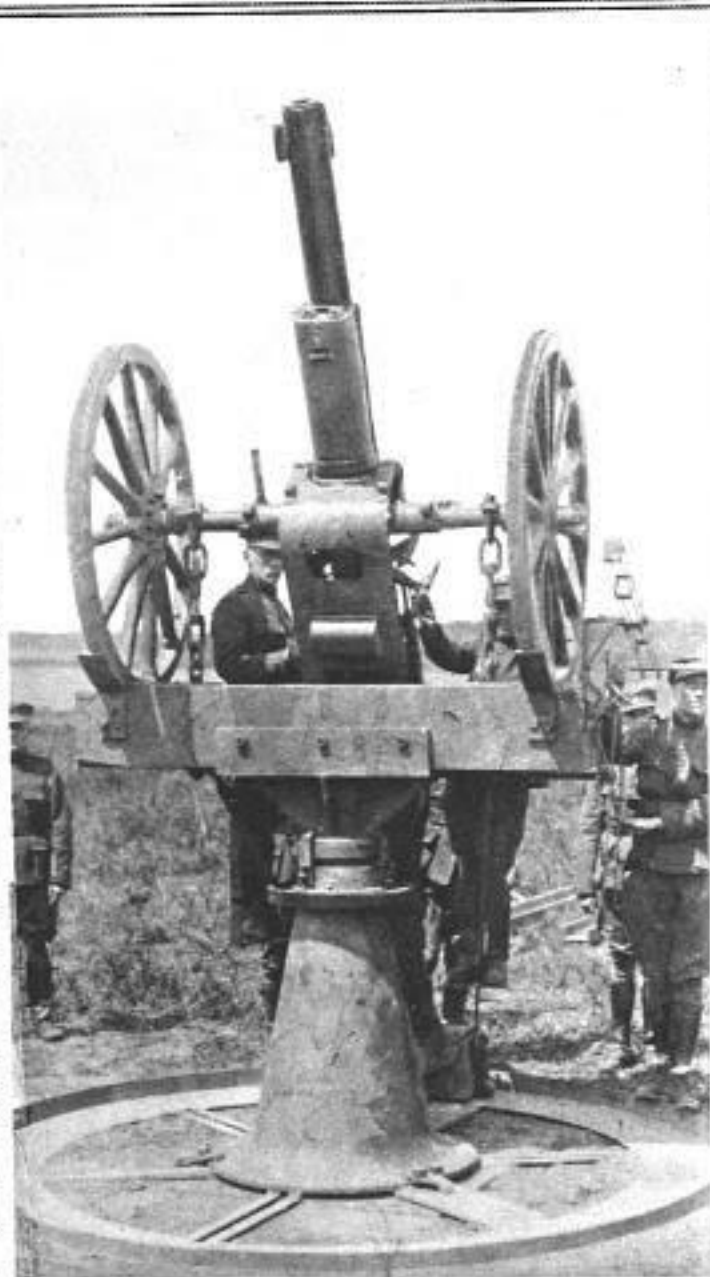
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY:
A 105-MM. (4-INCH) HOWITZER BATTERY.



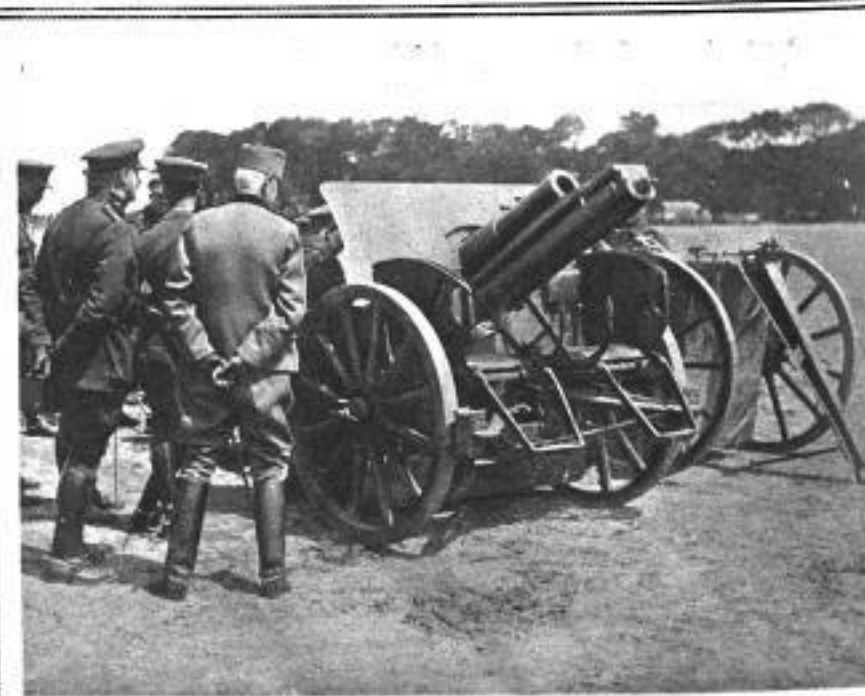
ON THE WAY TO THE TRENCHES
DRAWN BY HELMET



ON PIEDestal PIVOT MOUNTING FOR ALL-ROUND FIRE: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT
75-MM. (2 7/8-INCH) GUN.



FIRING EXERCISE BEFORE INSPECTING OFFICERS: 75-MM. (2 7/8-INCH) TRENCH-MORTARS
AND THEIR TEAMS.



FRENCH CAPTURES IN CHAMPAGNE TRANSFERRED TO THE BELGIANS:
EX-GERMAN 105-MM. (4-INCH) GUNS.

"The Belgian Army opposed inch by inch the advance of overwhelming forces with tenacity, with endurance, with brilliant courage, for which the two great Western Allies owe them an immeasurable debt of gratitude. With its heroic King still at its head, that Army, after a lapse of nearly two years, is still in Belgium, which neither the King nor his gallant troops have quitted. There they form an important link in the Allied line which holds Germany in check, well found in men and munitions, and well able to cope with the exigencies of modern war." These words are a passage from Mr. Asquith's speech at the Royal Albert Hall at the great public demonstration held there on July 21 to celebrate the Anniversary of Belgian Independence. The Prime Minister spoke well within his text in regard to the present-time efficiency of King Albert's reorganised Army. It is at this moment more than

BELGIAN ARMY—WELL FOUND IN MEN AND MUNITIONS.

BY TOPICAL PRESS.



1500 (2 1/2-INCH) TRENCH-MORTARS
SOLIER GUN-TEAMS.



GUNS AND MEN: AN OFFICIAL INSPECTION OF TRENCH-MORTARS
AND BATTLE-EQUIPPED INFANTRY



BATTERY FIRING-PRACTICE DURING AN OFFICIAL INSPECTION: 75-MM. (2 9/16-INCH)
TRENCH-MORTARS IN ACTION



READY TO FIRE: A 230-MM. (9-INCH) HEAVY HOWITZER
ON ITS MOUNTING.

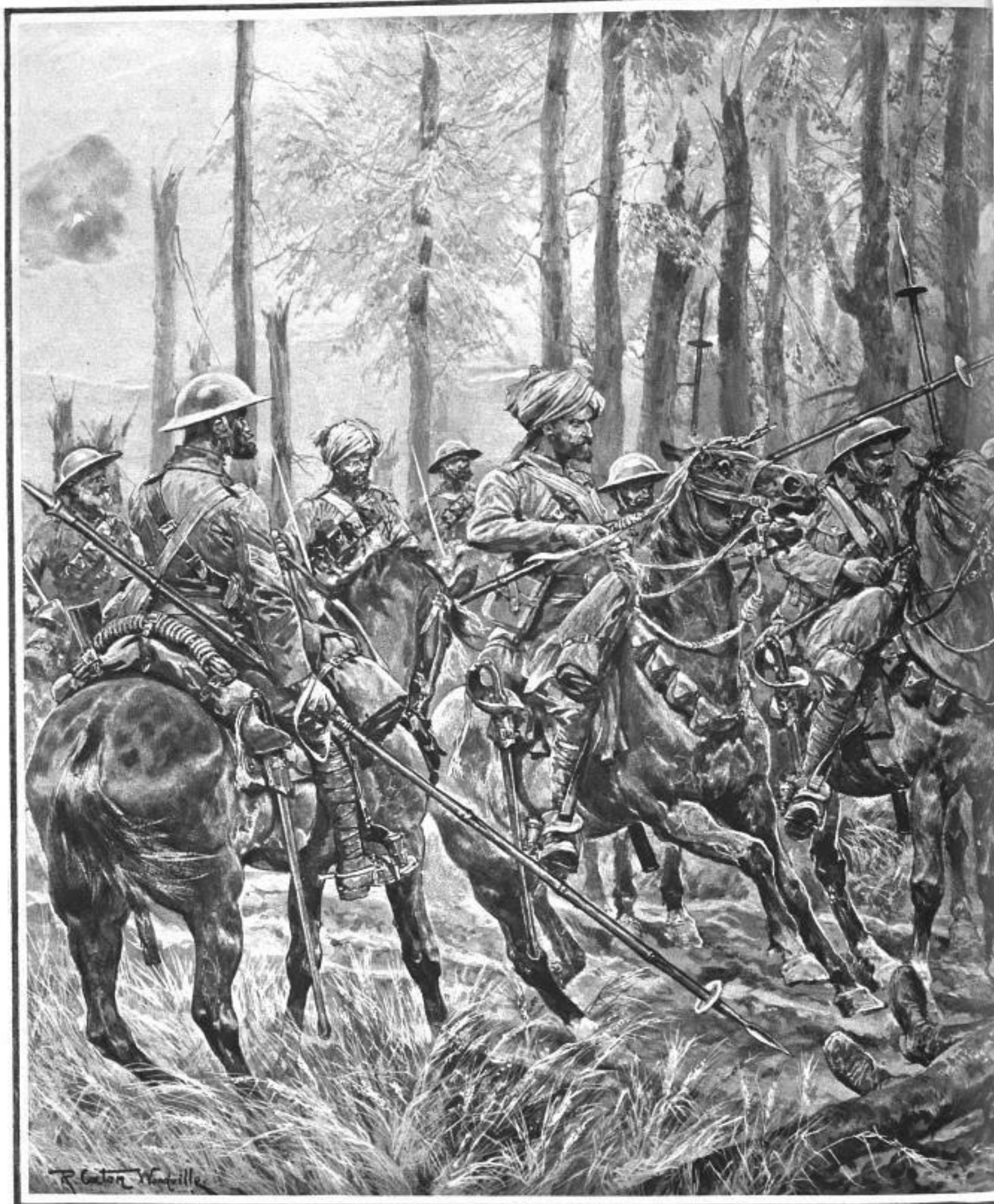


ON PEDESTAL PIVOT-MOUNTING FOR ALL-ROUND FIRE:
A 75-MM. (2 9/16-INCH) ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.

times as numerous as the army that, in October 1914, took post between Ypres and the sea after the retreat from Antwerp. Since then the entire Belgian Army has been reorganised into the machine of the first order. It has been reclothed in a service uniform of khaki in place of the conspicuous peace-time dress in which the Belgians had to fight at bay in the autumn of 1914. It has been re-equipped with heavy and light batteries of artillery of the most up-to-date type. Squadrons of the new Belgian cavalry took part in the march through Paris on July 14, and were the admiration of all beholders. All ranks of all arms are full of perfectly trained men in the prime of fighting vigour, burning with patriotic ardour for the moment to come when the word is given for them to go forward and avenge the abominable barbarities to which their native land has been subjected, with the war-cry on their lips, "Vive la Belgique!"

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL

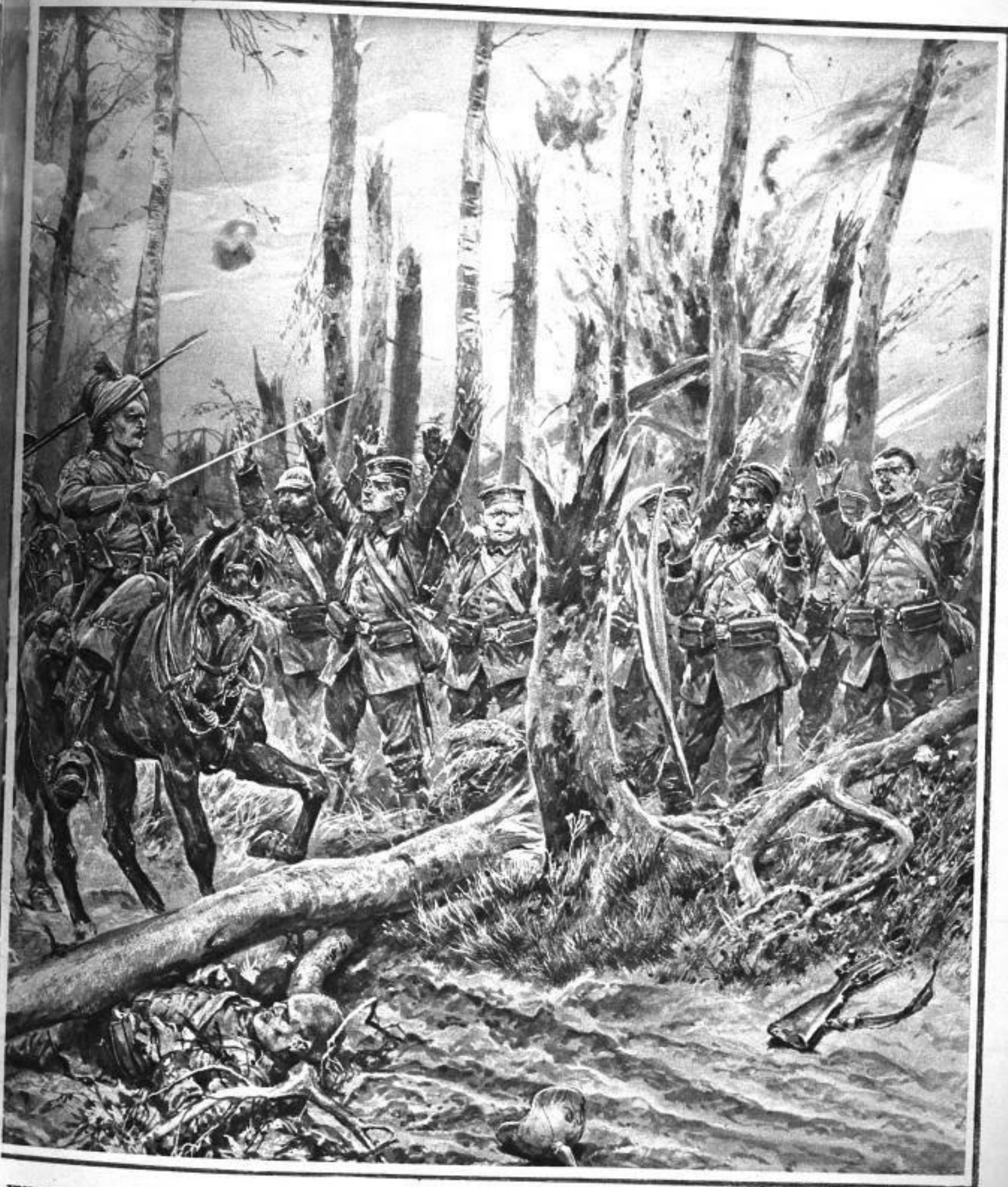


A PARTY OF THE ENEMY SURPRISED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DELVILLE WOOD

The Indian cavalry troop who, with a troop of Dragoon Guards, swooped down on men of a German infantry detachment in the cornfields near Bazentin and on the outskirts of Delville Wood, by their unexpected appearance and resolute approach scared all the fight out of some of the Germans. The Germans in question had been holding the wood, but the havoc wrought by British artillery fire and the bursting shells among the trees proved too much for their nerves. They were in the act of quitting the wood, intending to take their chance of reaching another and less-exposed German position, when the Indians came suddenly on the scene and rode in among the trees close to them. A special correspondent at the front describes what

THE INDIAN CAVALRY DASH NEAR BAZENTIN.

SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.

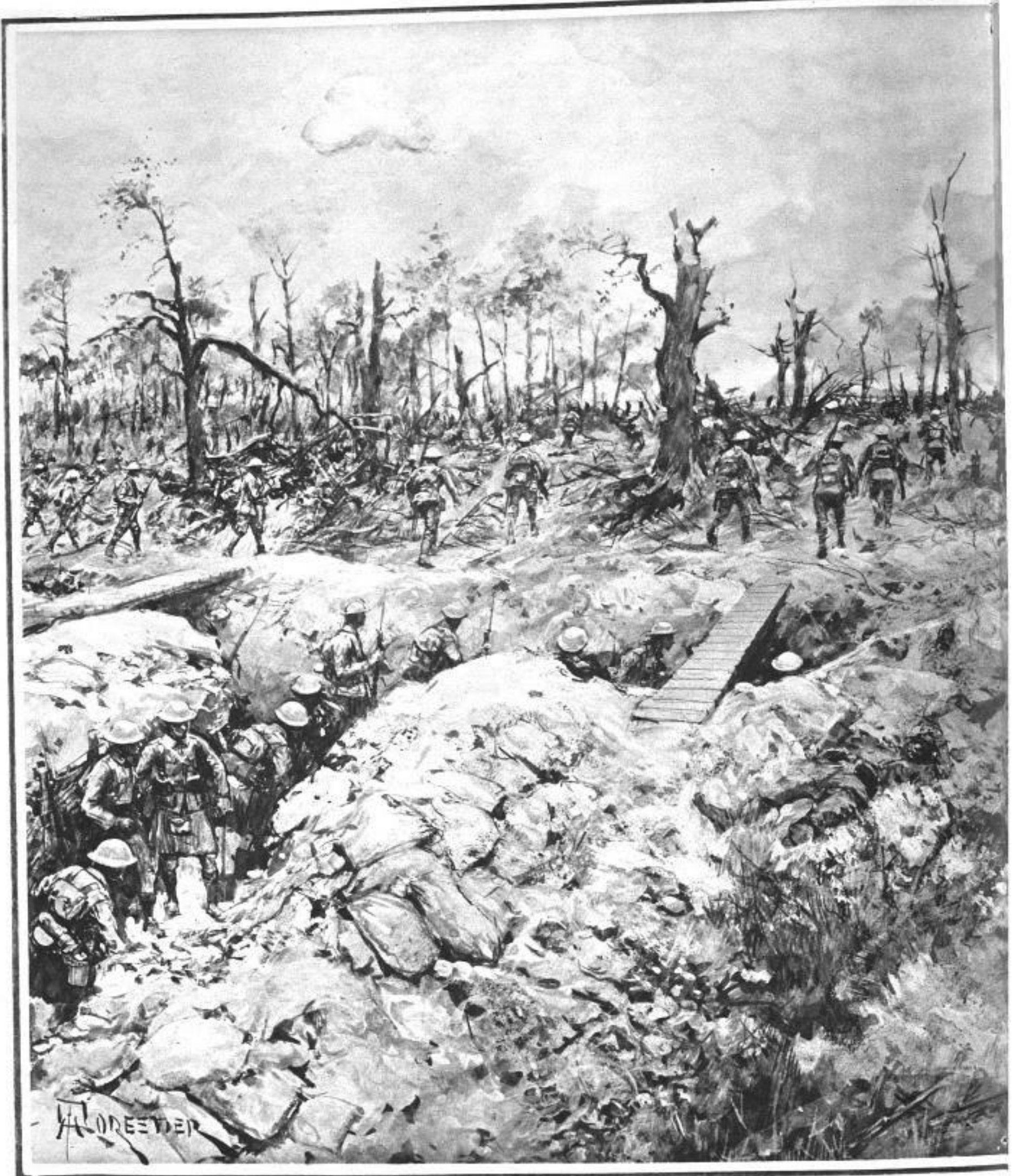


WHILE IN THE ACT OF ESCAPING: GERMANS SURRENDERING TO INDIAN CAVALRY.

happened, as he learned the facts afterwards from one of the German prisoners who spoke English. At the sudden coming of the Indians, the Germans thought only of surrendering—but would they be spared? "My comrades were afraid," said the German sergeant. "They cried out to me that the Indians would kill their prisoners, and that we should die if we surrendered. But I said, 'That is not true, comrades. It is only a tale. Let us go forward very quietly with our hands up.' So in that way we went, and the Indian horsemen closed about us, and I spoke to one of them asking for mercy for our men. He was very kind, and a gentleman, and we surrendered to him safely."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SOUTH AFRICA'S SHARE IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE IN FRANCE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED

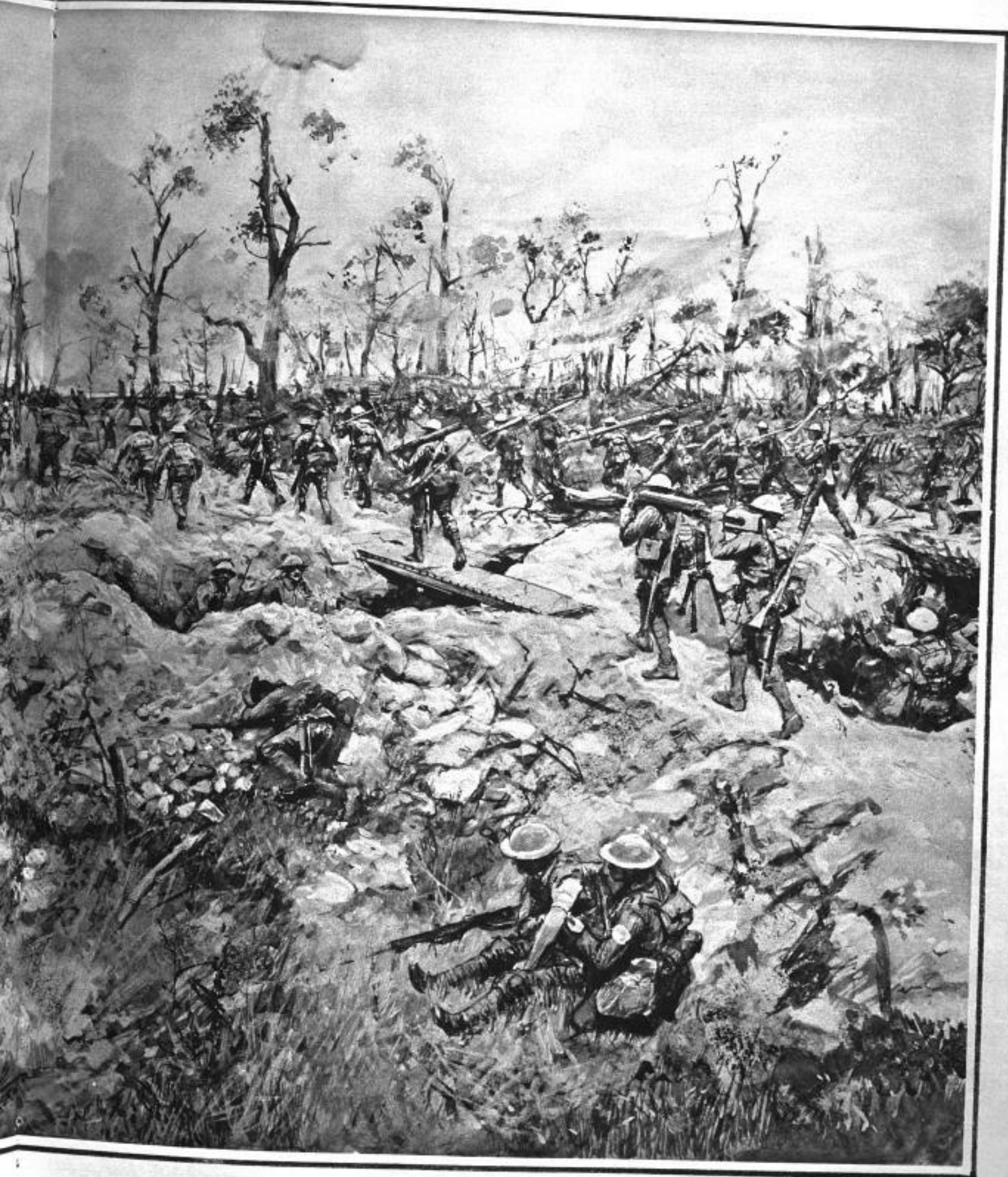


THE GALLANT SOUTH AFRICANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: I

South Africa's share in the war has indeed been a magnificent achievement. Not only have her troops, under General Botha, carried to triumph the arduous campaign in German South-West Africa, and are now fighting with splendid success under General Smuts in German East Africa, but she has also sent a fine brigade to Europe to serve on the Western Front, where they have already won their laurels, and have recently been fighting with the utmost heroism in the great offensive in France. A recent Reuter message from the war-correspondents' headquarters stated: "In the heavy fighting of Saturday (July 15) the South African infantry attacked with great gallantry, and went right through a certain wood. They displayed great resource and skill in overcoming the peculiar difficulties of this species of fighting, and have won unstinted praise for

FRANCE: UNION TROOPS AT THE CAPTURE OF DELVILLE WOOD.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.

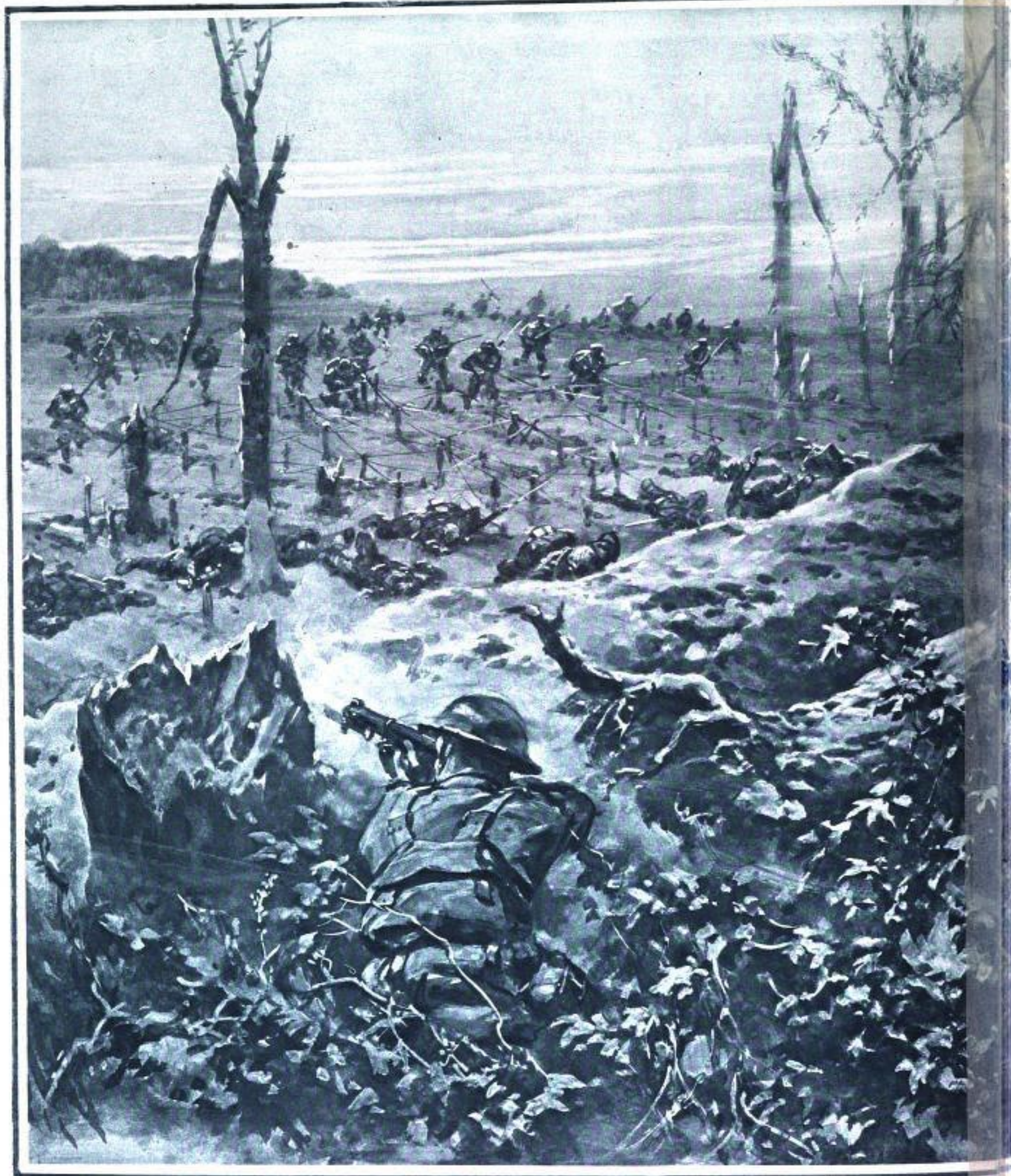


T: PASSING OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES IN DELVILLE WOOD.

their services. South Africa may well be proud of the part her sons have borne in the tremendous struggle. The casualties are reported to be not heavy, having regard to the success achieved." Our illustration shows the capture of Delville Wood, where the fighting has been so intense, and the place rendered such an inferno by bombardment, that its name has been aptly converted by the troops into "Devil's Wood." The South Africans are seen in the background storming across a line of German trenches. Nearer to the foreground are seen some Highlanders who were at that time acting in support. After the capture of Delville Wood, where they converted a sunken road into a trench, the South Africans were subjected to severe shelling by the enemy.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A "RORKE'S DRIFT" OF THE GREAT WAR: THE GLORIOUS

DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKOROK FROM MATERIAL



ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC EPISODES OF THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: A SMALL BODY OF

The heroic conduct of a small body of men of the Royal West Kent Regiment, under one of their captains, in the woods between Montauban and Guillemont, must be counted as one of the finest exploits of the war. "This little force," says a Reuter message from the British Headquarters in France, "got separated from the main attack upon Trones Wood, delivered at 7 o'clock on Thursday night (July 13). This attack did not succeed, and dusk found a small band of West Kents, cut off in the eastern part of the wood, with Germans swarming around them. Luckily they had collected some Lewis guns, left by our people on an earlier occasion, together with a good deal of additional ammunition. The captain organised his men with remarkable skill, and the result was that not only did they establish several small strong points which they successfully held against tremendous odds, but inflicted casualties estimated at 150, including 35 prisoners. At 8 a.m. on the following morning relief arrived, and, in consequence of the dogged maintenance of their position by the West

STAND OF THE ROYAL WEST KENTS IN TRONES WOOD.

SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT, WHO HELD OUT ALL NIGHT, REPELLING GERMAN ATTACKS.

Kent, the relief troops were enabled to develop a systematic clearance of the wood. The episode is, indeed, reminiscent of Rorke's Drift. It was with joyous surprise that the relieving force in the morning came upon the heroic remnant of the West Kents in a place where it was believed that no British troops could survive. "The wood," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "was captured again, and then a queer kind of miracle happened, and it seemed as if those who had been dead had come to life again. For out of holes in the ground, and from behind the fallen timbers of shelled trees, came a number of English boys, dirty and wild-looking, who shouted out, 'Hullo, lads!' and 'What cheer, matey?' . . . They were West Kents, who had first taken the Trones Wood, and then had been caught in a barrage of fire. With one officer, they had dug themselves into the roots of trees on the eastern edge of the wood, and kept the Germans at bay."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAMPAIGNING IN THE MOUNTAINS AT 10,000 FEET: WONDERS

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE ITALIAN WAR PICTURES



IN WHITE UNIFORMS, TO LOOK LESS CONSPICUOUS ON THE SNOW, ITALIAN TROOPS GOING INTO ACTION AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 10,400 FEET.



WHERE TRENCHES AND DUG-OUTS ARE CUT AT THE ENTRANCE



AT AN ALTAR AND CROSS CARVED FROM SOLID ICE: AN ITALIAN MILITARY CHAPLAIN HOLDING A FIELD SERVICE.



THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN ITALY OF BLESSING

The fact that most of the Italian fighting against Austria has to be done in high mountain country renders it in many ways the most wonderful and interesting of all the campaigns in Europe. Italy's part in the war has been one of the utmost importance to the general plans of the Allies. Her troops have kept engaged along their front large Austrian forces which would otherwise have been free to act against Russia. After withstanding a violent onslaught of the enemy in the Trentino, the Italians a few weeks ago turned the tables by initiating a triumphant counter-offensive. A vivid idea of the conditions in which they fight among the Alps is given by these photographs, which are on view, with a large collection of war pictures by Italian artists, at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square, a most interesting exhibition which everyone should make a point of seeing. The Alpini, as the

OF ALPINE WARFARE WITH THE HEROIC ITALIAN ARMY.

EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



IN ICE AND SNOW: ITALIAN SOLDIERS TO AN ICE GALLERY.



TRENCH-WARFARE IN THE HIGH ALPS: ITALIAN TROOPS FIRING THROUGH LOOPHOLES IN AN ICE PARAPET.



MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN: THE CEREMONY NEW COLOURS.



MARVELS OF THE FILOVIA: AN ITALIAN GUN TRANSPORTED AMONG MOUNTAIN PEAKS ON AN AERIAL CABLE.

Italian mountain troops are called, are constantly performing marvellous feats in scaling precipices and capturing positions on apparently impregnable peaks. Not less wonderful is the work of the Italian engineers, who make the advance possible by constructing roads and other means of transporting guns, material, and men. By means of the *filovia*, or aerial cable railway, guns weighing up to 400 kilos (nearly 8 cwt.) can be carried up the mountains. Heavier guns are hauled up the roads by steam-tractors, and man-hauled by drag-ropes at zigzag turns. Batteries of guns each weighing 11 tons, with a carriage of 5 tons and a platform (in sections) of 30 tons, have been in some places at a height of 9000 feet. The uniforms and equipment of the men are adapted to the conditions, some being dressed in white so as to make them a less conspicuous mark for the enemy, amid the snow.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GREEK-FIRE OF THE GERMANS.

IT is a common error to suppose that the secret of the composition of the Greek-fire so jealously guarded by the Emperors of Constantinople is lost. On the contrary, it is set out at length in an Arabic

time. This may well be, and would, perhaps, get over the difficulty of igniting the liquid before it was pumped on the enemy; but the Germans seem to have improved on their model by using compressed air. The ignition was also arranged for by them either by mixing with the naphtha an organic substance which will spontaneously take fire when

of the engine, and thereby exposing him to the attention of "snipers" of the other side. Hence the Germans have of late found it more prudent to separate the burning fluid itself from its means of ignition, and they now begin their attack by throwing fire-balls into the enemy's trenches, with a fuse which lights them as soon as they touch ground. These are immediately followed by squirts of the inflammable liquid directed on the same spot, which thereby catch light and raise a sort of curtain of flame about a metre in height, through which the stormers dash.

Ingenious as all this may be, it may be doubted whether we have here a permanent addition to the horrors of warfare. It is significant that the original Greek-fire—although, as Gibbon tells us, it was invented by Callinicus, a native of Baalbek in Syria, for the Turkish Caliph, and the secret afterwards sold by its inventor to the Greek Emperor—was never used by the Turks for whom it was invented, and its employment soon died out after the general adoption of the arquebuss. Our ancestors were not exactly fools in matters of warfare, and we are sure that they would not have abandoned this means of defence against the advancing "paynim" had it been really effective. But it seems that the effectiveness of this, as of other German innovations in war, depends mainly on the element of surprise, and that, like the famous locks sold at twopence apiece, they are just good enough to be used once. Although it might easily cause confusion among troops in trenches, the short range of the *Flammenwerfer*, which is at most fifty yards, would probably prevent it from being used against troops in the open; and since we are, as we all hope, beginning to see the end of trench warfare, it is probable that we may not hear much more of "liquid flame." For the rest, the extinction of this flame, as to which medieval writers cherished some very odd ideas, presents no great difficulty to modern science, and a few fire "extincteurs" like those kept in private houses where the water-supply is not very good would probably be found of great use in the trenches. Even failing these, sand—whether wet or dry—would soon put an end to the hurtfulness alike of the liquid itself and the fire-balls by which it is preceded.—F. L.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: DRAWING A HEAVY HOWITZER TO A MORE FORWARD POSITION.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.

manuscript of the year 1225, now in the Royal Museum at Leyden, as well as in the better-known "Liber Ignium ad Comburendum Hostes" of Martin Graecus, written five years later and republished in 1842. Its ingredients are there given as naphtha, pitch, resin, and sulphur, and are identical, according to a writer in the current number of the *Revue Scientifique*, with those of the liquid used in the *Flammenwerfer* of our enemies. One can even fancy with a little imagination how Kaiser Wilhelm, on the look-out for some novel means of increasing the horrors of war, set one of his savants at work to hunt up the subject of Greek-fire, and how the same savant, after much research in the laborious German fashion, discovered the receipt in the Leyden manuscript in question. Moreover, the Greeks of the Lower Empire employed this form of frightfulness in exactly the same way as the Kaiser's hosts. The well-known passage in the *Sire de Joinville's* Memoirs about it, "Coming flying through the air like a winged dragon, about the thickness of a hog's head, with the report of thunder and the speed of lightning, so that the darkness of the night was dispelled by this horrible illumination," has misled scholars as to the way it was projected. Pots containing it were undoubtedly hurled by engines on board ship resembling the modern—which was also the ancient—catapult; but the Greek sailors of the Middle Ages also used a cheirosiphon, or hand-tube, worked by an officer called a Siphonator, which enabled him to direct it on any point he pleased of the enemy's vessel. This was undoubtedly the parent of the modern *Flammenwerfer*.

How the liquid in question was forced out of the tube may still be doubtful; but Professor Bury, in the notes to his edition of Gibbon, thinks it was done by gunpowder, the composition of which was, according to him, already known to the Greeks of de Joinville's

exposed to the atmosphere, as described in a former article in this column, or by some other easily imagined means. But this, according to the writer in the *Revue Scientifique*, was found to have its disadvantages. The liquid, once inflamed, was liable to blow back upon its projectors, and, as he does not say, had the inconvenience of revealing the carrier



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR FOR A HEAVY GUN.

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COMPELLED!

Dunlop: Got a new car, I see.

The Doctor: Yes. Had a smash in the old car. Some fool ran into me. Couldn't get replacements and repairs done in decent time and so was compelled to buy an imported car.

Dunlop: Well, remember, when the time comes, that you are not compelled to re-tyre with imported tyres. I make tyres in all the principal foreign sizes—and better tyres than anyone else, too.

The Doctor: As a scientific man I'm a stickler for proof, you know!

Dunlop (producing a sheaf of letters from the Front):
"Really I cannot praise them enough" "I am writing this letter to you simply out of admiration for the wonderful durability of your tyres" "The majority of the ambulances use Dunlops and I have never seen a car using Dunlops stopped on account of tyre trouble."

The Doctor: Halt! Enough!

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MAJOR D. HUGHES-ONSLLOW,
Devonshire Regt. Son of late Henry G.
Hughes-Onslow, Balmissock and Alton-Albany,
Ayr. Mentioned in despatches.



LT.-COL. D. G. BLEIS, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Twice in despatches.
Awarded D.S.O. in January.
Son of late Sir John Bleis.



LT.-COL. C. C. MACNAMARA,
R. Irish Rifles. Was A.D.C.
to Lord Milner, S. Africa;
Staff Officer, Bombay, 1904-5.



LIEUT.-COL. A. ST. HILL GIBBONS,
King's (Liverpool) Regt. Explorer of the Upper
Zambesi, and author of "Exploration and
Travel in Central Africa," etc.



MAJOR W. PITT BENNETT,
R.A. Son of late W. Stephenson Bennett, of
Ceylon, and Mrs. Bennett, Wood Norton, Fleet,
Hants.



MAJOR W. D. OSWALD, D.S.O.,
West Yorkshire Regt. Fought
in S. Africa; despatches,
D.S.O. Died of wounds.



MAJOR A. W. L. TROTTER,
Leicestershire Regt. Resided
in Virginia, U.S.A. Offered
services to his old regiment.



MAJOR G. E. VENNOR,
Sherwood Foresters. Recently
given Majority in recognition
of services.



LIEUT.-COL. FRANK A. JONES,
C.M.G., D.S.O.,
S. African Infantry. Fought in S. African War;
wounded, despatches, D.S.O.



LIEUT.-COL. C. W. D. LYNCH, D.S.O.,
King's Own Yorkshire L.I. Twice in despatches.
Son of late Major-Gen. W. W. Lynch, C.B.,
and Mrs. Lynch, Guildford.



MAJ. GEORGE F. HIGGINS,
King's (Liverpool) Regt. Son
of Mr. Frederick C. Higgins,
Eginton Park, Rock Ferry.



MAJ.-GEN. E. C. INGHAM,
VILLE WILLIAMS, D.S.O.,
Was awarded the D.S.O. for
services in S. African War.



MAJOR G. M. CLARK,
Northampton Regt. Elder
son of late Rev. M. M. Clark,
and Mrs. Clark, Winchester.



MAJOR W. NOEL LEGGETT,
R.G.A. Elder son of Colonel and Mrs.
F. H. Leggett, of Underhill House,
Sharncliffe.



LIEUT.-COL. H. E. BRASSEY,
Household Cavalry, att'd. S. Lanka Regt. A
fine sportsman and polo-player. Fought in
S. Africa with distinction.



MAJOR A. FRANK HESS,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Son of
late Dr. A. Hess, and of Mrs.
Hess, Courthold Gardens.



MAJOR J. P. GRAHAM,
R.F.A. Son of late Robert
Graham, Trinity College,
Dublin.



MAJOR W. J. DOBSON,
Canadian Infantry. Educated
at St. Paul's School, and
Exeter College, Oxford.



MAJOR W. LA TOUCHE CONGREGRE, D.S.O.,
Rifle Brigade. Won D.S.O. in present war.
Married Miss Pamela Maude, daughter of
Mr. Cyril Maude, June 1, 1916.



LT. LORD NEWBOROUGH,
Welsh Guards. Succeeded his
grandfather in title. Died of
illness contracted in trenches.



2ND LT. G. K. M. BUTLER,
Yeomanry. Son of the Master
of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Dr. H. Montagu Butler.



PTE. WM. MAHNER, V.C.,
K.R.R.C. Won the Cross for
gallant service near Cambrai,
May 1915.

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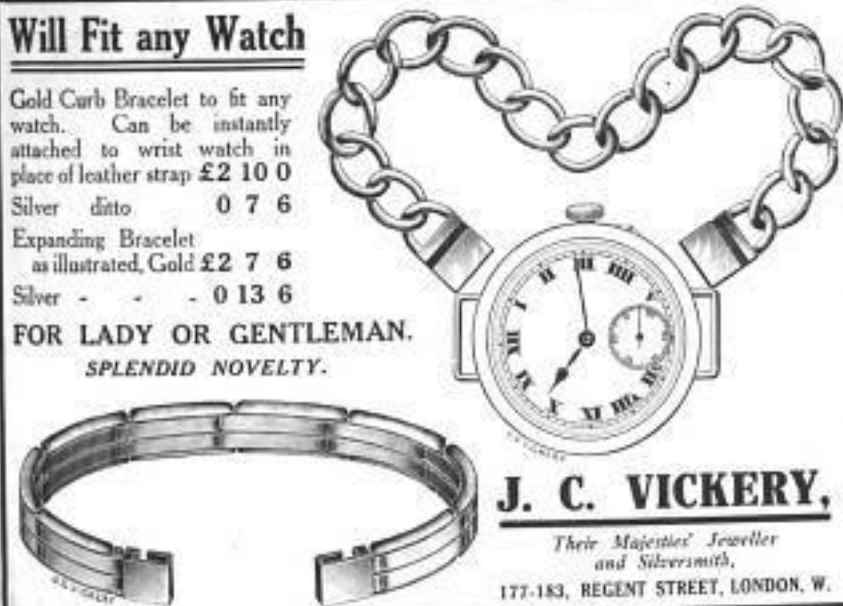
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LITERATURE.

"Shakespeare's Theater."

It would be an extravagance to say that English critics are leaving to their American colleagues the work of research into the earlier history of our stage: names such as those of Mr. E. K. Chambers and, of course, Sir Sidney Lee could be quoted in confirmation of any such sweeping statement. What can be said is that interesting schools of students have arisen in the United States which have specialised on more than one branch of the subject. Above all, there has been concentration on the features and developments of the Elizabethan playhouse. Two men, for example, to whose labours we owe much are Dr. Albright and Dean Gildersleeve. With them we must now rank Professor Ashley Thorndike, whose treatise on "Shakespeare's Theater" (Macmillan) may surely be reckoned the most exhaustive and reasonable summary extant on a matter that bristles with controversy. His book is so worthy of praise, because he never fails to recognise that the sixteenth-century stage is everywhere transitional—a halfway house between the mediæval and the modern, in which there is constant change, and because he never lets a theory shape his facts.

The chief problem of the Elizabethan theatre is that of its two stages, outer and inner, and there have been scholars who have over-emphasised the importance of each. Specially prominent and consistent have been the group that have exaggerated the use of the inner stage as a place for setting properties and indicating a change of scene by curtain-rise or curtain-fall, and have exalted the change or alteration of scenes from apron stage to inner stage into a fixed procedure of staging. With an eye kept too closely on certain plays of the period, they have imagined authors constructing their dramas on principle as a series of alternating outer and inner scenes. It is a pretty theory, and would simplify things immensely could it be maintained; but, like so many simplifications, it ignores inharmonious data. Many scenes in Elizabethan drama, the Professor points out, were but vaguely localised; it looks as if the inner stage, so much used at the Restoration,

so all-significant later, was but sparingly employed in Shakespearean days; there are cases in which changes from the outer to the inner stage and the reverse were effected while characters remained on the stage; and even incongruous properties were left on for the audience to treat as non-existent.

The thoroughness of Dr. Thorndike's research-work is just as evident in his handling of smaller problems, such as the differences that existed between the public

good reasons—fears of rioting, fire, and the extending of the plague. But it was a lucky thing for posterity that the City's authority did not extend beyond its gates and did not include certain franchises. Otherwise the first permanent theatres, "Playhouse" and "Curtain," could not have been established Shoreditch way, Bankside would never have won its way to fame, and the Blackfriars house could never have entertained its summer patrons. Thus even King James had his uses.

The Fabians.

The British public, unaccustomed to pursue the origins of its ideas or the conditions of its life further back than the morning paper, is probably quite unconscious, as a whole, how much of those phenomena could ultimately be traced to the influence of the Fabian Society. The reason is that the Society has always been an influence rather than a force in current politics. It has remained comparatively small in numbers, has worked privately and in the background, and, except for the meteoric but shortlived incursion of Mr. H. G. Wells into its operations a few years ago, has not greatly courted publicity or expansion. All thinking people, however, know what its influence has been, and will read with interest "The History of the Fabian Society" (A. C. Fifield), by Mr. Edward L. Pease, who was its secretary for twenty-five years, and since the war began has resumed his old work, his successor having obtained a commission in the Army. At the present time there is a natural tendency to judge every new book in relation to the war. But if readers are looking to the Fabians for light on that great subject they will be disappointed. True to its principles as borrowed from Fabius Maximus, the Society has adopted tactics of delay in expressing any opinion on the war or the future. In a "final paragraph" Mr. Pease writes: "The war is with us and the end is not in sight. In accordance with the rule which forbids it to speak unless it has something of value to say, the Society has made no pronouncement and adopted no policy." It would be interesting to discuss that decision, but space forbids. We may add that the book contains portraits of leading Fabians, two articles by Bernard Shaw, and a complete list of Fabian publications.



THE PIPES AT THE FRONT: SOME HIGHLANDERS RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES.

There have been many instances during the war of the traditional heroism of the Scottish pipers. Only recently, for example, at Longueval, a regiment of Highlanders were led to the attack by their pipers, to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming." Official Press Bureau Photograph.

and the private theatres. He reminds us, and proves his case by plenty of documentary evidence, that our stage would have been in a bad way but for the Court favour that was extended to actors. If it had had to depend on the tender mercies of the City of London, neither theatres nor drama could have survived. In 1572 "plays were banished for a time out of London," and it was the constant endeavour of the City officials to shut up the half-dozen or so London playhouses. No doubt, they had their

the war or the future. In a "final paragraph" Mr. Pease writes: "The war is with us and the end is not in sight. In accordance with the rule which forbids it to speak unless it has something of value to say, the Society has made no pronouncement and adopted no policy." It would be interesting to discuss that decision, but space forbids. We may add that the book contains portraits of leading Fabians, two articles by Bernard Shaw, and a complete list of Fabian publications.

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Dr. RETTOUX,
of the Faculty of Montpellier.

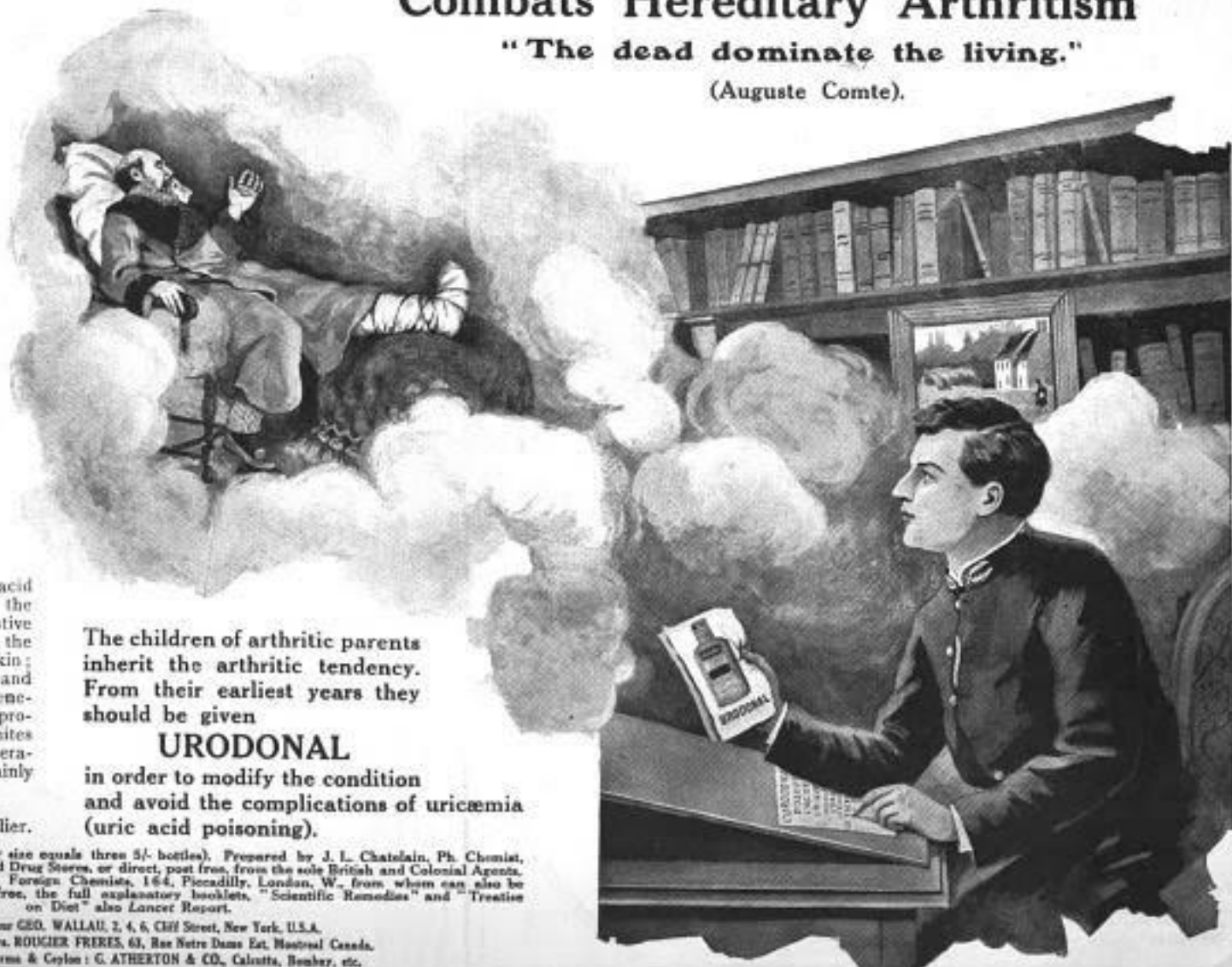
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More than half a century ago, in the City of Nottingham, upon the prescription of a well-known local doctor, Mr. Woodward placed upon the market his now world-renowned Gripe Water.

It at once made itself favourably known to nurses and parents and medical men also, who used it in their own families. Its reputation rapidly grew from the mere fact of Gripe Water being recommended by one person to another and being used by one generation after another in the same families. To-day there are many parents who were themselves brought up as babies by the aid of this preparation, who now use it in turn for their own children.

WOODWARD'S Gripe Water, therefore, is not a new preparation pushed upon the public by sheer weight of advertisement. It carries with it the high sanction of long experience.

The period of life when baby needs Gripe Water.

During the first few anxious months of a baby's life and particularly during the time of teething, the little ones suffer from a number of minor ailments which cause the mother much anxiety, and which, though not serious in themselves, may lead to serious trouble if not properly attended to. Most of these ailments, however, are very simply explained, being due to disordered digestion and mal-assimilation of food, which cause flatulency and other distressing symptoms to appear, and the little one becomes very disturbed and cries with pain. In nearly all such cases, Woodward's Gripe Water will bring immediate relief, quickly reducing the pain and correcting the disordered system.

Gripe Water is a safe medicine.

Made solely from materials of the finest quality, and backed by the sound experience of over 60 years, "Gripe Water" is to-day universally recognised as a standard nursery medicine. Whilst being in every way efficacious it is at the same time a perfectly harmless remedy—so simple in fact, that it can be given even to a newly-born infant. Another point is its uniformity. It is of great importance in regard to Children's medicines that mothers should be able to get a recognised standard preparation ready for use at the shortest possible notice, with the assurance that it is always precisely of the same uniform strength and quality. Woodward's Gripe Water is made in large quantities, which renders variation in the case of an individual bottle practically impossible.

Recommended by trained Nurses.

"In my capacity as a trained nurse, some four years ago, I was attending a patient under Dr. — who highly recommended your Gripe Water. From his advice I took to using it, and from its great efficiency I, both as a mother and a nurse, have used a great quantity of it, and I always recommend it to my friends, patients and acquaintances,"—so writes a nurse living in Brighton.

From British India comes a letter—"A medical man here has used 36 bottles in one year for his own baby. The demand for it during the last year has been tremendous. The Indians who are educated and well-to-do also buy this, but our best customers are Europeans who buy your Gripe Water for the use of their infants. The older generation recommends it to the younger mothers, who in their turn speak of it to their friends and thus a steady sale is going on."

A Warning.

There is only one Gripe Water and that is WOODWARD'S, the name "Gripe Water" itself being one of the registered Trade Marks. The other Trade Mark is the little round picture representing the "Infant Hercules strangling Serpents." Be sure you look for these two Trade Marks. WOODWARD'S Gripe Water is obtainable at Chemists and Stores all over the world. In this country the price is 1s. 3d. per bottle.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Petrol Licenses. I expect by the time these lines appear all motorists will have received their petrol-allowance tickets. I wait patiently for mine, which so far has not arrived, so can only write about other people's. One thing, however, I am sure of, and that is few people



AN INVALUABLE COMMERCIAL MOTOR: A THREE-TON COMMERCIAL CHASSIS DAIMLER WITH A SINGLE-DECK BUS BODY.

This useful vehicle has been supplied under a War Office exemption to Messrs. County Carriers, for use in the service of the St. Helens and District Motor Services Company. This is the eighth Daimler vehicle purchased by Messrs. County Carriers, who have obtained excellent results from them, although the running conditions are severe. One of these Daimlers has covered 52,000 miles before the engine required any attention whatsoever.

are going to get anything like as much as they want; yet I have heard news of cases where the demand made was thirty gallons per month, and the permit says fifty gallons can be supplied; while the owner of a 25-h.p. car has been given only five gallons per month, being treated like a motor-cyclist, a friend of his, who has the same quantity. Other certain features are—no longer will people use their cars for short runs of a few hundred yards; and engines will not be allowed to "turn over" while the car waits outside the front door for its passengers. No doubt, lots of motorists will go back to using push-cycles to take them to the station in the morning; and perhaps we shall see Gertie riding hers with a side-car attached, taking father to the station in the morning, and bringing him home at night, while she gives mother a lift to do her shopping or her calls the rest of the day.

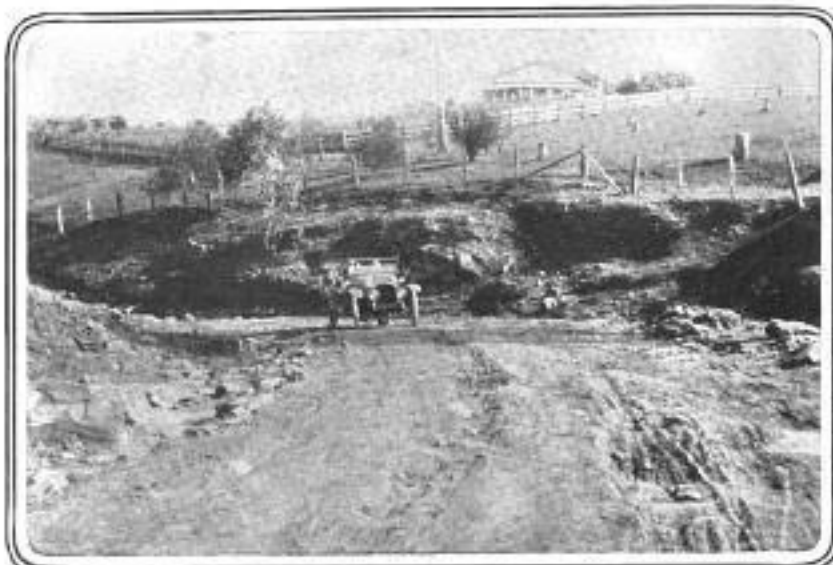
Petrol Saving. Writing upon the petrol question and various sources of economy seems to have brought me certain correspondence of which the

subjoined letter from the Palmer Tyres Company, Ltd., is a good example—

In your notes last week regarding various petrol-saving propositions, you point out the difficulty of selecting the good from among those advertised, and eliminating the bad. How much good may exist only in the imagination with regard to various petrol mixtures and additions, how much there may actually be in them, is not for us to say, but we are convinced, and so are a good many motorists, that the fitting of the Palmer Cord Tyres does, without question, show an economy in petrol-consumption which amounts to quite 10 per cent. These figures are arrived at, not by any guessing or calculation of problematical possibilities, neither are they the results of isolated tests, but are the outcome of quite a number of petrol-consumption, set-throttle, and coasting tests, the average of each being checked and recorded. To show how thoroughly we have gone into this matter, and to show that we do not go out of our way to convince even ourselves of the value of these tests, we have set out the average of a considerable number of tests in the accompanying booklet, which we commend to your consideration. We do not wish to make a bald statement on petrol-economy in our advertisements and expect motorists to believe us without further investigation, but wish them to follow the example of many experienced motorists and send for "Palmer's Petrol and Power," and then try this petrol-saving experiment for themselves. They may at first be sceptical—but after the trial they invariably become convinced.

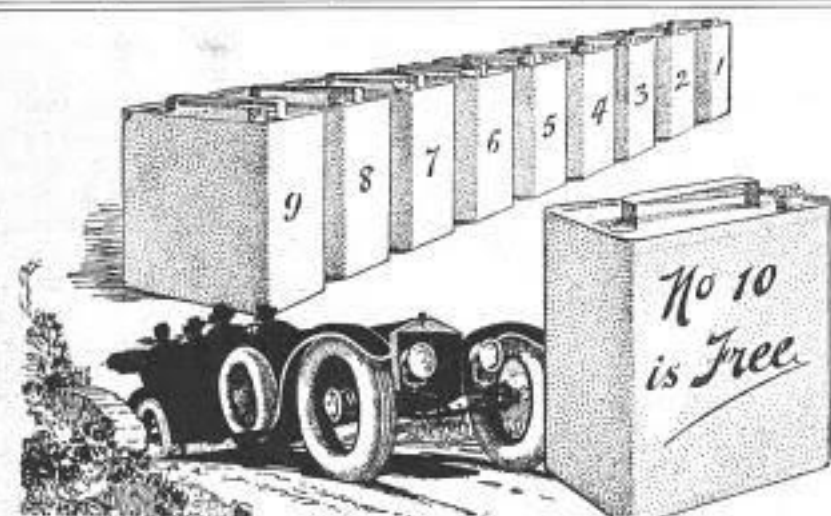
So far as it goes, this suggested method of economy is all right; but what we motorists now are greatly wanting is cheap fuel and plenty of it. I pin my faith to our chemists, and hope that they will be able to evolve alcohol in conjunction with calcium carbide into such a nauseous drink, and at the same time a useful fuel, that the Government will remove the present restrictions on commercial alcohol, in order that it can be produced at a commercial price. On June 25 and 26, 1914, a Charron car was driven at Brooklands on petrol, benzol, and alcohol without having the carburettor altered in the slightest degree. It was then found that alcohol only went half as far as a power-producer as petrol,

according to the R.A.C. certificate of that performance. Why this is so requires a chemist to explain properly; but, as the car ran all right on this fuel, if it were allowed to be sold on commercial lines, in place of under the present restrictions, its cost would be so low that using double the quantity as compared to petrol would be cheaper, and, besides, give us plenty of fuel. Even if one only got half speed out of it, it would largely help to keep all our cars on the road, in place of leaving them to rot in the garages—and this looks like being their fate for the next twelve months. One wants something drastic in the shape of an economical contrivance to meet a curtailment of 75 per cent. of the ordinary supply of fuel, and so far I cannot think of anything better than that the Government should be urged to free alcohol. So, motorists one and all, you had better "get up and be a-doing" in this direction if you wish to use the cars you have already paid carriage-tax for. Before I close this subject of petrol-saving I must quote from another letter, this time from Ireland. With a Zenith carburettor, the correspondent is getting forty-nine miles to the gallon on his Stellite car; while his brother,



OVER THE RAZORBACK MOUNTAIN: A VAUXHALL MOTOR IN NEW SOUTH WALES. In this difficult country (part of the route followed by Mr. Boyd Edkins recently when he beat the Melbourne-Sydney record by two hours, seven minutes) a 26-28-h.p. Vauxhall car is seen ascending a road of very rough surface.

on the same make but with another carburettor, is only getting thirty-two miles to the gallon. No doubt, I shall get some more of this class of news; but it will have to wait until our Christmas Number before I shall be able to find room for it in these columns. *Verbum sap.*—W. W.



Palmer Petrol-Economy

Every tenth gallon is *Free* when you replace old-style canvas-lined tyres with the virile, petrol-saving, friction-free Palmer Cord Tyres. The virility and energy-conserving power of Palmers are due to their Patent Cord formation—wherein the pure rubber tread has a foundation of cords built up from

multiplied strands of pure rubber-insulated strong cotton. Palmers have been exhaustively tested at Brooklands against the best canvas-lined tyres—and show a saving in Petrol of over 10%.



PALMER CORD TYRES
 Proof of the TEN PER CENT. SAVING is shown in the Booklet No. 8 (with diagrams) "Palmer's Petrol and Power," sent post free. THE PALMER TYRE, Ltd.,

Telephone: 1012 Grafton (London),
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 Chief Offices: 119 to 123,
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 And at Paris and Amsterdam.

Field Boots

"HULLO, Carruthers! Glad to see you back! Had a good time?" chorussed a little knot of officers somewhere in France.

"And where, in the name of all that's wonderful," queried one, "did you get a pair of field boots made in five days?"

"Ready-made," was the laconic reply.

"What!"

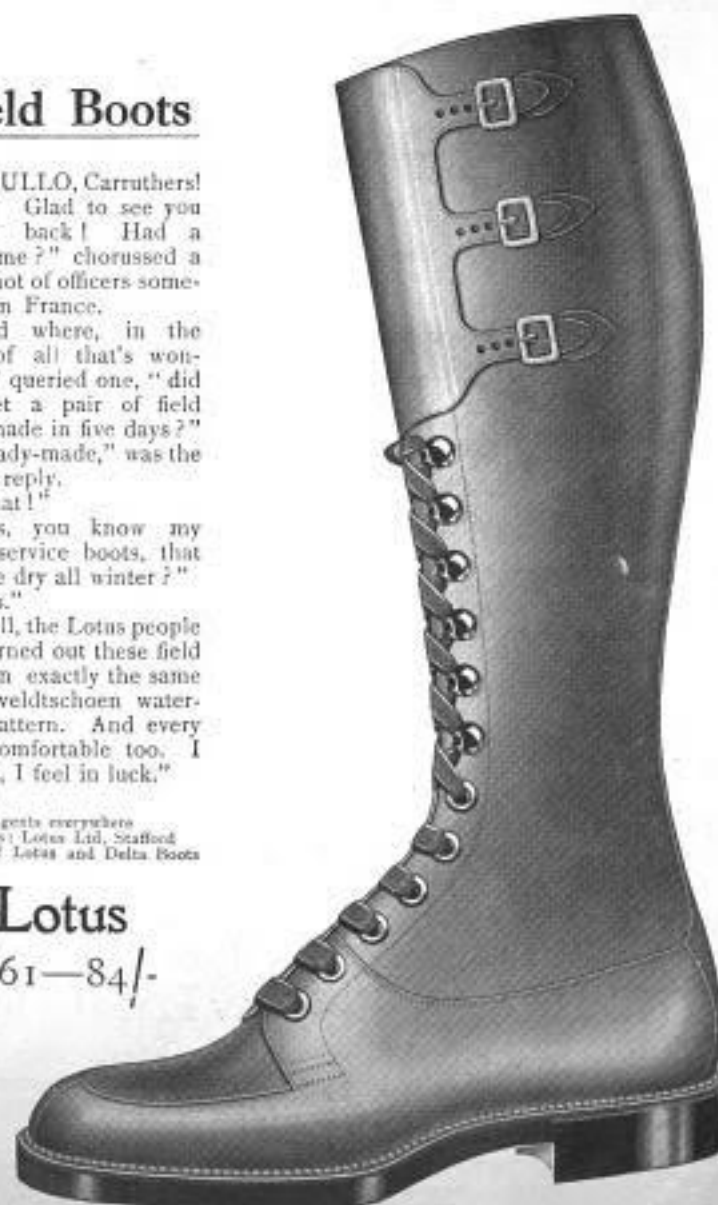
"Yes, you know my Lotus service boots, that kept me dry all winter?"

"Yes."

"Well, the Lotus people have turned out these field boots on exactly the same welted-veldtschoen waterproof pattern. And every bit as comfortable too. I tell you, I feel in luck."

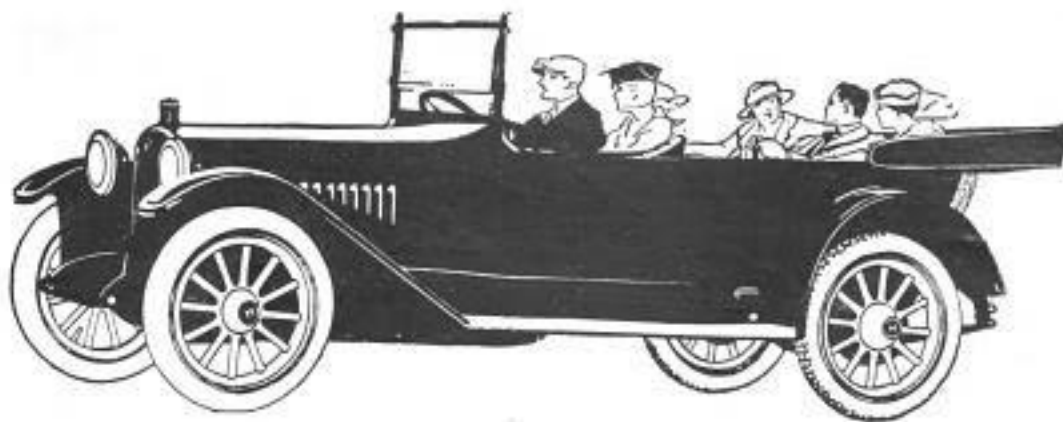
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 Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots

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 361—84/-





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99% Efficient

We have kept a record of every complaint, large and small, made against the Series "N" Hupmobile. Our record to date from the time the first Series "N" left the factory shows the Hupmobile to be 99 % efficient.

In other words, only one car out of 100 developed the slightest imperfection. We defy any mechanical thing, manufactured by hundreds and used and abused by hundreds of people in every climate under the sun under every road condition imaginable, to surpass that record.

This record is significant to the automobile buyer who values his time, money, and peace of mind. Our records, proving our efficiency claims, are open to inspection.

Brief Hupmobile Specifications.

Hupmobile Models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motor: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke, (31" x 5 1/2"). Transmission: Three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear Axle floating type, spiral bevel gear, cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbit lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5-seater, 134" on 7-seater). Tyres 880 x 120 m/m or 34" x 4" on 2 and 5-seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4 1/2" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating, rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; robe rail; foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier, pump, jack and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels, special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

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Children take them without fuss.

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the most, quickest remedy
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A few drops produce a most refresh-
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Also put up in Powder form.
Absolutely BRITISH.
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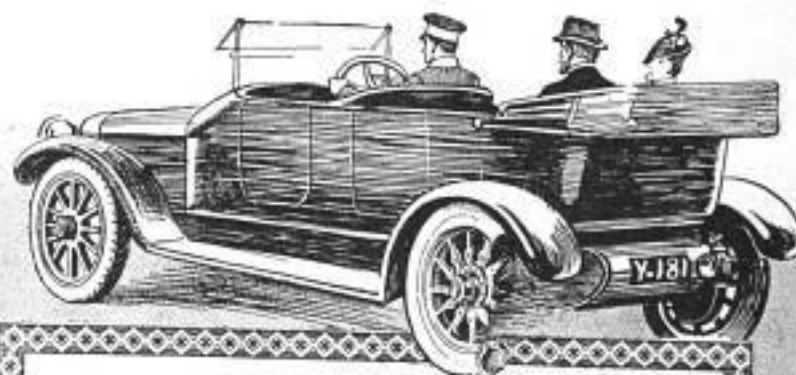
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GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.



Waste of Grip.

YOU might as well have one of your back wheels incomplete as have them with odd tyres. A Steel Studded Tyre and a Grooved Rubber Tyre are meant for different kinds of roads. On a soft road, the rubber tyre does not grip; on a hard, smooth surface the steel studs slip. Power is always being wasted through one back wheel. Why compromise? Why not have both tyres always working full time? Fit both back wheels with All-British

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Tyres. The steel studs and the rubber tread are both on the same level. You get the effect of two tyres—an all-rubber and a steel-studded—on each wheel—the value of four tyres at the cost of two. The pull on the road is even—there is no waste of power, no slipping, no skidding. The grip you need is always there.



Write for Prices. Also
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**The Beldam Tyre Co., Ltd.,
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Middlesex.**



CHESS.

Rev. J. CHRISTIE (Redditch).—We have to leave much to the composer himself in such a matter, and we are not able to say off-hand for what purpose the piece is used.

H. J. B. LEADLEY (Guelph, Canada).—Your solution is quite right. The criticism you offer of the problem is a very general one.

CAPTAIN R. H. GANNARD (Carlton House Terrace).—We are afraid you must try again at No. 3737, for, as you yourself point out, Black's defence of P to Q Kt 3rd prevents the solution you propose. The key move is a very good one, as you will admit when you discover it. We hope you may find the tediousness of composition relieved by your studies in this column.

S. G. SOKAN.—We are much obliged for copy of your magazine, and will quote a game from it in a future issue.

A. MINZA (Dacca).—If Black play 1. P to Q 3rd, we do not see how mate follows.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. W. H. WATTS and R. H. V. SCOTT.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. R takes R	Kt to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. R takes R	P takes B
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	27. Q takes P	Q to B 4th (ch)
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	28. K to B sq	Q to Q 4th
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	29. Q takes K P	
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
8. Kt to Q 3th	Kt takes P		

Black would do better by Castling at once. He gets no opportunity of doing so afterwards.

9. R to K sq Kt to B 4th
10. P to Q 4th Kt takes B
11. R P takes Kt B to Kt 5th
12. Kt takes B Q takes Kt
13. P to R 3rd B takes Kt

Black does not manage his exchange judiciously, and here his capture is more serviceable to his adversary than himself. He is now obliged to expose his King to the attack of powerful forces well posted.

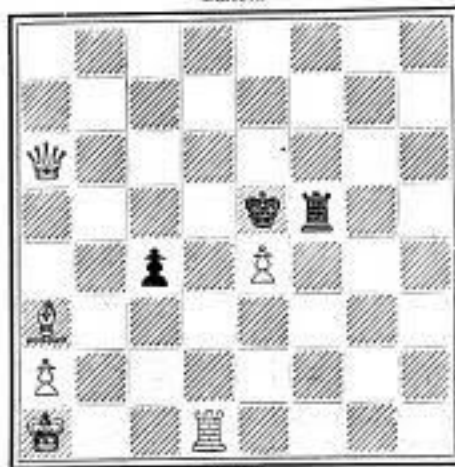
14. Q takes B K to Q 2nd
15. P takes P Kt takes P
16. Q to K 2nd K R to K sq
17. B to Q 2nd Q to B 3rd
18. P to K B 4th Kt to Kt 3rd
19. Q to Kt 4 (ch) Kt to K 3rd
20. K R to Q sq Kt to R 3th
21. B to B 3rd Q to K 2nd
22. P to Kt 3rd Kt to K Kt 3rd
23. K R to K sq K to Q sq
24. P to B 5th R takes R (ch)

White has judged the position to a nicety.
15. P to R 5th (a Q) resigns.
16. Q to R 2nd resigns.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3737 from A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter). H. Gracet Halben (Farnham), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Sunder), J. Fowler, A. H. Arthur (Bath), J. D. Hobbs (Alton), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), E. G. B. Baskin (Bournemouth), M. E. Orsow (Bournemouth), W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), T. T. Gurney (Cambridge), F. Falows, R.E. (Chatham), W. E. Rose (Sydenham), C. A. P. Rev. J. Christie (Redditch), J. Hope (Greenwich), J. Stuart, J. Dixon (Colchester), Chas. La Roque, Abbotbury, E. W. Allen (Highgate), M. G. Snelair, H. Moss (Hackney), and R. E. Perce (Fort Grain).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3735.—By H. J. M.
WHITE
1. R to Q R 8th R takes R
2. B to Q 8th R takes B
3. P takes R (Kt), mate.
If Black play 1. P to Kt 3rd, then 2. R takes R, and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3738.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.
BLACK.



WHITE
White to play, and mate in three moves.

We have received a copy of the Magazine of the British Correspondence Chess Association, containing a report of its last annual meeting. Like most societies of the kind, it has suffered some loss from the war, but new entries continue to be made by enthusiastic players all over the country. Any of our readers wishing to join should address themselves to Mr. S. G. Shrad, 1, Connaught Place, London, W., who will be glad to supply all information.

Mr. John Lane has published the first number of an imposing new journal entitled *Form*, a Quarterly of the Arts. The annual subscription for it is £1 4s., and for an *admission de luxe* (limited to sixty copies) £3 3s. The first number leads off with an article on "The Grotesque," written and illustrated by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. His work is strong in more senses than one, and will not be to everybody's taste. There are drawings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and Mr. Austin O. Spare. The literary contributors include Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Lady Margaret Sackville, and Mr. W. H. Davies.

"THE ROTTERS," AT THE GARRICK.

WITH a Lancashire setting, a family group of characters, and a plot promising the revolt of the younger generation against an overbearing paterfamilias, you expect in "The Rotters" a comedy of North-Country manners on the lines already familiarised by the late Stanley Houghton and Mr. Harold Brighouse. But Mr. H. F. Maltby hardly gets as far as that. One scene showing the would-be Mayor's early morning scrutiny of his family holds out prospects of something of the sort, but the devices by which the author gets all three children, and even their mother, into scrapes soon produce an impression of the mechanical which is definitely confirmed when the old tyrant is confronted with a former wife reappearing for his discomfiture. The scheme of this play, indeed, is too farcical for comedy, and it reveals only too rarely that first-hand grip of life and character in Lancashire, and of the mental twist and verbal directness of the North-Countryman which we get from the Manchester school of playwrights at its best. That is not to say that "The Rotters" is not diverting—it is decidedly so—but merely to record the fact that it is not on the same plane as "Hindle Wakes" or "Hobson's Choice." Everybody is bound to laugh at the climax of Counsellor Clugston's woes, in which he has to pay blackmail to the chauffeur he had previously scorned as son-in-law; and everyone will enjoy the forcefulness and humour Mr. Charles Groves put into his presentation of the puritanical humbug. It should also be added that Miss Clare Greet as the crushed wife who turns, Miss Marga La Rubia and Miss Eva Leonard-Boyne as the daughters, and Mr. Gordon Ash as the lordly chauffeur—from Eton—all give the piece the benefit of spirited acting.

Mr. Boyd Edkins is one of the most successful competition drivers in Australia. Last year he travelled from New South Wales to Brisbane to take part in the Queensland A.C.'s hill-climbing contest, gaining second place. This year he did better. After again completing the long trip, he was rewarded with the first prize, captured on a 20-h.p. Vauxhall fitted with Dunlop tyres.

To-day everyone is interested in everything relating either to the present war or to famous wars of years ago. The Crimean War was responsible for bringing into being concerns which are now a great national asset, such as the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., of Birmingham. The origin of this company dates from 1855, when the gun-makers of Birmingham were called upon by Government to furnish arms for use in the Crimea. An interesting history of this great concern has been published, entitled "B.S.A. History from the Days of the Crimea to the Great War." The illustrations show the Enfield muzzle-loader of 1857, as well as all the rifles made by the company up to the present service rifle. It also shows the first bicycle and tricycle made at the B.S.A. works. A copy of this booklet can be obtained free from the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham.



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mothers are always pre-
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THE VITAL POINT
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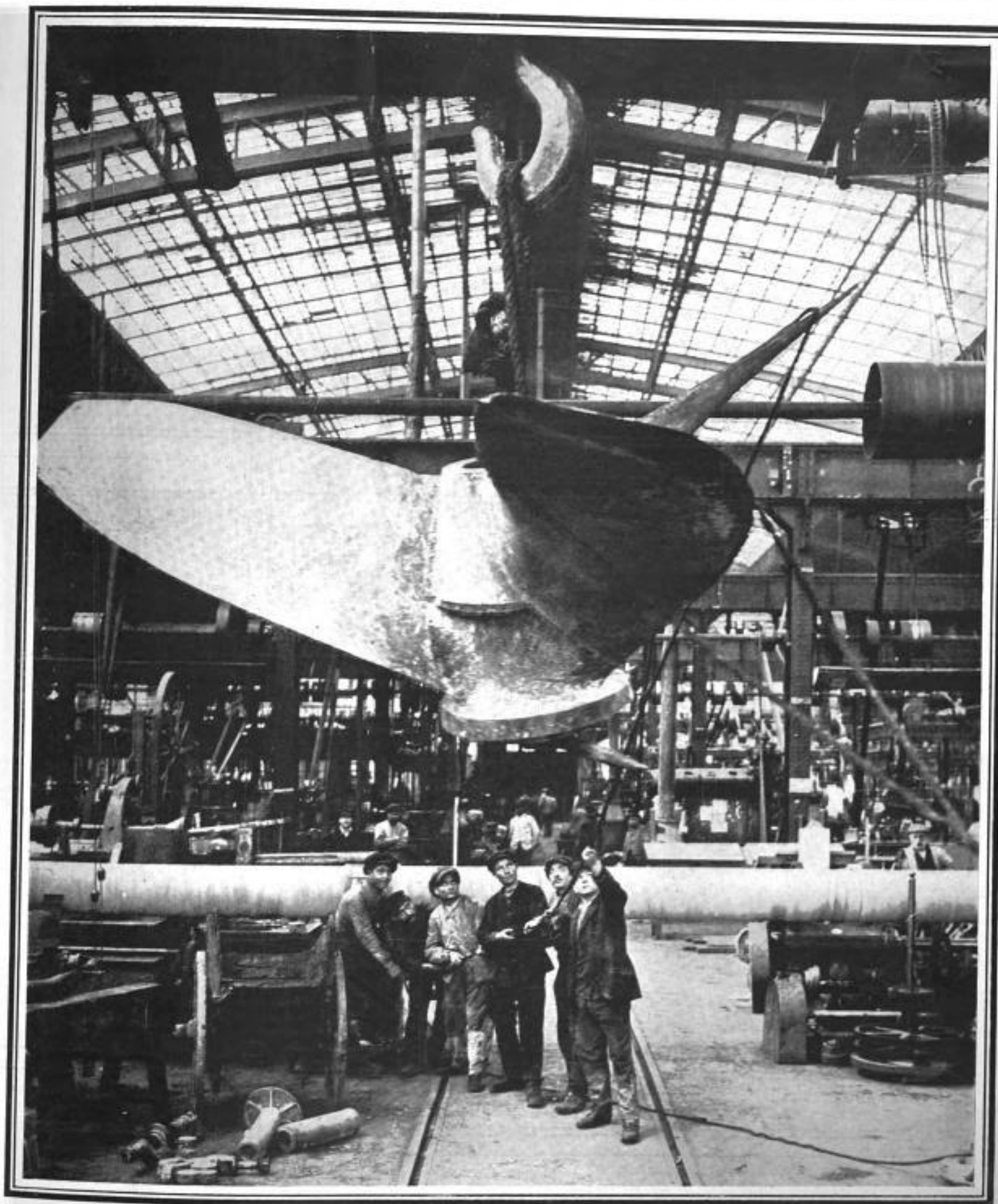
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WORK FOR THE FRENCH NAVY: A WAR-SHIP'S PROPELLER BEING SHIFTED, AT TOULON.

Toulon Dockyard and naval arsenal, in one of the workshops of which the above photograph was taken, has been the head-centre of French naval activity in the same way that Malta has served for our own Mediterranean squadrons, and the great

Italian dockyards for the Italian fleet. All three navies have co-operated with the most complete accord alike in the Western Mediterranean, in the Levant, and in the Adriatic—the Italian navy's special sphere.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY: EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL GEORGIAN GALLERIES, 150, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF WAR: CATERING, MENDING, AND

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY



THE IMPORTANT ITEM OF WATER-SUPPLY: A PIPE LAID AT THE TERMINUS OF A LIGHT RAILWAY, AND SOLDIERS HAVING THEIR BOTTLES FILLED.



ANOTHER VERY IMPORTANT MATTER—KEEPING THE REPA



"HAIR CUT, PLEASE!" A SCOTTISH TRENCH-BARBER'S HAIR-DRESSING ESTABLISHMENT SOMEWHERE IN THE BRITISH LINES.



FLYING THE NEEDLE AND THE IRON: MAKING

War is not all fighting, as may be seen from these photographs taken behind the lines during the British advance on the Western Front. Between the base and the firing-line there are countless forms of activity, of which a few are here illustrated. A very interesting impression of all the supplementary work that is needed to keep up our armies at the front was given the other day by Lord Northcliffe, in his article on "The Army Behind the Army." "Presently," he writes, "we come to the roads where one sees one of the triumphs of the war, the transport which brings the ammunition for the guns and the food for the men, a transport which has had to meet all kinds of unexpected difficulties. The last is water, for our troops are approaching a part of France which is as chalky and dry as our South Downs. . . . Difficult as economy and war are to mate, I have on the occasion of this visit, and in contrast

HAIR-DRESSING FOR BRITISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



OLDERS WELL SHOD: HIGHLANDERS AT WORK ON
OF BOOTS.



PART OF A VAST CATERING ORGANISATION FOR THE BEST-FED ARMY IN THE WORLD:
SERVING RATIONS UP IN SECTIONS.



ELORS, OF THE ACTIVE SERVICE TYPE,
ADDING CLOTHES.



A PERSONAGE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE: AN ARMY COOK ENGAGED AT A FIELD-KITCHEN
IN PREPARING DINNER FOR THE TROOPS.

to the days of 1914, seen nothing wasted. . . . To-day there is enough food and a greater variety of foods than before, but there is no waste that is visible even to an inquisitive critic. Coming to the front, not only in the high commands and among regimental officers and along the L. of C. (Lines of Communication) is a pleasing proportion of Scotch folk, who, while generous in the giving of ambulances, are not accustomed to waste anything in war or at any other time. To-day, almost before the reek and fume of battle are over . . . the Salvage Corps appears on the bloody and shell-churned scene. . . . Elsewhere I saw men using the most modern Northampton machinery for soiling and heeling any pair of old boots that would stand the operation, and such foot-gear as was useless was not wasted, for by an ingenious contrivance, invented on the spot by a young Dublin bootmaker, the upper parts were being converted into boot-laces by the thousand."

LORD BUXTON IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: AN INDABA WITH YETTA III.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERCY M. CLARK, F.R.G.S.



THE KING OF THE BAROTSE VISITS THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA: YETTA III. ARRIVING AT LORD BUXTON'S CAMP AT KAZANGULA.



BAROTSE RIVER CRAFT ON THE UPPER ZAMBESI: PART OF THE FLOTILLA THAT ESCORTED KING YETTA III TO KAZANGULA.



SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE) A KIND OF DULCIMER, OR CIMBALOM: SOME OF THE BAROTSE NATIVES AT THE INDABA AT KAZANGULA.



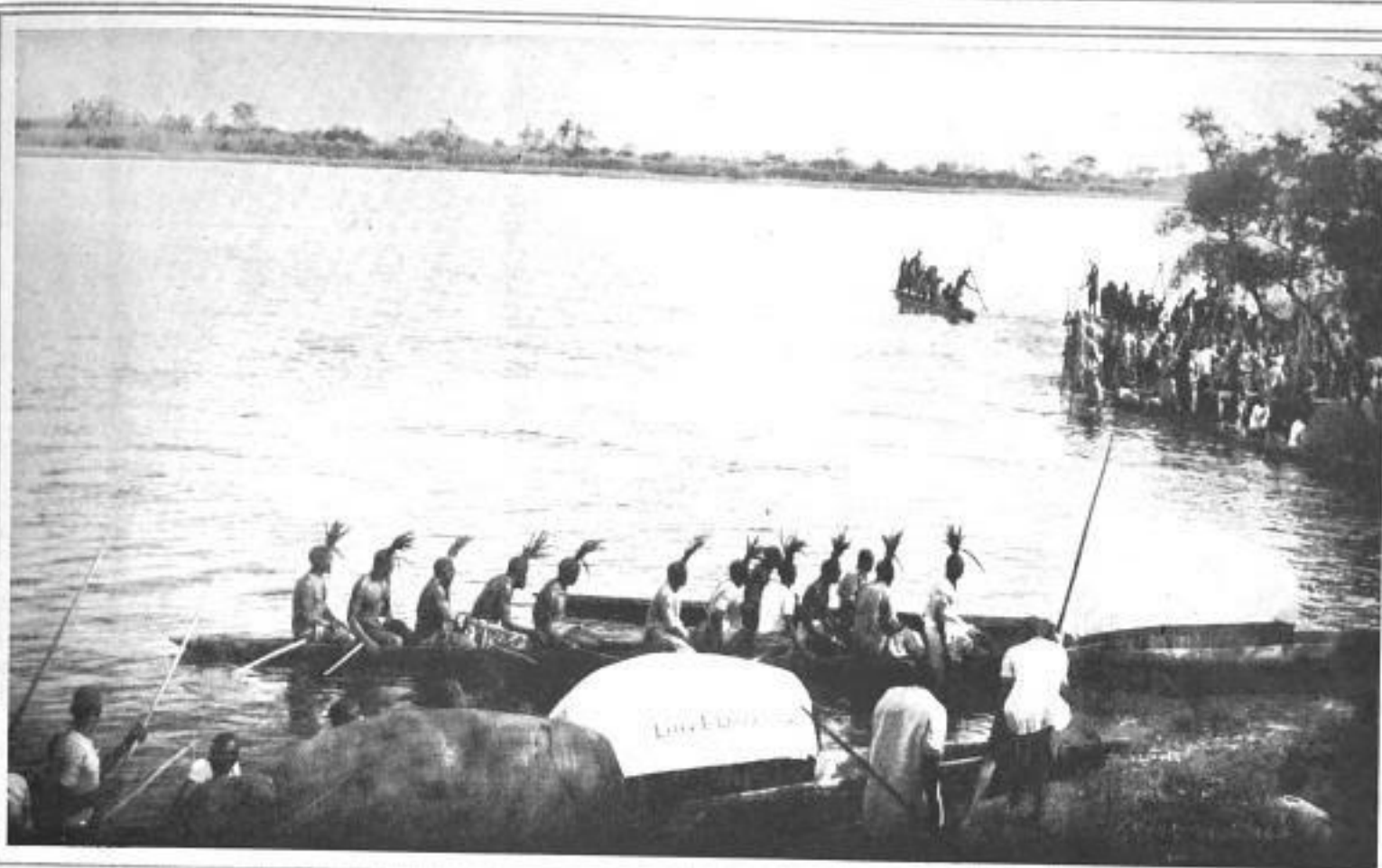
THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF SOUTH AFRICA AND THE SUCCESSOR OF LEWANIKA: LORD BUXTON AND KING YETTA III.

These interesting photographs illustrate (to quote our correspondent) "a very important meeting between Lord Buxton and King Yetta III. (late Lilia E. Lewanika), at Kazangula, 50 miles above the Victoria Falls, on the Upper Zambesi." The reception, or indaba, took place on June 26. Lord and Lady Buxton and their party had just made a tour in Southern Rhodesia, and by June 20 had gone to Northern Rhodesia for a short holiday. There is a scheme on foot for amalgamating Southern and Northern Rhodesia, but the High Commissioner made no definite pronouncement on the subject, saying that the Imperial Government would leave the decision to the colonists themselves. King

Yetta III. is the native ruler of Barotseland, or North-Western Rhodesia. This and North-Eastern Rhodesia now form one territory known as Northern Rhodesia, separated from Southern Rhodesia by the Zambesi. It may be recalled that the late King of Barotseland, Lewanika, died in February last. He came of a long line of Barotse rulers, and succeeded in 1877. In 1897 his kingdom was placed definitely under British protection, the King receiving an annual subsidy from the Chartered Company. Lewanika, who was an intelligent and broad-minded man, visited England as a Royal guest at the Coronation of King Edward in 1902. In 1910 he went to welcome the Duke of

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON THE ZAMBESI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERCY M. CLARK, F.R.G.S.



THE KING OF BAROTSELAND ARRIVES BY WATER FOR THE INDABA: KING YETTA'S CANOE REACHES LORD BUXTON'S CAMP AT KAZANGULA.



WITH THE UNION JACK ASTERN AND A CREW OF FOURTEEN STALWART BAROTSE: LORD AND LADY BUXTON GO A-FISHING ON THE ZAMBESI.

[Continued]
Connaught at Livingstone, North-Western Rhodesia. After the war broke out, Lewanika wrote to the Administrator of Northern Rhodesia: "The Indunas and myself we want call in all our people, and then when they here we shall tell them to make ready for the war to help the Government. We shall stand always to be under the English flag." King Yetta is following in the loyal footsteps of his predecessor. In the recent report of the British South Africa Company, issued in March, the Chief Native Commissioner says, with regard to the splendid loyalty of the natives of Rhodesia: "They view with calm confidence the termination of the war in favour of Great Britain and her Allies.

This is evident in that they continue to remain in a state of placid contentment unbroken by any unrest or dissatisfaction with the Government under which they live, and I have no hesitation in stating that, should occasion ever arise to call in their services for military purposes, they would loyally respond." During his tour in Rhodesia Lord Buxton visited Bulawayo, Livingstone, and the Victoria Falls. On June 21 the party motored to Katambovu, where they went into camp for a fishing expedition. It was at this camp that King Yetta was received by the High Commissioner. There were 2000 Barotse present on the occasion.



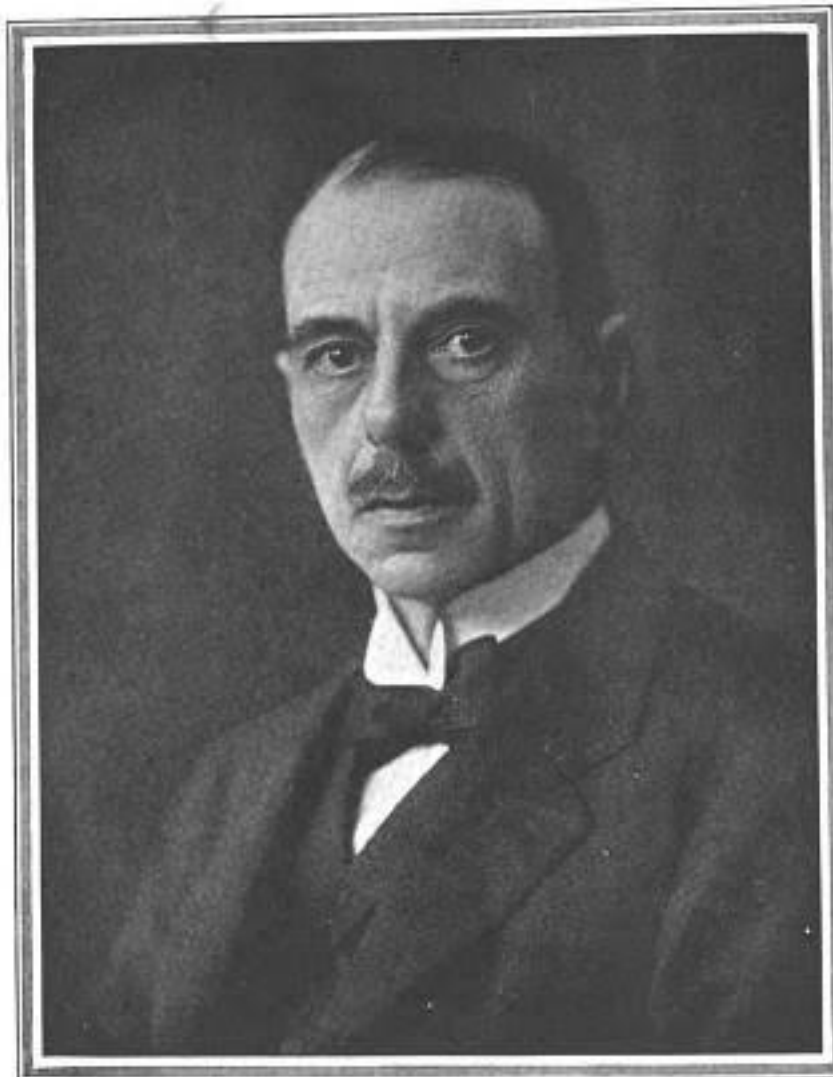
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE German Government can be relied upon: it is a very present help in trouble. All kinds of other forces, generous, treacherous, neutral, accidental, may be making for the escape of the Prussian tyrants; but their own acts make steadily and singly for their destruction. The world may be in a din of divided counsels discussing the fate of the Prussian ruler, calling for a cure, for a commutation, for a reprieve, for an amnesty; but when once we can hear through the hubbub the voice of the Prussian ruler himself, it is the voice of a suicide crying aloud on death. To the last he will leave us no excuse for forgetting what manner of man he is. For many months now, innumerable and by no means contemptible influences have been pressing towards a partial peace. Through the mere mellowing of time a long war has almost the healing character of a long peace. The foe becomes familiar like a sort of friend; and even hatred grows milder when it is a habit. Moreover, the enemy's very misfortune is his good fortune. The men marching against him are the heirs of all that was meant by chivalry; and his very reverses force him, in spite of himself, into that posture of a noble despair which he has always despised as romantic. Dark and featureless against his sunset, he looks almost picturesque. If he would only stand still, his destroyers also might almost be brought to a stand before him, as they were before the Dead Cid. But he will not stand still. Those who distrust him most deeply have only to wait a little, and he is certain to do something. And the sort of thing he will do will be after the manner of the murder of Captain Fryatt.

I do not know whether it is worth while to pull to pieces the sophistical pretence about "the *franc-tireur* of the sea" with which the German Press sought to cover it. The whole idea of shooting the *franc-tireur* in the sense of a civilian who defends his home from soldiery is a piece of German pedantry, and will probably not survive the fall of the German power. But even accepting the *franc-tireur* notion as it stands, to call a man like Captain Fryatt a *franc-tireur* is utter nonsense, alike in the letter and the spirit. In the letter, his case is specially covered and protected by international law. In the spirit, the origin, motive, and meaning of his attitude are utterly different. The case against the civilian sniper rested on the idea that the ordinary civilian was safe as a sort of neutral. But the German submarine admittedly pursues and sinks a peaceful mercantile boat as a private assassin pursues and stabs a private enemy. If it had ever been contemplated in theory that a particular soldier should go after a particular merchant and kill him with a sword-bayonet, the principle touching the *franc-tireur* would never have been admitted at all. We may, under severe penalties, forbid the non-combatant to fight. We cannot do it if we ourselves turn the non-combatant into a combatant by fighting him. If a peasant crawls into a tent and clubs a soldier asleep, the peasant may be executed although he is a civilian, or even because he is a civilian. But if a soldier crawls into a house and tries to kill a householder, and the householder uses his revolver, then (if the revolver misses) in well-regulated armies it is the soldier who is executed. And in so far as the submarine creates a new situation, it simply creates a new

enemy. You must treat as a prisoner of war a person you have yourself brought into the war. The Germans might as logically shoot all the Belgian soldiers they capture for having violated the neutrality of Belgium. Very likely they will, before we have done with them.

But we shall be nearer the truth about this strange group if we say that such a thing is not really done on a pretence that it is lawful, but rather because it is unlawful. It is not merely by the coincidence of their military condition in the campaign that we can say that their chief object is "to break out."



THE LATE M.P. FOR MANSFIELD, NOTTS: SIR ARTHUR MARKHAM, BT.

Sir Arthur Markham, M.P. for Mansfield, whose sudden death on August 5, at the age of fifty, has come as a shock to a wide circle of friends in and out of Parliament, entered the House of Commons in 1900. Although elected as a Liberal, from the first he adopted an independent attitude, freely criticising whichever party was in power. That brought him into conflict at one time or another with the leading statesmen in several Ministries, but his personal qualities enabled him to retain the friendly, and often the affectionate, regard of all, while with his fellow-members on both sides of the House he was a general favourite. For some time past Sir Arthur Markham was aware that he was suffering from incurable heart disease, but he refused to take the rest the doctors urged on him. Only a week ago he was asking questions in the House. Sir Arthur Markham received his baronetcy in 1914. He married in 1898, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Charles, now in his seventeenth year.—[Photograph by Simeon.]

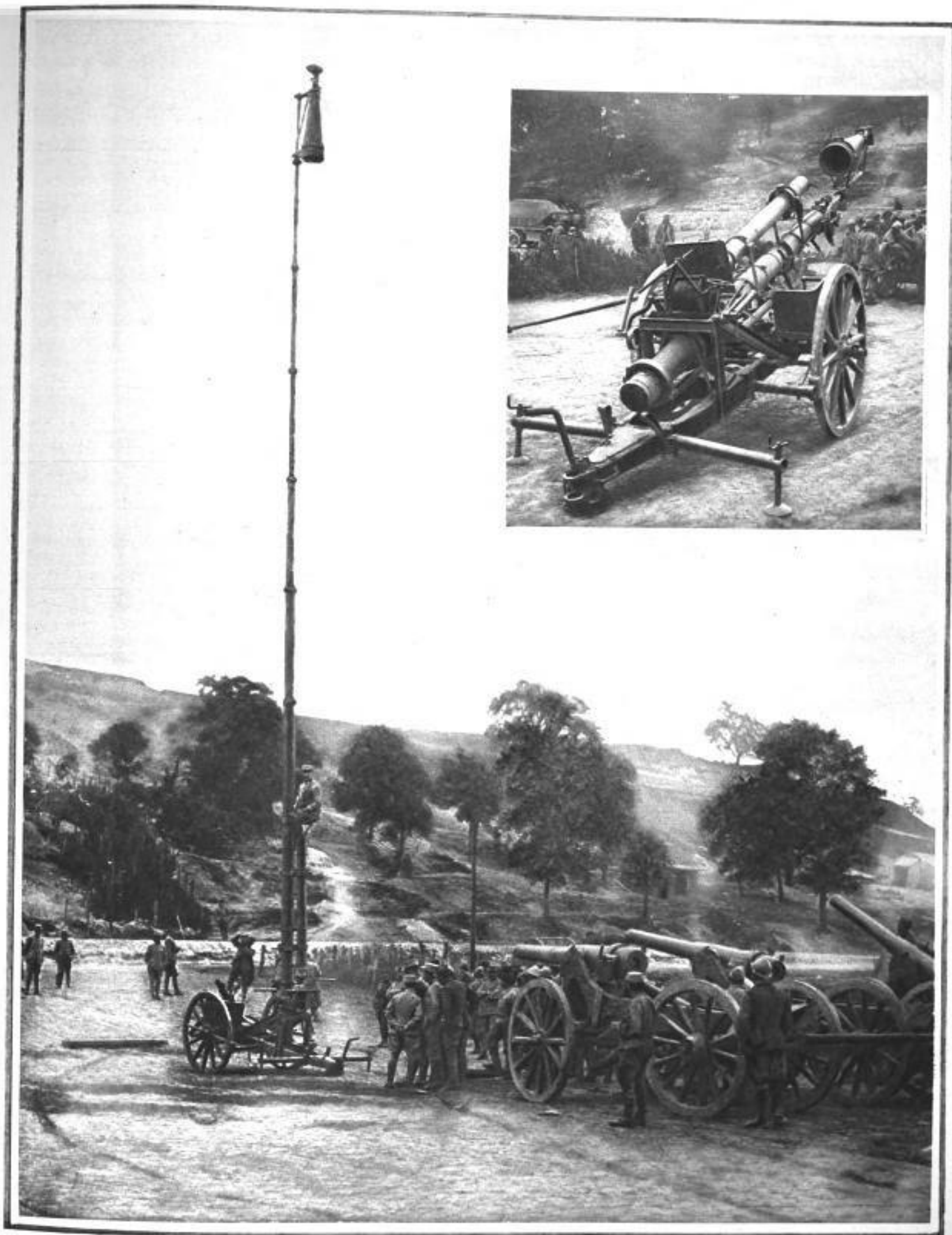
Destruction is their only originality. Their notion of progress and invention is to kill something that nobody else has killed, or to burn something that nobody has ever burned before. To fight outside the ropes, to hit below the belt, to disregard a boundary or break an understanding—this is the spiritual essence of that elusive yet real element which their philosophers call German Freedom. Their spirit of innovation can no longer give us anything fresh in creation or conviction, or even in military initiative. Germania has long ceased to bring forth her great children, with their childish but poetical type of wonder; she has never anything fresh to offer us but a fresh sort of corpse. German architecture is an

eyesore; every monument they make is a colossus of incompetence; but they must be as busy as bees at the building of new prisons. They have produced no original soldiers; they are rapidly running short even of fresh soldiers; but they are always ready to oblige us with a new type of convict, or somebody in fetters for the first time. What, for instance, are we to say of the women and children quite suddenly kidnapped from Lille? Were they all *francs-tireurs*?

This monstrous delusion about freedom is, as I have often said, the one unique and hopeless mark of the modern German. He is convinced that anarchy is novelty, and that novelty is progress. While this delusion remains there will always be a special case against Prussian Imperialism which does not exist against any other tyranny in the world, even the tyranny of the Turk. The Turk does not propose to have more and more wives; if anything, less and less. And if he has sometimes made men choose between the Koran and the sword, it was a Koran to which nothing could be added. He does not, like the German, ask us to choose between an infinite vista of professorial theories and an equally infinite vista of chemical poisons and torments. The German asks us to accept whatever his libraries may contain on pain of suffering whatever his laboratories may invent. For men who think clearly and can trace back their opinions to a root in reason, this truth will always make Prussianism a peculiar peril, different in kind from any reaction or stupidity that may be discovered, not merely in Turkey, but in Russia or England. But men who think clearly are not common in a sceptical age. And it is vitally desirable, in the face of the superficial criticism common at such a time, that both England and Russia should avoid giving the enemy even occasion to blaspheme. In so far as we cling even to our old mistakes we are giving the enemy an indirect encouragement in his insensate output of new mistakes. Herein lies, of course, the very real, though I hope temporary, tragedy of the break-down of negotiations about Ireland. The Prussian is forced to keep up an incessant excitement of these destructive novelties. He is obliged to do wilder and wilder things to prove that he is a devil of a fellow, lest the world should find out what a poor devil he is. But England in Ireland, and Russia in Poland, are merely entangled in old troubles, the continuance of which is not in the least necessary to their power and dignity. It is this that makes a belated rally of mere reaction in these two Empires especially exasperating. It is, unfortunately, only too true that so long as we wantonly keep this wound open in our own Empire we greatly weaken our power to demand the political resurrection of Poland. It is equally certain that, until that resurrection is effected, the false philosophy with which the Allies contend will be unconquered and ready to reappear as a conqueror. Poland is the central pillar of Europe. Since it was broken by Frederick the Great, the whole temple has rocked to and fro. That void was the nearest the Prussian has ever come to creating anything—the non-existence of a great nation. And only when it is restored the whole black episode of Frederick will be ended like the episode of Attila.

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TAKEN BY THE FRENCH IN ACTION ON THE SOMME: A UNIQUE TROPHY.



OPEN AND CLOSED: A GIANT GERMAN FIELD-PERISCOPE WITH TELESCOPIC TUBE, MOUNTED ON ITS TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

This notable trophy was taken from the enemy by the French during the earlier battles on the Somme. It was captured in the wood of Anzevillers, near the village so named, which is situated a short distance beyond Becquincourt and Fay, south of the river, and on the road to Péronne. In that district the French made their opening series of attacks in July. The main illustration shows the periscope on its wheeled travelling-carriage elevated to a height of 15 metres—approximately, 50 feet. It was constructed by Zeiss

of Jena, and is fitted with exceptionally powerful lenses. For ordinary purposes, 15 metres is the height at which the apparatus is used, and its carriage supported the tube by itself at that elevation. To get the farthest possible view the periscope can be extended to 25 metres, being kept in position by means of stays and struts. The periscope, packed for travelling, is seen in the inset. It was like that when captured, and the French, it is said, at first thought that it was a new piece of artillery.

THE HEAVY GERMAN TOUCH IN NUMISMATICS!

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CASTS OF MEDALS EXHIBITED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



1. ELEPHANTINE GERMAN HUMOUR: A GERMAN MEDAL ON THE OCCASION OF THE LANDING OF INDIAN TROOPS AT MARSEILLES.



2. THE ALLIES AS A GERMAN NUMISMATIC: THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



4. THE "GOTT STRAF' ENGLAND" POLICY AND ONE OF ITS CHIEF EXPONENTS: A GERMAN MEDAL ON GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ.



5. IN THE EYES OF GERMANY A "COUNCIL OF KING EDWARD AND THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE ENTENTE." (In the left-hand corner, the inscription reads: "BRITANNISCH-KÖNIGLICHES KÖNIGTUM").



7. PIOUS SENTIMENTS ASCRIBED TO THE KAISER, THE SULTAN, AND THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: A GERMAN MEDAL IN HONOUR OF THE NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE.



8. THE HERO OF GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS IN THE EAST: THE HERO OF GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS IN THE EAST.

These remarkably interesting photographs of casts of German war-medals which are on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, are reproduced by courtesy of the Director of the Museum, Sir Cecil Smith. The medal struck on the occasion of the sinking of the "Lusitania," also in the collection, with a few others, is not given here, as it has already been reproduced in our pages. It may be well to give a rough translation of the German inscriptions on the above medals, of which the obverse and reverse are shown in each case. No. 1, on the landing of the Indians at Marseilles, reads: (Left) "All right. Let's be off again for the theatre of war!" (Right) "Long live the English! We are saved. Great attraction: Indians at Marseilles!" No. 2, on the Allied Powers, reads: (Left) "The Alliance of Perfidy." (Right) "Kill him! The tribunal of the world does not ask you for the reason." No. 3, on American neutrality, reads: (Right) "America's neutral action." No. 4, on Admiral von Tirpitz, reads: (Left) "Alfred von Tirpitz, Grand Admiral." (Right) "God punish England, 18 Feb., 1915." No. 5, on the Foreign Ministers of the Entente, reads: (Left) "Delcassé, Grey, Izvolsky, Salandra, Council of Incendiaries." (In the left-hand

A LONDON COLLECTION OF ENEMY WAR MEDALS.

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR.



THEY THEM: A GERMAN MEDAL REPRESENTING
THE ENEMY'S POWERS.



GERMAN FEELING TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES EXPRESSED NUMISMATICALLY;
A GERMAN MEDAL ON AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.



MEMORIALS: A GERMAN MEDAL SHOWING
CHIEF ENTENTE FOREIGN MINISTERS



"THE YOUNG SIEGFRIED" WHO HAS SACRIFICED HECATOMBS OF GERMANS AT VERDUN;
A GERMAN MEDAL IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE



GERMAN MEDAL IN HONOUR OF COUNT ZEPPELIN
ZEPPELIN RAID.



COMMEMORATING A GERMAN NAVAL DEFEAT: A GERMAN MEDAL TO THE THREE
COUNTS VON SPEER, LOST IN THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

... is the head of King Edward VII.). (Right) "The lying campaign of the Quadruple Entente. Victorious march to Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople. Revolution in Berlin.
Germany is starving. The cathedral at Rheims in ruins. The end of the barbarians." No. 6, on the Crown Prince, reads: (Left) "Wilhelm, Crown Prince of the German Empire";
right) "Young Siegfried." No. 7, on the new Triple Alliance, reads: (Left) "To God alone the glory"; (Right) "Brotherhood of arms. England wants to starve us, Russia to
under and rob. France wants to burn and fire, Italy to avenge the devastation of Belgium." No. 8, on the Zeppelins, reads: (Left) "Count Zeppelin"; (Right) "Air-raid on
London, 17-18, 8, 1915." No. 9, on the three Counts von Speer, reads: (Left) "Heinrich, Maximilian, Otto, Counts von Speer. The father, Admiral on board the 'Scharnhorst',
commanding a small squadron. The elder son, Lieutenant on-board the 'Gneisenau.' Otto also a Lieutenant, on board the 'Nürnberg.' Near the Falkland Islands on the High Seas
German heroes lie. There lie the three Counts Speer."

GAS AND COUNTER-FIRES: GERMANS ATTACKED WITH THEIR

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER

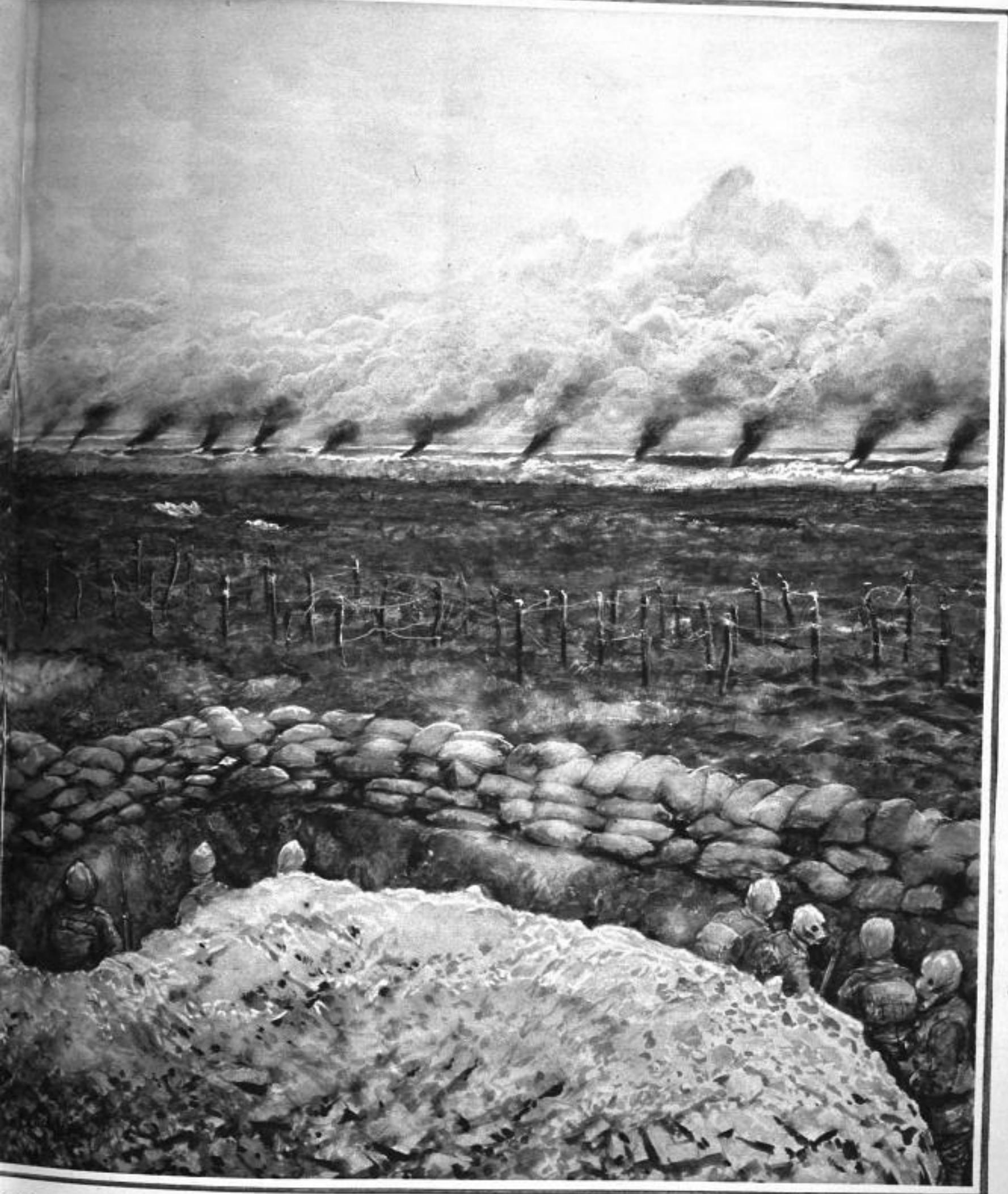


SHOWING FIRES LIT BY THE ENEMY ALONG THEIR LINES WITH THE IDEA OF FIGHTING THE

As Lord Kitchener pointed out in one of his speeches in the House of Lords after the enemy's first surprise attack with asphyxiating gas, at Ypres, the introduction by the Germans of this method of warfare, expressly forbidden by the Hague Convention, made it imperative to enable our troops to reply in kind, lest they should be placed permanently at an unfair disadvantage. Thus the Allies were compelled to resort to the use of gas, while the stigma of having begun it rests upon the enemy. They have only themselves to thank, therefore, if they are repaid in their own coin. A recent instance of a gas-attack by British troops against the Germans was mentioned in an official despatch from our General Headquarters.

THEIR OWN WEAPON; AND THEIR NEW METHOD OF DEFENCE.

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.



GAS CLOUD OVER THEIR HEADS: A BRITISH GAS ATTACK UPON THE GERMAN TRENCHES.

in France. "To the south of the La Bassée Canal," it stated, "after a discharge of gas and smoke, we made some successful raids into the enemy's front line." The Germans have now adopted a new method of attempting to cope with gas-attacks. At one part of their front during the British offensive, on seeing the gas approaching, they lit a series of fires in little all braziers, with the idea that the upward draught caused by the flames might lift the gas-cloud and carry it over their heads. In the illustration these fires are shown along the enemy's front line of trenches in the background. Our troops, wearing gas-helmets, are awaiting orders to climb the parapet and advance to the attack.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE WEST: GUNS AND SHELLS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU AND FRENCH OFFICIAL WAR OFFICE PHOTOGRAPHS.



ARMED WITH AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON THAT IS DOING INVALUABLE WORK: BRITISH CAVALRYMEN GOING INTO ACTION WITH A "LEWIS" GUN.



ARMED WITH AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON THAT IS DOING INVALUABLE WORK: BRITISH CAVALRYMEN GOING INTO ACTION WITH A "LEWIS" GUN.



AT THE FRENCH BATTLE-FRONT ON THE SOMME: HEAVY GUNS IN ACTION (ARTILLERIE LOURDE SUR VOIE FERRÉE).



CLOSE BEHIND THE BRITISH COMMANDING LINE: AN AVENUE OF BIG SHELLS AT AN ARTILLERY "DUMP."



SHELLS OF A SIZE WE ARE USING FREELY: THE ONE IN FRONT BEARS AN ARTILLERYMAN'S MESSAGE.

A British cavalry detachment advancing at a rapid pace to seize a point of vantage during one of the recent battles on the British front in the Western Offensive is seen in the first two illustrations. The nature of the service the troopers are on is evident from the fact that they have with them, carried on a led horse, a Lewis automatic gun. The "Lewis" is a class of weapon that is doing invaluable work. It can fire upwards of three hundred rounds a minute and weighs only some 39 lb., thus allowing in cavalry work a large extra supply of ammunition to be carried among the horsemen. The third illustration shows two of the enormous guns our Allies are using in the battles now proceeding on the Somme. They are pieces of giant ordnance such as hitherto

were only seen in the turrets of Dreadnought battle-ships. The use of such guns in land battles was unimaginable before the war. The guns are brought to the firing-point on lines of rails specially laid down. The fourth and fifth illustrations show British shells of the kind we are using in big guns of much the same class as the French Titans just referred to. In the fourth illustration we see an artillery "dump," where the ordnance transport-wagons have temporarily deposited the shells close in rear of the battery lines. In the fifth illustration a shell is shown quite close, its size being suggested by the size of the N.C.O. lying down beside it. The message chalked on the shell is scored by way of jest, after a time-honoured usage among gunners in all armies.

CAMERA RECORDS OF FRANCE AT WAR: ONE OF 572 FINE EXHIBITS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY: ON EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL GEORGIAN GALLERIES, 180, OXFORD STREET, W.



THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF THE EXHIBITION OF OFFICIAL FRENCH WAR PHOTOGRAPHS: A CHURCH TRANSFORMED INTO A FIELD-HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED.

An exhibition of remarkable interest, both historically and artistically, consisting of 572 official war photographs taken by the Photographic Section of the French Army, was opened on August 3 by the French Minister of Public Instruction, M. Painlevé, in the Royal Georgian Galleries at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, 180, Oxford Street, W. The exhibition is to remain open for six or eight weeks. Admission is free, but a shilling is charged for a catalogue, the proceeds going to the French Red Cross. The object of

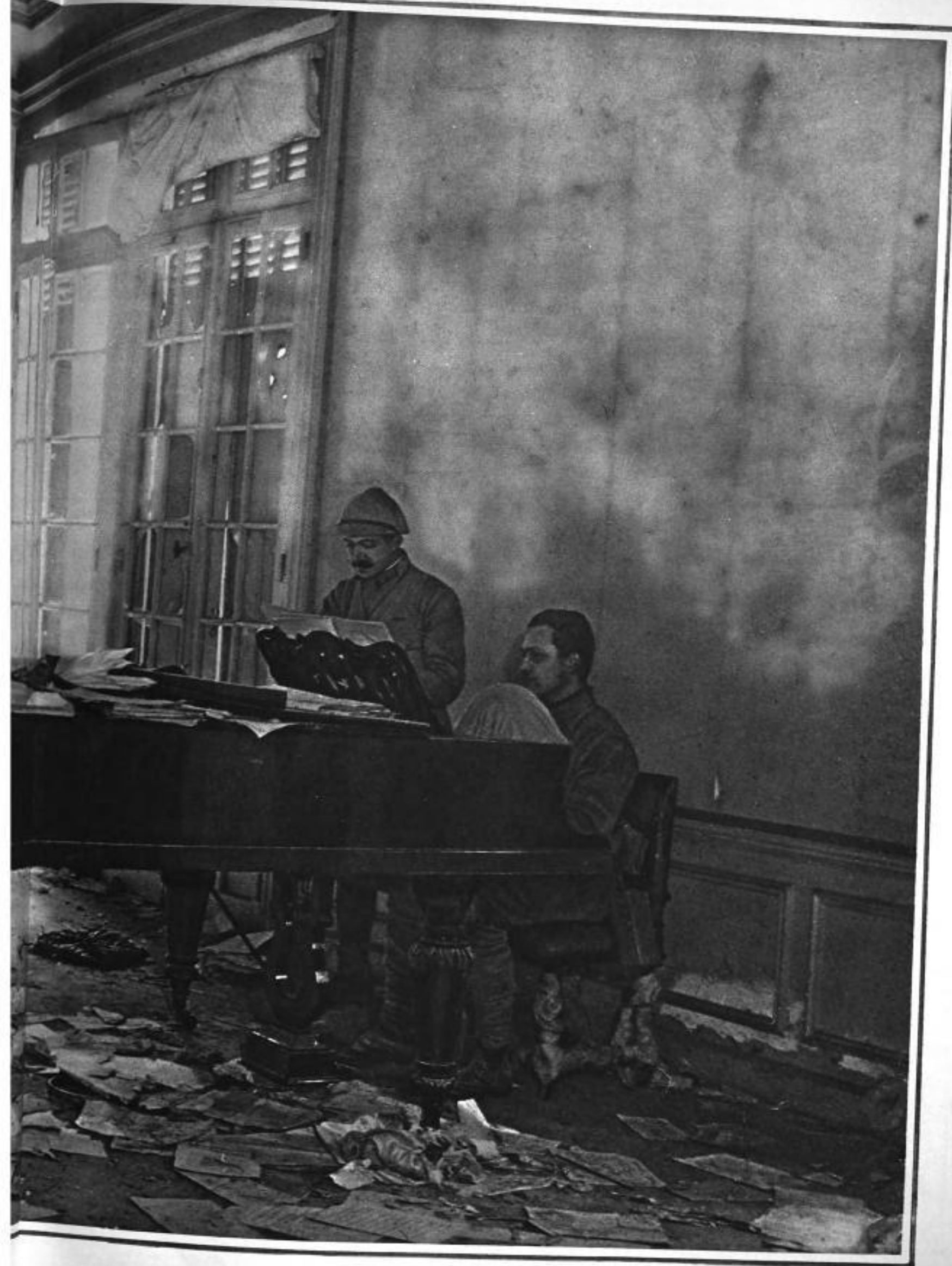
the exhibition is to bring home to the British public something of what France has suffered in the horrors of invasion, from which we in this country have so far been spared, and also something of the heroic deeds of the French Army. Fresh exhibits illustrating current events at the front will be added from time to time. The photographs, which are of large size and high artistic quality, form a record of the whole operations in the West, from the sea to the Vosges, as well as at Salonika and Corfu.



MEMORIES

The above is one of the splendid series of war photographs, taken by the Photographic Section of the French Army, now on view at Messrs. Waring and Gallow's in Oxford Street. Several more photographs from the exhibition are reproduced on other pages in this number. In this one there is noticeable both the technical excellence of the photographs, and the touch of pathos which is a characteristic in many of them. Two French officers are seen at a grand piano

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY. ON E



OF HOME.

which has somehow survived amid the forlorn wreckage of a *salon* in a French château on the Oise—one that has evidently suffered either from bombardment or from the wanton destructiveness of the German invaders. As they turn over the scattered music, and render snatches from it here and there, the two Frenchmen are no doubt reviving memories of happier times spent at home in days before the war.

REPRODUCTION AT THE ROYAL GEORGIAN GALLERIES, 180, OXFORD STREET, W.

FRANCE'S MUNITION OUTPUT: MAKING BIG GUNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FRANCE ARMY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL GEORGIAN GALLERIES, 180, OXFORD STREET, W.



IN ONE OF THE FINISHING SHOPS: A BIG GUN STILL IN THE ROUGH SLUNG FOR MOVING.



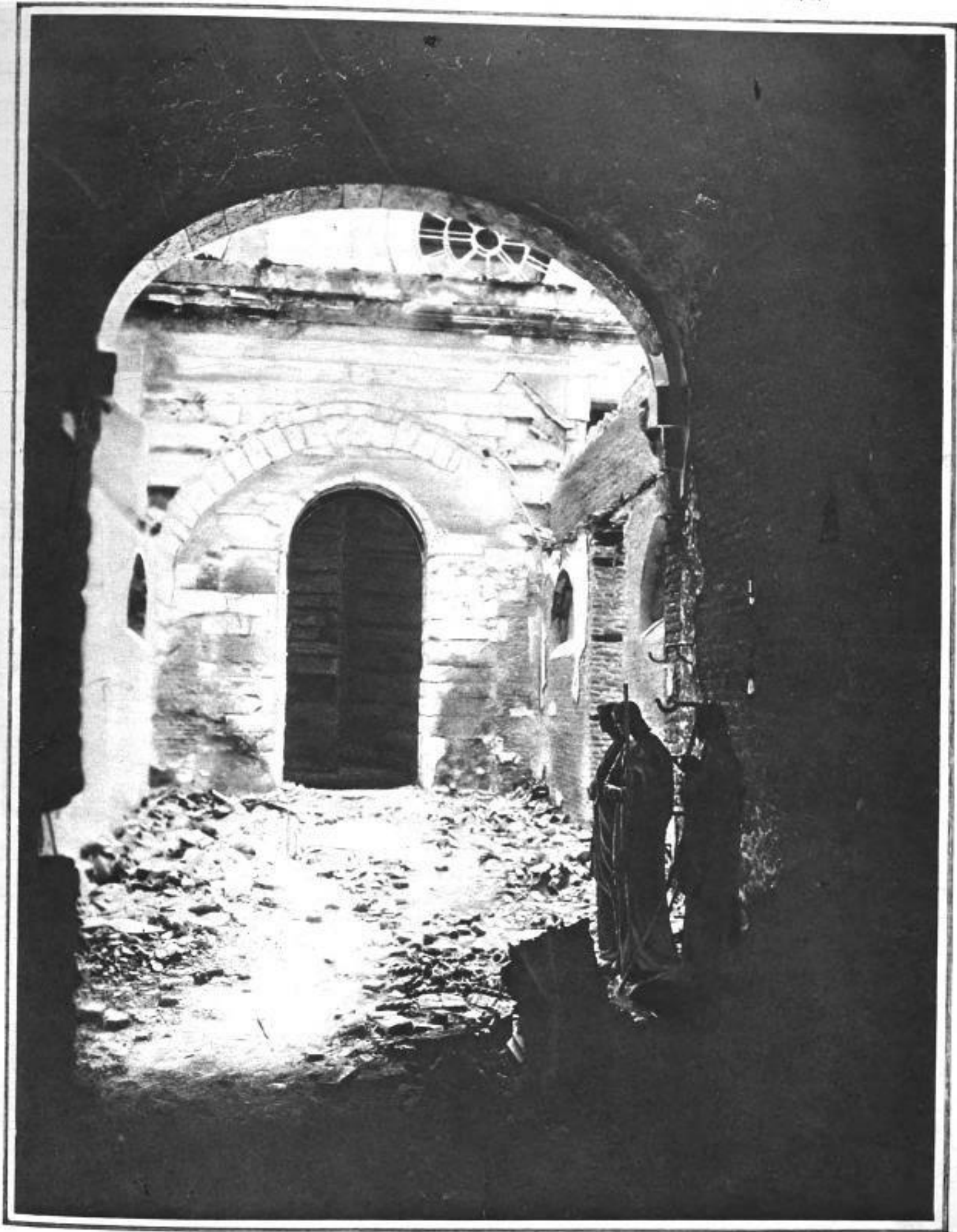
IN ONE OF THE EARLY-STAGE WORKSHOPS: THE INNER BARREL-TUBE OF A BIG GUN BEING SUPER-HEATED AT ONE END, IN A FURNACE.

There are—it is common knowledge—plenty of French heavy guns at the front now, but the work of adding to them continues steadily to make progress at all the French arsenals and cannon foundries. There the workmen—and workwomen, also—are toiling night and day to keep up the supply for both the French Army and the French Navy. The two illustrations on this page show workshop scenes at one of the larger French State gun-foundries. In the upper illustration a large gun, in a well-advanced condition, is seen in one of the finishing workshops, the floor of which is packed

with artillery war-material in various stages of manufacture. The gun shown is being slung for transference from one part of the workshop to another in order to receive further attention as to certain details before being pronounced ready for issue to the executive officials of the ordnance transport department. In the lower illustration an inner barrel-tube for a big gun is shown undergoing an early form of treatment. One end is inside the furnace, while the heavy weight of the metal forging is held in position, by a stout chain, during the super-heating process.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF WAR HAVOC: IN ARRAS CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL GEORGIAN GALLERIES, 180, OXFORD STREET, W.

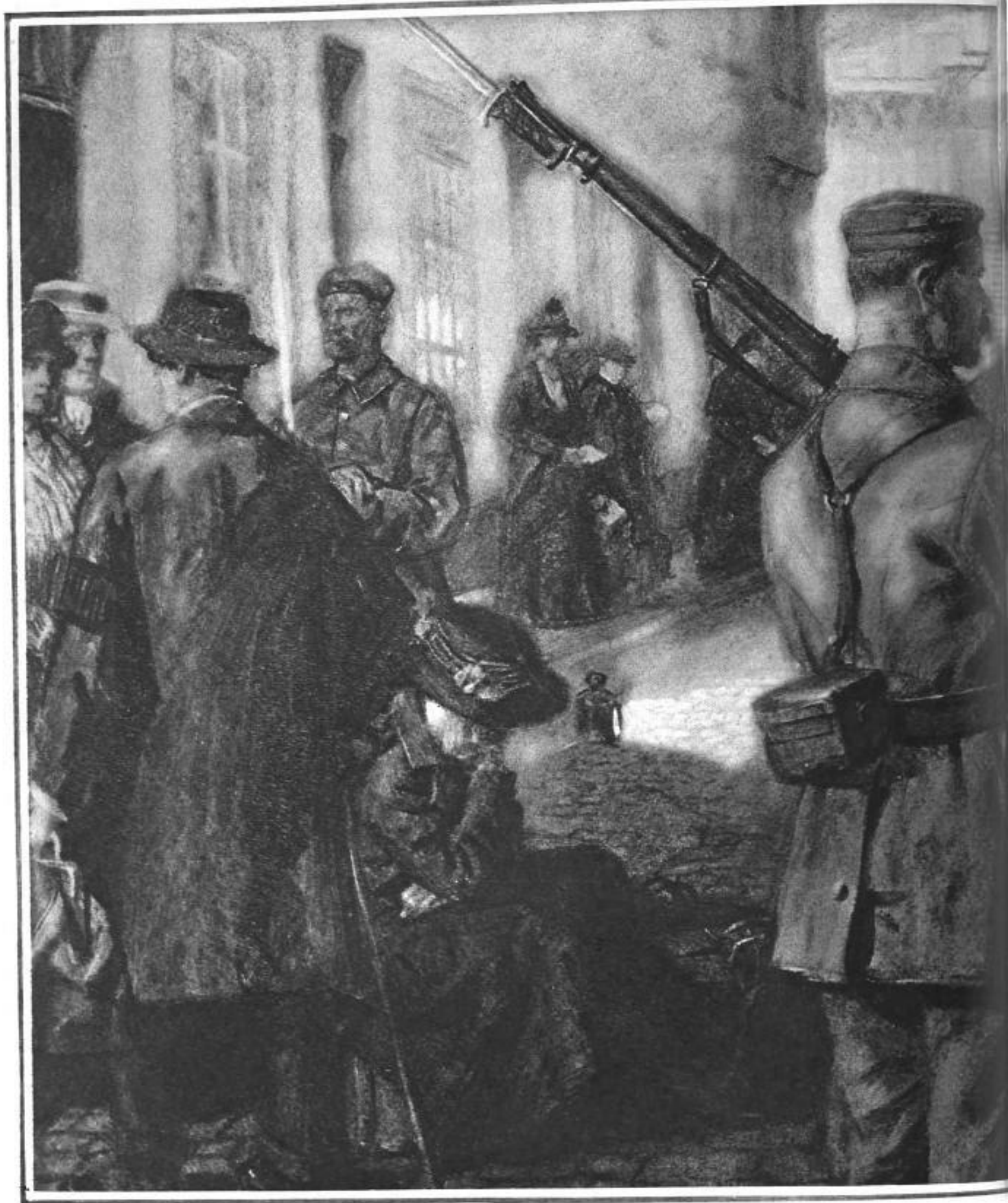


FROM THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH WAR PHOTOGRAPHS: A CORNER IN THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL AT ARRAS, WITH SOME SACRED STATUES LEFT STANDING.

Like other examples given elsewhere in this number from the exhibition of official French war photographs at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, the one here reproduced shows how the recent ruins of war may be as picturesque as those of antiquity. A "Times" correspondent, writing not long ago after a visit to Arras, said: "There are some who say that Arras is even more impressive than Ypres. . . . The worst of the ruin here is concentrated in three or four chief points . . . the Place de la Gare, the Petite Place,

with the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, and the neighbourhood of the Cathedral. Each of these points has served as a constant mark for the German gunners. . . . More terrible even, perhaps, than the Hotel de Ville is what is left of the fine Cathedral of St. Vaast. The Cathedral was not old—barely a century—but it was very massive, and hardly in Rome itself can you see ruin on a more colossal scale." The Cathedral was built in 1755-1833, to succeed the old abbey church of St. Vaast.

"CRUELTY TOWARDS THE POPULATIONS OF LILLE AND FROM THE DRAWING

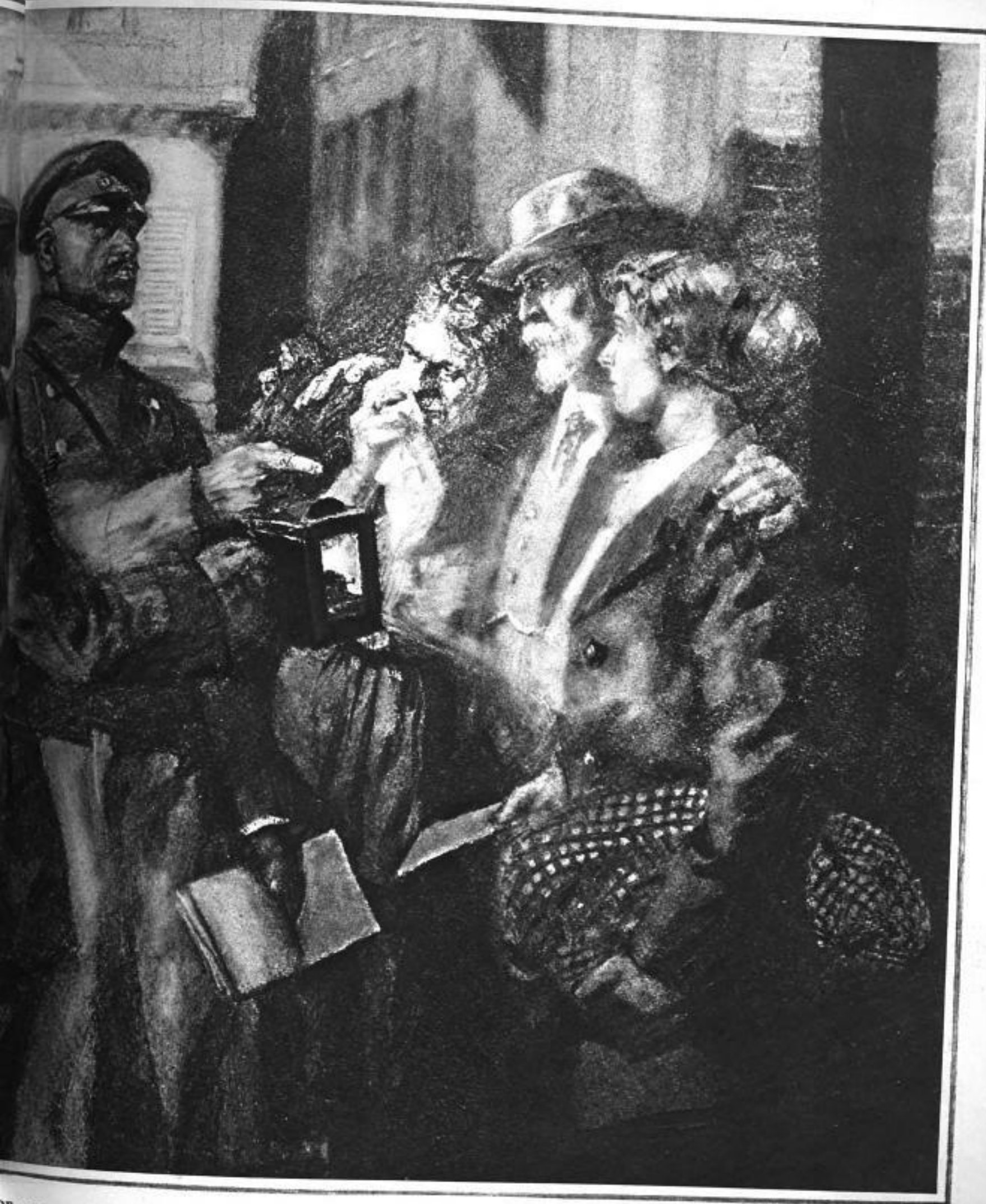


"ANYBODY TRYING TO ESCAPE DEPORTATION WILL BE MERCILESSLY PUNISHED": THE REMOVAL

Widespread misery has been caused in the northern districts of France still in the hands of the enemy by the deportation of civilians, including many young women and girls, who have been taken away from their homes and herded off to concentration-camps in order to work for the Germans. The official German placards warning the people of Lille and other places to be in readiness said: "All the inhabitants of the house, with the exception of children below 14 years of age and their mothers, and old men, must be ready to be transported within an hour and a-half. An officer will finally decide who is going to be taken to the concentration camp. The inhabitants of the house, therefore, must gather in front of their domicile. . . . All appeals will be useless. . . . Everyone must have his identity card. Anybody trying to escape deportation will be mercilessly punished." The French Government has sent to the neutral Powers a Note of protest on the subject, in which it is stated: "On the order of General von Graevenitz, and with the aid of the 64th Infantry Regiment, detached

AND OTHER OCCUPIED DISTRICTS": THE GERMAN DEPORTATIONS.

BY LUCIEN JONAS.



OF 25,000 FRENCH SUBJECTS TO WORK FOR THE GERMANS—AN OFFICER SELECTING VICTIMS.

by the German General Headquarters, about 25,000 French subjects, young girls of between 16 and 20 years of age, young women and men up to the age of 55, without distinction of social condition, have been torn from their homes at Roubaix, Tourcoing, and Lille, separated without pity from their families and forced to work in the fields in the departments of the Aisne and the Ardennes. The victims selected were given from ten minutes to an hour to get ready. There were heartrending scenes when the young women were carried off from their parents to an unknown fate. Alluding to this new German outrage, in connection with the shooting of Captain Fryatt, Mr. Asquith said in the House of Commons: "I deeply regret to say that it appears to be true that Captain Fryatt has been murdered by the Germans. . . . Coming as it does contemporaneously with lawless cruelty towards the populations of Lille and other occupied districts of France, it shows that the German High Command have, under the stress of military defeat, renewed their policy of terrorism."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



RESERVED. AUTHOR OF FIVE THOUSAND NAMES; GEORGE THE ARABIAN ALLEGORIST.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIAN'S BARKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE: ENRICHED THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

GERMANY is trying to persuade the world that she is the victim of the greed and jealousy of more powerful neighbours who, with fiendish ingenuity, have set themselves to bring about her ruin. She professes to regard this design as the more nefarious since its achievement must deprive the world of its principal humanising influence. We have now had a very practical demonstration of what German tutelage in this would mean, and we are all of us, curiously enough, inclined to regard the loss as a matter for profound thankfulness. She protests also that all she asked was to be allowed a place in the sun, where she could expand, and fulfil her destiny as the mentor of the human race.

As a matter of fact, the rest of the world was to Germany as Naboth's vineyard. She had a "place in the sun," but what she coveted was the rest of the earth, that she might satisfy, not the material needs of her people, but their inordinate vanity. She coveted, in short, more territory than she could possibly populate. This desire for territory is, in itself, an inherent desire not only among the human race, but among all animals which of necessity must guard and protect their young. The oyster and the codfish, for example, have no such desires, for they know nothing of parental care and responsibility.

The meaning, and the fierceness, of the struggle for territory is very unmistakably demonstrated in the behaviour of birds during the breeding season, when every pairing male seizes for himself a demesne which he will hold against all rivals, or die in the attempt. The area thus requisitioned depends on the nature of the food required by the prospective family. Insect-feeders, like the tit-mice, the robin, and the warblers, for example, require but a modest estate. The raven, peregrine, and eagle, on the other hand, must reserve to themselves a huge area, for their prey is less abundant and less easily caught.

This instinct—for these birds can have no reasoned convictions based upon calculation and forethought—is not the expression of a sense of personal aggrandisement, but an unconscious desire to secure the continuance of their race. When the family has been started in life, the

requisitioned territory is abandoned. Complacency and "neighbourliness" are fatal attributes in this regard, for every pair of birds which tolerates the presence of another pair in its own immediate neighbourhood ensures the destruction not only of themselves and their offspring, but that of the invading pair, or pairs, as well. Starvation must overtake them all. Furthermore, this aggressive spirit shown towards the members of its own kind must be invoked later against the offspring, which earlier were the subject of so much con-

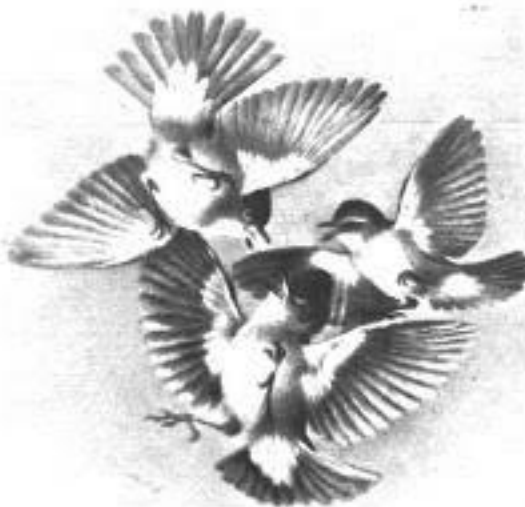
This interpretation throws a new light on the problem raised years ago by Darwin. What happens, he asked, to the enormous numbers of young birds reared annually in any given locality, since in the succeeding year the numbers of such species show no increase? He supposed that this stability was maintained by an enormous death-rate. Undoubtedly this is large, but it is less than he supposed, a large percentage of the missing having been merely driven off to found families either in unclaimed areas in the immediate neighbourhood or in a district as yet unsettled by that species.

What is true of the birds is equally true of the higher animals. It has often been asked how it is that lions, for example, do not materially increase in numbers, having regard to the abundance of their prey. But the application of this same law of territory explains the mystery. Though young lions remain long with their parents—until, in short, their training in the art of killing is finished—then they too are driven off to fend for themselves.

Confirmation of this interpretation is found again among the birds. Where the supply of food is unfailing and abundant, huge breeding colonies are found. Take, for example, the guillemots, gannets, and cormorants. With these birds no more territory is required than will suffice for the accommodation of the nest. In the case of the guillemot, all that is required is a few inches to accommodate the single egg and the sitting bird. All, in these cases, are fish-eaters. Even predatory species like the osprey will live in colonies of this kind, though they are never to be numbered in their tens of thousands, as is the case with the species just mentioned. For like reasons, rabbits can live in colonies; foxes cannot.

Germany, in the near future, may advance arguments, based on natural phenomena of this nature, to show her need of "territory" beyond the boundaries of Europe. But she must be treated as the "rogue elephant" among the nations. And woe to the nations if they allow the specious arguments of Reynard the fox to explain away her crimes! They will richly deserve the fate that will speedily overtake them. Germany will either rule us or we must rule her—it is up to us to decide.

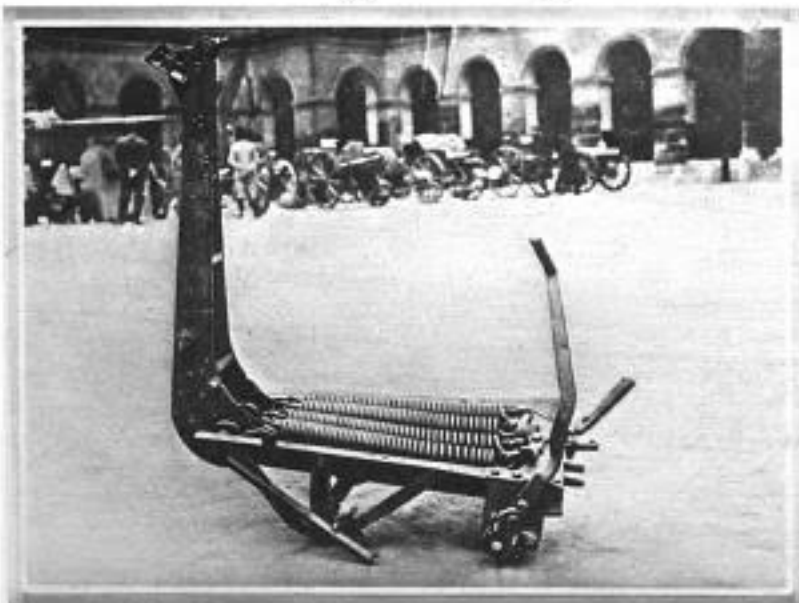
W. P. PYCRAFT



LIKE GERMANY, FIGHTING FOR TERRITORY: TWO RIVAL BLACK-CAPS IN THE BREEDING SEASON, WITH A CHIFF-CHAFF JOINING IN FOR FUN. Two black-caps are here seen fighting for their annual breeding territory. A chiff-chaff, unable to resist the excitement of conflict, has joined in.

Drawn by H. Griswold.

sideration. So soon as they can fend for themselves, they must be driven off to fight the battle of life alone. Returning next year to their birth-place, to rear families of their own, they are peremptorily expelled, and thus are compelled to extend the geographical range of their species.



CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH AND EXHIBITED AT THE INVALIDES: A GERMAN GRENADE-THROWER FOR CASTING THREE GRENADES AT ONCE.

Official Photograph issued by the French War Office.



ON VIEW AT THE INVALIDES IN PARIS: A CAPTURED GERMAN GUN-REST AND GRENADE-THROWER (COMBINED).

Official Photograph issued by the French War Office.

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A SEASIDE TRAGEDY

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If only they knew how ROWLAND'S
KALYDOR cools and refreshes, and
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inseparable from a visit to the golden
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No. 50. Gentlemen's pure linen-hemstitched
Linen Handkerchiefs, size about 16
inches with 3-inch hem. Per dozen 7/11

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESTON, LANGFIER, CROOKS, LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, HUGH CECIL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAIN, PHOTOGRAPH, AND HALLS AND SAUNDERS.



MAJOR B. H. HOWARD,
Sikh, Indian Army. Son of
Rev. H. F. Howard, Bright-
walton Rectory, Wantage.



MAJOR HARRY H. A. GEE,
South African Infantry. Has
been officially reported as
having died of wounds.



LIEUT.-COL. HUBERT L. BUDGE,
Royal Scots. Fought in S. African
War; Queen's and King's medals,
5 clasps.

LIEUT.-COL. H. W. F. BIRCHAM, D.S.O.,
K.R.R. Corps. Awarded D.S.O. in present
war. Fought with distinction in S. Africa.
Son of Mr. F. T. Bircham, Chesham.



LIEUT.-COL. OSWALD S. FLOWER,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of late Edgar
Flower, Middlehill Park, Broadway. Men-
tioned several times in despatches.



MAJOR V. L. S. BECKETT,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of late
Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Beckett
of St. Andrew's, Ely.



LT. R. GERALD GARVIN,
S. Lancashire Regt. Only
son of Mr. J. L. Garvin, the
Editor of the Observer.



MAJOR C. E. BOND,
Welsh Regt. Had retired
from Volunteers; was re-
called in June 1915.



MAJOR G. F. FARRAN,
R.E.A. Son of Mr. George H. Farran,
late Commissioner of the High Court
Bombay.



MAJOR GEOFFREY B. PARNELL,
R. West Surrey Regt. Son of late Col. the
Hon. Arthur Parnell and Hon. Mrs. Parnell.
Served in S. Africa; Queen's medal, 4 clasps.



CAPTAIN
J. R. SOMERS SMITH,
London Rifle Brigade. Son
of Mr. R. V. Somers-Smith.



LIEUT. HENRY WEBBER,
S. Lancashire Regt. Killed
in action; aged 28. A well-
known stockbroker and J.P.



BRIGADE-MAJOR W. T.
WYLLIE,
Durham Light Infantry. Son
of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A.



MAJOR CHARLES SCOTT-GATTY,
Hertfordshire Regt. Second son of
Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, Garter King-
of-Arms.



LIEUT.-COLONEL
ARTHUR HUGH LISTER, M.D., C.M.G.
Son of late Arthur Lister, F.R.S., and nephew
of late Lord Lister.



LT. DONALD CAMPBELL,
Coldstream Guards. Grand-
son of Baron Stratheden and
Campbell. Killed in action.



CAPT. THE HON. I. BERES-
FORD CAMPBELL, D.S.O.,
Coldstream Guards. Heir of
Baron Stratheden and Campbell.



CAPT. GUY DICKINS,
K.R.R. Corps. Son of late Mr.
A. L. Dickins, Manchester. Was
Fellow of St. John's, Oxford.



LIEUT. EDWARD JOHN
INNOCENT,
R. West Kents. A fine
all-round sportsman.



LIEUT. W. CLARKE
McCONNELL,
Royal Irish Rifles. Son of
Sir Robert McConnell, D.L.



2ND LIEUT. L. J. M. ALLEN,
Only son of Mr. H. W. Allen,
Clapham Common. Killed in
action. Aged 19.



LIEUT.-COL. A. N. HENDERSON,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Awarded Military
Cross. Was son-in-law of Sir Philip and
Lady Rose, of Rayners, Peven.

The truth and proof of it

For fifty years Mellin's Food has been safeguarding and strengthening baby-life, and winning a never-ending tribute of praise from parents and from medical men in every quarter of the globe.

It is the *fresh milk* food; mixed with fresh cow's milk it yields a *complete diet* akin to mother's milk, a diet suitable and beneficial from birth right onwards. As to the relative value of *fresh milk* and *other* forms, read the following:

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writes: "In no case have I found Mellin's Food to fail. I believe Mellin's Food, with cow's milk, to be infinitely preferable to those foods which are described as 'perfect foods,' i.e., requiring no addition of milk."

Don't experiment—give baby 'Mellin's,' the *proved* best food.

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THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD

Will you test Mellin's Food free of charge? Send your name and address and you will receive a sample, with a valuable Book for Mothers, on 'How to Feed Baby.'

SAMPLE DEPT. MELLIN'S FOOD LTD,
PECKHAM S.E.

Thought she would not live

"At the age of 3 months, she was quite a little wreck, puny and fretful, as I could not get a food to suit her, and many of my friends thought she would not live, but from the day I started her with Mellin's Food she gradually gained, and is now one of the bonniest and happiest of babies that one could meet—the picture of health and strength."—Mrs. W. B., St. Denis, Reims, Guernsey.

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The smoker of a philosophic turn of mind may well marvel at the industry shown before he can enjoy his favourite mixture.

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No. 480

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE has been one supremely sensible fashion evolved by the present period of stress, economy, and development of women's work—I mean, the "coat-frock." While the freak fashions invented by business people to stimulate the trade in dress have been passed quietly by, both in France and this country, the coat-and-skirt as we have known it for several years has been adopted almost as a uniform for everyday occasions, accompanied by different forms of pretty blouses; and, while varying in the width and in the length of skirt, and cut and decoration of the coat, this tailor-made fashion has still been always of a quiet and sensible construction. But it is a somewhat severe mode, not really suited to any fabrics but the plain and useful materials, such as wool and alpaca—those dress-goods to which the "language-of-flowers" meaning for the little grey magnonette-blossom might be applied: "Your qualities surpass your charms." The coat-frock, on the contrary, is well expressed in smarter materials. It is at its best and most approved in taffetas, with its variety of colourings and its sheen of surface, or in black satin or other silk, whether of the glacé or soft faille kind. A degree of "fussiness" can be imparted by means of gangings round the hips, or gathered frills round the bottom of the garment. It can have pretty buttons, either on the corsage portion only or right down the front; the throat can be cut slightly open to show a chemisette, or a dainty collar can be laid on the revers and the throat left bare, or it can have a round, closed throatlet. All these and other variations give distinctiveness, and what a little dress-maker that I used to know called "chickiness," to the whole effect, and afford us the eminently desirable possibility of a dressy gown that is at the same time particularly simple, unconstraining, and useful—serviceable for most occasions. Cut all in one piece, merely outlining the waist (which is always just higher than the normal line, to give a nice fall to the skirt part), and only reaching to the ankles, it is a garment deserving to be adopted in wartime by acclamation, and so it has been. One sees it on the best-dressed women and in the smartest of shops.

Another very useful and practical style, for everyday use and all materials, is the "jumper," the one-piece dress that is widely cut out round the arm-holes and down at the neck, so that a blouse can be worn under it, showing the sleeves and a good part of the front of the muslin or other light fabric of that separate under-bodice; or it is often made on a lining, with a contrasting fabric for vest and sleeves attached to the "jumper." The first-mentioned style is obviously the real and true notion involved; you have your over-dress cut out widely round the top and the arm-holes, fitting quite loosely, and just held in round the waist by a belt, so that you "jump" into it over any blouse that is handy. But to have the whole garment complete as a one-piece dress is, perhaps, the most convenient. It makes up well in the washing materials that can go to the tub as soon as necessary; or



AN AFTERNOON DRESS, MADE OF BOTTLE-GREEN FAILLE AND TRIMMED WITH GREEN-AND-GOLD EMBROIDERIES.

it is effective in fine serge or gaberdine, or even in silk, or fine wool and silk mixture, or silk voile, for the jumper or over-dress part, with some fancy transparent material for the under-bodice. Georgette crêpe, which has just enough substance to be useful, comes in excellently, or embroidered white muslin, or fancy nylon, or patterned voile. The "jumper" itself can be embroidered just above the waist-belt, and the belt itself can be decorated, and so can the edges of the over-dress where it is cut away, whether that excision be just enough to make a wide arm-hole, or, as it often is, right down to the waist-line, or even below it, in front, or both back and front, the "jumper" top in this case being reduced to little more than wide braces over the shoulders. Both these styles are so eminently sensible that they are pleasant to see so fashionably patronised for country and seaside frocks.

Indeed, the "jumper" style, with the top merely braces, is effectively used for simple evening and dinner frocks too. A golden-yellow taffetas "jumper," cut with two deep flounces for the skirt, above that being merely a folded waist-belt about the depth of the hand and two wide bretelles, was associated with a daintily folded under-bodice of palest yellow tulle; the bretelles were rather closely embroidered in gold beads, and the same tiny beads were scattered irregularly on the tulle. It was an exceedingly smart evening frock, and yet so simple. Both for day and evening wear, head embroideries are very much liked, and a girl clever with her needle can wisely spend part of her "daylight saving" evenings in preparing a beaded belt and cuffs, and perhaps outside pockets, for her own autumn frock. The Russian blouse—another sensible fashion—is to be popular, and this is effectively trimmed by a strip of bead embroidery; a single strip set down the left side of the figure only, for that is where the Russian blouse ought to fasten, with visible buttons. That is the true Russian style, but the name is now applied by dress-makers to any rather long, loose coat belted in carelessly and loosely round the waist, even though it may fasten up the middle of the figure, or even if it have a yoke piece.

Narrow bands of fur are also to be used as trimming on the coming dresses; in fact, some Paris model blouses in chiffon and nylon are even now edged with fur. The skirt should be reasonably full and fairly short. Slender girls can with advantage wear a shorter skirt than plump and not very tall ones can; while older women in short skirts bring on themselves criticism as to their years that they might avoid by letting the dress reach to the ankles; a very short skirt is not favourable to middle-age, however smart the foot-gear. Most young girls may wear quite short skirts with plenty of "flare." The early autumn model coats that are now to be seen privately, and will shortly be on show—ready, alas! for soon-coming autumnal chills—are all cut with a "flare." Some are fitted in to indicate the waist, others still depend quite loosely from the shoulders, but in either case there is that definite increase of fulness round the lower or skirt portion of the garment that is called a "flare" or "ripple." FILOMENA.

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JUBOL Cleanses the Intestine,

Prevents Appendicitis and Enteritis,

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MEDICAL OPINION:

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Dr. SALOMON, Paris Medical Faculty.

Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the sole British and Colonial Agents, **Heppells**, 156, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet," also "Lancet" Report.

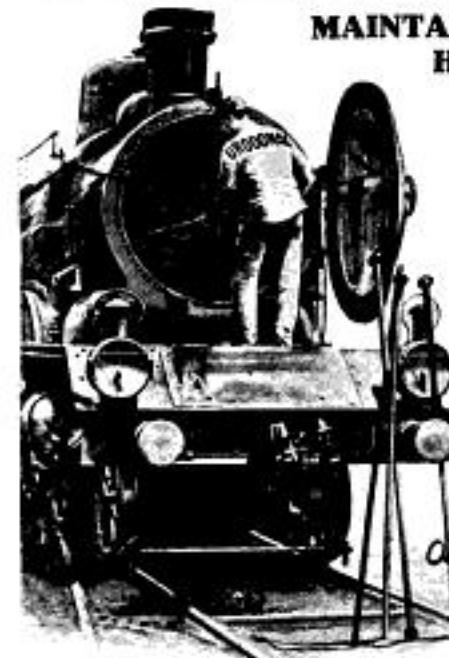
Constipation
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This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.



Certain blood results (uric acid and arteries) can be compared to boilers. By dint of continually working and circulating blood that is more or less loaded with impurities, their walls become encrusted and hardened, so as to resemble "clay piping." This is **Arterio-sclerosis**, the baneful consequences of which are only too well known. Uric acid is the chief enemy, inasmuch as it is always present in excess whenever nutrition is disturbed. It paralyzes the heart, and in some cases the sole cause of certain diseases of this organ (Pericarditis, endocarditis, etc.). Heart trouble, as well as disorders of the circulation, are, therefore, greatly benefited from the use of URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia as a solvent of uric acid; and, therefore, effectively prevents the appearance of the manifold troubles due to its presence. Dr. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

URODONAL, prices 5/- and 12/- (latter size equals three 5/- bottles) prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents, **Heppells**, 156, Piccadilly, London, from whom can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet," also "Lancet" Report. Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROBINSON FRERES, 82, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada. Agents in U.S.A.: Messrs. G.D. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, CHURCH Street, New York, U.S.A. Sub-Agents for India, Burma, and Ceylon: G. A. HERTON & CO., Calcutta, Bombay, etc.

URODONAL dissolves uric acid, removes sandy deposits from the heart valves, prevents degeneration of the blood vessels, which interferes with normal circulation, thereby preventing overstrain of the heart.



When on your Holidays

your face and skin are entirely at the mercy of the scorching sun and winds, most of the time being spent in the open air. You must, therefore, prepare your face and hands before starting out. For this purpose there is no better preparation than the world-renowned toilet cream, Beetham's La-rola. It is absolutely pure, greaseless, delightfully fragrant and refreshing to use, and a little applied to the face and hands will prevent or remove all traces of Sunburn, Irritation, Redness, etc.

Is Bottled 1/11 from all Chemists and Stores.

BEETHAM'S
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PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA TOILET CREAM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is being used. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT.

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M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

FOOT'S
Self-Propelling and Adjustable Wheel Chairs.



Model 156.

By simply pressing a button the occupant can instantly change the position of the back to any degree of inclination. The extensible leg rests can also be adjusted by the occupant, and are supplied either single or divided. No other chair has so many conveniences.

Write for Catalogue F7 of Wheel Chairs in various designs.

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Insomnia

The Dread of Restless Nights.

SLEEP is a periodic resting condition of the body, and especially to the nervous system. **Insomnia or Sleeplessness** causes not only great annoyance, but by interfering with the natural rest, deprives the person of full activity during the daytime and becomes a serious menace to the health. Broken nights often produce insomnia. In Old Age particularly the tendency to sleep soundly usually diminishes. Care with regard to the diet is essential; this will remove some of the causes of insomnia. Late meals should be avoided as they frequently cause **Dyspepsia**, and the attendant discomfort which disturbs the rest. The 'Allenburys' Diet is a never-failing comfort in such cases. So striking has been the unsolicited testimony as to the efficacy of the 'Allenburys' Diet in affording an easily digested last meal at night, that it will be found surprisingly helpful in combating sleeplessness. A cupful after going to bed usually proves all that is necessary to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest.

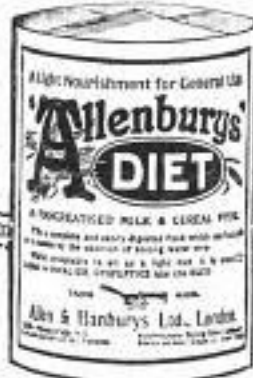
A Complete and Easily Digested Food.

The Allenburys' DIET

The 'Allenburys' Diet is a unique concentrated food that provides complete nourishment. Prepared from pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form, it is pleasant to the taste, is easily digested and enjoys an immense advantage over the usual invalids' foods, viz.—it does not require cow's milk to be added, but is instantly prepared for use by adding boiling water only.

A Large Sample sent Free on request.

A Complete, Palatable and Restorative Food. Easily Digested, and Exceptionally Nourishing.



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Supplied in Tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each, of all Chemists.

Made immediately by adding boiling water only.

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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

THE ROUGHEST CHANNEL ATLANTIC or other CROSSING

may be made in absolute comfort. MOTHERSILL'S will PREVENT and CURE SEA and TRAIN SICKNESS, or money refunded.

Testified by Royalty, Nobility, Clergy, Army, &c. Analysed by Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Pres. Soc. Public Analysts.

Mothersill Remedy Co., 19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

Fragrant, Non-Greasy, "Vanishing."

To cleanse and clear the skin during day time, and make it look fresh and pretty, there is nothing so good as Pomeroy Day Cream. It is evenly absorbed by the skin, and has a most charming effect on the complexion.

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Is sold in halfpenny tins at all Chemists, Grocers, &c., and from Miss Pomeroy, 265, 29 Old Bond St., London, W.

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Sir John Bennett, Ltd., have the finest stock of Rings in London, comprising all the newest and most choice designs, mounted with Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearls, and other precious Stones, ranging in price from £1 to £500.

Emerald and Diamond, £175. Emerald and Diamond, £45. Pearl and Diamond, £35.

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Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs appear. Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Articles. Sold in Caddies at 2/1, 6/6, & 12/6 by Grocers, Sausage Vendors, Offal, &c. Wellington Street and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

STANDARD 95 LIGHT CAR

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

The Safe & Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexion, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH.

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to Natural Beauty. Red, Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.

ADVICE FREE.
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ELECTROLYSIS permanently removes superfluous hair. "DARA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call.

RECOMMENDED BY ROYALTY AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION



92, NEW BOND ST. (Oxford St. End), LONDON, W.
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PARIS and NEW YORK.

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT.

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Produced by the old French method of maturing Champagne in the bottle.

Its use reduces Imports. Full of Health, Zest and fine Flavour. The Quintessence of the Apple.

DELICIOUS TO DRINK.
Write for free Booklet to Makers:
H. P. BULMER & CO.,
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FOR HEALTH UNEQUALLED.
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LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Licenses for New Cars.

As a certain amount of publicity has been given to a statement that it was not the intention of the Petrol Control Committee to issue a permit to the owner of a car acquired after Aug. 1 this year, and doubt has arisen in regard to the position for obtaining petrol for commercial motors acquired after that date, it may be of interest to motorists generally to state the views actually expressed by the Petrol Committee on these points. Written to on the subject, the Committee replied "that persons who acquire motor-cars or commercial motor-vehicles after Aug. 1 should apply to the Committee for a form on which to state their requirements. On receipt of the form duly completed, the question of the license to be issued will be considered." This does not entirely clear up the question "Aye" or "Nay," but leaves the matter practically at the discretion of the Committee. If I may venture to read the mind of that body, I believe that new private cars (unless to replace vehicles for which a petrol permit has been already granted) will not be given petrol, but that new commercial vehicles will be given a limited supply.

Cheaper Cars.

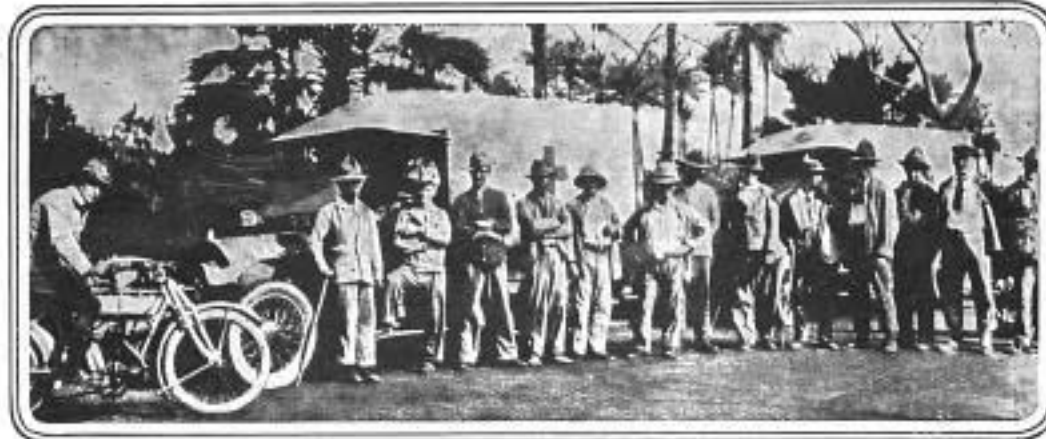
Now, what is the result, or what will be the effect of this petrol restriction on the bulk of private car-owners in this country? Will it throw a large number of motor-carriages into the market, and so cause a general slump in car values? Or will it produce cheaper cars generally? It is difficult to give a general answer to these questions. No doubt many owners will lay up their motors until the petrol-famine days are past; some may give up their cars altogether and sell them for what they will fetch, and put up with a poor price; and others may sell big cars, or store them, and buy small cars, so as to make their present petrol allowance go further. On all hands, I hear from country motorists who still have horses how glad they are that they have retained them, so as to be able to drive to the station, etc., now their cars cannot adequately take them; and the younger members of the family will have to put up with cycles as their means of transport. Carefully analysing the situation

leads me to think that the supply of petrol will be still smaller for the next twelve months, and that the cars of the future will have to be designed on a most economical fuel-using basis.



OLD ENGLAND—AND A TYPICAL MODERN MOTOR.

The ruined gateway of the old Manor House at Chipping Campden, a picturesque village in Gloucestershire, is emphasized in curiously interesting fashion by the proximity, in the foreground, of a handsome 16-20-h.p. "Wolsley" car, a production of the well-known "Wolsley Motors, Ltd.," whose London depot is in York Street, Westminster.



SONS OF THE EMPIRE: A SCENE AT THE FRONT.

The unity of the Empire has been conclusively shown by the gallant way in which native Maories have fought side by side with their white comrades, alike in the Gallipoli campaign and in France. Our photograph shows a group of wounded New Zealanders, including native Maoris and British settlers, in front of two Napier ambulances, part of a big fleet attached to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. The Napier cars attached to the New Zealand and Australian Expeditionary Forces have elicited nothing but praise.

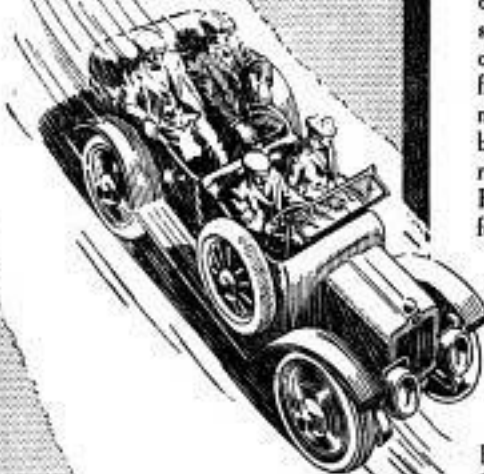
A British Chance.

Here, then, is an opportunity for the British automobile engineer. The American cars are usually about 24-h.p., consuming about a gallon of fuel per 12 to 15 miles. One can get the same carrying capacity from a British car of 10 to 12 h.p., consuming a gallon of fuel per 25 to 35 miles. True, the first cost of the bigger-engined Yankee is about the same or less than the smaller British one, but in these days of scarcity lucky are those that own small British cars or who buy them to replace the "hungry" big-engined carriages. I see that another low-priced U.S.A. production is coming on the British market when possible. This is the New Briscoe car, costing £130 at the factory in Michigan, U.S.A., fully equipped with electric-lighting, engine-starting fittings, to carry five persons. Its chief point of novelty to us over here is a gearless differential in place of the normal type. With an engine of four cylinders (3 1/8 in. with 5 1/8 in. stroke) developing about 24-h.p. nominal, its fuel-eating capacity will put it out of court for the moment. Yet I should not be surprised to see this type made in England in the near future. There is room for a car of this horse-power, produced in large quantities, to enable it to be sold at a low price in this country and Europe generally in normal times, and so I fully believe that British manufacturers might do worse than produce a low-price model to compete with the American crowd of rivals for our trade in the Eastern Hemisphere.

New Light-Car.

What may be termed a car of mixed origin is being placed on the motor market by the Herbert Light-Car Company, as the engine of 11.9-h.p. hails from America, while the chassis is built up in London. This is quite a useful light-car, fitted with Captain detachable rims on wire wheels, making a neat two-seater either with an open or enclosed coachwork body. It is not cheap at £275, including a dicky-seat, but this price is likely to be reduced after the war. At this season one expects to see new models, or at least read about them, so this must be my excuse for bringing such cars to the notice of my readers when few, if any, motorists are considering the question of buying new vehicles. For those who do think of buying one a light-car seems the most appropriate vehicle to buy in view of low fuel-consumption. W. W.

Proof of The Saving of Petrol



Tyres.		COMPARATIVE PETROL-CONSUMPTION TESTS—MILES RUN ON ONE GALLON	
Canvas Tyres.		18 miles, 897 yds.	
Palmer Cord Tyres.		20 miles, 781 yds.	
Tyres.		COMPARATIVE SPEED TESTS—MILES RUN IN AN HOUR (SET THROTTLE)	
Canvas Tyres.		31.68 miles	
Palmer Cord Tyres.		33.89 miles	
Tyres.		COMPARATIVE COASTING TESTS—DISTANCE RUN (IN FEET).	
Canvas Tyres.	21	1118 ft.	
Palmer Cord Tyres.	24	1746 ft.	

Palmer Patent Cord Tyres yield one-tenth more mileage per gallon of Petrol than any other tyres known. All other tyres have canvas foundations—set up internal friction—waste engine power—therefore WASTE PETROL. Palmers eliminate internal friction because of their Patent Cord foundation, and transmit the utmost possible power from the engine to the road.

The basis-units of the Palmer Cord foundation are strands of fine strong cotton. Each strand is insulated in a coating of pure rubber, and these friction-proof strands are multiplied—each composite being in turn insulated in a rubber-coating—until the Palmer Patent Cord has been formed. Scientifically arranged layers of these Cords are the foundation of each Palmer Cord Tyre, and surmounting all is the toughest wear-resisting tread ever moulded on to a tyre.

Because of the wonderful Cord construction Palmers are friction-free, last longer, and yield greater resilience than the best canvas tyres made.

PALMER

CORD TYRES

Palmers are made in all sizes, with the original three-ribbed rubber and the steel-studded treads.

SOME OF THE PRICES.			
710 x 85 mm.	£ 17 8	810 x 105 mm.	£ 6 1 0
750 x 90 mm.	4 8 8	850 x 130 mm.	8 0 0
810 x 90 mm.	4 15 0	950 x 130 mm.	8 11 0
	895 x 135 mm.		11 16 0

THE PALMER TYRE, Ltd.,

Chief Offices: 119 to 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

Telephones: 1214 Gerrard (4 Lines), Telegrams: "Tyreord, Western, London."

BRANCH DEPOTS:

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GLASGOW: 6, Royal Exchange Sq. LEEDS: 54, New Bridge-

MANCHESTER: 263, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: Greyfriar Gate.

And at Paris and Amsterdam.

The above record of actual Tests at Brooklands proves the saving in petrol.

The tests were made under exactly equal conditions of axle-load, tyre-pressure, etc.

Petrol Consumption Tests showed Palmers 10% below canvas-lined tyres.

Speed Tests with set throttle showed Palmers 7% faster than canvas-lined tyres.

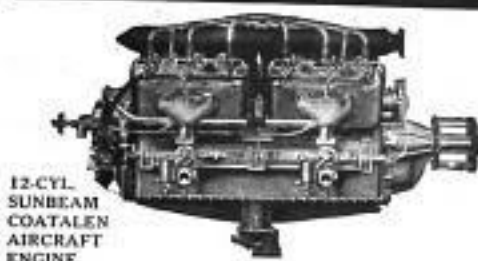
Coasting Tests showed that Palmers carried the car (gear in neutral) over 50% further than canvas-lined tyres.

Every motorist should write NOW for the Booklet No. 30, "Palmers, Petrol and Power," which gives fully detailed proof of the TEN PER CENT. PETROL SAVING.

WAR WORK SUITS the SUPER-EFFICIENT **SUNBEAM**

When the entire engineering resources of the nation are being devoted to producing munitions, the fact of a firm being contractors to the Admiralty or War Office is not necessarily a mark of distinction. That depends wholly on the nature of the munition supply. From the commencement of the war the Sunbeam Company's activities have been devoted to supplying the British and Allied Governments with cars, ambulances, and Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engines—all exclusively evolved by the firm's costly, elaborate, and lengthy experimental work.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112, Deansgate.
Agents for Cars for London and District: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.



12-CYL.
SUNBEAM
COATALEN
AIRCRAFT
ENGINE.

England expects

every motorist to practise economy until victory has crowned her efforts, after which it should be his duty to consider the claims of BRITISH CARS in general, but in particular the

Crossley

"THE CAR EFFICIENT."

The remarkable efficiency of the Crossley has been strikingly emphasised in the Great War, the cars supplied to the Allied Governments giving every satisfaction.

Let your next car be a Crossley.



VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream.

STAGE Beauties unite with Society Leaders and the great army of women war-workers in acclaiming the superiority of Ven-Yusa Crème de Luxe over all other face creams.

Ven-Yusa acts in quite a novel way. It is essentially a natural preparation, and its effect on the skin is the equivalent of "an oxygen bath." It refreshes and rejuvenates.

Ven-Yusa cleanses the pores, and by revitalising the tissues imparts to the skin a delightful, velvety softness and beauty which are lasting.

There is no suggestion of artificial aid in the Ven-Yusa complexion. It always carries the natural bloom of youth.

Never be without a jar of this unique oxygen cream on your dressing-table, and use it morning, noon, and night.

MISS LYSA GRAHAM, the Gaiety Theatre favourite, writes: "Ven-Yusa leaves the skin beautifully soft and flexible with no suspicion of grease, and gives a velvety appearance to the face. I shall certainly recommend Ven-Yusa as widely as possible."



1 jar for 100 of Cleverly,
Bainbridge, Silver,
etc. in from C. S.
Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

Send for this Catalogue

ORDER your "Buick" now, and you will be amongst the first "After War" owners of the famous 1916 "Six." At present our Organisation is engaged on National Service, and our output is restricted. But send for our catalogue to-day and make your future plans now.

General Motors (Europe), Ltd.
136 Long Acre, London, W.C.

Buick
VALVE-
IN-HEAD
MOTOR
CARS



THE FRENCH ARMY PHOTOGRAPHS.

(See Illustrations.)

THE photographers attached to the French Army—the *Section Photographique de l'Armée Française*—are responsible for all the pictures on view in the Georgian Galleries at Waring and Gallow's. In other words, the exhibition in Oxford Street is official. It has the air. There is nothing fantastic about these quiet, matter-of-fact records of the war, unless here and there a ruined bellfry or a broken archway strikes an exaggerated attitude. The note of nearly all of them is calm; every type of Frenchman has been snapped, either in the trenches or behind the lines, but never a Frenchman of them all seems to be put about; they stand solidly to their tasks as if the tasks of war had been part of the day's work in France for the last fifty years.

In all these photographs—nearly six hundred of them, containing many thousand figures—I did not notice one Frenchman who did not appear to be setting about his task with an expression of stern resolve. Let loose a *Section Photographique* among our Tommies, and a smile would spread across the face of one whole battalion after another. But the Frenchman, if he is grave, is not necessarily depressed. His gravity has nothing in common with the sulky weariness of the Hun prisoner. It is just the opposite of sulkiness; he is grave because he is so intent on his job. Particularly interesting are the many views of Verdun, of the stricken town and the defences. We are shown the heaped-up reserves of munitions in this region; we see

their period under devastating fire. Anything is easier to break than this new spirit of endurance; the churches and cathedrals crumble under the shells, but the French soldier remains. That is to say, he remains as an army, though individually he may fall. It is as an army that we see him in this most interesting exhibition. Where one or two are gathered together, the individual, however admirably the camera has done its work, is lost; there, in little groups of twos and threes, stand the representatives of a Power, less active in preparation than the enemy, but not less active and diligent in the sequel. I think that even a Prussian, were he to visit Waring and Gallow's, would realise with a new dismay the indomitable quality of the soldiers who people those photographs.

"THE SISTER-IN-LAW." AT WYNDHAM'S.

IS the wife's sister or the husband's sister destined to destroy the long-unchallenged monopoly of the mother-in-law in domestic farce? It looks like it, if we can count on a new fashion being set by Mr. Cyril Hallward's piece, "The Sister-in-Law." Dorothy Marston, a cheerful egoist who declines to understand that a two-years' stay with her married sister, Mrs. Bawtreys, could be looked on as over-long, proves for a while very amusing, especially in her spirited encounters with the other sister-in-law, an old maid who in her brother's interests is capable of saying the most insulting things in terms of politeness. There is real wit in their passages of arms, and Miss Mary O'Farrell and Miss Marie Illington in the two rôles make good use of their chances. Laughable also in a mechanical sort of way is the situation produced by the husband's success in planting the intruder on a stockbroker friend. His plot succeeds only too well, since it drives wife as well as sister-in-law from his home and makes her join the new bride, to play the same part in her home as Dorothy did with the Bawtreys. The lugubrious airs of Mr. Sam Sothern's stockbroker are well worth going some distance to watch, and the tears of Miss Christine Silver's Mrs. Bawtreys at the breakfast-table may divert our optimists. But, truth to tell, there is rather too much insistence on the seamy side of human nature in "The Sister-in-Law." The author does not even spare his own profession, and condemns Mr. Nigel Play air to represent a dramatist who cannot manage his own household and calmly uses his relatives as material for his plays.

To-day (Aug. 12), about a thousand wounded soldiers are being entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Karsino, Hampton Court—the biggest thing of the kind since the King entertained a thousand wounded men to tea on two consecutive days at the Royal Mews. As Hampton Court is a considerable dis-



THE NEW "BURFRON" WATERPROOF.

Everyone knows that failing of the waterproof which, however efficient otherwise, admits wet through the openings in front. This cannot be prevented on the old system of buttoning, and the wearer's legs get wet through, even in light rain. To avoid this difficulty, the "Burfron," the most recent invention of Burberry's, of the Haymarket, makes it impossible for rain to penetrate the front. The construction of the "Burfron" is a subversion of ordinary principles, but it would be hard to imagine a more efficient safeguard for the front as well as the back, as there is no buttoning or opening of any kind. Yet the coat is, like all Burberry productions, notably smart. Both pedestrians and mounted men will greatly appreciate the "Burfron," and it forms a most ingenious riding apron.

tance from the London Hospitals, the transport of so many men is rendered possible only by the fine organisation of the Motor Squadron of the London Volunteer Rifles. It is a task of some magnitude, and motorists outside the ranks of the L.V.R., who are willing to assist with their cars, are invited to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. J. Wilson, 154, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

The "National Egg Collection" has proved one of the most practical and valuable of all aids for the wounded, but now some shortage in the supply is feared. The Committee earnestly hopes that more helpers will volunteer and enable them to supply the big hospitals at home, as well as the base hospitals. The Hon. Secretary, 154, Fleet Street, E.C., will gladly send all particulars.



THE JUTLAND BATTLE MEDAL.

Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg has had a medal struck to commemorate the Jutland Battle. On the obverse are the Union Jack and White Ensign, a trident and shield inscribed "May 31, 1916," and "To the glorious memory of those who fell that day." On the reverse are the date and inscription with names of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief; Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, commanding Battle Cruiser Fleet. Messrs. Spink and Sons, 17-18, Piccadilly, W., are agents for Prince Louis and the profits are to benefit naval orphanages. The medals may be had in white metal at 2s., in bronze at 3s., in silver at 5s. 6d. and 12s., or in gold.

the entrance to Douaumont Fort, now effaced; we see the first-line troops returning from a spell of work, taking their period of relief as much as a matter of course as they take

thing of the kind since the King entertained a thousand wounded men to tea on two consecutive days at the Royal Mews. As Hampton Court is a considerable dis-



Years ago, Sir J. M. Barrie said of CRAVEN—"It clears the brain and soothes the temper." Nearly all Great Men who are pipe smokers, smoke CRAVEN Mixture

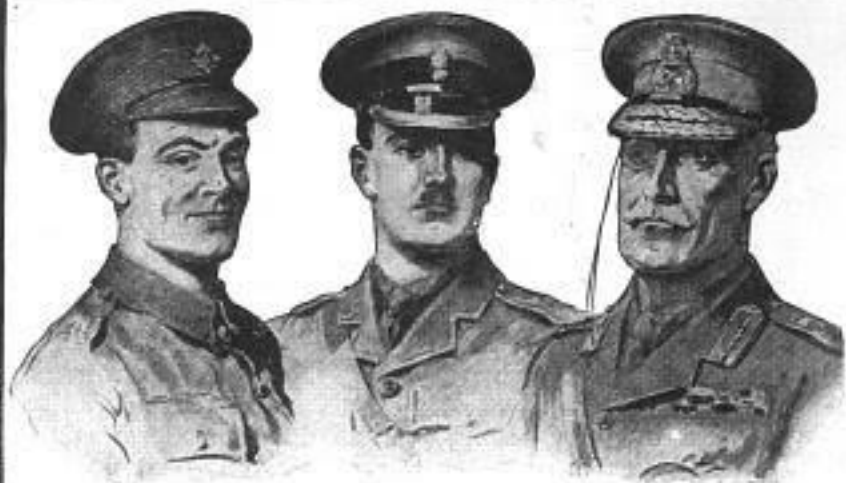
Craven

You can smoke CRAVEN incessantly—pipe after pipe—for it never causes that dull heavy feeling

1/7 per 20s

Made by CARRERAS Limited
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From Private
to General

They all enjoy a wash with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

(The Soldiers' Soap.)

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

In United Kingdom, 4d. per Tablet.

In Australia, Canada, India, and British Colonies, 6d. per Tablet.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1530.

The International News Company, 85 & 85, Duane Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1916.

Fifteen Cents a Copy.
\$7 a Year in Advance.



LES RAVITAILLEUSES: REFRESHMENTS FOR POILUS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

From the commencement of the war, by day and by night, the soldiers of the gallant French Army have been hurrying to the Front, and, as time may mean so much in the battle for victory, there is often no chance for them to leave the train for refreshments. So, at all hours, ladies and young girls, clad in white and wearing the Red Cross, go from carriage to carriage, asking "How many lads are there inside?" and

handing up to the window such comestibles as bread, butter, coffee, chocolate, confectionery, cheese, milk, tea, with tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, post-cards and pencils, handkerchiefs, socks, and other things to add to their comfort. It is an excellent work these "Ravitailleuses" are doing, watching for the arrival of the trains and ministering to the comfort of men who are giving their strength, and maybe their lives, for their country.

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SARATIN. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

WHERE THERE HAS BEEN "A CERTAIN LIVELINESS" OF LATE

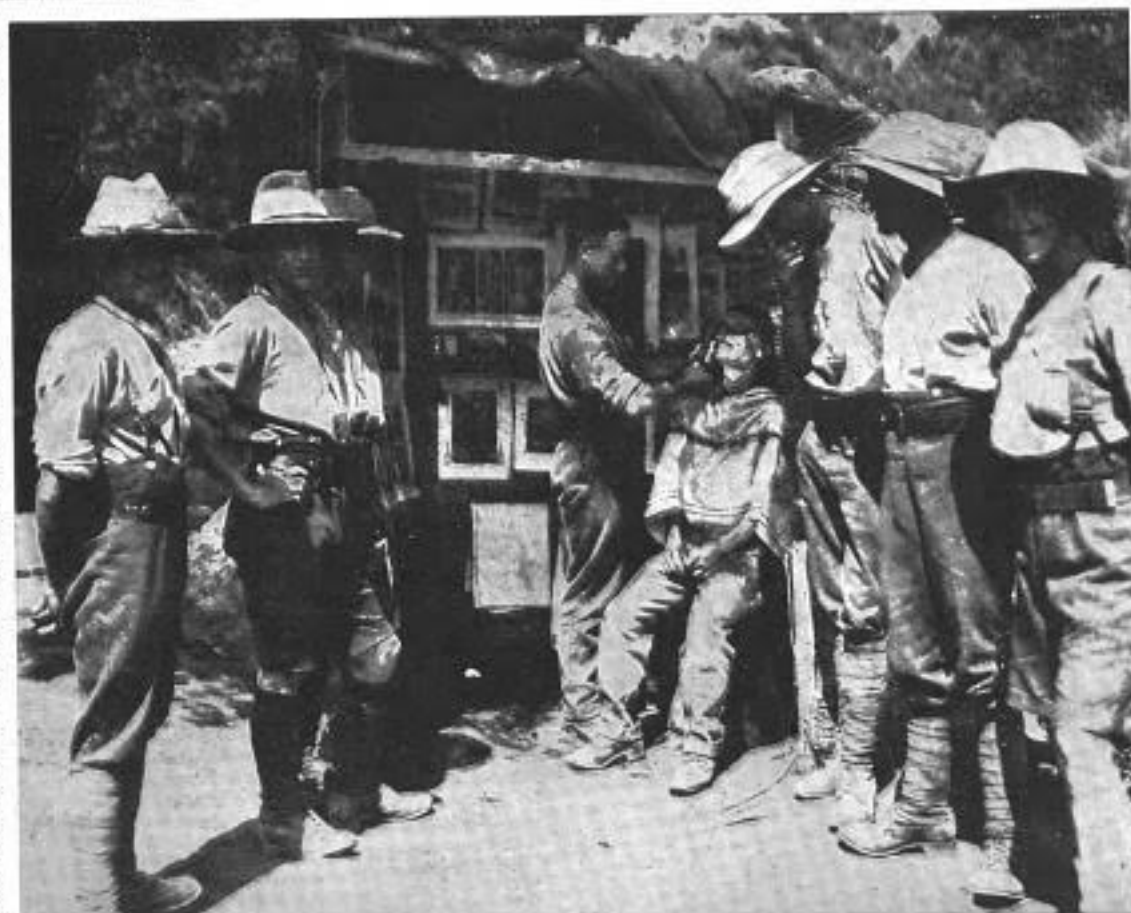
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



WHERE MANY OF THE NATIVES HAVE NEVER HEARD OF A CYCLE BEFORE:
A DESPATCH-RIDER LEAVING A SIGNAL STATION.



NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ESPIONAGE
OF DETENTION



DECORATED WITH PAGES FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "SKETCH," AND OTHER PAPERS:
A SHAVING-SALOON FAR FROM ANY TOWN.



QUININE PARADE FOR GREEK LABOURERS WORKING
DAILY

The recent news of activity on the Allied front at Salonika has aroused much interest and speculation. Writing thence on August 13, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "Slowly and with method the bombardment by the French and British artillery of the enemy's advanced positions is being carried out. . . . The forward move made by the French force which occupied Doiran railway station and Hill 227 . . . does not bring us into contact with the enemy's permanent defensive works, but well within the area which has been the accustomed hunting-ground of his nocturnal patrols." The country, which is very wild and lonely, has been compared to the Highlands of Scotland. Some of the British positions are far away from any town, and such luxuries as a shaving-saloon depend on amateur talent. At the one shown above, we may note, the pictures on the wall appear to have been taken largely from copies of this paper and of the "Sketch," including a portrait of Lord Kitchener from our Kitchener Memorial Number. The heat in the Balkans

VARIED SCENES WITH THE BRITISH FORCES AT SALONIKA.

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A BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE USED AS A PLACE
SUSPECTS, AT STAVROS.



COVERED WITH BOUGHS AND FOLIAGE TO HIDE IT FROM THE ENEMY: A DISUSED MONASTERY
CONVERTED INTO A CANTEREN, NEAR OUR FRONT LINE



OF THE BRITISH ARMY: DRAWN UP TO HAVE THEIR
ADMINISTERED.



QUININE PARADE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS OF THE SALONIKA FORCE: MEN WITH SPOONS
TAKING THEIR DAILY DOSE OF FIVE GRAINS.

has lately been very trying. An officer of the Cyclist Section at Salonika, writing home recently, said: "The last ten days have seemed like a hot, inconsequent nightmare. I have a confused remembrance of long, broiling days, long, exhausting rides through a road four inches thick with sand and dust, finished by a troubled sleep and a constant fight with mosquitoes." It is connected with their attentions, no doubt, and possible malaria consequent thereupon, that a daily dose of quinine is served out to the troops and the Greek labourers. The same cyclist officer continues: "The road by which we came was before the war absolutely unknown to all but about three archaeologists. . . . It winds over mountains, past lakes, and through gorges with imperturbable patience. . . . The people in the fields either ran from us or at us. They have never heard of a cycle before!"

WITH THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH: PRISONERS; RECRUITS; AND A RUIN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRISONERS AND RECRUITS AUTHORIZED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



AT WORK, AND CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT: GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH EMPLOYED IN THE STONE QUARRIES OF MEURTHE AND MOSELLE.



HOW THE CIVILIAN IS HARDENED INTO AN EFFICIENT SOLDIER: RECRUITS AT A PHYSICAL-TRAINING SCHOOL NEAR VINCENNES.



A TRAGIC CORNER OF THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD: A DAMAGED CALVARY AND THE RUINS OF A SUGAR REFINERY AT DOMPIERRE, ONE OF THE VILLAGES RECAPTURED BY THE FRENCH.



"MIDDLE-AGED HANS": OLDER GERMAN PRISONERS (OF THOUSANDS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH) AT A CAMP IN THE SOMME DISTRICT.



"YOUNG FRITZ": YOUTHFUL GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE 1916 CLASS AT A SOMME CAMP, ABOUT TO START FOR THE QUARRIES.

The number of German prisoners taken by the French in their succession of victorious advances on the Somme has largely increased since the original offensive on July 1, when over 6000 were captured. The German prisoners are treated by the chivalrous French with their customary kindness, but their services are also utilised. Lord Northcliffe writes on the subject: "The authorities at home seem to hide our German prisoners. In France they work, and in public, and are content with their lot, as I know by personal inquiry of many of them. Save for the letters, 'P.G.' (*prisonnier de guerre*) at the

back of their coats, it would be difficult to realise that comfortable-looking, middle-aged Landsturm Hans, with his long pipe, and young Fritz, with his cigarette, were prisoners at all." Regarding the Dompierre sugar refinery, a French writer says: "Close beside this mass of tangled debris a large figure of Christ on the Cross, with the left arm struck off by a shot, the only thing left standing in the field of carnage, seems to appeal for help against the ferocity of the men who unchained war." Dompierre was one of nineteen villages taken in the first rush of the French offensive.

MAKERS OF HISTORY: SOME VANQUISHERS OF GERMANISM.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



EN ROUTE TO THE SOMME: A FRENCH HEAVY GUN, PROTECTIVELY COLOURED, BEING TRANSPORTED BY MOTOR TRACTION.



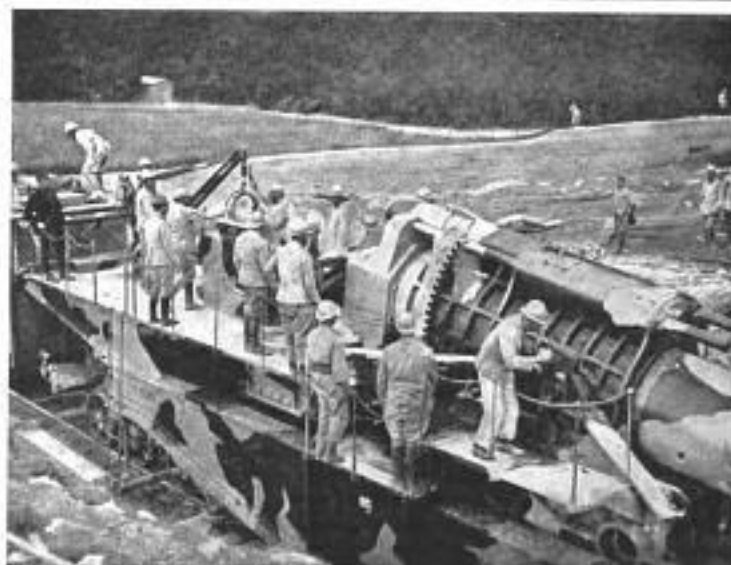
EN ROUTE TO THE SOMME: A BIG FRENCH GUN TRAVELLING BY ROAD TO THE BATTLE-FRONT.



ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE AT LONG RANGE: A FRENCH BIG GUN ON ITS BATTLE-FIELD RAILWAY MOUNTING, AND LAID FOR ACTION WITH HIGH ELEVATION.



PASSED ALL TESTS AND ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE SOMME: A BIG GUN STARTING OFF FROM A FACTORY PROVING-GROUND.



NEARING THE SCENE OF ACTION: A FRENCH BIG GUN ON ITS MOUNTING—SHOWING THE BREECH EXTERIOR ARMATURE AND FITTINGS.

Two years ago, when the war was in its earliest opening stages, photographs such as those seen above would have been smiled at and put aside as quite too imaginative in connection with land warfare. Possibly big guns of the kind, it would have been suggested, might have been seen in sea-coast fortresses, but only there, or on board super-Dreadnoughts of the very biggest class. Now guns of the size shown here are "common objects" on all the battle-fronts, East and West. Those seen on this page

are French guns, but we are using some as big in the British Western Offensive, as, too, are the Russians and the Italians. It takes from twelve to fifteen months of continuous processes at the gun foundries and munition factories to complete each one of such giants, from the first forging of the rough steel tube ingots to the final finishing workshop smoothing. Then come the affixing of the sights and recoil apparatus, etc., and tests at the proving-sheds and butts, before the gun is passed for despatch to the Front.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME little time ago I made a remark in this place to the effect that "the atheism of Frederick the Great was and is the military religion of Berlin." The statement has been disputed in the *New Age* by Dr. Oscar Levy, a neutral living, I believe, in Switzerland, but a close and very able critic of English letters, and one very generous in his appreciation of this page. I have already found it necessary to discuss the point in another place and in connection with another argument. But, as Dr. Levy says that he sees this paper regularly, I feel it is a habit which calls for every encouragement, and perhaps for some acknowledgment here. It will be enough to say, touching the occasion of the matter, that Dr. Levy takes the Christian religion in North Germany much more seriously than I do—partly, I cannot but think, because it is not his own religion, and he knows the less about the difference between the real and the sham. He begins by telling me that the Prussian soldiers have some Lutheran motto about God actually engraved on their helmets; but (as he himself seems partly to anticipate) I am much less interested in their helmets than in their heads. He proceeds to tell me about an incident in the German Army in which a sergeant, having divided his company into Jews, Protestants, and Catholics according to regulations, was infuriated by the presence of an unclassified individual who said he had no religion. The sergeant told him with great ferocity that if he did not find a religion by next Sunday he would be visited every other Sunday with what we should call detention in barracks. As most English readers will notice, there is a funnier and more irreverent English parallel to this anecdote, about an Oxford undergraduate with "doubts," who was told by the head of his college that he would have to provide himself with "a God of some kind" by next week. But the irreverence of Oxford is the reverence of Berlin. The sort of incident which we tell as an indication of religious indifference is actually the best that Dr. Levy can find by way of a German example of religious enthusiasm. In England we should call such a don a Sadducee; but in atheist Prussia he appears by comparison to be a Zealot.

Thus the very example Dr. Levy gives of German religion would alone convince me of German irreligion. It is apparent from the tale itself that the German sergeant was quite careless about the widest divisions of cosmic belief, but very careful about the narrowest and strictest unity of military discipline. He had been told to divide his company into Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; and he would have obeyed with equal indifference if he had been told to divide it into Fire-Worshippers, Fetish-Worshippers, Thugs, Assassins, Satanists, and Communicants of the Black Mass. If the man with no religion could have come back with a sufficient following to make it officially convenient to turn them into a fourth group of worshippers of nothing, or worshippers of a blue baboon, the official would have been perfectly content. But there is another way in which Dr. Levy's argument proves too much. A conscript army is supposed to contain men of all kinds. Now nobody who has ever visited Germany in the most casual

fashion can pretend to believe that men of all kinds in Germany can be classified as orthodox members of the Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish Churches. The sharpest impression produced on a visitor to modern Germany was well expressed in my own experience by a little girl who said, "The boys in the street are saying there is no God." Long before war or rumours of war, I can remember the sort of atmospheric change produced on my own mind by passing from Besançon through the Gap of Belfort to Frankfurt. It was the change of passing from a country in which a considerable (though diminishing) number of people were trying to kill Christianity to a country where everybody of any intellectual pretensions assumed that Christianity had been killed long ago. And it was killed long ago so far as Prussia could kill it. It has been absent from Prussian policy and philosophy in a sense utterly distinct from that in which any ordinary wrong-doing is inconsistent with the Christian ideal. Spanish torture or Muscovite terrorism have been appeals to precedent, the belated citation of some

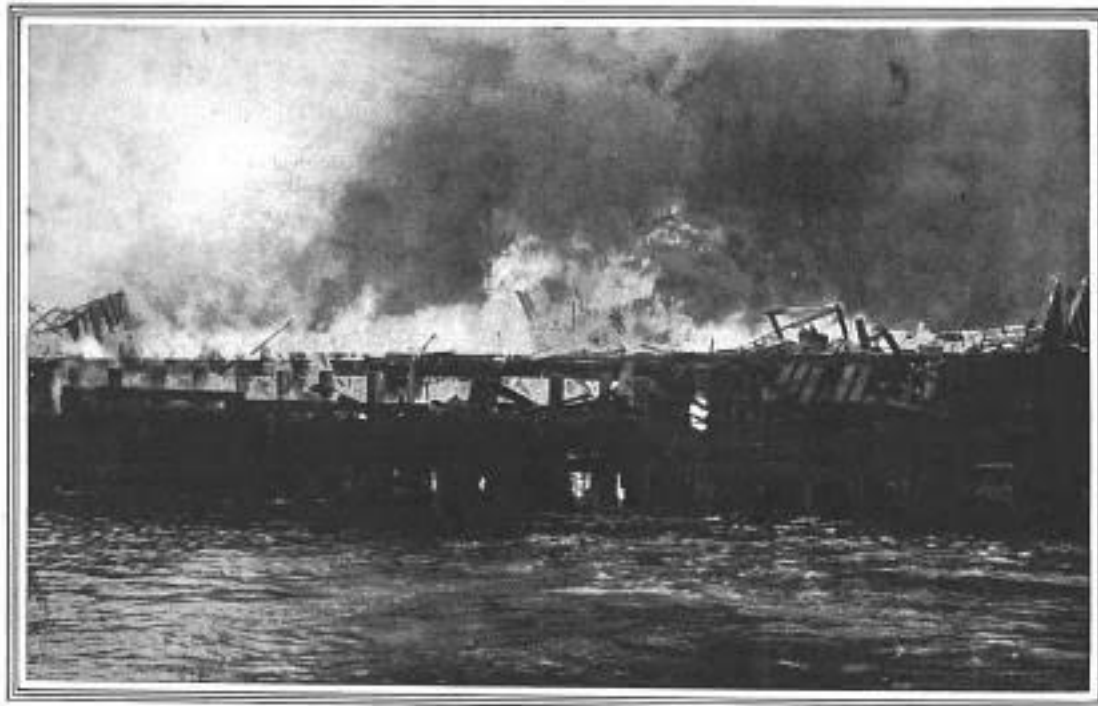
or Marryat were pagans who literally worshipped Poseidon with altars and sacrifices. We should answer, I imagine, that the very tone of the reference to Neptune, as compared with other references to "Providence" or "Heaven" in the same songs, was enough to prove that they did nothing of the sort. It would be obvious that the English ballad-writer was only referring in an ornamental way to the sea. It is equally obvious that the German rhetorician is only referring in an ornamental way to the earth—to the elemental laws of nature and the physical hierarchy of evolution. He simply personifies Nature; only he calls it "he" instead of "she." This, and this alone, gives at least a sort of nonsensical sense to the talk of the Germans about their "German God." Or, to take another example, a man acquainted with religion—at least in the Christian sense—could probably guess that we do not pay supreme worship to the god Eros, and guess it merely from the little Cupids on the valentines. The difference may be too delicate to describe; but he would feel that it is not

precisely their most serious deities that men treat precisely in that fashion. Well, the modern Germans do treat the Holy Child precisely in that fashion. A Christmas card actually appeared in Germany depicting the Infant Christ as knocking a nail into the wooden statue of poor old Hindenburg. Note that this point is not to be confused for a moment with a certain grotesque gaiety in the details of the divine story. There would be nothing heathen about depicting the Christ Child as playing with St. Joseph's tools, and knocking a nail into a nursery toy. In other words, there would be nothing heathen about showing a divinity as taking light things lightly. The point in the German picture is that the Christian divinity is taken lightly while something else is taken seriously; and that something else is the heathen divinity. The Christ Child is a mere ornamental Cupid attending upon Hindenburg. The graceful and charitable image is merely added like

a ribbon or a favour on the uniform of the service of force and pride. So precisely the names of the pagan deities—Neptune or Venus, Apollo or Jupiter—are used by modern poets merely as florid figures of speech. So precisely in the phrase about "our German God" the word "God" is a flourish. But the word "German" is a God.

When I say that the militarism of Prussia is founded on the atheism of Frederick the Great, it is not a cant of polemics or an appeal to prejudice. It is a historical fact without which a historical phenomenon cannot be understood. Russia has a religion—one may say that Russia is a religion—and has done wrong for its sake. England has neglected her religion for other things, and has done wrong for those other things. France has a standing quarrel about religion; and has done wrong both for religion and against it. But the unique point and power of Prussia have been rooted in her scepticism. Every step in her success has been due to what Frederick would have called her superiority to superstitions. It was always upon her atheism that she acted; and she is only in this stupendous hour beginning to be proved wrong.

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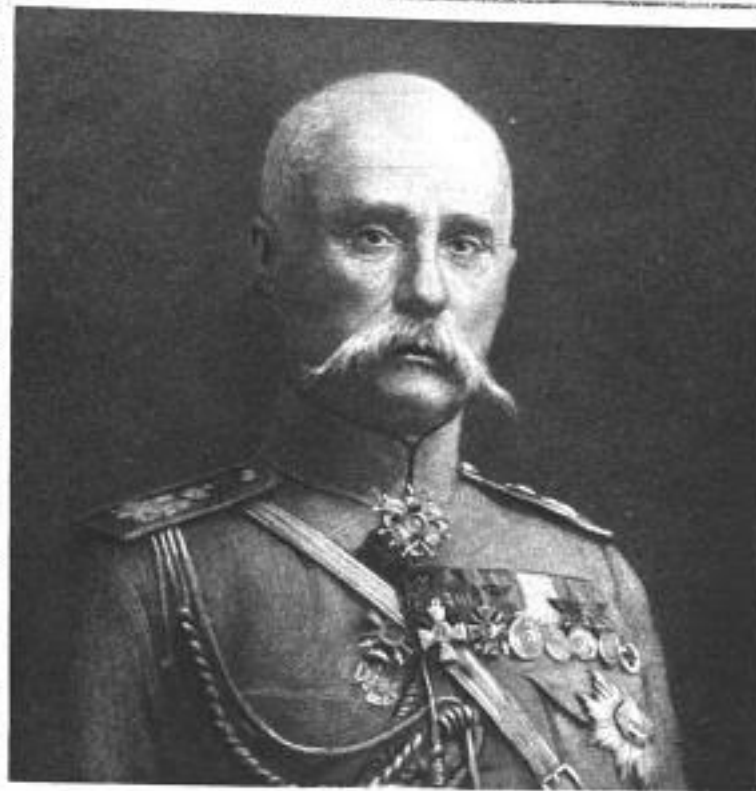
THE GREAT EXPLOSION OF AMMUNITION AT NEW YORK: A BLAZING PIER IN JERSEY CITY DURING THE CATASTROPHE. Between 2 and 3 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, July 30, a terrific explosion took place at Jersey City, opposite New York, killing many workmen and doing damage estimated at some £2,000,000. It is said that a fire on a goods pier spread to barges loaded with ammunition, and that 87 car-loads of shells exploded. The ground on both sides of the bay rocked as though from an earthquake, people were thrown out of bed, shattered glass fell everywhere, and shrapnel rained on surrounding roofs. The Statue of Liberty and many important buildings in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City were damaged.—[Photograph by Topical.]

sanctity needing defence. Prussian torture and terrorism do not quote precedents; they create precedents. They are based fundamentally on the idea that the past falls into a bottomless pit of forgetfulness. They believe neither in angel nor spirit; but least of all in the Recording Angel. Dr. Levy will at least admit that this philosophy is common, though not universal. And the admission that it exists at all is sufficient evidence that the military divisions he describes do not express Germany. In other words, we cannot read what is in the German heads upon the German helmets.

But if I am asked more generally where I get the impression that modern Germany is irreligious, I get it first of all from its religious utterances. While the German Emperor is talking about himself I can leave his mind as much of a mystery as the minds of most other modern men; I can be agnostic about his agnosticism. But when he invokes God I am absolutely certain he is an atheist. Nor is this any idle paradox; it is a very common experience about the serious and frivolous use of words. Suppose somebody said that a line in some old English nautical song which contained a reference to Father Neptune proved that the English sailors in the days of Dibdin

VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN GENERALS: BRUSILOFF'S "WING-LEADERS."

GENERAL LECHITSKY is a man of sixty, and for the greater portion of his service has done duty with the Siberian corps of the Russian Army. Siberia ordinarily serves as the great training-school for Russian higher officers. There some of the ablest of the modern Generals of Russia have studied the handling of troops on a large scale. Siberia in that regard offers much the same advantages that India is considered to offer for British commanders. During the war with Japan General Lechitsky led the Siberian Rifle Division. He was promoted thence to the command of the First Guards Division at Petrograd. In 1908 he took command of the 18th Army Corps. At the outset of the present war he was in military charge of the Amur army region. It fell to General Lechitsky to lead the advance thrust into Bukovina of General Brusiloff's group of armies which, in June and July, broke up the Austrian Armies of the South.



GENERAL SAKHAROFF, who is in charge of the northern set of army corps comprised in the army group under General Brusiloff's supreme leadership, is a man in the sixties of his life. He has been in the forefront among the most trusted Generals in the Russian service for the past ten or twelve years; ever since the Manchurian campaign in the Russo-Japanese War, General Kuropatkin selected him for service in that campaign as Chief of the Staff at Army Headquarters. Before that General Sakharoff had done special duty on the Staff at the War Office at Petrograd. At the War Office he was General Kuropatkin's right-hand man, while the latter was Russian Minister of War. He is a soldier of the Skobelev school, as his forward methods of tactics in the present series of actions go to show. As seen in the photograph, General Sakharoff wears the Russian V.C., the Cross of St. George, in two classes.



1. LEADING THE LEFT-WING ARMIES OF GENERAL BRUSILOFF: GENERAL LECHITSKY, THE CAPTOR OF STANISLAU.

After holding on in the Lemberg region, in the centre on the Strypa, with apparent disregard of consequences, General Bothmer's powerful Austro-German army has had to retreat. The two Russian Generals whose portraits are given here had the task of driving in the wings of the Austro-German Army. General Lechitsky, on the Russian left wing, who in June captured Czernowitz and cleared Bukovina of the Austrian southern armies, between August 1 and August 10, captured Stanislaw and its very important railway junction, carried the Dniester river line of positions in that quarter, and pressed on

2. LEADING THE RIGHT-WING ARMIES OF GENERAL BRUSILOFF: GENERAL SAKHAROFF, THE CAPTOR OF BRODY.

till he had outflanked General Bothmer on that side. To the north of Bothmer, General Sakharoff, with the troops of the Russian right wing, captured Brody, and drove back the German flanking troops facing him. On August 11, General Shcherbacheff's central thrust forced back Bothmer's entire front and compelled the Austro-Germans to retreat hastily as the only way to escape being cut off and surrounded. Since August 1, the three Russian armies have captured between them 100,000 men, 68 guns (many of large size), 342 machine-guns, and 46 mortars, etc.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE: OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SECTION AT WORK WITH GUN, RANGE-FINDER, AND TELESCOPES: "SPOTTING" A GERMAN AEROPLANE.



SOME OF THE HEROIC SCOTTISH PIPERS, HEADED BY THEIR PIPER-MAJOR.



A WEAPON WHOSE PROJECTILE IS KNOWN AMONG OUR MEN AS A "FLYING PIG": A BRITISH TRENCH-MORTAR BEING LOADED.



WATER-STORAGE FOR THE TROOPS IN THE BRITISH TRENCH, STRONGLY PROTECTED.

These photographs, taken during the British advance on the Western Front, illustrate a few of the many forms of activity that go to the making of war. Our anti-aircraft gunners, it will be seen, are well provided with scientific devices to help them in "spotting," aiming and firing at any hostile aeroplanes that venture within range. The pipers of the Highland regiments have on many occasions in this war shown their traditional bravery. Only the other day, in the attack on Longueval, the pipers of a Scottish regiment led their comrades to the assault right up to and across the German trenches. At first they advanced to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming," and then, as they approached the foe, they broke into the fierce strains of the "Charge," "the most awful music to be heard by men who have the Highlanders opposed to them." It is a matter of great importance to keep the roads in repair, so that there may be no delay in bringing up ammunition and rations for the troops. For this purpose bricks from buildings shattered by artillery fire are utilised. An

MANY FORMS OF ACTIVITY IN OUR VICTORIOUS ARMY.

BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



THE GREAT WAR: THE BLACK WATCH, MARCHING BACK FROM TRENCHES.



MAKING USE OF THE DEBRIS CAUSED BY BOMBARDMENT: BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE COLLECTING BRICKS FOR ROAD-REPAIR.



WATER-BUTTS NEAR THE FRONT LINE, IN THE TRENCHES.



"ANZAC" DESHABILLE DURING THE HOT WEATHER: AUSTRALIAN GUNNERS, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, RAMMING HOME A SHELL.

ally important matter, in the catering department, is the supply of water for the troops. In some places special pipes have been laid, and the water is taken to the front on light ways. In the trenches it is stored in well-protected butts. Nicknames for various types of gun are very common with the humorous British soldier; and the projectile fired by kind of trench-mortar is known as the "Flying Pig." These weapons are very effectual. An official despatch the other day, for example, stated: "Some parties of the enemy meeting against our lines south of Martinpaich were effectively dealt with by our trench-mortars and machine-guns, and no hostile attack developed." The Australians have been fighting nobly on the Western Front, near Pozieres, as also in Egypt. In the hot weather the artillerymen discard all superfluous clothing, and work their guns stripped to the waist, just as sailors of Nelson's day did in naval battles. In Gallipoli, it will be recalled, the Australian gunners fought in similar *deshabille*.

THE WESTERN OFFENSIVE: WORK OF OUR GUNNERS AT POZIÈRES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.



IN AN ENEMY OPEN GUN-EMPLACEMENT BUILT OF PILES: A GERMAN FIELD-GUN DESTROYED BY BRITISH SHELL-FIRE.



IN AN ENEMY TRENCH GUN-EMPLACEMENT WITH EARTH PARAPET: A GERMAN GUN DESTROYED AND PARTIALLY BURIED.

In these two illustrations we gain something of an idea of what the enemy confronting the British attack in the German trenches at and near Pozieres have had to undergo during the bombardment which cleared the way for our assaulting infantry. As seen, but little is left of the German gun-carriage in each illustration but shattered wheels mixed up with scrap-iron and splinters. In each case the gun itself has been violently hurled backwards on its slide mounting and disabled; only the gun-shields appear to have escaped being smashed to fragments. In the upper illustration the remains of the stout

timbering and piles of the gun-emplacment are seen, completely wrecked and overthrown. In the lower illustration the trench-parapet has been blown in, and is in ruin, with part of its structure fallen in over the gun-platform and emplacement. Few, if any, of the German gunners, if they were still standing to their guns at the moment the British shells burst on the spot, could have escaped alive. In not a few cases, however, on charging into the ruins of the German entrenched positions, our men have found most of the enemy told off to hold the trenches in question concealed in dug-outs, deep underground.

HONOURING OUR FIGHTING MEN: THE QUEEN IN THE EAST END.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.

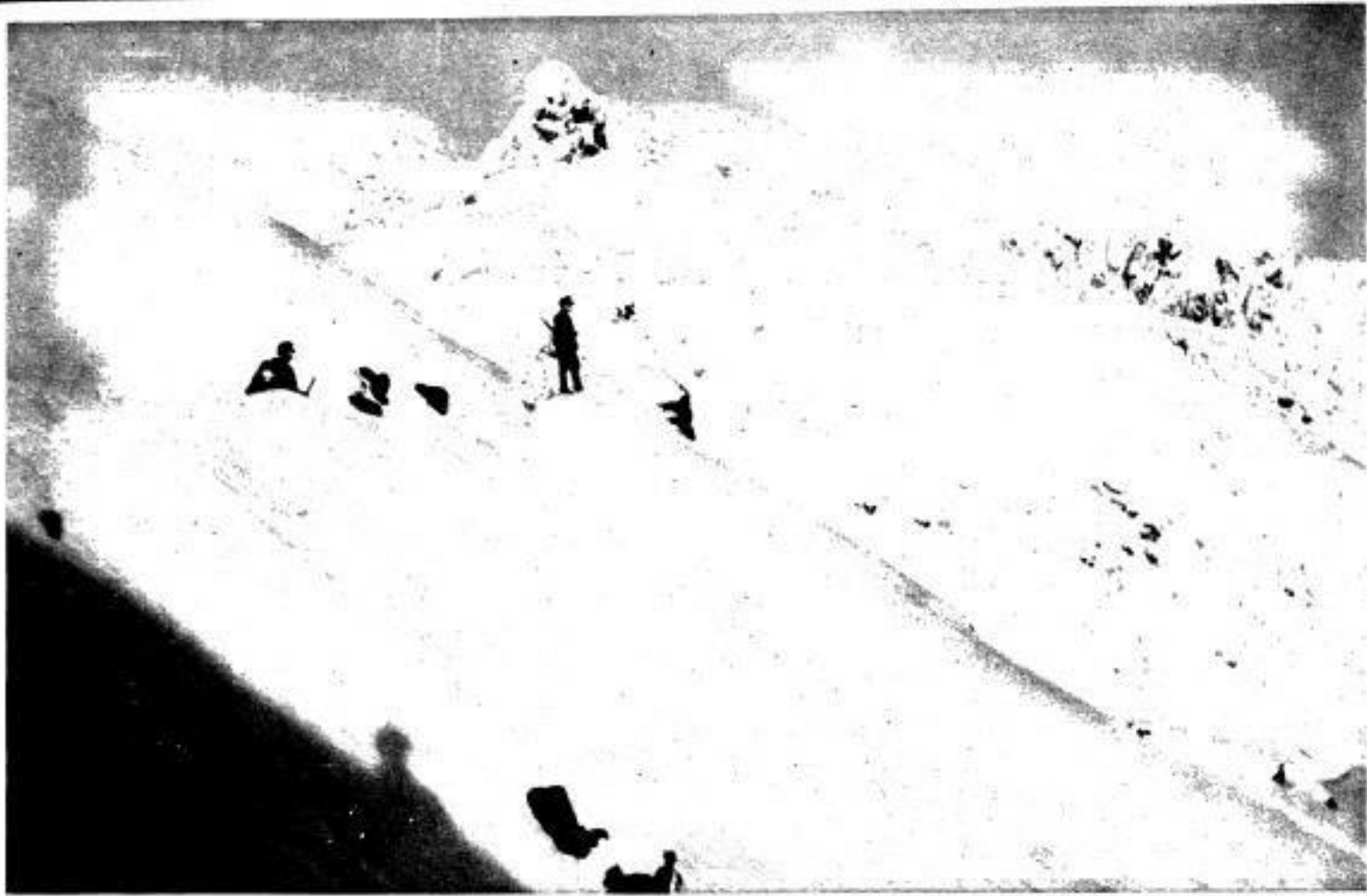


HER MAJESTY'S TRIBUTE: QUEEN MARY PLACING FLOWERS ON A MURAL ROLL OF HONOUR IN SOUTH HACKNEY.

The little thoroughfare of Balcarne Street, an offshoot of Well Street, in South Hackney, was, in common with a number of other streets in this busy and crowded district, honoured on August 10 by a visit from Queen Mary, who is shown in our photograph placing a little bunch of flowers at the foot of the Roll of Honour placed here, as in other streets of the East End, to record the names of local men who have joined the Army or the Navy. Her Majesty was greeted with the keen enthusiasm which her

constant and unwearied kindness in showing her appreciation of loyalty and courage invariably calls forth. The streets of this teeming district have sent nearly 500 men to the Colours. To one mother, who has four sons at the Front, the Queen said: "Keep a brave heart!" and shook hands with her. Her Majesty's visit was punctuated by such touching and womanly incidents. In one case, a woman said to the Queen: "You know how mothers feel." "I know," replied the Queen, "and that is why I am here."

CAMPAIGNING IN THE ETERNAL SNOW: ITALY'S WAR IN THE ALPS.



ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE, AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET: AN ITALIAN SENTRY POST ON MOUNT ADAMELLO.

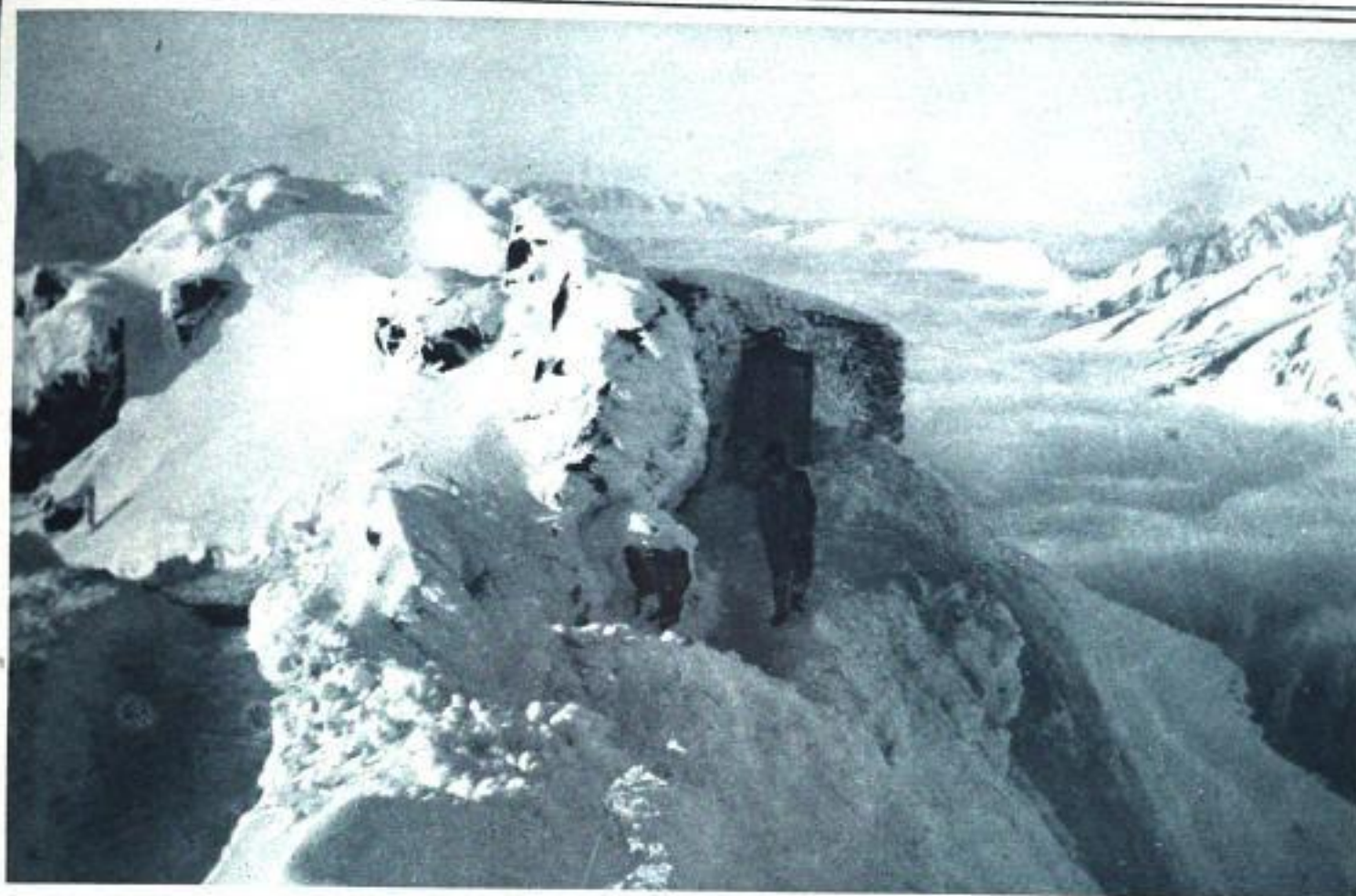


BARRACKS IN A REGION OF PERPETUAL SNOW: QUARTERS FOR ITALIAN TROOPS IN THE TRENTINO AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET.

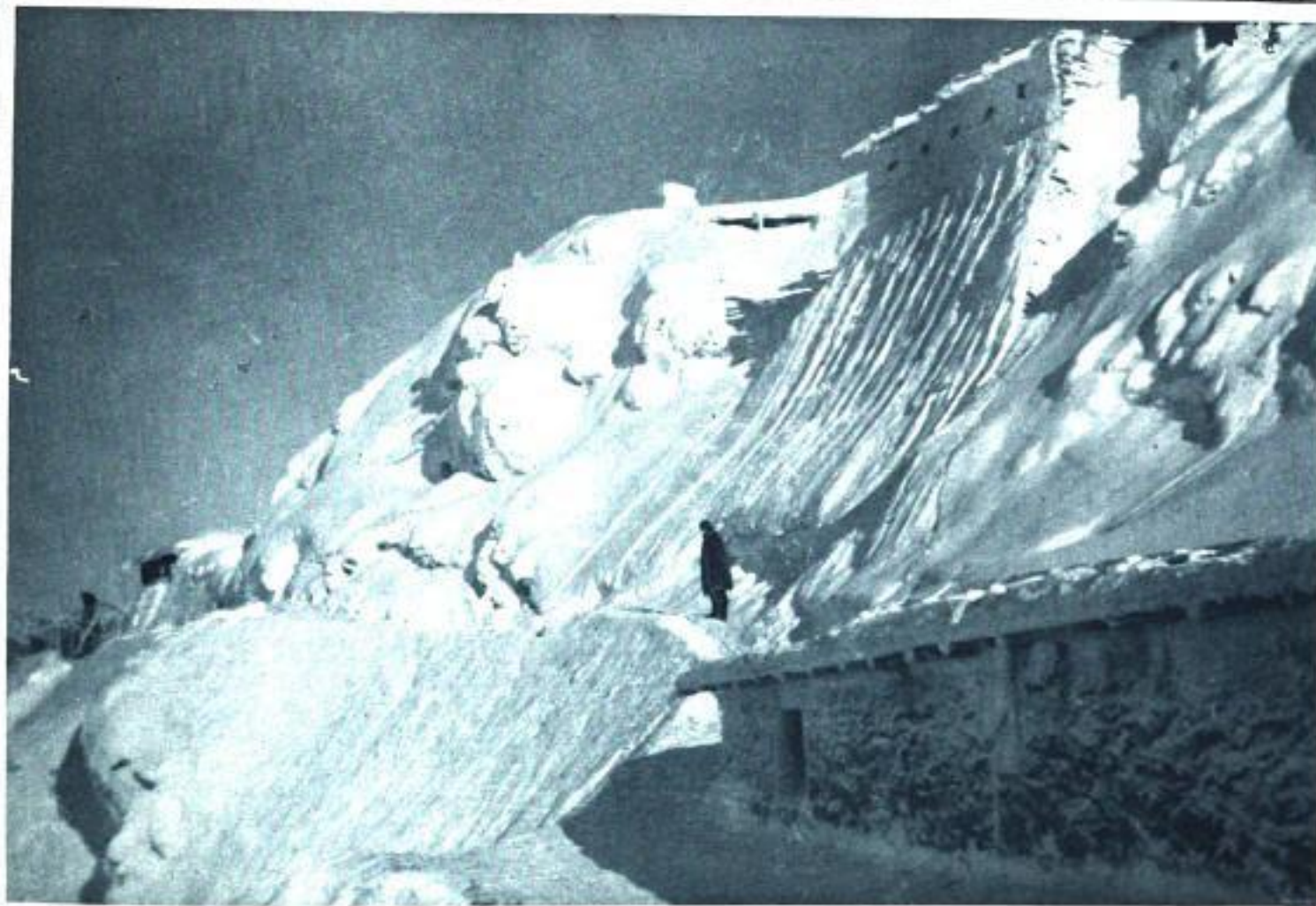
Much of the campaign in the Trentino, as in other parts of the Italian front, except on the Isonzo, has to be conducted in the region of eternal snow—that is, above the snow-line, which in the Alps varies between 7500 ft and 9000 ft. Above this line there is snow both in summer and winter. These remarkably picturesque photographs were taken

among the peaks of the Trentino. In the upper one are seen two Italian soldiers on sentry duty on Mount Adamello. The other shows some Italian barracks, protected by barbed wire, built among the mountains. Both photographs were taken at a height of 3000 metres, or about 9750 ft.

WAR IN THE ALPINE SNOWS: THE MOST PICTURESQUE CAMPAIGN.



CAMPAIGNING ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A POSITION ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNT ADAMELLO.



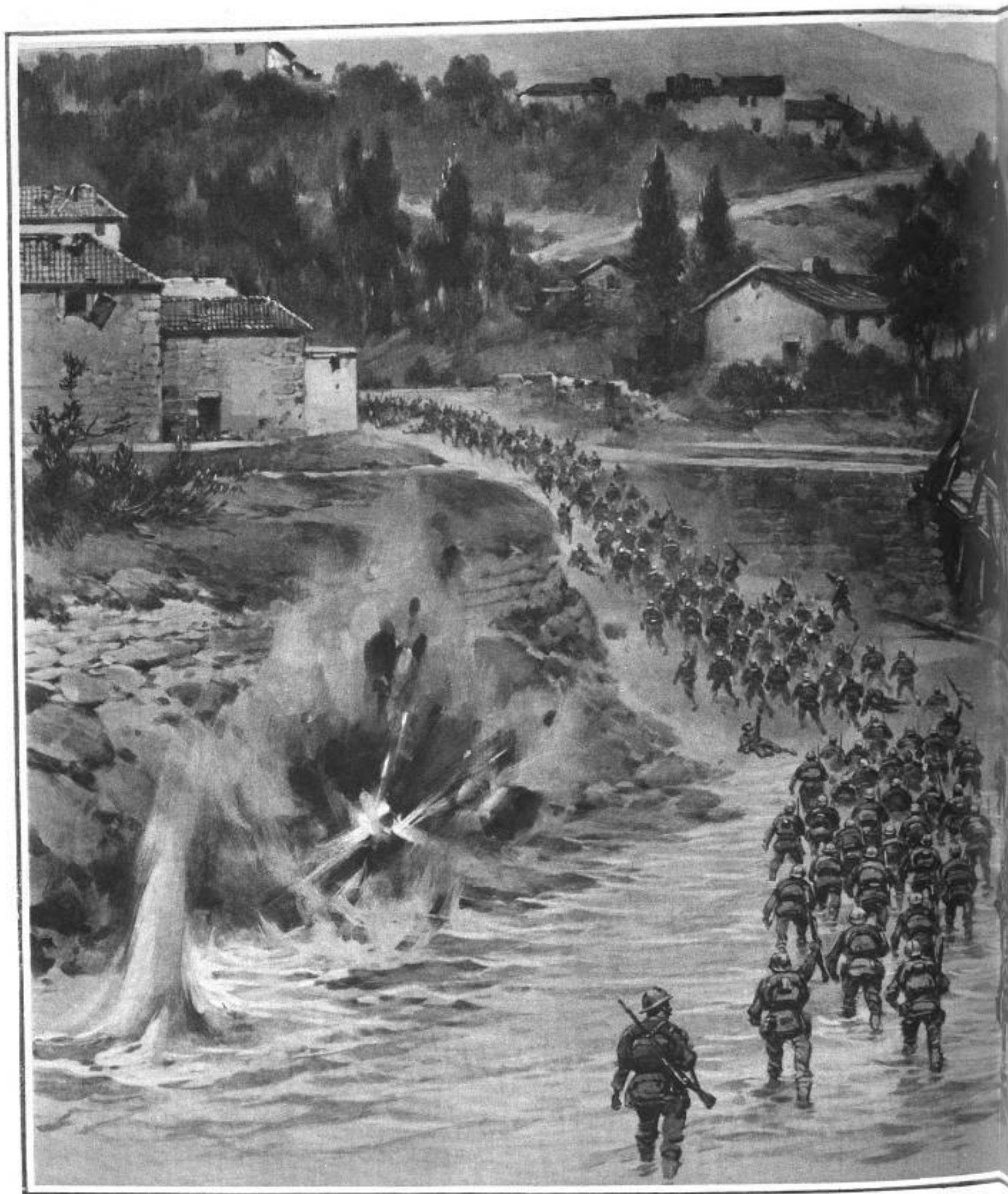
WHERE NATURE LENDS BEAUTY TO WORKS OF WAR: A FORT ON MOUNT ADAMELLO COVERED WITH SNOW.

Of all the campaigns now in progress in Europe, that between the Italians and Austrians has, without question, the most picturesque surroundings. The Alps make an awe-inspiring "theatre" of operations, and the snow lends a touch of beauty to the grimmest works of war. Often barbed-wire entanglements are covered by snow in a

single night, and have to be renewed. In places where the snow thaws there are sometimes terrible sights, as when, on Monte Nero, a thaw one morning disclosed the corpses of six hundred Austrian soldiers, who had been covered by the snow where they had fallen, and remained concealed beneath it for many months.

ITALY'S VICTORIOUS COUNTER-STROKE TO THE AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE



"I HAVE NEVER SEEN TROOPS GO FORWARD WITH MORE *ÉLAN*": ITALIAN INFANTRY FORDING

The Italian Army has won brilliant successes, not only on the Isonzo line, on which the great victory at Gorizia has latterly focussed public interest, but also in their previous counter-offensive against the Austrians in the Trentino. A particularly dashing exploit in the latter region is here illustrated. In a note, dated "Arsiero, July," on his sketch from which our drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "The dash and enthusiasm that have throughout characterised the operations on this part of the front have fully justified the confidence General Cadorna has always had in his soldiers. The intrepidity with which the Posina was forded and the village recaptured, in the face of the heavy fire from the Austrian batteries, was certainly one of the most brilliant episodes of the recent fighting in the Trentino. Although the Austrians had everywhere the advantage of position, they appeared quite powerless to stem the impetuous rush of the young and athletic Italian soldiers. I have never seen troops go forward with more *élan*, whilst their disregard of the

AN OFFENSIVE IN THE TRENTINO: THE FORDING OF THE POSINA.

SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



THE RIVER POSINA AT PONTE ROTTO, UNDER A MURDEROUS FIRE FROM AUSTRIAN BATTERIES.

murderous fire was positively astounding." The valley of the Posina was the scene of constant fighting all through July and a succession of advances by the gallant Italian troops, culminating in the capture of Monte Cimone, announced in an official despatch of July 25. This Italian forward movement was simultaneous with the British advance in the West. An Italian communiqué of July 1 stated: "Our advance was continued along the whole of the Posina line, in spite of the heavy fire of a large number of hostile batteries on commanding positions." The Posina advance continued to be mentioned in almost every despatch issued from Rome. That of July 17, for instance, said: "In the Upper Posina area the enemy tried to stop our advance, and delivered a heavy attack, supported by concentrated artillery fire. . . . Our troops counter-attacked, and after severe hand-to-hand fighting the enemy was repulsed along the whole front."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FALL OF GORIZIA: SCENES OF THE GREAT ITALIAN VICTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A.



SHOWING THE OLD CASTLE OF THE COUNTS OF GORIZIA: A SQUARE IN THE CAPTURED TOWN.



WHERE THE ITALIAN FLAG NOW FLIES ON THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS: GORIZIA—A BUSY STREET.



THE FAMOUS RIVER WHICH THE ITALIANS CROSSED TO CAPTURE GORIZIA: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ISONZO, SHOWING THE NEIGHBOURING POSITIONS.



INTENDED TO CHECK THE ITALIAN ADVANCE: A STONE BARRIER BUILT BY THE AUSTRIANS ACROSS THE GORIZIA-MONFALCONE RAILWAY.



AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE AUSTRIAN POSITION CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS: A BRIDGE OVER THE ISONZO CLOSE TO GORIZIA.

These photographs, and especially the panoramic view of the Isonzo, give a very good idea of the locality of the great Italian victory at Gorizia. Describing the course of events, Lord Northcliffe writes: "In a few hours Sabotino Hill, the key to Gorizia and the bridgehead, and the scene of the hardest and bloodiest fighting on this part of the front since the war began, was firmly in Italian hands. Across the Isonzo and further south the long ridge and summits of San Michele were simultaneously carried. . . . The stout Austrian resistance on Hill 240, the highest summit of the Podgora ridge on the west bank of the river, delayed for some hours the actual assault on Gorizia. . . . The

massive stone viaduct that spans the Isonzo just north of the iron bridge we crossed on Thursday was only blown up at 5.30 on Tuesday morning (August 8). . . . Meanwhile the Italian batteries deluged Gorizia with shrapnel. . . . The pavements are littered with broken glass and tiles. The advancing Italian troops found hot work in clearing the outskirts and some houses, but as soon as the task was accomplished they swept on, and the tricolour was run up on the principal buildings. Then masses of troops pushed over the Isonzo iron bridge, which the engineers smartly repaired under heavy fire. . . . When I visited Gorizia yesterday (August 10) the streets were full of cavalry."

AUSTRIA'S "VERDUN" CAPTURED BY ITALY: GORIZIA FROM THE AIR.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ITALIAN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF 3260 FEET: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAPTURED CITY OF GORIZIA.

This remarkably interesting photograph, showing the central part of Gorizia as seen from the air, is a proof of the efficiency of the Italian air service, which Lord Northcliffe notes is much superior to that of the enemy. "In nothing is the disorganisation of the Austrian defence," he writes, "more clearly revealed than in the utter absence of aerial observation. During my whole visit to this front I have not seen an Austrian aeroplane or observation-balloon." The figures on the photograph indicate the following buildings and localities: 1. The Piazza Grande;

2. The Archbishop's Palace; 4. The Cathedral; 5. The Town Hall; 6. The Theatre; 7. The Public Gardens; 7a. The Castle; 8. The Via Francesco Giuseppe; 9. The Italia suburb; 10. The San Rocco suburb; 11. The Al Ponte suburb. Gorizia lies on the east bank of the Isonzo, some 36 miles from Trieste. It comprises the old town, clustering round the ancient castle of the Counts of Gorizia, and a modern town of wide and regular streets. It has been compared to Verdun. Mr. A. Beaumont writes: "Gorizia was in the Austrian system of defence what Verdun is to France."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRISS, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KEITHAM COLLINGS, TEAR, NEAME, LANOPINK, AND YEVONDE.



MAJOR ALLAN G. NIVEN,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of Commander
and Mrs. Niven, of Watcombe House, St. Mary
Church, Torquay.



MAJOR THOMAS H. GUEST,
York and Lancaster Regt.
Served with distinction in
Boer War and present war.



MAJOR J. ARTHUR
HIGGON,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of
Mrs. Higgon, of Scotland.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. BEER,
Royal Berkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
W. A. Beer, of Kington, Devon. Served in
South African War.



MAJOR ADRIAN D. COOBAN,
K. R. Rifle Corps. Son of late Mr. James
Cooban and of Mrs. Cooban, of Prenton,
Cheshire. Killed in action.



MAJ. JOCELYN CONNOR,
R.E. Son of Mr. E. Jocelyn
Connor, of the Great Trigonometrical
Survey of India.



MAJ. J. CARLTON MARKES,
Leinster Regiment (Staff).
Mentioned twice in despatches.
Son of Mr. Alfred Markes.



MAJOR H. CUFF DARKE,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Darke, of
Bournemouth; had served in India and
Mesopotamia.



MAJOR ERIC H. G. LEGGETT, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Son of Colonel and Mrs. F. D. Leggett,
Underhill, Shropshire. Mentioned three times
in despatches.



LIEUT. G. C. DAVIDSON,
Devonshire Regt. Youngest
son of Mr. F. C. Davidson,
late of Sussex.



LIEUT.-COLONEL
B. G. R. GORDON, D.S.O.,
Gordon Highlanders. Served
with distinction South Africa.



LIEUT. R. H. W. DAVIDSON,
Devonshire Regt. Elder son
of Mr. F. C. Davidson, late
of Sussex.



MAJOR G. W. BARCLAY,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. E. E. Barclay,
Master of the Puckeridge House. Mentioned
in despatches; awarded Military Cross.



MAJOR C. H. SMITH,
York and Lancaster Regt. Has been
officially reported as having been killed
in action.



CAPTAIN C. S. HILTON,
Middlesex Regt. Youngest
son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F.
Hilton, 198, Cromwell Road.



CAPTAIN H. W. SAYRES,
Lancashire Fusiliers. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. W. Bennett
Sayres, Kensington Mansions.



CAPTAIN W. E. GREEN,
Devonshire Regt. Son of
Mr. Herbert W. Green, of
Highclere, Devizes.



MAJOR LESLIE CHEAPE,
King's Dragoon Guards. Son of late Col. Cheape,
and of Mrs. Cheape, Bentley Manor, Worcester-
shire. A well-known polo player.



2nd LIEUT. W. R. HINTON,
Border Regt. Son of Mr.
Henry Quarter Hinton, of
Cardiff.



CAPTAIN THEODORE A.
PLATAU,
E. Surrey Regt. A clever,
unconventional novelist.



2nd LIEUT. E. H. ROGERS,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Only
son of Sir Halliwell Rogers,
Edgbaston.

THE EYES OF THE MODERN "HEAVY" GUNNER: FRENCH "RUPERTS."

KITE-BALLOONS are proving the Eyes of the Artillery in the Great Offensive, as, indeed, they long have been in the trench warfare all along the front. They go up generally in rear of the heavy artillery batteries and remain aloft as long as required, for hours daily, held anchored meanwhile at fixed points by means of long cables. From the kite-balloons the results of the observation officers' notes in regard to the accuracy of the firing and any important enemy movements are telephoned direct to battery commanders. The observers are in cars or baskets along a few feet below the gas envelope of the

(Continued opposite.)



BEING TOWED BY ITS MOORING-ROPE TO ITS "ANCHORAGE" | A KITE-BALLOON BEFORE THE DAY'S WORK.

Continued. | balloon, which itself is kept head to wind and steady by means of the loose flap excrescence, or wind-bag, at one end of the sausage-shaped gas-container. The Germans were the first to invent and use such balloons, but the Allies everywhere have been commendably prompt in adopting them, and they are doing invaluable work. Many kite-balloons on both sides have been destroyed by airmen or direct artillery fire, but from all accounts the enemy's losses in this respect have been far heavier than the casualties on the side of the Allies. There is a chain of kite-balloons all along the front.



PARTIALLY DEFLATED WHILE BEING HAULED DOWN—AND, FOR THE MOMENT, RESEMBLING SOME ANTE-DILUVIAN MONSTER | A KITE-BALLOON AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

Possessing no motive-power of their own, kite-balloons—called by the French, from their shape, "saucisses," or sausages, and by our own men, for no reason yet forthcoming, "Ruperts"—have to be man-handled, or hauled about by gangs of men, when changing position, or when about to make ascents or descents. In the upper illustration a large

squad of French soldiers is seen hauling a "saucisse" by means of its mooring-rope to the place where it will remain anchored for the time being. In the lower illustration a French kite-balloon which has come down after fulfilling its day's work is seen partially deflated. The resemblance to some antediluvian flying monster is very marked.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

COUP-DE-SOLEIL, sunstroke, or heat-apoplexy, gets the credit—or discredit—of a good many deaths not properly attributable to it. A man of mature age leading a sedentary life in more or less darkened rooms,

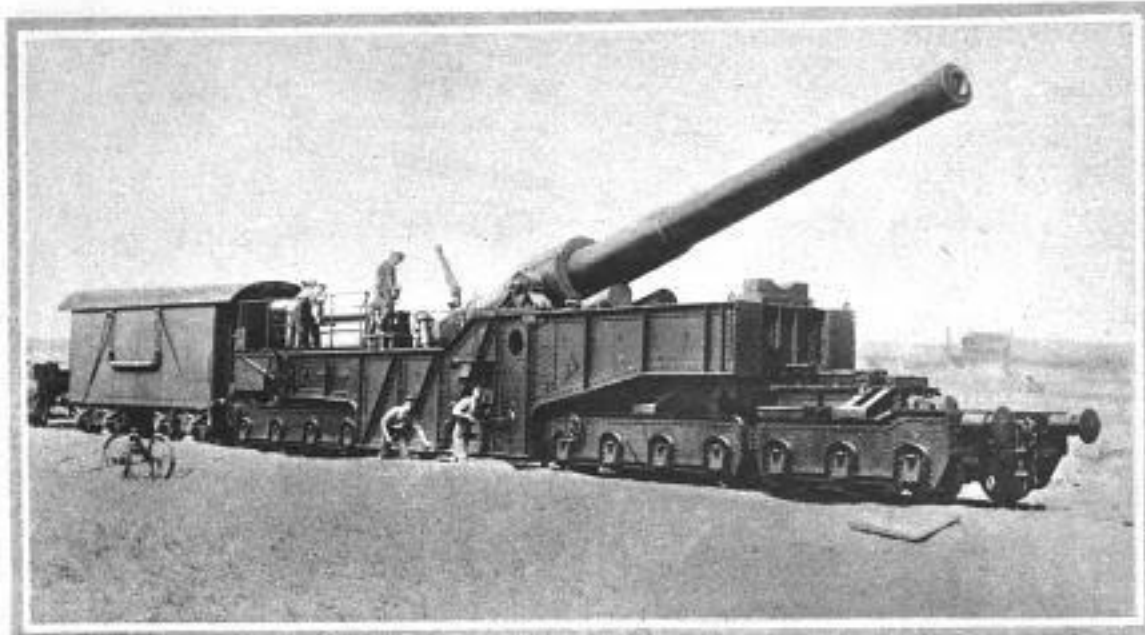
bare-headed under the most blazing sun with the most perfect indifference, or at the most will wear a wide-brimmed and extremely light hat made of the thinnest grass or straw, whose manifest and only function is to keep the sun out of his eyes.

In the rest of his clothing, however, as in his food, the native of hot climates shows he has mastered the

is at work—and, in fact, whenever he can get it. Hence he contrives to keep his whole body bathed in the gentle and unrestrained perspiration which is Nature's own way of keeping the body temperature at the same level all over, and thus of preventing what is known in common speech as the blood flying to the head.

This helps us to understand what is really the driving cause of the heat-apoplexy which is so often described as sunstroke. It is not the sun's rays which are to blame, but the stuffiness produced by improper clothing, confined and stagnant atmosphere, and the presence of moisture induced by the exhalations of a swampy soil, sea-fog, or the vapours thrown off by many human beings shut together in a confined space. All these conditions are present in the stokeholds of our great liners and other steam-ships, where the direct rays of the sun never penetrate, and where cases of heat-apoplexy are a great deal more common than the general public knows or would believe. They were also much to the fore in the late journey of our Territorial troops from Karachi to Rawal Pindi which resulted in the loss of so many lives valuable to the Empire, and is still under discussion.

It follows, then, that anyone likely to be exposed to a broiling sun will do well to see that his clothing is as loose and as light as possible, and that he wears no tight collars, tight boots, or masses of wool about him anywhere else than round his waist. He should also eat as little meat as possible, and that only after sun-down, and should drink as little alcohol and as much unfermented drink—cold water, tea, or coffee—as he can comfortably manage. Above all, he should keep the air moving in his neighbourhood either by means of punkahs, electric-fans, and the like, or by taking advantage of whatever wind there may be, and avoid overcrowded rooms and railway-carriages. With these precautions, he will avoid at once the faintness, pallor, and eventual collapse arising from heart-failure caused by an overloaded stomach or too violent exercise, and the true apoplexy



ACTIVE IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE: ONE OF OUR MONSTER GUNS.

Official Photograph.

eating four or five heavy meals a day, and almost nervously afraid of what he probably calls "catching cold," finds himself compelled or induced to take violent exercise in the sunlight, and winds up with a long journey home in a stuffy train. His temperature goes up and keeps up, he becomes delirious or light-headed on the one hand, or is struck down with what appears to be a prolonged fainting-fit on the other, and unless he is properly and promptly attended to by a doctor having some acquaintance with the symptoms, he may very likely never recover consciousness. Immediately it is supposed that he has died of "sunstroke," and no notice is taken of hardened arteries, weak or flabby heart, overloaded digestion, and the many other predisposing causes which are chiefly responsible for the seizure. Thus died Schliemann, the excavator of Troy; and thus will doubtless die many others, until people learn that, when a man changes his "sky," he will do well to change his habits too.

The fact seems to be that with most of these deaths glorious Apollo has nothing to do. The direct rays of the sun cannot be in themselves injurious, because the natives of those happy lands which see most of them never seem to suffer any inconvenience from them at all. An Egyptian, an Arab, a negro, or a Hindu will labour all day in what seems to us fierce sunlight with no ill-effects whatever. This immunity cannot be attributed to any natural or artificial protection to the head, for although the bones of the Hamitic Egyptian, and, *a fortiori*, of the negro's skull are much thicker than those of a European, this is by no means the case with the Semitic Arab or the Aryan Hindu. Nor has the turban much to do with it; for the Egyptian, when he really begins to feel the heat, will often remove everything from his head except the close-fitting skull-cap which he wears over his shaven skull; and, although the Hindu may retain his under similar circumstances, this is more due to convention having its origin in the annoyance caused by flies and other winged insects than to any other reason. As for the negro, as everybody knows, he will work

conditions under which he can live comfortably in intense heat better than the European. His clothing is always loose, light, and non-absorbent, in contradistinction to the buttoned-up garments, the impermeable cloths, and the woollen underclothing affected by the European. He eats chiefly vegetables, and



IN ACTION: ONE OF THE MONSTER BRITISH GUNS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

those in the most easily digested form of soups and stews; he makes his principal meal in the cool of the evening, when his work is done; and he drinks water freely during the whole time that he

caused by a more or less sudden rush of blood to the head. Incidentally, too, he may learn that the beams of the great source of light and life on this earth never yet did anyone any harm.—F. L.



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CO-RELATED WAR BOOKS.

TWO little volumes which may profitably be read together are "England's Effort" (Smith, Elder), by Mrs. Humphry Ward, with a preface by Lord Rosebery; and "A Citizen's Army: The Swiss System" (Chatto and Windus), with an introduction by Colonel Peyler, military critic of the *Journal de Genève*, who is also a copious contributor to our own weekly Press. Mrs. Ward's volume takes the form of half-a-dozen letters to an American friend who had applied to her for insight into our doings in connection with the war, and represents "three months of travelling, thinking, and reading." Of the quality of her work it need only be said that it is up to the level of her other writings; which is all the more astonishing and creditable, seeing that it deals with subjects which are not supposed to be germane and congenial to the female mind. But of Mrs. Humphry Ward it may truly be said "Nullum quod tangit non ornat." Better than any other one—man or woman—has she, in compact, vivid, lightly touched, and literary form, shown us what "England's effort" has been and continues to be. Effort to do what? Why, of course, to win the war by now making up for our military unpreparedness for it, which "simply meant," she says, "that as a nation we never wished for war with Germany, and, as a nation, we never expected it." On these words Lord Rosebery puts this gloss: "The consummate preparation of Prussia for this war is, indeed, at the base of all argument as to its authors. . . . For the one simple, incontrovertible proof of our innocence is that we were wholly unprepared for such a conflict, while Germany was armed to the teeth and prepared in every detail of organisation. Our exertions have been since the war began, and from that point of view they are superhuman."

Yes, that is certainly the impression we derive from the perusal of Mrs. Humphry Ward's wonderfully incisive and illuminating pages, which are based, not on statistics gathered and sifted in her study, with her feet on her comfortable fender, but on positive visits in the cold and inclement winter time to all the centres of our ever-growing

power. Perhaps no writer—certainly no woman writer—ever enjoyed such official facilities for studying her subject. It is wonderful what the charm of a great literary name can do. Not more consideration did Alexander, Milton's "great Emathian conqueror," cause to be shown for "the house of Pindarus," the poet—who is not, however, to be confounded with our own Peter Pindar—at the sack of Thebes than was displayed by our Admiralty, and War Office, and Munitions Ministry—and, in fact, by everyone to whom she appealed—in furthering the literary objects of the gifted author of "Robert Elsmere." Thus she

everything from our bases of transport and supply up to the very trenches, or within easy gun-shot of them. "We had been already nearer than any woman, even a nurse, has been, in this war to the actual fighting on the English line, and the cup of impressions was full." After this, who shall say that women writers—one of them at least—do not throw their whole souls into their work and study their subjects as fond before putting pen to paper?

Referring to the allegations of our enemies that we were the aggressors in this war, Lord Rosebery remarks as an additional reply to this argument that "democracies

never prepare for war." Quite true; and the reasoning is clinched by the companion volume to Mrs. Ward's, Julian Grande's exposition of the Swiss army system, of which, as he says, "the essential purpose is to show that it is possible to have a citizen army without militarism." To this kind of army, he adds, England is bound to have recourse after the war, which is sure to be followed by a period of more universal armament than ever.

Poland has been a long-suffering country, but it may be hoped that after the war a new and happier era will begin for her. It is a question in which this country, as one of the Allies concerned with the coming re-settlement of Europe, is closely interested, and in order to consider the future of Poland it is necessary to know something of her past. Many readers will welcome, therefore, the new series of sixpenny booklets published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin for the Polish Information Com-

mittee. They comprise "The Polish Question as an International Problem," part of a collective work written by various distinguished authorities; "Landmarks of Polish History," by August Zaleski, with an introduction by R. W. Seton-Watson; "Poland's Struggle for Independence," by Rajmund Kucharski, with a foreword by Lord Weardale; "Poland as an Independent Economic Unit," by Stanislaw Posner, with an introduction by Sidney Webb; "An Outline of the History of Polish Literature," by Jan de Hólewinski, with a preface by G. P. Gooch; and "The National Music of Poland," by Marguerite Walaux.



THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: GALLOPING UP WITH AMMUNITION.

Official Photograph.

was able to declare that, "on the invitation of England's most famous sailor . . . I seem to have been so far the only woman who, for newspaper ends, has been allowed to penetrate those mysterious northern limits, where I spent two wonderful days"—all the more so for the wonderful way in which she conveys her impressions of our naval might.

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look it—something like that hand-made shoe there; fine shoe that—good leathery look about it, quiet gentlemanly cut.' And when I told him it was a Lotus shoe he was referring to, and when he found it fitted him as well as any he had ever had made, I can tell you he was pleased as Punch, and bought a pair of black Lotus as well."

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NEW NOVELS.

"Forked Lightning." "Forked Lightning" (The Bodley Head) is Mr. Kettle Howard's successful comedy, "The Green Flag," in book form. It will have its attractions for two classes of readers—those who have and those who have not seen the play. The first will read it to refresh their memories of an evening's entertainment, and the second will read it to make sure that, though they missed the stage production, they shall not miss the written comedy. We need not say that it makes a light and amusing novel, fulfilling Alice in Wonderland's ideal by having plenty of "conversations" in every lively chapter.

"The Tomb of Ts'in." For a generation past at least Messrs. Ward Lock and Co. have catered for a public that enjoys frankly the novel of mystery, magic, and adventure; and their success in finding authors of the necessary ingenuity and imagination has been, and continues to be, amazing. Mr. Edgar Wallace has not always written after the fashion of "The Tomb of Ts'in: The Just Crimes of Tillisinni"; but here he is again conjuring hair-raising situations out of airy nothings, and moulding them, too, with a literary manner that has a direct command of the palpitating reader. Chinese machinations and hidden treasure, as manipulated in "The Tomb of Ts'in," are irresistible.

"The Valley of Gold." When the hour comes that sees the triumph of law and order in Western America, our novelists will be the losers. The young entry fails entirely to capture the Bret Harte charm; but what it lacks in distinction it makes up for in "gunning" and strenuous wickedness. Colonel Harbottle walks the earth no more; his room is occupied by grafters of the type of Messrs. Quade and Culver Rann in "The Valley of Gold" (Cassell). These were the bad men of the Flats, supermen of villainy, to whom abduction and assassination were instruments of their advancement. Enter with "the Horde," rushing to Hogan's Camp on the Grand Trunk Pacific, a starry-eyed lady seeking news of a lost husband, and the whirling plot begins. Mr. James Oliver Curwood does it all very well. He enjoys writing up a scrap, and he manipulates a nimble and undaunted hero with expert facility. There is a lonely grave in a mountain valley, and there is also gold—rich gold; we have the lady and the hero and Quade and Culver Rann, with supernumeraries on either side, fighting for all that they hold most dear, among the rocks and

pinces of the great silent ranges. The upshot is, of course, virtue triumphant, and a book of many thrills for holiday reading.

"The Sailor." Mr. J. C. Snaith, who is proving himself to be one of our most versatile novelists, has produced the study of a genius in "The Sailor" (Smith, Elder). Perhaps the most striking feature of the story is the resiliency of his sensitive chief

"Auntie"; but when the woman he loved tried to shut her heart to him. The progress from guttersnipe to great man has had to be treated with considerable attention to detail, as when we are shown "Erny" Arper laboriously acquiring the arts of correct pronunciation and genteel conversation from a professional instructor. We hope we have succeeded in conveying that "The Sailor" is a clever and a profoundly interesting book, and that it provides food for thought as well as for enjoyment. For one thing, it is a reminder of something the "grown-ups" are apt to forget—the intensity of the sorrows and the affections of boyhood. This is painful reading, but salutary; and no one, we fancy, will fail to draw the breath of relief when Henry Harper comes into his heritage with peace and honour.

"Dead Yesterday." The patriot says in his haste that there never was a time like the present for gabble and gossip, forgetting that the gabblers have merely changed their subject-matter, and that they, like the poor, are always with us. "Dead Yesterday" (Duckworth), though it has a deeper significance, is a timely reminder of this neglected fact. The "yesterday" traced by Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton with such exact and painful accuracy is 1913-14, when the young men were decadent, and Lloyd George was flinging the country to the dogs, and the young women were strident, and Old England—as any drawing-room could tell you—was creaking to her ignoble doom. How they talked in those days! Talk, talk, talk—until even the reader happily established on the other side of the great gulf fixed has a sense of suffocation, and struggles for a wordless air. Nigel is the masculine type, and Myrtle Toller the feminine, of the clever young people of their time. They lap over, with the story, into the present; Nigel "feeling" the war in the nicest expressions of superior journalism, Myrtle still cultivating her superficial and negative emotions. Mrs. Leonard, who saw even in the hour of blindness that foreign policy was the thing; and Daphne, to whom the universal catastrophe is a crisis of the soul, serve to show, by force of contrast, the limitation of these bright particular stars. "Dead Yesterday" has a studied moral, which the public may be left to observe for itself. It is a remarkable piece of work, scathing in its indictment of some phases of English life—the more so because its author does not descend into the arena, but sits, with a detachment that would be positively exasperating if it were not admirable, writing down the spectacle on the tablets of an acute and unwavering judgment.



DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS AT LUNCHEON.
Official Photograph.

character. Genius here is plainly the glow of an inner and sustaining flame, which, had it been less enduring, less ardent, must have been quenched by all that Henry Harper passed through before he found haven. It came very near to extinction, not through the brutality of life in the windjammer, or the drunken torments devised by

URODONAL

and Rheumatism.

Is it advisable for rheumatic subjects to go to the seaside? Why not? It will perhaps be argued that those who were born at the seaside, or who have lived there the greater part of their life, are specially favoured on account of having become accustomed to the atmosphere, while tourists who only come for a few days, and are therefore strange to it, cannot claim the same privileges. That may be the case, but it still remains to know whether sea-air itself is apt to aggravate rheumatic pains.

We may be permitted to have certain doubts on the subject. There is nevertheless the fact of the dampness in the atmosphere, which is supposed to incline to over-production of uric acid. But is it indisputably proved that dampness is such a potent factor in arthritic diseases? For my own part, I know of some rheumatic patients who suffer more in proportion to the weather being hot and dry, whereas they experience relief when it is damp. Rheumatism is certainly the most capricious of diseases, and does not conform to any rules. It is true that at the seaside people are not so careful about the amount of clothing worn, and also neglect ordinary precautions. A sudden shower overtakes them, or they sit about in cool or damp spots. All these are so many factors for causing attacks of rheumatism. Still more probable is the fact that when on their holidays, away from business cares and worries, they are apt to be indiscreet in regard to diet; they eat and drink more than usual, and partake of foods containing large quantities of azote, to which they are not accustomed, such as fish, lobsters, shell-fish, &c. The natural and inevitable consequence is an increase of uric acid, which, in the absence of sufficient exercise to consume the waste products, is likely to become dangerous. Sea-air in itself has nothing to do with this; mountain air, or even flat country or woods, would have the same effect if they inclined in the least towards increased appetite.

We must therefore conclude that a stay at the seaside is not contra-indicated for anyone (except for phthisic patients), not even for rheumatic subjects.

Precautions must, of course, be taken, and the best way of preventing attacks of rheumatism at the seaside or anywhere else is to neutralise the drawbacks caused by humidity and the risks of over-eating or other imponderances. The only thing to do is, therefore, to counteract the over-production of uric acid by dissolving and eliminating it as fast as it is formed. Nothing can be easier than to do this with the help of URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar.

This auxiliary and harmless precaution is moreover necessary not only at the seaside, but should be adopted almost anywhere, at this time of the year, when change of air, exposure, and outdoor life tend to stir up the blood.

Shall we add that the treatment is quite simple and agreeable to follow? Just a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water makes a pleasant, effervescent drink, which is delightfully cooling and refreshing, and may be taken during or between meals.

Apart from the regular course of URODONAL, we would specially recommend to those who are in good health (sometimes endowed with a super-abundance of health), and who wish to remain so, to dissolve a tablespoonful of URODONAL in a quart of water, and to use it as a table water, or with wine, cider, &c. This makes a delicious drink, quite equal to the best and purest of mineral waters. Another point which ought not to be overlooked is the fact that URODONAL purifies water which may not be quite free from noxious substances, as is so often the case in small watering places. It has been proved that Elber's bacilli (typhoid fever bacteria) cannot exist in a solution of URODONAL. This beverage can be taken by anyone without causing the slightest discomfort, and for prolonged periods of time. Moreover, it is always beneficial.

DR. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.



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Migraine
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Stimulates Nutrition,
and Oxidises Fats.

Hors Concours
San Francisco, 1915.

REPORTS TO—
Académie de Médecine
(November 10, 1908).
Académie des Sciences
(December 14, 1908).

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F. RUBINO (Yokohama).—Write to Chess Amateur, Strand, Glas., England, and state your wants.

G. T. COLES (Sharncliffe).—Your problem to hand. We cannot reply by post. R. E. PESCON.—The first move is sufficient.

J. T. ANDREWS.—Quite sound, and marked for early insertion.

J. R. VANDER.—Thanks, but our space compels us to reject your communication.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3732 received from F. Ribeiro (Yokohama); of No. 3733 from Captain Challinor (Great Yarmouth), and C. A. M. (Penzance); of No. 3734 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 3735 from H. J. B. Leadley (Guelph, Canada), and J. Marshall Bell (Buckhaven).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3737 received from Arthur Perry (Dublin), F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Jacob Verrall (Rochester), F. L. Ames (Union Club), F. Harris, and W. Newman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3738 received from M. E. Oshlow (Bournemouth), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), G. Somer (Stonchaven), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Essex), H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), J. S. R. (Lincoln's Inn), J. Fowler, A. H. Arthur (Bath), J. Smart, J. Dixon (Cockchester), F. Preston (Hackney), and F. Snee.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Topham's Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association, between Mr. W. H. GUNSTON and the Rev. A. BAKER.

(Ray Lopez)

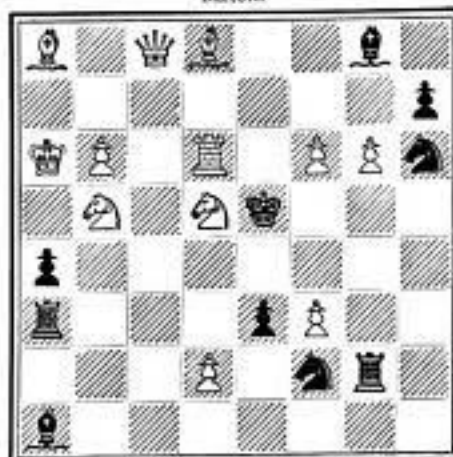
WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Rev. Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Rev. Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White's Knights have done their work in excellent fashion, and prepared the way for the final assault commencing next move.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd		
Both in theory and practice, the authorities are now pretty well agreed that P to Q R 3rd is Black's best move.			
4. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd		
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt		
9. P takes B	Castles		
10. R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd		
11. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 3rd		
12. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
An opening that gives two Bishops for two Knights and an inferior position is surely not to be commended. In a correspondence game, positional judgment is a vital factor, and it is already evident only a bad oversight can rob White of victory.			
13. Kt takes B (ch)			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3736.—By M. L. PENCE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Kt 3rd	Any move.
2. Mate accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3739.—By A. M. SPARKS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

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The Royal Outcast. The Countess Zandori Landi. 6s.	(Nash.)
Lynce Court Spinney. J. S. Fletcher. 6s.	(Ward, Lock.)
Held to Answer. Peter C. Macfarlane. 3s. net.	(Nash.)
Stories for the Story Hour. Ada M. Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.	(Harrap.)
Purple and Pine Linn. Lillian C. Davidson. 6s.	(Ward, Lock.)
When Greek Meets Greek. Paul Trent. 6s.	(Ward, Lock.)
Broomstick. Corrie Stanton and Heath Hudson. 6s.	(Stanley Paul.)
Great Snakes! William Cairns. 2s. net.	(The Bodley Head.)
Honeycomb Dialogues. James James. 3s. 6d. net.	(Nash.)
The Valley of Gold. James Oliver Curwood. 6s.	(Cassell.)
Lee's Inferno. Dr. Edward Stillbauer. 6s.	(Stanley Paul.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fleets of the World, 1916. 6s.	(Nash.)
Sea Magic. E. Hallam Moorhouse. With an Introduction by Arnold White. 6s.	(Ward, Lock.)
The Two Williams: Studies of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Paul-Louis Hervier. 7s. 6d. net.	(Nash.)
How to Pay for the War. Edited by Sidney Webb. 6s. net.	(Allen and Unwin.)
The Fighting Territorials, Vol. II. Percy Hurd. 1s. 3d. net. ("Country Life.")	
The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolf. Hamill Grant. 10s. 6d. net.	(Grant Richards.)
The War of 1915-16: A History for Boys and Girls. Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. 3s. 6d. net.	(Jack.)
Hitting the Dark Trail. Clarence Hawken. 3s. 6d. net.	(Harrap.)
Food Values. Margaret McKillop, M.A. 1s. net.	(Routledge.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAIR-SEEING statesmen and thinkers have already long been considering the question of the political reorganisation of the British Empire after the war, and the future relations of the self-governing Dominions with the Mother Country, especially in regard to defence, trade, and foreign policy. A valuable contribution to the subject, as regards Australia, is contained in a new book entitled "The Problem of the Commonwealth" (Macmillan). It is a report prepared by L. Curtis on behalf of the "Round Table" groups in various parts of the Empire, so named from the quarterly magazine founded as a medium of information on Imperial affairs. The book, however, represents the writer's views. "The main contention," he says, "is this—that Dominion electorates must, in the not distant future, assume control of foreign affairs, yet cannot do so without deciding irrevocably whether they are to keep or renounce their status as citizens of the British Commonwealth. In plain words, the issue, as seen by the writer, is whether the Dominions are to become independent republics, or whether this world-wide Commonwealth is destined to stand more closely united as the noblest of all political achievements."

The Lord Mayor of London, Colonel Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, has given many instances of the keen interest which he has taken in the Great War, and has had the advantage of being at the Front and so being able to testify to "that which he has seen." And one result has been that he is untiring in doing all that is in his power to aid and cheer the wounded and to lend the weight of his influential position to all good "causes" identified with the war. Personally, he gave generous proof of his sympathy by entertaining a thousand wounded soldiers as his guests, on Saturday, Aug. 12, at "The Karsino," Hampton Court, where hundreds of cars, omnibuses and ferry-boats landed his guests at the island. Amusements and refreshments galore were provided, two hundred or so ladies waited on the guests, there was a capital *café-chantant* entertainment, and Sir Charles Wakefield's welcome took the kindly and graceful form of "grateful thanks for what you have done and best wishes for your speedy recovery."

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The lime ruins any skin in
no time. The ordinary
refined Reudel Bath Salts,
which most chemists
here keep put up in half-
pound packets, will make medicated water
just like at the famous Continental spas, and
the water is at once filled with oxygen, which
you can feel acting on your skin. I find it,
oh! so fragrant, refreshing, and—invigorating
is the word, is it not? The skin becomes *très*
fine, so clear and beautiful. When the feet
are tired, aching or calloused, and a little
swollen from walking, tennis or dancing, a
saltrated foot bath quickly relieves these and
even more painful foot troubles. I am telling
you a secret of the theatrical profession. Also
I have heard that if you are getting just a wee-
bit too fat, at least four times the usual quan-
tity of these Reudel Salts in very hot
baths will soon make you slim and dainty
once more, but I know a small handful never
has the slightest reducing effect. Many women
lack the slim, dainty lines required by present
styles in dress and footwear. This reducing
hint is for them.

Gaby Deslys
NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the
price of the standard compound referred to above,
but as in the case of all drugs during the War,
a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

**A WOMAN
OTHERS ENVIED**

She was regarded with considerable
envy by other women. Her social
success was undoubtedly remarkable,
and her beauty exceptional. But what
gave her distinction—and was chiefly
envied—was the wealth of beautiful
hair heaped up in wavy masses on her
head.
She smiled secretly at the envious
ones: for she knew that she owed
these luxuriant tresses not to any special
favour of Mother Nature's, but to the
regular use of Rowland's Macassar Oil
from her earliest childhood.
Her mother and her grandmother
used the same dressing, "thine incom-
parable Oil, Macassar," as Byron put
it, and in their day were also counted
among the envied ones of their sex.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE HAIR
Nourishes, strengthens and beautifies the hair.
Prepared in a Golden Tint for fair hair. Sold in 3/6,
7/- and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists and Hair-
dressers, or Rowland's, 67 Flitton Garden, London.

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE
"It Worked
Like a Charm"
writes a clergyman who
had suffered from Asthmatic
affection for fifty years, in for fifty yet
At all chemists 4/3 a tin, omists 4/3 6/6 &c.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Motor-Car in East Africa.

A year ago I was able to say something in this column relative to the extraordinarily good work performed by the motor-car in the then recently concluded campaign in South-West Africa. The information on which those remarks were based came from an officer who had just returned after serving with the armoured-car force which had taken part in the victorious advance of General Botha

much to say of the work performed by all classes of motor-vehicles during an arduous campaign in a tropical country, which by all accounts is as difficult a terrain for motor traction as can be imagined. In common with most, I had an idea that the Germans had engineered some really good motor roads in the country; but apparently the report, like that of Mark Twain's death, was greatly exaggerated. So far from there being roads, even by courtesy, there are none with the exception of the one built by our own engineers from Voi, on the Uganda Railway, to the foot of Kilimanjaro, which is at most about a hundred miles long. That takes us just over the German border, and in the German colony itself the only roads are clearings through the bush which have been worn by traffic into some semblance of high-ways. These, in the dry season, are unutterably rough and bumpy. The dust, even when a light vehicle passes, is like a London "particular," and is so light that it hangs in the air literally for hours. During the rains these "roads" become almost impassable to any kind of wheeled transport, and in many cases they become the convenient beds of rushing torrents of water draining away off the highlands.

No Country for Animals.

There is probably no worse country in the world for domestic animals than German East Africa. Wherever there is water the tse-tse fly, whose bite is practically certain death to horses and cattle, abounds. In the dry places, horse and cattle sickness is rife. So bad are the conditions that, early in the year, when General Smuts made his first great forward movement, within a month one mounted brigade could muster only about 300 horses in anything like workable condition. Over 1200 horses had died—or were dying—either from the "fly" or from horse-sickness. Fortunately for the success of the operations, the South African Government were in possession of a large number of Reo lorries, purchased for the South-West African campaign. These had early been shipped to East Africa, and, reinforced by motor-lorries sent from England, completely saved the transport situation. They enabled supplies to be pushed up to the front before the rains set in, and made it possible for the advanced troops to hang on to the advantages gained before the coming of the terrific rainy season characteristic of countries lying practically on the Equator. The Reo heavy cars have done wonderfully well. Among the light contingent, the honours appear to be divided between the Buick and the Hupmobile, both of which have stood up marvellously under the stress of heavy work in roadless bush country.

The Work of the Armoured Cars.

As in the campaign in South-West Africa, so on the eastern side of the continent, the Rolls-Royce armoured-cars belonging to the R.N.A.S. have done more than well—mechanically, as well as from the fighting point of view.



PRESENTED TO LADY LONDONDERRY: A MODEL MOTOR-AMBULANCE IN SILVER.

The inscription on the model reads: "Presented to the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Londonderry, President of the Women's Legion, by the British School of Motoring, Ltd., on the occasion of her Ladyship opening the school's new Central London Instruction Works for training women motor-drivers, to release men for his Majesty's forces. March 23rd, 1916." The model was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

These cars arrived in the country in August of last year, and have been kept continuously at work since. One was rendered hors-de-combat through being overturned in the bush, and was out of action for a month. Otherwise, not one of them has been off the road for a day—which speaks volumes for the cars themselves and for Lieutenant-Commander Nalder and his officers. From the time they arrived at the front German attacks on our railway patrols and working parties ceased entirely, though they had previously been of almost nightly occurrence. Working in conjunction with the mounted infantry, they kept the enemy's patrols at arm's-length. In the disastrous affair at Salaita in February, two armoured-cars materially assisted in covering the British retirement, pushing right inside the line of the German trenches and inflicting severe casualties before they were compelled to retire through the disabling of one of the Maxims, which was shot through the water-jacket. At Taveta, and again at Kabe, these cars were well in the thick of things, and rendered valuable support in the operations which ended in the occupation of these places. A good record indeed.—W. W.

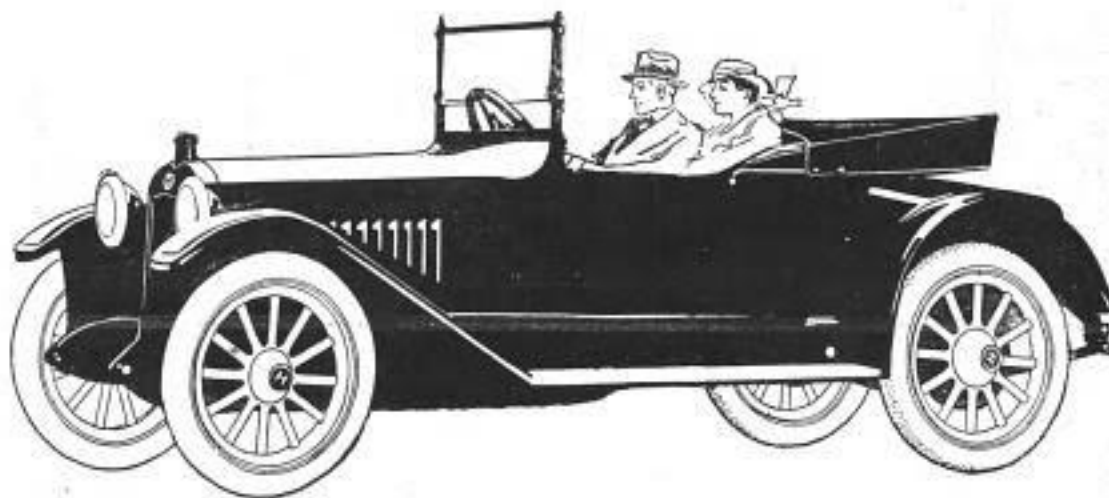


IN BEAUTIFUL WARWICKSHIRE: GUY'S CLIFFE MILL. In the foreground is seen a 14-h.p. Humber.

which eventuated in the acquisition to the flag of one of the most considerable of the German colonies. This same officer has now but just returned from East Africa, and has



The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service



We invite all who contemplate the purchase of an automobile to go to the nearest Hupmobile dealer and ask him to demonstrate, side by side with cars of other makes, that the Hupmobile can do in ordinary everyday use the things that other cars do only in demonstration.

Ask him to drive the car through crowded streets, up steep hills, through deep sand or mud. See how easily and efficiently the Hupmobile does these things.

Notice at the same time the comfortable Hupmobile riding qualities—the deep, soft cushions, the large tonneau, the absence of vibration from the motor even at 50 or 60 miles an hour. Your eye will appreciate Hupmobile beauty of design and finish.

Consider, too, that the Hupmobile has a four-cylinder motor that will give you no trouble and many miles per gallon of petrol—that it has the strength and dependability of that first Hupmobile that went around the world in 1909.

Brief Hupmobile Specifications

Hupmobile models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motors: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke (1 1/2" x 5 1/2"). Transmissions: three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear axle floating type, spiral bevel gear. Cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbit lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5-seater, 134" on 7-seater). Tyres 880 x 120 m/m or 34" x 4" on 5-seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4 1/2" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; robe rail, foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier; pump, jack, and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels, special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

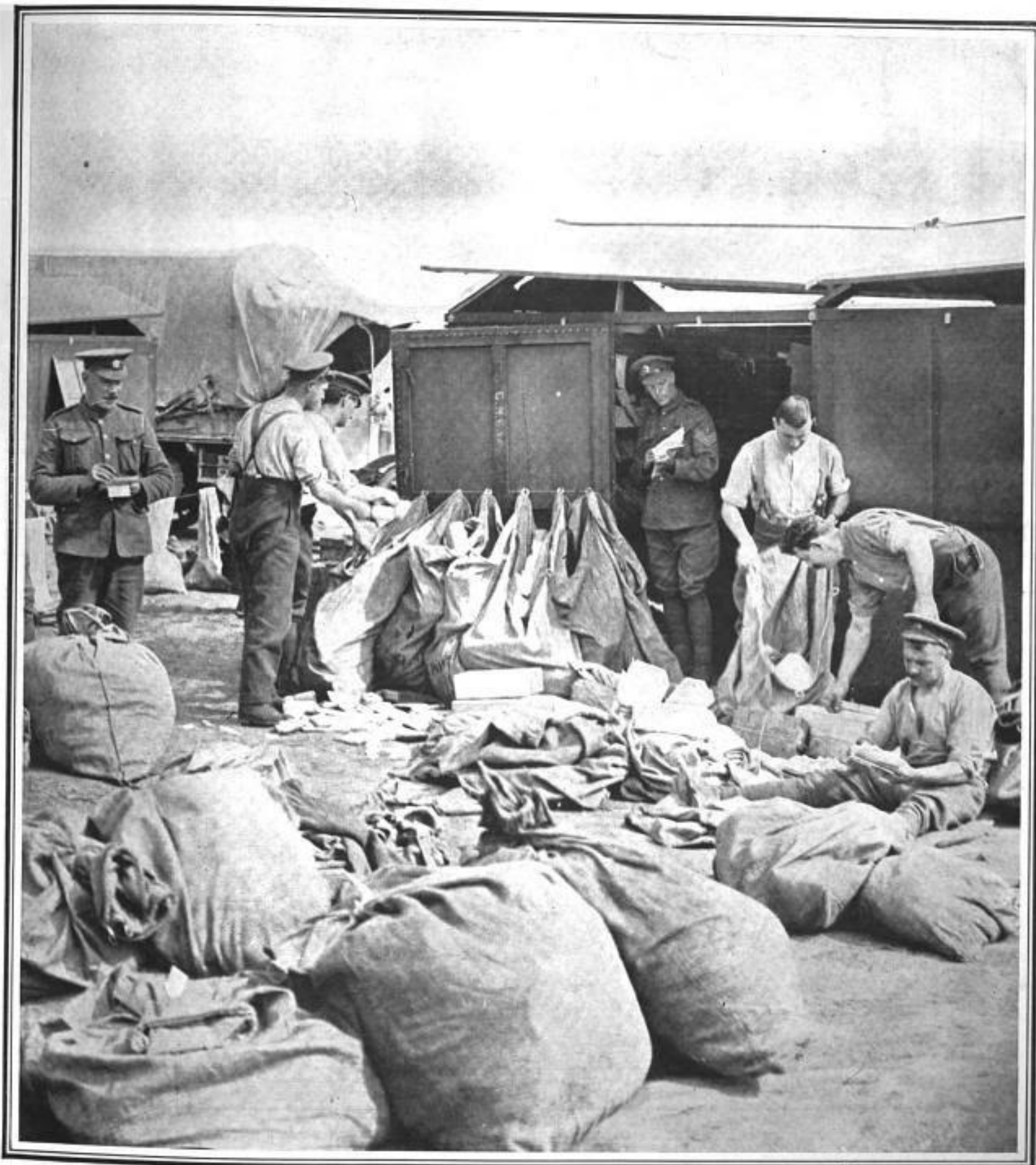
Dealer for England—WHITING, LTD., 334-340, Euston Road, London.

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NEWS FROM HOME: SORTING LETTERS FROM "BLIGHTY" AT THE BRITISH FRONT.

The care with which the enormous amount of work entailed by the war upon the General Post Office officials of all grades is carried out cannot be too gratefully recognised. Difficulties inconceivable by the writers of letters to men at the Front—a word which includes many out-of-the-way corners in all parts of the world—are overcome by persistent effort, Argus-eyed scrutiny, and a methodical system which leaves nothing to

chance, but enables everything to be traced by a staff whose patience is inexhaustible and whose penetration in mastering obscure addresses is acute. The Post Office has its reward in the knowledge that the arrival of the mail from home is one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the day. Our photograph represents but one of hundreds of spots in which this invaluable work is being carried on.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

THE ITALIAN TRIUMPH AT GORIZIA: THE ENTRY OF THE

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN GEN. STAFF



1. MEN WHO "CHARGED THE ENEMY WITH STANDARDS FLYING": ITALIAN CAVALRY ENTERING GORIZIA, THROUGH THE CORSO FRANCESCO GIUSEPPE, ON AUGUST 9.
2. POES WHO OFTEN CAN ONLY CONVERSE IN ENGLISH: ITALIAN TROOPS GOING INTO ACTION PASSING SOME OF THEIR 15,000 AUSTRIAN PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO INTERNMENT.

These official photographs illustrate the great victory which was announced as follows in an Italian communiqué of August 9: "This morning our troops entered the town of Gorizia. Yesterday morning, in the Gorizia area, after an intense artillery preparation, our infantry completed the occupation of the heights west of the town, driving out the last remaining hostile detachments. Trenches and dug-outs were found full of enemy corpses. The enemy, completely routed, had left large quantities of arms, ammunition, and material. At nightfall, detachments of the Casale and Pavia brigades crossed the Isonzo and consolidated themselves on the left bank. A column of cavalry and Bersaglieri cyclists was promptly launched in pursuit of the enemy beyond the river." A later Italian communiqué, of the 10th, stated: "In the Gorizia area our troops continued to cross the Isonzo on the newly repaired bridge. Our cavalry and cyclists pressed forward to the east of the town, at several points under heavy fire. . . . Our cavalry charged the enemy with standards flying, inflicting heavy losses and taking several hundred

THE CAVALRY; CAPTURED POSITIONS; AND AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

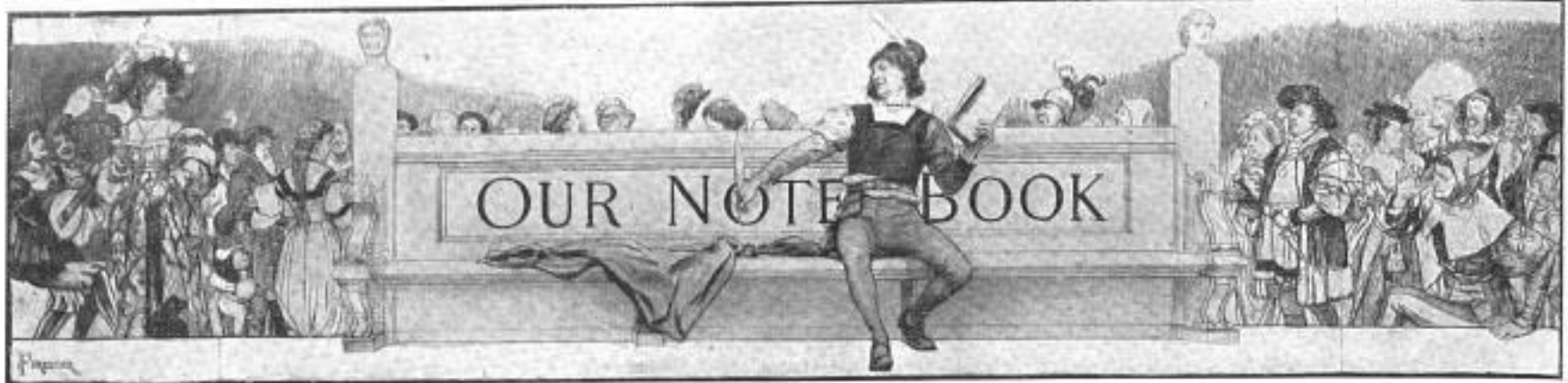
HEADQUARTERS PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.



2. "SCENE OF THE HARDEST AND BLOODIEST FIGHTING": ON MONTE SABOTINO (1960 FEET) ABOVE GORIZIA—REMAINS OF THE GREAT AUSTRIAN TRENCH DEMOLISHED.

4. WHERE THE AUSTRIANS OFFERED A STOUT RESISTANCE ON THE HEIGHTS WEST OF THE ISONZO: THE HILL OF PODGORA—ITALIAN FIRST-LINE OUTPOSTS ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 8.

prisoners. . . . Prisoners continue to arrive; we have counted up till now 268 officers and 12,072 men." Writing from Gorizia on the 10th, Lord Northcliffe said: "To-day Gorizia is firmly Italian. . . . The brilliant green, white, and red Italian flag with the Cross of Savoy flutters from the windows of the beautiful villas along the Corso Francesco Giuseppe." Describing the battle, he writes: "In a few hours Sabotino Hill, the key to Gorizia and the bridgehead, and the scene of the hardest and bloodiest fighting on this part of the front since the war began, was firmly in Italian hands. . . . The stout Austrian resistance on Hill 240, the highest summit of the Podgora Ridge on the west bank of the river, delayed for some hours the actual assault on Gorizia. . . . When I visited Gorizia yesterday the streets were full of cavalry." Regarding the captured Austrians, Lord Northcliffe says: "Owing to the fact that so many Italian and Austrian soldiers have worked in the United States and Canada, it often happens that English is the only language in which they can mutually converse." Between August 6 and 14, 25,393 prisoners were taken.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN, from time to time upon this page, I have commented on the curiously poor quality of the Pro-German propaganda that is sent to me, I have tried to be as detached as is morally possible. I have not merely compared what they say on their side with what I say on my side. I have compared what they say with what I should say if I were on their side myself. For example, I have recently received a German or Pro-German paper called *Bull* from New York, presumably sent to me because it contains a paragraph referring to myself. It runs—

"Imitation is sincerest flattery"—just keep this in mind as you read the following profound deliverance of G. K. Chesterton in *Land and Water*, London: "German discipline is the science of repeating a mistake." If true, Englishmen are certainly paying compliments to that discipline. Visions of the Dardanelles, Gallipoli, Kut-el-Amara, North Sea, etc., come to us.

Now, considered as an example of the art of controversy, the incompetence of this is simply heart-breaking. The three examples he gives are not examples at all. His comparisons, so far from going on all fours, have not a leg to stand on between them. The charge I made, true or false, against the intelligence of the German Higher Command, was that even the unquestioned courage and tenacity of the German attacks were only prolonged so as to illustrate the sameness and even the blindness of German strategy. In attempting to surround the retreating Russian army General Hindenburg made six successive salients of the same shape in the same way, all of which were unsuccessful. The Verdun sector has been attacked heaven knows how many times upon a single plan, and is still being intermittently attacked upon the same plan, and the attack was unsuccessful. An attack on the same plan was made on the Italian lines, and was again unsuccessful. Surely there is at least some meaning in calling this the repetition of a mistake. What meaning is there in the cases quoted at random by the German-American paper? The English force at Kut-el-Amara was a very small outpost, and its capture was relatively a very small affair. But if it had been the whole British Army, where would the repetition come in? How many times did Kut fall? How many times was the British army captured? Has General Townshend fallen into a habit of being taken prisoner by Turks, like a habit of smoking opium; and is he still regularly engaged in giving up his sword to them at intervals? The affair off Jutland was a British victory by every practical test that anybody can possibly bring to the consideration of a battle—losses, movements, strategic objective, final results. But even if we accepted the German account and called it a German victory, by their own account it was a surprise victory. By their own account it was the first great blow which they had struck or attempted to strike. Even the German Emperor, who regards it as a triumph to attempt a sortie, sink some of his enemy's ships and more of his own, and then retreat helter-skelter to the original hiding-place, even he did not pretend he had had many of such triumphs. If he had a few more such triumphs, he would have no navy left. And the enterprise of the Dardanelles (and of Gallipoli) which the German-American

humourist implies, and perhaps thinks, was quite different from that of the Dardanelles) was actually the very case I quoted to illustrate my meaning, in the article which he criticises. It was my whole point that, while Gallipoli was a failure positively, it was a success relatively to an adventure like Verdun. They were both blunders; but the difference still remains that Gallipoli was abandoned and Verdun is not. The Germans achieved the same error, but cannot achieve the same escape. "German discipline is the science of repeating a mistake."

It is this halting, half thought-out quality which weakens all the Pro-German apologetics; and especially weakens all their attempts at comparison and retort, and all the case they might conceivably make out of the incidental mistakes or misfortunes of this

like one; we can give quite clear reasons for thinking it absurd to call him a *franc-tireur*. Nobody, not even a German, thinks it absurd to call Casement a rebel. The only favourable version that can possibly be given of him is founded on the idea that he was a rebel. This is the weakness of the Pro-German attack on England; and it is something much weaker than a mere lie. It is an indifference to the truth in the nature of things; a refusal even to begin an ethical question at the right point.

This fallacy of the insufficient *tu quoque* also afflicts those who are now trying to be pure Pacifists when they have long been obviously Pro-Germans. It afflicts those who declare hazily that both sides are much of a muchness. I see that Dr. Georg Brandes, the distinguished Jewish critic, has been once more drawing attention to the remarkable fact that the two antagonists in the war both say their cause is just. He might as well say that the two barristers in a legal dispute both have briefs—or, for that matter, that they both have wigs. To say that both sides claim justice in a quarrel is merely another way of saying that there is a quarrel. But the court of justice presumably sits to find out on which side the justice lies; and it is a remarkable fact of experience that it does not generally end up by telling both barristers to throw up their briefs in despair. What we say about the Germans is not that they do not say they are right or even think they are right, or even that they do not try to prove it. We say that when they try to prove it, they cannot prove it. And this is specially apparent in these lame and lumbering parallels of which I have spoken; of which Dr. Brandes himself gives several specimens. To see that these comparisons are inconclusive it is not even necessary to agree with the cause of the Allies as completely as I agree with it. A man might possibly, for instance, think the pressure put upon Greece illegitimate; but even then he ought to have the sense to see that it bears not the wildest resemblance to the violence inflicted upon Belgium. The Salonican expedition might be—though I do not admit it is—a technical violation of neutrality. But the invasion of King Albert's kingdom was no more a technical violation than blowing a

man's brains out is a technical assault. It was solidly indefensible, not in the letter but in the spirit, not merely in international law but in moral law, in the substance and in every one of the circumstances. In time of peace, for a small and even doubtful advantage of one line of attack among many, for an aim intrinsically treacherous—that of striking at France a foul instead of a fair blow—Prussia poured a particularly brutal soldiery through a country which quite unanimously desired to remain at peace, seized its government, dethroned its king, wantonly wiped out its historical monuments, and proceeded placidly to discuss whether it should now be one of her provinces or only one of her vassals. Not a single one of these fundamental and massive moral facts is true of the Salonican comparison; and if Dr. Brandes really cannot see the difference, he is a man for whom right and wrong are words and not realities.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S VISIT TO PARIS: THE SECRETARY FOR WAR CONFERRING WITH M. BRIAND AT THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Lloyd George, as Secretary of State for War, recently went over to Paris, where he had a conference with the French Premier, M. Briand, on August 11. General Roques, Minister of War, M. Albert Thomas, Minister of Munitions, and Generals Joffre and Castelnau were also present. The discussion showed complete harmony between the British and French Governments regarding the war.

country. Thus, when somebody said that the execution of Casement would produce the same effect as the execution of Fryatt, he said something against which common human reason cries aloud, and must cry aloud even in the intellectual conscience of those who hoped that Casement might be spared. I am disposed, as I have said, to sympathy even with the errors of Irish patriotism; but the perception that the Fryatt comparison is nonsense has nothing to do with any sympathy with anybody. It has to do, not merely with the legal but with the logical facts of the case. Nobody denies that there was a rebellion. Nobody denies that Governments, good and bad, do generally employ capital punishment in suppressing rebellions, good and bad. We were not creating a new precedent; and nobody alleges that we were. In a case like that of Fryatt no precedent, even technically, is admitted at all. We do not admit that Captain Fryatt was a *franc-tireur* or anything

RUSSIANS FOR THE BALKAN FRONT: THE ARRIVAL AT SALONIKA.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DISEMBARKING AT SALONIKA TO BRITISH MUSIC: ONE OF OUR BANDS PLAYING OUR ALLIES ASHORE.



RUSSIAN TROOPS LANDED AT SALONIKA INSPECTED BY THE ALLIED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: GENERAL SARRAIL PASSING DOWN THE LINES.

The inspiring news that both Russian and Italian troops have been landed at Salonika to fight on the Balkan front became known on August 22. The first Russian contingent landed on July 30, and the photographs have only just been released for publication. A Reuters message of that date, similarly delayed, states: "The landing of the first of the Russian contingents this afternoon was made the occasion of a most impressive demonstration of the Allies' unity and strength. Guards of honour drawn from the

British, French, and Serbian armies, and accompanied by bands, were drawn up on the landing-stage. Huge crowds gathered in the streets. The troops were brought ashore in large ferry-boats. The men were being paraded on the quay when General Sarrail arrived to review the new arrivals, and was heartily cheered by the Russians. He responded by waving his cap. The enthusiasm was great and general. The men are magnificent fellows, tall, sturdy, and 'hefty.' All seemed delighted with their reception."

THE KING AT THE FRONT: A ROYAL VISIT DEVOID OF CEREMONY.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"DO NOT THINK THAT I FORGET THE HEAVY SACRIFICES WHICH THE ARMIES HAVE MADE": THE KING TALKING TO WOUNDED OFFICERS.



MAINTAINING "HAPPY RELATIONS WITH THE INHABITANTS": HIS MAJESTY STOPPING TO CHAT WITH SOME COTTAGE-RES.

On his return from visiting the front the King said in his General Order to the Army in France: "I have had opportunities of visiting some of the scenes of the later desperate struggles, and of appreciating to a slight extent the demands made upon your courage and physical endurance... The happy relations maintained by my armies and those of our French Allies were equally noticeable between my troops and the inhabitants of the districts in which they are quartered, and from whom they have received a cordial

welcome ever since their first arrival in France. Do not think that I and your fellow-countrymen forget the heavy sacrifices which the armies have made." Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The essential character of the visit has been its informality, the absence of all ceremony; and it has been most interesting to see the King chatting with officers and men in the roads, walking into the men's billets... His suite included Lord Stamfordham, Sir Derek Keppel, Lieutenant-Colonel Clive Wigram, and Major Thompson."

THE KING AND THE OFFENSIVE: HIS MAJESTY AT THE FRONT.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. D'A.



HIS MAJESTY (WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND GENERAL HAIG) PASSING THROUGH THE LANCER GUARD OF HONOUR TO GREET PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.



A SOUVENIR OF A HISTORIC DAY: GENERAL JOFFRE, M. POINCARÉ, KING GEORGE, GENERAL FOCH, AND SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (LEFT TO RIGHT).

These photographs show two noteworthy incidents of King George's most recent visit to the British Front in Northern France—a visit that will ever be recorded as a historic event of the Great War. In the course of the royal visit, shortly after noon on Saturday, August 12, the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and General Sir Douglas Haig, went to a certain famous château to meet President Poincaré, General Joffre, General Foch, and other distinguished French officers at lunch. The British party

arrived first, and immediately afterwards came the French President and General Joffre. The King walked down from the château to the entrance gates with the Prince and General Haig, to greet the President and Generalissimo. The path down the avenue was lined on both sides by a guard of honour of the 15th Lancers, Sir Douglas Haig's old regiment, of which he is now Colonel. As the King passed, the troopers stood at the salute, with their lances in recovery.

"AN EPIC OF SELF-SACRIFICE AND GALLANTRY": BRITISH WAR FILMS.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM THE OFFICIAL BRITISH FILMS OF THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME (COPYRIGHT).



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: BRITISH TROOPS LEAPING OVER THE TRENCH PARAPET TO CHARGE THE ENEMY—AN OFFICER LEADING.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES FOR THE ASSAULT: BRITISH TROOPS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

It is no exaggeration to say that the official films of the great Battle of the Somme, which the War Office, with most commendable enterprise, caused to be taken, are the most wonderful that have ever been thrown upon a screen. Never before has a battle been illustrated by photography at such close quarters. The operators have been at work right up at the front, regardless of personal risk, and the result is a series of pictures that show not merely scenes behind the lines, but the vivid actualities of the battle in progress. Particularly thrilling is the sight of our men leaping over their trench-parapets, when the signal to advance was given, and moving forward to attack the German

trenches. In the photograph, it will be seen, an officer is first over the parapet, leading on his men. Later scenes show the search for lurking Germans in captured dug-outs, and the arrival of prisoners and wounded. These and countless other incidents will bring home the realities of the war to our people at home, who can see the films at cinema shows throughout the country. Everyone ought to make it a matter of duty to see them, in order to understand what the war means. From another point of view, these films are an object-lesson as showing the results of the invaluable work of the munition-makers, whose labours in the production of guns and shells in a very real

(Continued opposite)

THE MOST WONDERFUL FILMS EVER TAKEN: THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM THE OFFICIAL BRITISH FILMS OF THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME (COPYRIGHT.)



NERVE-SHATTERED, AND MANY OF THEM STILL HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS: GERMAN PRISONERS COMING IN DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE.



FILMED ON THE SPOT DURING THE BATTLE, BY AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER: BRITISH SOLDIERS ENGAGED IN ROUTING GERMANS OUT OF THEIR DOG-OUTS.

Continued.

some prepared the way for the great advance. Mr. Lloyd George said in a message read to the audience at the first exhibition of the film in London: "Its cause and purpose is that every one of us at home, and those abroad, shall see what our men at the front are doing and suffering for us; and how their achievements have been made possible by the sacrifices made at home. Be up and doing also! See that this picture,

which is in itself an epic of self-sacrifice and gallantry, reaches everyone. Herald the deeds of our brave men to the ends of the earth!" It should be added that the films were taken by the British Topical Committee for War Films, by permission of the War Office. No "exclusive rights" in connection with them are granted. The sole booking director is Mr. W. F. Jury.

THE PIPERS AT LONGUEVAL: LEADING AN ADVANCE OF

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL



**"THEN THE PIPES SCREAMED OUT THE 'CHARGE,' THE MOST AWFUL MUSIC TO BE HEARD
IN THE ANNALS OF**

Once again the story has to be told of the splendid daring and dauntless courage under fire of the pipers of Highland regiments on the battlefields of France. The latest tale of their doings—earlier exploits in the present war have been dealt with in previous issues—comes from Longueval, and is illustrated here. After the fight the pipers led the victorious Scots back to quarters. Mr. Philip Gibbs thus describes the attack: "The gallantry of these men who wear the tartans of the old Scottish clans would seem wonderful if it were not habitual with them. Their first dash for Longueval was one of the finest exploits of the war. They were led forward by their pipers, who went with them not only towards the German lines

THE HIGHLANDERS "INTO THE THICK OF THE BATTLE."

SUPPLIED BY ONE PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



BY MEN WHO HAVE THE HIGHLANDERS AGAINST THEM": ANOTHER HEROIC EXPLOIT
THE SCOTTISH PIPERS.

but across them and into the thick of the battle. It was to the tune of 'The Campbells are Coming' that one regiment went forward; and that music, which I heard last up the slopes of Stirling Castle, was heard with terror, beyond a doubt, by the German soldiers. Then the pipers screamed out the 'Charge,' the most awful music to be heard by men who have the Highlanders against them, and with fixed bayonets and hand-grenades they stormed the German trenches." Presently, back from the fight, "the Highlanders came marching, . . . and the pipes of war playing a Scottish love-song, 'I lo'e nae a laddie but ane, An' he lo'es nae a lassie but me'."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THEIR DAY NEAR—HORSEMEN SECOND TO NONE: INDIAN CAVALRY.



INDIAN TROOPERS IN FRANCE AT FIELD EXERCISE: PRACTISING A CHARGE—LANCES DOWN.



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HARD-FIGHTING INDIAN CAVALRY CORPS: TROOPERS OF "HODSON'S HORSE."



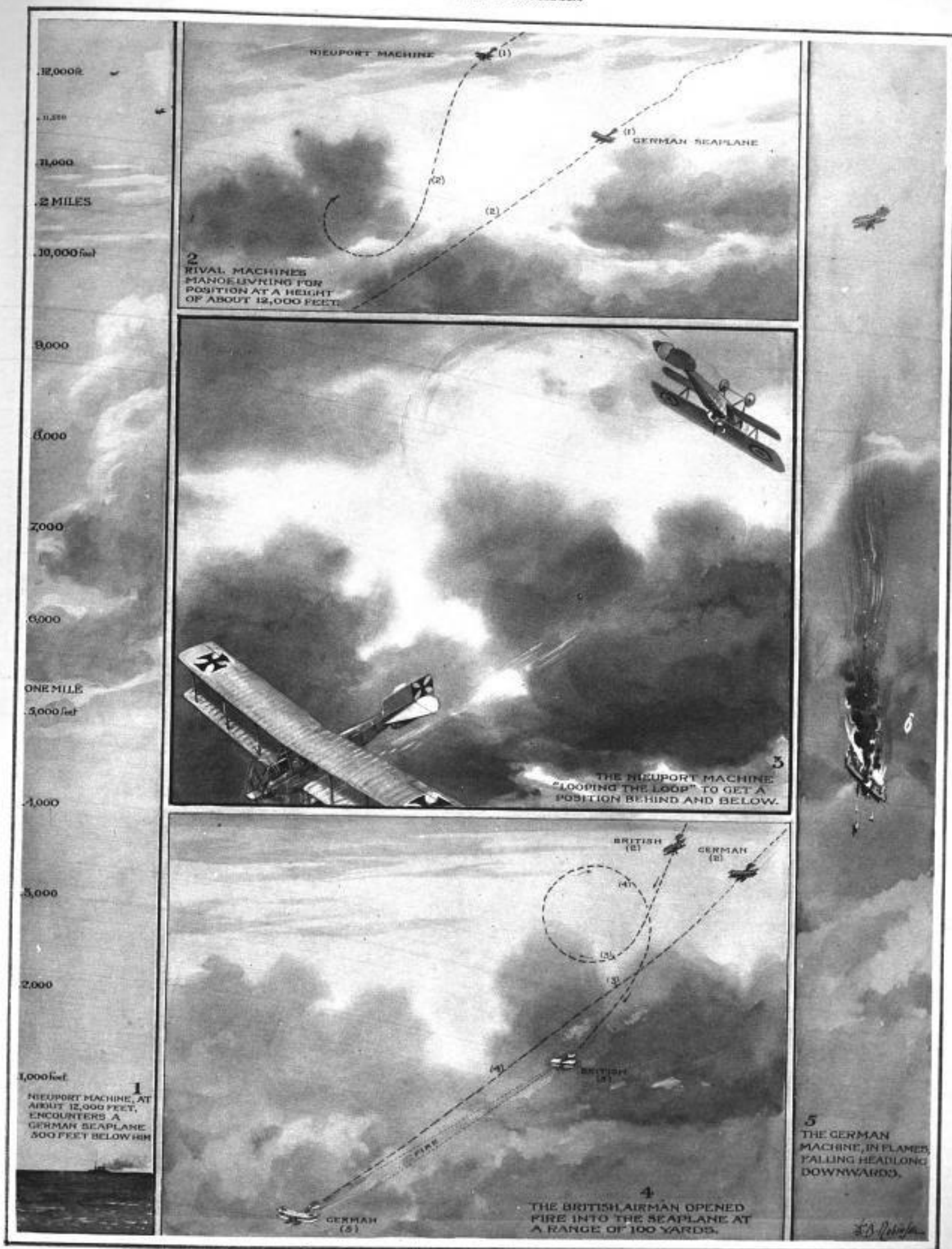
REHEARSING FOR THE DAY OF BATTLE IN FRANCE: SPURRING INTO THE ENEMY.

It is common knowledge that when our Indian infantry were facing the Germans in the trenches at Ypres their fighting methods at close quarters inspired the enemy with a veritable dread of them—in particular of the Gurkhas and their kukris. It is likely to be the same with the German cavalry when our Indian troopers get to hand-grips with them en masse—before long. Not even the Cossacks are better horseback fighters than our Indians, who are the cleverest of lancers, magnificent riders, and high courage personified. At the same time, their cavalry battle-training is second to none in completeness. In the centre illustration are seen troopers of one of our finest Indian

cavalry corps, "Hodson's Horse," of which there is more than one regiment. They take their name from the famous officer, Lieutenant W. S. R. Hodson, who raised them by separate troops in the Punjab during the Mutiny, and led them to the camp before Delhi. Hodson's Horse performed prodigies of valour in action which the regiments are burning to repeat, and if possible improve on, now. The Indian cavalry have already shown the enemy something of their mettle in the dashing affair near Contalmaison the other day. The Deccan Horse on that occasion, with a Dragoon Guard regiment, charged German infantry, scattered them, and brought back many prisoners.

THE MILITARY VALUE OF LOOPING-THE-LOOP: AN EXAMPLE.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



Before the war, exhibition flights in which looping-the-loop was the great attraction crowded our aerodrome grounds with holiday sightseers. The performance was considered a freak of nerve and reckless daring—a "circus trick," but nothing more. Its possible utility was scoffed at. The war has changed that: looping-the-loop has proved a valuable air-battle evolution. The diagrams here show how it, for example, brought about the defeat and destruction of an enemy in July, as officially recorded. A British Nieuport machine patrolling off Ostend met a German seaplane, at 12,000 feet. The

enemy was 500 feet below, and the British pilot's gun fired best aiming upwards. Gliding down, the British airman, as the only way, looped over the enemy, and in that manner cut in below him. He then attacked at 100 yards range, sending the enemy down headlong in flames. Diagram No. 1 gives the altitude scale. No. 2 shows the British pilot's preliminary glide and curve in the loop. No. 3 shows the loop taking place. No. 4 explains the complete tactics and shows the gun attack. No. 5 is the finale. The figures in brackets denote the relative positions of the machines at the same moment.

WITH THE ITALIANS AT THE TAKING OF

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY

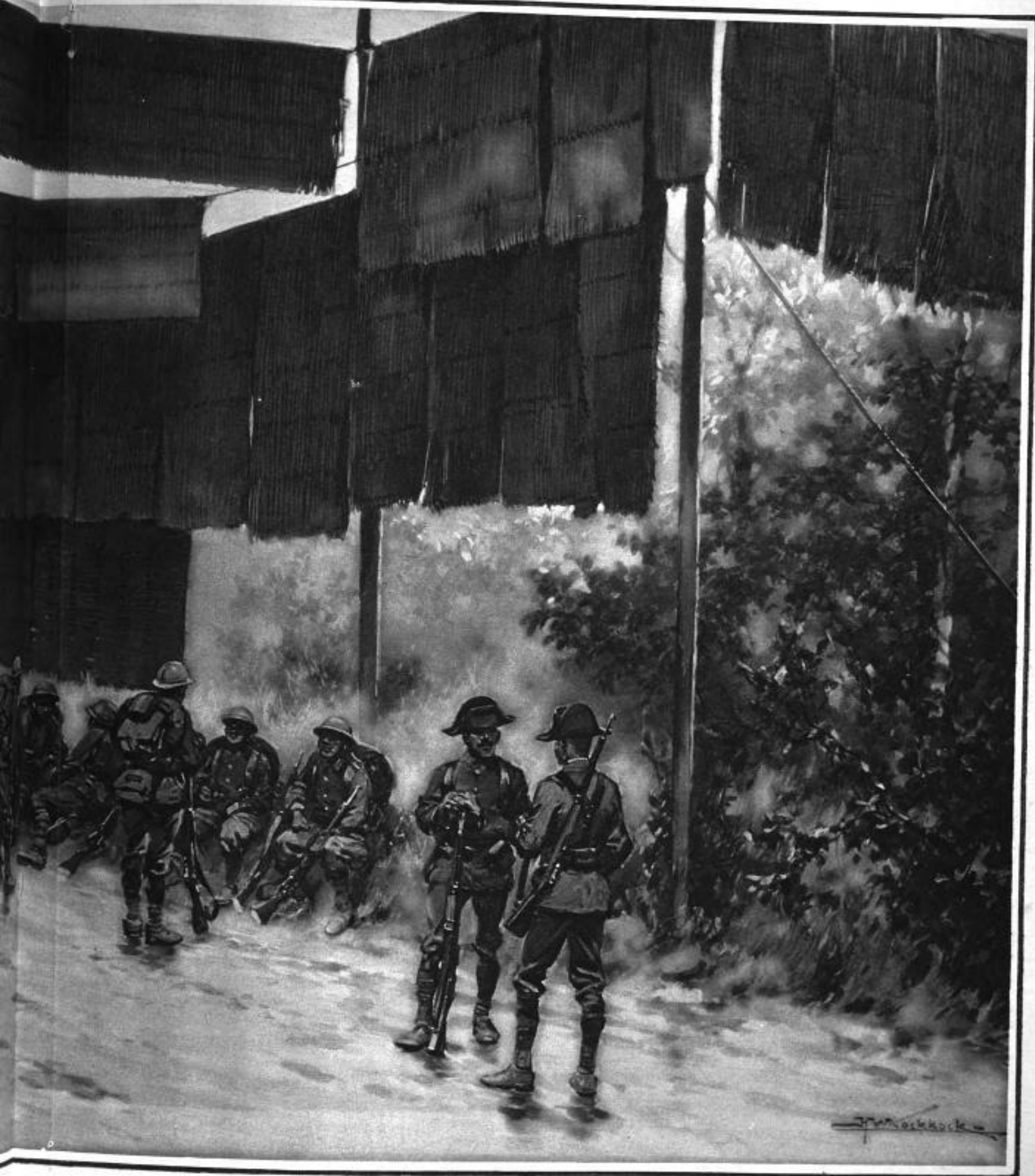


THE GAPS IN NATURAL "MASKS" FILLED BY STRAW MATTING: ITALIAN INFANTRY

An Italian infantry regiment, steel-helmeted—as are all General Cadorna's troops now—is here seen on the way to the attack on Monte Sabotino, the northern bulwark of the Austrian bridge-head position before Gorizia, during the great battle which placed Gorizia in Italian hands. The troops are on one of the roads leading to Gorizia from the north-west. In preparation for the advance, the Italians screened off stretches of the road, wherever gaps among the natural "mask" of fringing trees left places exposed to the enemy's view. In order to prevent the Austrians learning how many and what troops were moving along the road, screens of straw matting were suspended on ropes on

GORIZIA: ON A "SHELTERED" APPROACH-ROAD.

BY JULIUS M. PRACE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



COUNTRY RESTING ON A ROAD HIDDEN FROM THE ENEMY BY MEANS OF SCREENS.

telegraph and other poles by the roadside and across the road. There were other devices elsewhere, in addition; but the mat screens as seen here were the most commonly used. As our artist suggests, they gave "quite a Chinese impression in their appearance." The adoption of the screen method incidentally enables one to realise something of the thoroughness of organisation and clever foresight and powers of adaptability of the Italian commanders. In the illustration, in the foreground to the right, may be remarked two of the Italian Carabinieri, who perform the duties of military police and are on duty everywhere at the front.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE STORMING OF GORIZIA: ITALIANS FORDING THE

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M.

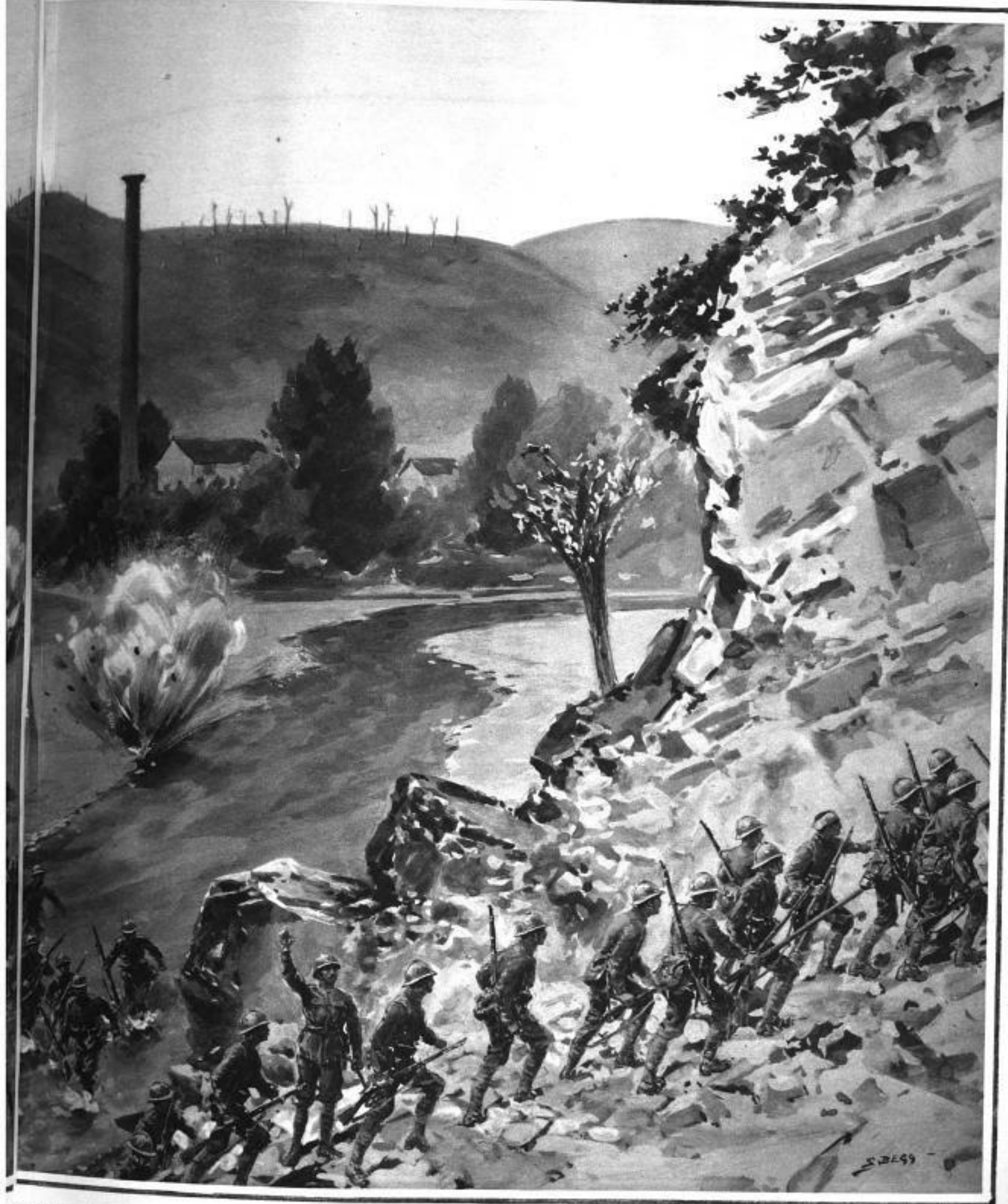


"WITH AN ÉLAN OF WHICH HISTORY WILL SPEAK, THEY 'RUSHED' THE RIVER—PARTLY UNDER THE FIRE OF AUSTRIAN BATTERIES.

A glorious page was added to the history of Italy by the splendid daring with which her soldiers stormed the great Austrian fortress of Gorizia. The fording of the Isonzo by the Italian infantry under shell-fire from Austrian guns was, perhaps, the finest exploit of that memorable day. Mr. Julius Price, our artist with the Italian Army, writes in a note on his sketch from which our drawing was made: "It is probably no exaggeration to state that nothing more daring has been accomplished during the war than this spectacular fording of the Isonzo, as wide as the Thames at Richmond, but with a swift and treacherous current and of uncertain depth—in places over ten feet. It required the determination and resource of a great General like Cadorna to decide instantly that this difficulty had to be surmounted, since the bridge at this particular point had been broken; and the soldiers rose to the occasion. With an élan of which

THE ISONZO — AN EXPLOIT THAT WILL BECOME HISTORIC.

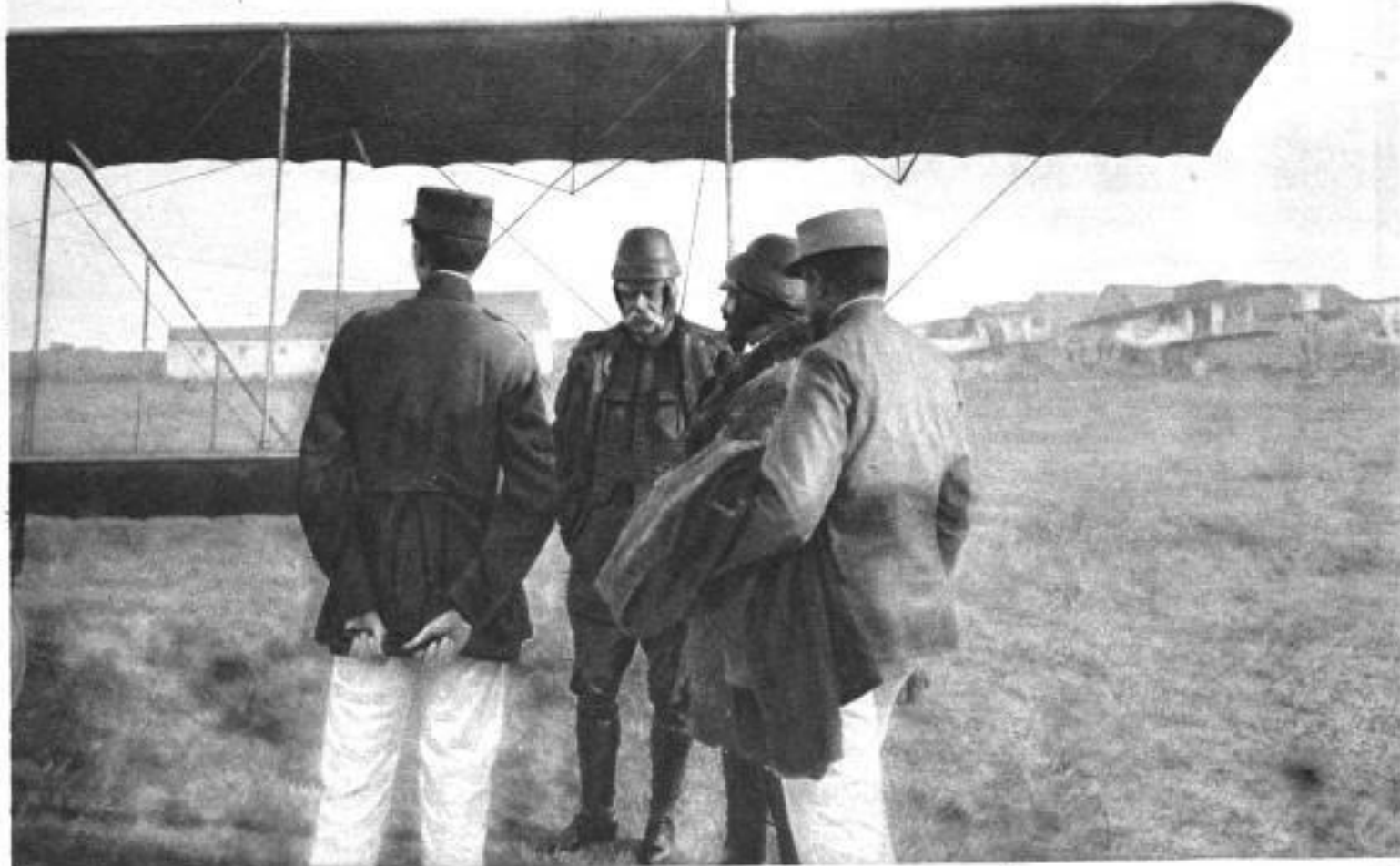
JOHN R. WICK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



“BY SWIMMING AND PARTLY BY WADING”: ITALIAN INFANTRY CROSSING THE ISONZO.
ON THEIR WAY TO STORM GORIZIA.

History will speak, they 'rushed' the river—partly by swimming and partly by wading—and, in spite of the enemy's shells, they succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, and Gorizia was taken. The heroism of the men who were wounded during the crossing was extraordinary. Lord Northcliffe, in his description of the scene, says: "The resistance of Hill 240 being at length overcome, the Italian infantry, debouching from Podgora, swarmed forward to the river with inimitable dash. With water up to their necks, carrying their rifles above their heads, and shouting patriotic songs, they forded the broad stream and carried the eastern bank. The enemy shrapnel, which churned the water into foam, failed to check their progress. Men wounded in the water insisted on being helped to gain the eastern bank, saying, 'Then they'll not send us back.'"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: GENERAL SARRAIL'S FLIGHTS.



BEFORE GOING ABOARD THE AEROPLANE: GENERAL SARRAIL INSTRUCTING HIS PILOT AS TO THE COURSE TO BE TAKEN.



JUST BEFORE THE ASCENT: GENERAL SARRAIL SEATED IN THE AEROPLANE (RIGHT FORWARD, IN THE OBSERVER'S STATION).

Very much as, on the Italian front, General Cadorna made several aeroplane flights over the enemy's Gorizia positions during June and July, to gain information that aided him to achieve his subsequent triumph, General Sarrail has been making personal aeroplane reconnaissances over the enemy's positions facing the Allied Army's lines on the Bulgarian frontier. The reconnaissances, it is stated, were carried out with great thoroughness,

and on each of the several occasions on which the General was in the air he spent several hours in his exploration. The results of the complete knowledge so acquired are likely to become very apparent as the general attack of the Allies along the Salonika front takes further shape and becomes pressed more and more closely home. Besides examining the enemy's lines, General Sarrail was able to inspect his own with advantage.

"WE EXPLODED A MINE": WHAT THE PHRASE MEANS.



FIFTY TO SIXTY YARDS ACROSS, AND OVER A HUNDRED FEET DEEP: THE CRATER OF A MINE-EXPLOSION.

This photograph represents one side of the interior of a crater formed by the explosion of a mine recently by the French as a preliminary to one of the victorious infantry assaults at the outset of one of the battles on the Somme. The crater is claimed to be the biggest of the kind in the district, and as big

probably as any at all. It was "made" by the French at a point between their former advanced trench lines on the south of the Somme and the German positions immediately in front. It is between fifty and sixty yards across, from edge to edge; and has a depth of upwards of a hundred feet.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TRADE AND THE BASIS OF CIVILISATION.

THE prospective "trade war" which we are now discussing, and which some anæmic souls among us profess to deplore, will be, and must be—for Germany is as much determined on this as we are—the real arbiter between two standards of Civilisation. We must fight for the one, or submit to the other. With Germany "Civilisation" must go hand in hand with Barbarism; must, indeed, be ancillary to Barbarism, for it seeks to include all peoples under its ægis, not so much for their good as for the glorification of Germany. With ourselves and our Allies, Civilisation has a wider and different meaning. Our main desire, after the war, is to secure, and if necessary to enforce, peace, not so much that we may acquire great worldly possessions as that we may strengthen and enlarge our higher selves by penetrating further into the mysteries of Life and the Universe.

In so far as we realise that Civilisation, as we understand it, depends for its stability and cohesiveness on its shops and factories, in so far shall we exert ourselves to organise this trade war, and to prosecute it with vigour unceasing. We must ever remember that we are fighting not, primarily, to accumulate wealth, but to furnish the means to provide and carry on our "spiritual" development, using this term in its widest, and not in the religious, sense.

This much will become apparent when we contrast civilised with savage communities, such, for example, as one finds in Central Africa, gathered together in scattered villages for the sake of protection. Such villages consist of no more than a few huts, surrounded by a fence to ward off the attacks of beasts of prey, such as lions and leopards. The huts may vary a little in size and shape, according to the individual taste of their owners, but they are all slightly built structures, serving merely as sleeping and storage places. Where goats are kept they sleep with the family for safety's sake. Such arts as are practised

are the accomplishments of all; save that while the men build the huts, fashion weapons of war and the chase, and hunt, the women prepare the food, cultivate the maize and millet, weave baskets, make pottery, and tend the children. This state of society has existed for hundreds of years, with but little change, and but for the invasion of Europeans would probably have continued for hundreds of years more. It shows that the members of such communities have attained to the maximum of their mental development. They lack that spirit of unrest, of constantly desiring some new thing, some betterment of the conditions of life as they find it. Consequently there

to follow, so that things at first regarded as luxuries became necessities. And this process is still going on, and to our betterment.

We divide, then, the human race to-day into two categories—Civilised and Savage. The latter are those peoples so lacking in brain-power and imagination that they are content with the bare necessities of life, such as each can provide for himself. The civilised are those who, besides catering for their animal needs—that is to say, for the production of food, clothing, and shelter—make strenuous efforts to satisfy the cravings which their more active brains have engendered for the delights of Art, Music, and Literature. Later has come the desire to understand the hidden mysteries of the Universe. This has given us Science, which, in return for its endowment by the wealth gained by Trade, has given us "Applied Science," or the application of the discoveries of Science to the ends of Commerce.

But, just as there are different grades of savagery, so there are different grades and standards of Civilisation. If we prefer the German brand, we have only to submit to the policy of "peaceful penetration." But if, on the other hand, we are honest in our protestations of disgust in regard to the revelations which this war has given us of German standards of morality, then we shall gird up our loins and fight, remembering that we are fighting for more even than our existence as an Empire.

This economic warfare must be waged vigorously, and with all the science we can bring to bear upon it, or we shall find ourselves at last bound hand and foot by Germany, at the end of a fight which will be as disastrous and as awful as any war waged by high explosives and poison-gas. If we are not lunatics, if we really value "civilisation" in the best sense of the word, then we must look to our shopkeepers to fight it, aided by intelligence among our legislators and backed by Force when Force threatens us.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



ARCHÆOLOGY IN WAR: A "FIND" AT SALONIKA BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

Many relics of antiquity have been found while trench-digging near Salonika, and a museum has been established in the White Tower to preserve the "finds" for the Greek Government. An English Professor of Archaeology who was serving as a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. has been placed in charge. The above vessel is thought to be a lamp, with the lips curved in to prevent the oil from spilling.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau.

is no incentive to invention, nor any desire to excel beyond the degree necessary to ensure the comforts of their simple life. Further, they have no means of resisting the incursion of more virile and more intellectual people. With the white races conditions are far otherwise. Endowed with a higher mental activity and more lively imagination, a spirit of discontent has ever been the spur to desire for more of whatever they possess. This desire of attainment has fostered a spirit of personal ambition, and a desire to follow particular aims and kinds of work. And just as this was attainable so the members of Society became split up into specialists.

At first came, say, armourers, weavers, builders, and so on. As these developed in their respective rôles, so their efficiency in other directions diminished. Thus, the community became split up into groups of individuals dependent on one another's particular activities for the continuation of their own.

This development of an orderly state of society in place of small groups of people gathered together for the sake of companionship and mutual protection, led to the formation of towns containing more people than could possibly live together but for this system of catering for one another's needs. With the towns, of necessity, came the need for shops, and the birth of wealth and luxuries on a scale hitherto impossible. As the shopkeeper gained capital, so he extended the range of his wares. His additions thereto were at first in the nature of experiments, to tempt his neighbours and create a demand. Sooner or later this was sure



ASCRIBED TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.: GOLD AND BRONZE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED DURING THE DIGGING OF BRITISH TRENCHES AT SALONIKA.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau.



UNEARTHED FROM THE STORIED GROUND OF SALONIKA DURING THE DIGGING OF BRITISH TRENCHES: FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT INCISED POTTERY.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau.

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BACON, SWAIN, STRAIN, GILLMAN, MULLINS, RUSSELL, LANGFIER, AND ELWIN NEMME.



MAJOR GEORGE HALLAM BOTHAM,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Has been
officially reported as having been killed
in action.



MAJ. HUGH C. CAVENDISH,
R.F.A. Son of late Alexander
Cavendish, and of Mrs. Cavendish,
of Finchampstead, Berks.



LIEUT.-COL. W. E. M.
TYNDALL, D.S.O.,
Duke of Wellington's Regt.
Fought in S. Africa; D.S.O.



LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES EDWARD
SCOTT,
West Yorkshire Regt. Sixth son of the late
Mr. Walter Scott, of Bradford.



CAPTAIN NEWSTEAD FALKNER,
Loyal N. Lancashire Regt. Fought
with distinction in S. Africa. Died of
wounds.



LIEUT. O. COLIN HARVEY,
S. Lancashire Regt. Only
son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver
Harvey, of Vancouver.



LIEUT. AND ADJUTANT
T. PRYCE-HAMER,
S. Wales Borderers. A Webb
International Footballer.



MAJOR H. WILSON STENHOUSE, D.S.O.,
The Queen's (R. West Surrey) Regt. Son of
late Major-Gen. W. Stenhouse, Indian Army.
D.S.O., present war.



CAPTAIN W. M. JOHNSON,
Manchester Regt. M.A., F.R.G.S. Son of
late W. H. Johnson, B.Sc., and of Mrs. John-
son, of Durham Mowry, Cheshire.



CAPT. A. WEATHERHEAD,
The King's Own (Royal Lan-
cashire) Regt. Officially re-
ported killed in action.



REV. H. O. SPINK,
Acting Army Chaplain, at-
tached to a Lancashire Re-
giment. Killed at the Front.



LIEUT. TIMOTHY JOHN
ALOYSIUS O'BRIEN,
R.F.A. Heir of Sir Timothy
Carew O'Brien, Maynooth.



MAJOR P. FRANCIS MORTON,
Suffolk Regt. Son of late Mr. Francis
Morton, of The Hermitage, Oxted,
Cheshire, and of Mrs. Morton.



MAJOR E. H. LEWIS,
Hampshire Regt. Only son of Mr. William
Jarrett Lewis, Cornthorpe, Ryde. Officially
presumed killed in action.



CAPTAIN F. H. EMMET,
Leicestershire Regt. Youngest
son of Rev. W. E. Emmet,
Woodstock Road, Oxford.



CAPTAIN J. G. TODD,
Northumberland Fusiliers.
Has been officially reported
dead by the War Office.



LIEUT. K. F. BARRATT,
Essex Regt. Son of the late
Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, of
Hampstead. Aged twenty-one.



MAJ. H. PHILLIPS FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A.,
Middlesex Hussars, attached R.F.C. Son of
late Professor Basil Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A.
Served in Egypt; Croix de Guerre.



CAPT. R. P. SLATTER,
The Queen's (R. West Surrey)
Regt. Son of Mr. William
Slatter, New Malden.



LIEUT. (TEMP. CAPT.) C.
BERJEW BROOKE, D.S.O.,
Yorkshire Regt. Mentioned
in Despatches.



CAPT. A. J. ANDERSON,
West Yorkshire Regt. A
Canadian by birth, like his
parents and grandparents.



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LADIES' PAGE.

THE "Woman Question" may justly be considered irrepressible when it insists upon being heard something of even in these times; and it has certainly been quite the question of the day for the past week or two. There is, first in importance, Mr. Asquith's guarded and half-hearted conversion to "votes for women"; there is the Bishop of London's even more guarded permission for women to take part in religious leadership (but only of other women) in connection with the Church; and—a comparatively puny event that is yet in its way significant,—there is the case of the "man" called up for military service, and rendering himself cheerfully to the call, but who turns out to be a woman, who had worked as a man for several years for one employer. This case is very far from unique. There are many instances of women who have lived and worked for many years as men amidst men without detection or even arousing suspicion. Some women have been even soldiers, and some sailors; and these are most remarkable illustrations of the possibility, both because of the muscular exertion called for and of the close personal intimacy in which men in these occupations have to live—especially those on shipboard. Visitors to Brighton now can walk up to the old Parish Churchyard, St. Nicholas, and see the tombstone of Phoebe Hessel, pensioned after many years' service in the Army; and Hannah Snell was a pensioned Marine. "Albert," the woman-man in this latest case, was by trade a colour printer, and "his" exemption was appealed for by his employer as being the right-hand man of the works. But "Albert" was willing enough to be a soldier, and but for the medical examination, she would have gone up for military training unwaveringly.

That acute observer, Shakespeare, we know, thought that women could easily enough pass for being men. His Rosalind, Imogen, and Viola all carry out this deception successfully, though in very diverse circumstances. More than one of the "Arabian Nights" tales proves the belief of older writers; while the "Mademoiselle de Maupin" of Gautier shows that a modern man also believes that women can perfectly well pass as men; and there is quite a mass of evidence now from real life that this is in fact easily accomplished.

Many Russian and Serbian girls have been found fighting in this war; but that is a different matter. It is the many women who have quietly gone about in the world as men, working successfully in all sorts of occupations, who prove how small is the absolute difference in abilities and mental characteristics between the two halves of the human race.

Now, it was precisely in the sphere in which Mr. Asquith is beginning to think women ought to have in future a place—that of government—that a great authority long ago asserted that women should be counted as the same as men, simply as human beings. Plato laid it down



A PRETTY AFTERNOON DRESS.

Composed of shell-pink ribbon, with a *delta* collar of fine white net. A little bunch of blue silk roses is tucked into the belt. The hat is of shell-pink tulle trimmed with blue velvet ribbon.

that in the work of governing the State "neither the man as man nor the woman as woman" ought to be recognised; for, he says in effect, the talent required for efficiency in this direction is irrespective of sex, and should in the State interests, have equally free and full scope, whether residing in the brains of men or of women. Mr. Asquith said that the point that has had most influence on his mind, however, is the economic one. He admitted that "during this war, the women of this country have rendered as effective service in the prosecution of the war as any other class of the community"; and it has been pointed out to him that on the conclusion of the war, women's industrial interests will be specially affected, so that they will have a just claim to be heard in settling the problems that will arise. He added: "I cannot deny the fact." However, it was obvious that he was using all this merely as a reason for refusing to consider any present alteration in the basis of qualification.

The question really was: how are the men who have left their homes for war service of any kind, and who would have been able to vote had they not done so, to exercise their franchise at the next election? As regards the men in the field and at sea, whose names are on the register, but who could not vote in person because they are away on active service, why not allow them to give a voting "power of attorney" to their wives? A man's wife, if he chooses to give her authority by a formal document, may do all kinds of business in his name, on her own responsibility; surely she can be trusted to go and cast a vote according to his wishes, or, if he trusts her enough, on her own judgment. In some countries women of wealth have always been allowed to vote in this way; that is, by appointing a male proxy; and here, in past times, men who married women heirs to peerages used to sit as their wives' proxies in the House of Lords. The idea might be extended in the present crisis by allowing men who so desire to make their wives their proxies at the polling-booths.

In the recent spell of hot weather we saw how securely the simple fashion of going out walking without any addition to the indoor dress has become established. Most women used to think that some little addition—a ruffe or shoulder cape at least—was necessary, but now we are all just going forth without any needless "finish" on really warm days. A sudden fancy has, however, developed for a plain tulle necktie, or rather scarf, twisted once round the throat, and the ends left hanging. About two and a half yards of rainproof tulle should be procured, black, or white, or a very pale tint, harmonising with the hat or frock, and it needs no hemming—you buy it and twist it round your throat once, that's all. Corsages made with a V-cut at the neck are particularly well finished by this simple addition for outdoor wear. Gloves are very dear, and are often dispensed with in simple country dress. Shall we return presently to the more economical and quite pretty fashion that prevailed in the hard times following on the great wars of the Napoleon era, and wear mittens in place of gloves? FLORENA.



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STANDARD

THE ALL BRITISH LIGHT CAR

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motoring Without Petrol.

No, I am not setting out to show how the car can be run without fuel, since I am not the inventor of one of those ultra-economical carburettors which render the petrol like the widow's cruse of oil. If one were to take things too seriously, we should have to believe that there are such carburettors, which will take us a hundred miles on a gallon and still leave us with something over for next day. There may be such, but I have not come across them. What I do mean by the heading of this paragraph is some-

seriously out of joint, but why blame those who try to live as normally as possible? I am as much against the simple "joy-rider" as any, but I don't think it is the least bit fair to "strafe" everyone who uses his car as a means of locomotion, or who goes to his business by motor-bus instead of walking.

In Diminution of Inconvenience.

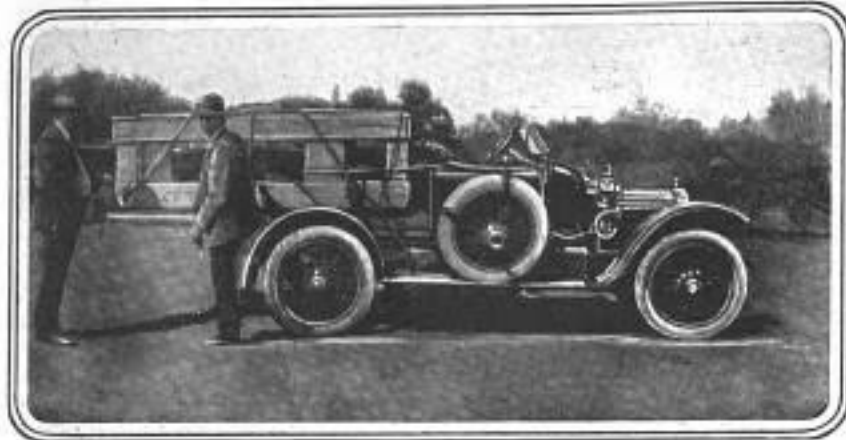
The official allowances of petrol appear to have been allocated on no sort of system. The whole thing is chaotic, and in some cases, no doubt, unintentional injustice has been done. But then, this is bound to be so when a vast organisation has to be created from nothing. Possibly they do these things better in Germany, but we are not organised in our daily life like the Germans, and thus have to extemporise to meet the exigencies as they arise. So it is of no use to complain if the new shoes pinch a little—and what a little it is, after all, in comparison with what others are enduring!

To assist in overcoming the inconvenience caused by the shortage of petrol, I hear of many new fuels, most of

New Carburettors. Naturally, the present state of things has turned attention to the old problem of the paraffin carburettor, with the result that we have come near to a really satisfactory solution. Long before the war there were several devices which enabled paraffin to be successfully used alone, though most—even those of the vapouriser type—required petrol for starting up. Some of them were perfectly satisfactory in their working, though I have never been really keen on adopting them for my own use. Paraffin has an objectionable habit of "creeping," and the car which is run with it as a fuel is certainly not reminiscent of attar of roses. But what is objectionable in normal times is more than tolerable in these, and if I required my car to run a greater mileage than I could achieve on petrol or petrol-paraffin, I should certainly, and without the least hesitation, go for paraffin alone.

Talbots in East Africa.

In writing last week on the work of the motor-car in the East African campaign, I missed what is nearly the star turn of the operations as far as concerns the motor traction end of it. Attached to the R.N. Armoured-Car Section are certain Talbot 25-50-h.p. transport-wagons, which, after doing a considerable amount of work in this country, went to S.W. Africa early last year, and through the campaign there up to the time of the German surrender. They were then sent round to East Africa, arriving there



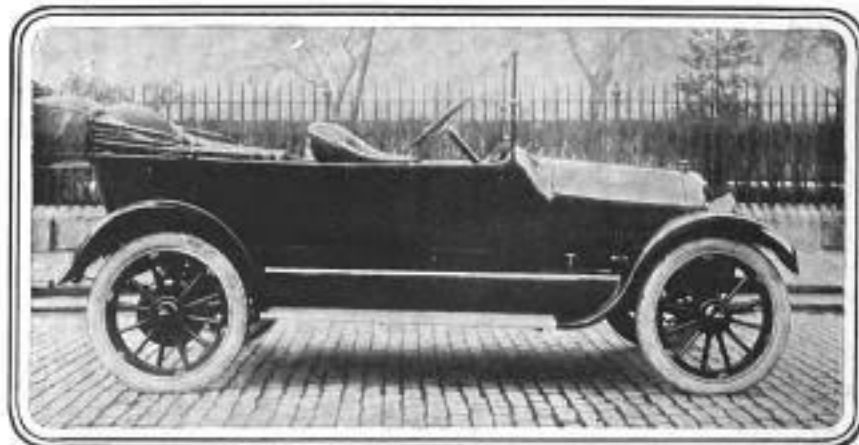
AN ADAPTABLE CAR: A CLEMENT-TALBOT IN AUSTRALIA.

The Talbot cars are well known for their adaptability, and our photograph suggests the varied uses to which they are put by up-country Australian owners. The back has been removed to accommodate an iron casting weighing 150 cwt., which the car carried some 200 miles through a territory where railways and roads are practically non-existent. It is not surprising that Talbot cars have proved so satisfactory in the war.

thing rather different. We are at the moment—thanks to past improvidence and the present needs of the Services—virtually without petrol. It cannot be held that the meagre quantities doled out to us by the constituted authorities are in the nature of a "supply." Therefore, an we want to motor, we must do it without petrol.

I assume that few of the readers of this column are keen on motoring for pleasure nowadays. It is difficult, however, to know where necessity ends and pleasure begins. Therefore, I would judge no one too harshly who uses his car with, possibly, little apparent reason save to please himself. It must be remembered that the use of the car has attained to greater dimensions in this country than in any other save America, and that what was once the hobby and pleasure of a fortunate few is now the every-day method of locomotion of the many. Now, you cannot at one stroke alter the comings and goings of a whole population without causing a serious dislocation of conditions. True, we live in times which are in themselves

them old acquaintances resuscitated for the occasion. On their individual merits I am not inclined to pass judgment now; and, indeed, the task would be too lengthy a one for the space at my disposal. They are all fuels of which petrol forms the basis, and with petrol as a starting-point, we can make our own mixtures. Personally, I have had very good results from the admixture of petrol and paraffin, and have gone as far as 60 per cent. paraffin without trouble. Not that I would recommend so high a percentage in all cases. It must be worked up to by careful experiment, commencing with, say, 30 per cent. of the heavier fuel.



A SHAPELY TOURING CAR: THE 15-20-H.P. "RED."

The commodious car shown in our photograph was designed and built by Mr. R. E. Olds, the well-known American automobile engineer. It is a standard model five-seater, fitted with heavy electric lighting and self-starter, and has detachable wheels and the usual equipment. It can be seen in the show-rooms of the sole concessionaires, Messrs. Gaston, Williams and Wignall, Alexandra House, Kingsway, W.C.

In August of last year. They are, I believe, still doing well. An excellent record, this—100 per cent. of cars on the road after eighteen months of arduous campaigning in country which possesses no roads save by courtesy. W. W.



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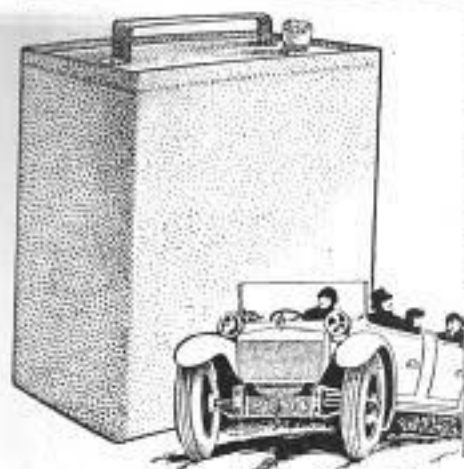
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P. 257



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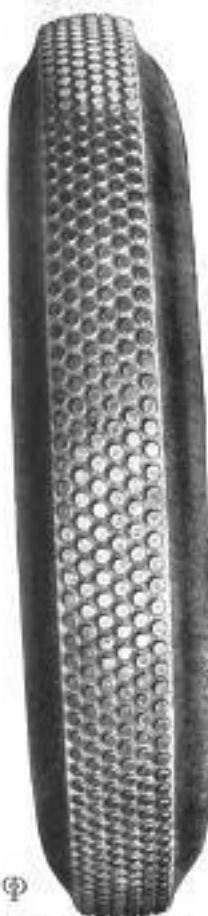
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What does Tyre-Friction cost you in PETROL?

Those motorists who are still fitting old-style canvas tyres are spending one-tenth of their petrol bill on the tyres; for all other tyres than Palmers produce friction in the wrong place—inside the tyres.

Friction in the wrong place is energy misdirected—power wasted. In the case of tyres—too much petrol used.

That Palmer friction-free Cord Tyres actually do save no less than one-tenth the petrol has been proved by tests at Brooklands, in which Palmers were matched against the best ordinary canvas-lined tyres.



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Give a sure road-grip that transmits the utmost engine power to the driving-surface. Palmers live much longer than others because they are friction-free, damp-rot-proof, built up from a foundation of rubber-coated twisted cotton strands instead of the canvas-fabric of ordinary tyres.

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Made in all sizes, with the three-ribbed rubber and the steel-studded tread.



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CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Produced by the old French method of maturing Champagne in the bottle.

Its use reduces Imports. Full of Health, Zest and fine Flavour. The Quintessence of the Apple.

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always the World's Proved
Best Car—will be better
than ever, after the War,
owing to experience gained
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12-Cyl. SUNBEAM-COATALEN Aircraft Engine.

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

War work suits the super-efficient Sunbeam to perfection. It emerges supreme from the stress of it. Our unsurpassed experience of standardising Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engines of unprecedented power and proved reliability in such strenuous employ, constitutes a guarantee alike of our ability and intention to supply the public with finer motor-carriages than ever on the coming of peace.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
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Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LABERGETTE" AT THE GARRICK.

THE matinée performances of "Labergette," in the French original, have been welcome, if only as an object-lesson in the way in which French farce should be played. Here we get from all the artists concerned such pace in acting as renders the audience quite dizzy in the effort to keep up with it, and that is the method wanted in this kind of work, one that does not allow time for any weighing of improbabilities or extravagances. None the less, M. George Desplas and his colleague have got hold of a sufficiently ingenious idea, and make it yield plenty of amusing complications, recalling the while the two Dromios and their "comedy of errors." It is unlikely, no doubt, that a "star" actor should have a double in his own dresser, but grant that initial, suppose the actor to reach a town for a gala production over-come by drink, and imagine his "double" not only taking his place on the stage but succeeding so well as to hoodwink the actor's own wife, and it is easily grasped what a droll game of cross-purposes can be made to result from the masquerade. Producer as well as part-author of the farce, M. Desplas also doubles the rôles of actor and dresser, so that he calls on himself for prodigious efforts, and must rival Fregoli in his lightning changes of costume. But he is quite equal to all his tasks, and gets the most gallant support from his collaborator, M. de Warlaaz, as an irate theatre-manager; from M. Yvan Servais as a sham detective, and from Mlle. Blanche Dargel and Gaby Kessels as the wives who are so confused as to the identity of their husbands. "Labergette" is worthy of a longer run.

Harrogate is in high favour this summer, and has the honour of numbering among its visitors H.M. Queen Alexandra, who arrived there recently on a visit to H.L.H. the Grand Duchess George of Russia, who has returned to her favourite Spa, where she is doing valuable work with her three Convalescent Homes for our wounded soldiers. Queen Alexandra has inspected these Homes, and cheered our brave men by her kindness and sympathy, and a box of "State Express" cigarettes was given by her Majesty to each man, and very highly appreciated by them. Harrogate is enjoying the busiest and most brilliant season it has ever had, and a visit to this delightful Spa is rendering a "cure" at Harrogate as recognised a social function as, in pre-war times, was Cowes Week, Ascot, or Goodwood. Whether for the

"cure," or as a fashionable holiday resort, Harrogate more than retains the reputation it has so well won.

It is to be hoped that a copy of the little book entitled "The Murder of Captain Fryatt" (Hodder and Stoughton, price two pence) will find its way into every home in the Empire. It tells briefly but eloquently the facts concerning that insolent German outrage against international law, and shows beyond question that in taking the action towards a German submarine, for which he was tried and shot by the Germans, Captain Fryatt was absolutely within his rights. The booklet



CANADIANS FELLING ENGLISH TIMBER FOR TRENCH PLANKING: A DETACHMENT'S "SHACK," AND OFFICERS IN CHARGE.

A Canadian "shack" in England is a curiosity. The illustration shows one near Newton Abbot, Devon, built by a Canadian and Canadian-Indian lumbermen detachment, now at work there cutting down and sawing trees into planks for the trenches. The "shack" serves as headquarters, and the C.O. and his Staff are seen in front. (Photo. Alfred.)

gives his personal history and photographs of himself, his wife and children, his home, and his ship. It also contains the King's message to Mrs. Fryatt, and various public pronouncements on the case. It is an unanswerable indictment of German lawlessness in its methods of making war.

The excellent snapshot of the Queen of the Netherlands published in *The Illustrated London News* of Aug. 5 should have been acknowledged as by the Vereenigde Fotobureaux, Amsterdam.

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOONS.

OF all expressions of neutral opinion on the war, the cartoons of the great Dutch artist, Louis Raemaekers, are at once the most powerful and the most sincere. A magnificent album representative of his work has been published by the Fine Art Society, entitled "The Great War: A Neutral's Indictment"; One Hundred Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers; With an Appreciation by H. Perry Robinson, and descriptive notes by E. Garnett. A publishers' note states that "there have been printed of this Edition de Luxe 1050 copies, of which 1000 are for sale. No other edition will be published in the British Dominions." Mr. Robinson, in his excellent essay, suggests that purchasers of the album may find that they have made an unexpectedly good investment, as after the war, when Germany becomes conscious of her guilt, it should be worth a considerable sum to her to make sure that all copies of it are destroyed! Very likely, but we do not think the world will commit such an act of vandalism for any amount of German gold. It is not easy to kill an immortal, and Raemaekers' work will live as an effaceable record of German infamy. His indictment is all the more damning because of its absolute impartiality. At the outset of the war he started, if anything, with a bias in favour of Germany, for his mother was a German, he had spent some years in Germany, and he spoke German more fluently than French or English. His first cartoons merely illustrated his horror of war in general. It was only as events revealed the real criminals that he began the wonderful series of pictorial satires on German cruelty, lust, and unscrupulousness which are now famous throughout the world. "He does not hate Germany because she is German, but because she is foul." It is not surprising that German agents should have tried to intimidate this uncompromising critic and to suppress his work, or that a German sentry told a Dutch sentry across the frontier, that "there was one man in Holland who, if the Dutch soldier could induce him to step across the line, would be worth 12,000 marks." But it was of no avail. The artist's courage in continuing his fearless exposure of Germany's crimes is not less admirable than his consummate draughtsmanship. This sumptuous volume is a fitting record of a great moral achievement as well as of incomparable artistic genius. The hundred plates are reproduced in colours, as tinted by the artist after the original drawings—some in pen and ink, others in charcoal—had been used for journalistic purposes. A signed portrait, in photogravure, of Raemaekers himself, is also included.

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The kidneys should be cleansed every night to prevent accumulation of uric acid, etc., exactly in the same way as the teeth are cleaned to prevent dental caries.



Gout,
Gravel,
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URODONAL should be taken before the occurrence of Rheumatism, Gout, Stone, Gravel, etc.

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are a positive 'social danger.' But with JUBOL there is no risk of this kind, and in a very short time JUBOL will effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

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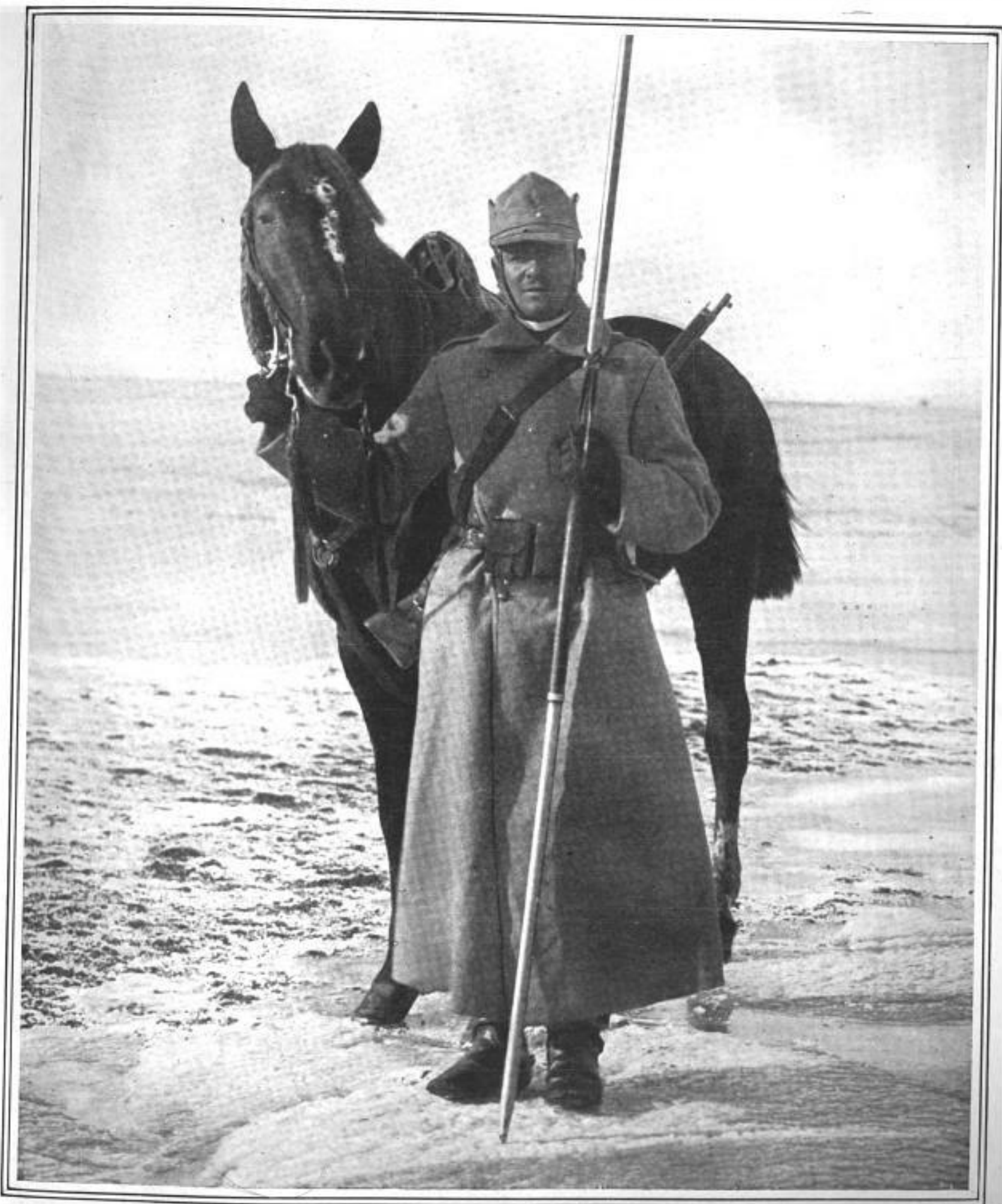
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1532

The International News Company, 85 & 86, Duane Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1916.

Fifteen Cents a Copy.
\$7 a Year in Advance.



OUR NEW ALLY—ROUMANIA'S FINE CAVALRY: A TROOPER OF THE REGULAR ARMY "HEAVIES."

Roumanians take special pride in their cavalry, who are numerous, well equipped, and capably trained, besides being well horsed. Roumania is, in fact, the only Balkan State

so provided. The cavalry are divided into regular, or "heavy," horse; and yeomanry, or "light horse," organised for service either as brigades or independently.

Photograph by C. N.

ROUMANIA JOINS THE ALLIES: SOLDIERS OF A

PHOTOGRAPH



COMPLETELY SUPPLIED WITH A WEAPON OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE ON THE MODERN BATTLEFIELD:
A ROUMANIAN INFANTRY MAXIM SQUAD.



TROOPS ON WHOSE SPECIAL EXCELLENCE THE ROUMANIAN



BATTERIES WITH WHICH CAVALRY BRIGADES ARE EQUIPPED



READY TO DO THEIR PART IN BATTLE ON THE HUNGARIAN PLAINS: ONE OF THE CAVALRY
MACHINE-GUN SECTIONS.



STURDY MARCHERS, KEEN MARKSMEN, AND HARDY SOLDIERS

The Roumanian Army in the First Line for field service, on mobilisation comprises 6 Army Corps and independent cavalry divisions, with artillery and departmental corps attached, numbering in total upwards of 300,000 men. In the Second Line, or Reserve, are 40 battalions of territorials, with 9 artillery batteries. These are enrolled on general mobilisation in divisions to supplement the army corps. By calling up all available men at the time of the Balkan War of 1914, Roumania placed under the colours 600,000 men. The present numbers are estimated at 700,000 men. Each army corps consists of 2 infantry divisions and one or two reserve divisions, together with a cavalry brigade. Two infantry brigades, each comprised of 2 three-battalion regiments, and a chasseur or "rifle" battalion—13 battalions in all—constitute a division. Two cavalry brigades, each of 24 squadrons (or 4 regiments), make a cavalry division. As marksmen the Roumanian rifle battalions have a high reputation, while their cavalry are notably of excellent quality. The artillery is

OF HIGHLY-TRAINED AND WELL-EQUIPPED ARMY.

—BY C.N.



THEY WIDE THEMSELVES: A CAVALRY REGIMENT IN LINE.



WITH A HORSE MAXIM SECTION GALLOPING TO THE FRONT.



INFANTRY IN FIELD KIT PASSING A SALUTING POINT.



ROMANIAN FIELD ARTILLERY, ARMED WITH THE LATEST MODEL KRUPP GUNS: A BATTERY ON THE LINE OF MARCH.



IN ACTION DURING AN ATTACK IN THE OPEN: A CAVALRY MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT AT FIELD-FIRING.

organised in 4-gun batteries, on the French model, grouped in brigades each of 24 batteries (2 regiments) for the field artillery, with three howitzer batteries. Horse-artillery batteries are attached to each cavalry brigade. In addition, there are fortress-artillery companies, engineer battalions, pioneer companies, and the railway battalion. The infantry are armed with the Mannlicher magazine rifle, as used in the Austrian Army, and the cavalry with the Mannlicher carbine. The field and horse artillery batteries are armed with guns of 75-mm. calibre and of recent model. General Averescu, who at the moment is generally reported to be Commander-in-Chief, is a cavalry officer, like Lord French, of whom he is also stated to be a personal friend. General Averescu reorganised the Roumanian Army on modern lines a few years ago, and his abilities are well known in all European military circles. There is also a report that General Iltico may be appointed Commander-in-Chief.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF there is one modern fact for which I must confess an undiluted contempt, it is the fact that the infliction of pain or death is called punishment as long as it is inflicted on the poor and ignorant, and is only blamed as revenge when anyone wishes to inflict it on the wealthy and the strong. It is legal to strangle some miserable creature who has consented to a murder; but it is "vindictive" to shoot a great captain who has commanded a massacre. Pity I can understand, and punishment I can understand; but what are we to say of the servile topsy-turvydom which will punish the most pitiable object and pity a person on the ground that he has hitherto only been envied? Mrs. Swanwick, the Suffragist who has reappeared as a Pacifist, has recently declared that there must be no punishment for the responsible Prussian. She puts it specifically on the ground that they were promised, or promised themselves, the conquest of the whole world; and they have not got it. This, she says, will be punishment enough. If I were to propose, to the group which is supposed to inspire the Pacifist propaganda, that a man who burgled their strong boxes or pilfered their petty cash should suffer no punishment beyond failing to get the money, they would very logically ask me if I was an Anarchist. If I proposed that anybody trying to knife or pistol another person should walk away and resume his daily amusements if the knife broke or the pistol missed fire, they would certainly ask me if I had contemplated the possibility of encouraging the employment of knives and pistols. Crime can be only insufficiently restrained when the alternative is between success and punishment. It could hardly be restrained at all if the alternative were only between success and failure: that is, between success and freedom—including freedom to try again. On these grounds I rather reluctantly accept the necessity of punishing the smaller sort of criminal; though I wish it were done in a less callous and insolent style. But if I am asked to punish every kind of robber except the robber baron, and every kind of cannibal except the King of the Cannibal Islands, I should immeasurably prefer, for my own spiritual good, to be an Anarchist altogether.

Now, the Prussian Junkers have never been anything else but robber barons; and the King of Prussia is to mere international murder exactly what the King of the Cannibal Islands would be to anthropophagy. The fact has long been recognised in the older civilisations of Europe; it only happens to be the first time that the fact has touched ourselves. We are asked to deal tenderly with the robber barons, apparently upon the old ground of hesitating before damning a gentleman of such distinction; and with the King of the Cannibal Islands, apparently upon the old ground of the divinity that doth hedge a king—a remark originally put, appropriately enough in this connection, into the mouth of a usurper and an assassin. This is not Pacifism, nor even idealism of the crankiest kind; it is

a particularly crude and cowardly kind of snobbishness; and there would be infinitely more of the sense of human brotherhood in the most brutal human revenge.

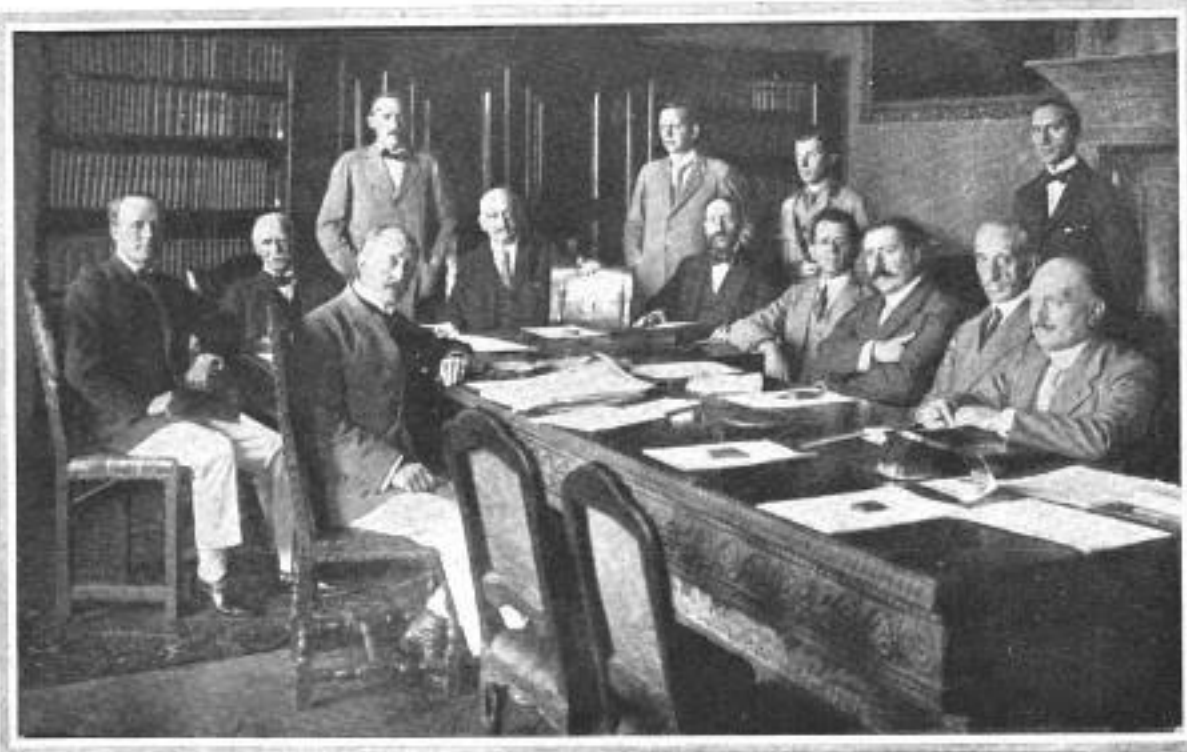
But the theory that Germany (or the power that directs Germany) has been sufficiently humiliated by the failure of her attempt upon the civilised world can be tested in another and a very simple style, by asking whether even those who realise that they have lost this war have any sort of objection in principle to another war. The truth is that even the Prussian who surrenders more arrogantly, and even more menacingly, than anybody else triumphs. Thus Mr. Houston Chamberlain, the remarkable runaway Englishman who has had the privilege of proving in his own person that Germanism is a poison which can work on men of other blood, has written a new pamphlet called "Germany's War Aims," which notably illustrates these two parallel facts and their contrast. Chamberlain is quite sufficiently intelligent and well informed

"But in reality Germany has the means to say 'I,' and to enforce 'I': that is her war aim." Then, after the disclaimer I have already quoted, he adds: "But what must happen is the victorious maintenance of Germany's will against England's will; England's arrogance must be broken, humiliated; England must recognise that Germany is superior to her." And this, we are to remember, is not the pride but the moderation of Germany. This is how she will consent to compromise, not how she would prefer to triumph. This is not the formula in which she would assert her natural claim to destroy and remake mankind; these are the chastened terms in which she renounces it, at least for the time being. I add the last clause, for it is the most practical part of the matter. The extravagance of the passages I have quoted soars beyond the reach of satire; and the mildest thing that can be said about them is also the most important.* And that is the fact that in all Chamberlain's words, moderate or immoderate, there is no suggestion that Germany should not strike again at the first opportunity; but the plainest possible intimation that it will be her duty to do so.

Now, I by no means sneer at the sentiment which would spare to a sinner any penalty beyond his own sorrow. I think it the worst and widest gap in the historical imagination of the moderns that they cannot realise the revolution wrought in this matter even by the official Christianity at which they are always jeering. I think it a colossal fact that the Church created a machinery of pardon, where the State could only work by a machinery of punishment. I think even the State might safely pardon a vast number of those it punishes; and if I were myself in contact with a burglar who was sorry for his burglary, I think it highly probable that

the burglar would escape. He cries aloud in despair that there is "nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for," not because Germany was ready "to begin war," but because she was not ready to end it by ending a good many other things as well. It is still the first clause in his simple Christian creed "to say 'I' and to enforce 'I'." He only appeals for our sympathy because he has found it possible to say "I" (which does not seem so very difficult) but has found that "to enforce 'I'" is, comparatively speaking, the devil of a business. If such a philosopher despairs and gives himself up to the police, it is not in the least because he has failed as a moralist, but solely because he has failed as a burglar. So far from regarding his failure even as a sufficient punishment for his crime, he does not admit that there has been any crime, and therefore, very naturally and logically, will not admit that there has been any punishment. If in the face of such brazen insolence and impenitence, we permit the German Empire to escape and to strike again, I shall for once appear among the apologists of the Germans; for I really do not think that the Germans will be to blame.

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THE ANGLO-ITALIAN TRADE CONFERENCE AT PALLANZA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE: THE MEMBERS (INCLUDING MR. RUNCIMAN AND SIR RENNELL RODD) AT THEIR FINAL SITTING.

The conference was held in Comm. Capel Carr's villa at Pallanza from August 9 to 14, Great Britain being represented by Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Rennell Rodd, British Ambassador to Italy. Taking the seated figures round the table, the names are: Comm. Capel Carr, Mr. Runciman (on extreme left), Sir R. Rodd, Signor Arletta (Minister of Railways and Merchant Marine), Signor de Nava (Minister of Industry and Commerce), Comm. Atolico, Signor Guffrida, Signor Laviosa, and Count Rosini. Standing behind Comm. Atolico is Capt. Clement Jones (in uniform).

to know that, by this time, it is impossible for the Germans to crush altogether what they call (very absurdly) "the world-dominion of England." He therefore carefully insists that "even if Germany were armed for such undertakings, they would be neither in her practical interests nor in accord with her ideals." In other words, he sees that the largest and simplest of the ambitions of "Der Tag" is already hopeless.

What is his general view of German rights and duties in the universe and in the future? It is stated clearly enough: "If Germany is not conscious of having taken over from God a world-mission, . . . if it does not trust itself to accomplish more and other things than the little world-dominating island people . . . then there is nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for; and it was criminal folly to begin war instead of obediently submitting at the very outset to the 'world-powers,' England and Russia." It will be noted that Houston Chamberlain cheerfully confesses that the Germans did "begin war," and only admits it to be criminal on the supposition that it is folly; that is, that the Germans were not prepared to play their domineering part to its last extreme. Again, he says, in his queer metaphysical dialect,

OUR NEW ALLY: ROUMANIAN POLITICAL AND MILITARY LEADERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIETTA; HEAD OF M. FILIPESCU BY FODGSON.



THE ROUMANIAN PREMIER AND MINISTER OF WAR:
M. ION I. BRĂTIANU.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROUMANIAN
ARMY: GENERAL AVERESCU.



A PRO-ALLIES LEADER OF THE ROUMANIAN IRREDENTIST PARTY:
M. NICU FILIPESCU.



A PRO-ALLIES LEADER OF THE ROUMANIAN IRREDENTIST PARTY
M. TAKE JONESCU.

M. Brătianu is the son of another eminent statesman, M. Ion Brătianu, who was Premier for twelve years. The present Premier was born in 1866 and began life as a railway engineer, but later turned to politics and entered Parliament in 1895. In 1908 he became Leader of the Liberal Party and Prime Minister, remaining in power for two years. In 1913 he served in the Army, as a captain, during the invasion of Bulgaria. After the Treaty of Bucharest he returned to power as head of the present Liberal Government.—General Averescu, according to the "Evening Standard," is the new Commander-in-Chief of the Roumanian Army, which he reorganised nine years ago. At the moment of writing

General Ilescu has also been mentioned in connection with the chief command.—M. Filipescu and M. Jonescu are the two most prominent leaders of the Roumanian Irredentists, who have all along strenuously advocated the cause of the Allies and Roumania's entry into the war on their side. M. Filipescu was formerly War Minister in a Conservative Government, and at the outset of the war became Leader of the Conservative Party. M. Jonescu entered Parliament in 1885 as a Liberal, but later became a Conservative, and for twenty years from 1888 onwards was in every Conservative Cabinet. In 1908 he founded the Liberal-Conservative Party.

OUR NEW ALLY: THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AND HER CHILDREN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A. AND MASEY.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF KING FERDINAND.

H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS: SECOND SON OF THE KING
OF ROUMANIA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE, SECOND DAUGHTER
OF KING FERDINAND.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES, HEIR TO THE THRONE:
ELDEST SON OF KING FERDINAND.

H.M. QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA: WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS ILEANA,
HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

The Queen of Roumania is of British birth, being the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, who was also Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and a brother of King Edward the Seventh. Her Majesty is, therefore, a cousin of King George, which makes the alliance of King Ferdinand and his gallant countrymen a peculiarly gratifying fact. Our photographs show H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, born in 1894; Prince Nicholas, born in 1903; Princess

Marie, born in 1900; Prince Charles, who is Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, Lieutenant, 1st Rifle Battalion, 4th *de* suite 18th "Vologda" Russian Infantry Regiment, and was born in 1893; and H.M. Queen Marie, one of the most beautiful royal ladies in Europe, with her youngest daughter, the Princess Ileana, born in 1909. Their Majesties have one more son, Prince Mircea, born in January 1913.

OUR NEW ALLY: "THE MOST ARDENT ANGLOPHILE IN EASTERN EUROPE."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANDY.



THE RULER OF ROUMANIA, WHICH HAS DECLARED WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: HIS MAJESTY KING FERDINAND.

King Ferdinand succeeded to the throne of Roumania on the death of his uncle, King Carol, on October 10, 1914. He was declared heir to the throne, with the title of Crown Prince, after his elder brother's renunciation of the succession, by a royal decree in 1889. About four years later, on January 10, 1893, he married Princess Marie, the eldest and most beautiful of the four daughters of the late Duke of Edinburgh (afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), son of Queen Victoria. King Ferdinand is a Hohenzollern, but not of the same branch of that family as the Kaiser, and since his accession he

has shown no partiality for things German. On the other hand, his predilection for this country is very pronounced, and he has, of course, been a frequent visitor to our shores. A well-known Roumanian said of him last year: "King Ferdinand is probably the most ardent Anglophile in Eastern Europe, while the Queen, of course, as daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, is first cousin to King George. For this reason, as we say in Bucharest, 'roast beef is always to be found at the palace.'" King Ferdinand has three sons and three daughters. Prince Carol, the Crown Prince, was born in 1893.

THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE ON THE SOMME: TROOPS WHO

ALL BUT ONE, BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



MEN OF AN ENGLISH COUNTY REGIMENT THAT DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: GALLANT WILTSHIRES GOING TO THE FRONT.



GUARDING A MUNITION DEPOT ON THE FRONT.



INGENUOUSLY IMPROVED UPHOLSTERY: OFFICERS OF A MOTOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERY RESTING ON ARM-CHAIRS MADE FROM RATION BOXES.

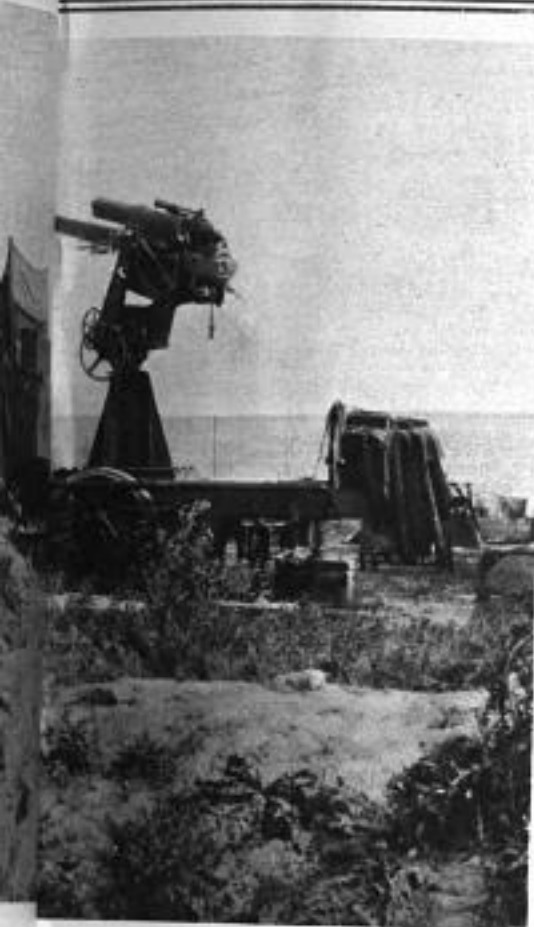


BESIDE A NEAT PIECE OF TRENCH BRIDGING WORK.

The defeat of the Prussian Guard before Thiepval was a brilliant incident in the recent fighting on our front. The splendid spirit and cheerful demeanour of the gallant men from two English shires, to whom the credit for the achievement is principally due, is very visible in the two end photographs in the upper row above. An official despatch from General Headquarters of August 26 stated: "Last night (the enemy) delivered an attack in considerable force on our new trenches south of Thiepval village. This attack was made by troops of the Prussian Guard and was preceded by a very heavy bombardment, which commenced at 7 p.m. The attack was launched about 7.30 p.m. and was pressed with determination, but was everywhere repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy, and we have maintained all our positions. The success of our defence is largely due to the steadiness and determined gallantry of Wiltshire and Worcestershire men, who, in spite of being subjected to a very heavy bombardment, steadily maintained their positions and repulsed the determined

BEAT THE PRUSSIAN GUARD; AND OTHER WAR SCENES.

UPPER MIDDLE ONE, A FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



THE FRONT: A BRITISH MOTOR-MOUNTED GUN.



MEN OF AN ENGLISH COUNTY REGIMENT THAT DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: GALLANT WORCESTERS GOING TO THE FRONT.



THE BRITISH TRENCHES OVERHAULING THEIR RIFLES

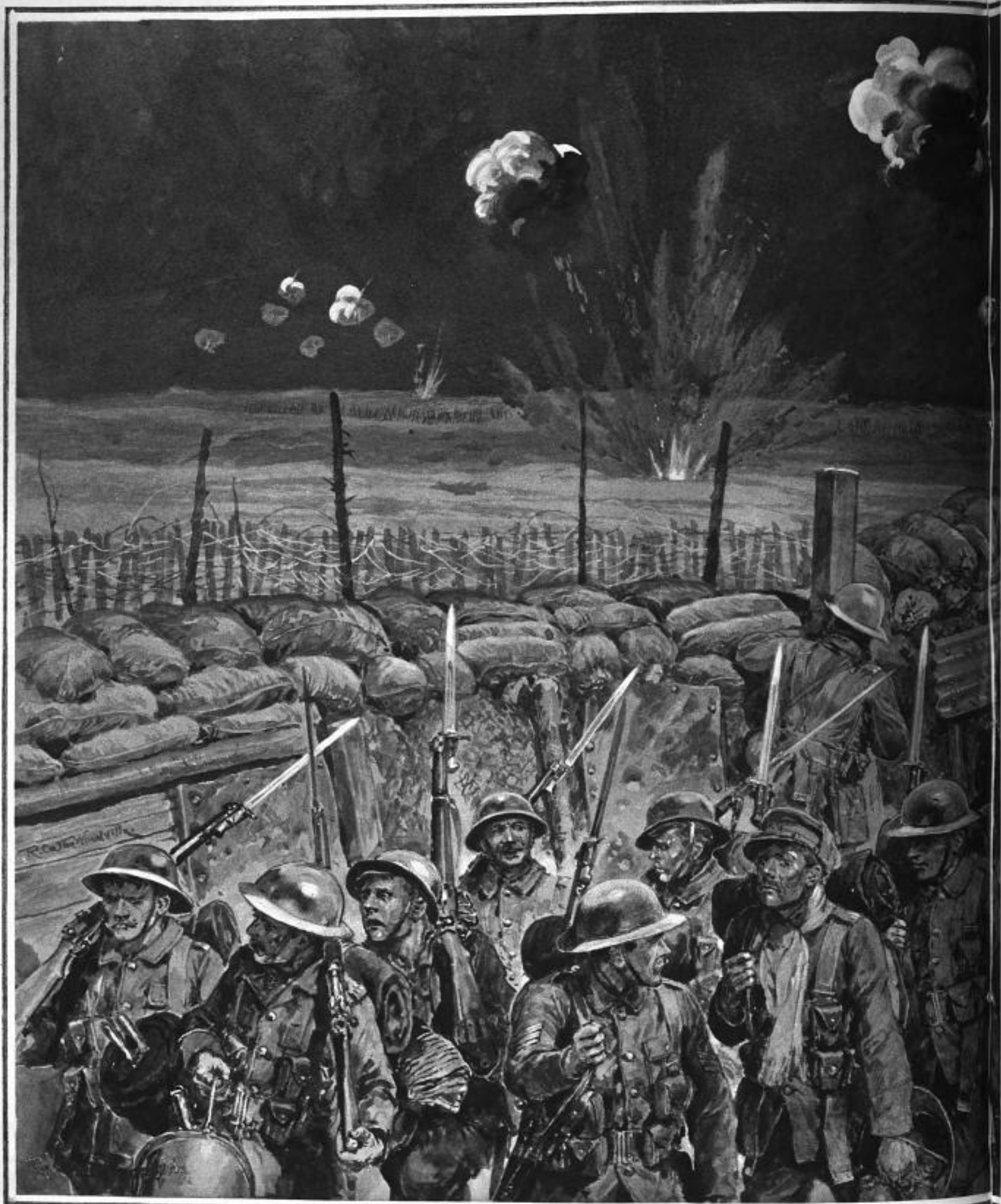


THE MATUTINAL "TUB" IN THE TRENCHES: A BRITISH OFFICER ENJOYING HIS MORNING SHOWER-BATH

assault of the enemy." In an inspiring account of the Thiepval success, and of the general spirit of the British troops, a "Times" correspondent writes: "It was supremely thrilling to watch, and the impression which it leaves on one is of mingled terror and admiration of the power and excellence of our new artillery and the perfect gallantry of our men. The men were from English counties—Wiltshires and Worcestershires—soldiers of as stout a courage and as fine and knightly a spirit as had any men who ever fought. . . . One has seen a very great deal of the Army; of the troops as they went into and came out of the fighting line and of all the great machines with which such a war as this is waged. Never have I been more impressed with the quality of that machine. There is no shadow of a sign of staleness or of failing competence. The men . . . are fresh and fighting fit, full of health and jesting and laughter."

"THE PICKS HAVE STOPPED: CLEAR THE TRENCH!"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WAR OFFICE.



WHEN A WARNING SILENCE UNDERGROUND INDICATES THAT THE GERMAN MINERS EVACUATING A SECTION OF TRENCH

An illustration in our last number showed an enormous crater caused by a mine-explosion, resembling that of a volcano, with sides like a steep cliff. It was fifty to sixty yards across, and over a hundred feet deep. Naturally, the greatest precautions are taken to detect the enemy's mining operations. Our drawing shows the moment just after the order has been given: "The picks have stopped—clear the trench!" The troops are marching out laden with all the belongings they can carry. In the middle two men are seen listening, one with his ear to the ground, for the sounds—or cessation of sounds—below the surface; while another is watching through a periscope for any signs of activity in the enemy's trenches. An officer describing such a scene says: "The sound of the pick can be heard in general distinctly and plainly from within the lowest dug-out, and the moment the sound ceases the order is

AVOIDING THE PERIL OF THE UNDERGROUND MINE.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER.



HAVE CEASED TUNNELLING, AND ARE PLACING THEIR EXPLOSIVES: BRITISH TROOPS THREATENED BY A HOSTILE MINE.

given to evacuate the trench, when the Tommies will take all their goods and chattels with them, as then comes the placing of the powder." Listening is done in many cases by sinking a shaft in the direction of the sound. Mr. Philip Gibbs has told how a General said to him one day when he was going to visit the British lines: "You are in luck. Our miners down in the Bois Français have heard the enemy's picks. They expect a mine to go up in half-an-hour or so. You had better get along and have a look at it." A mine explosion is usually followed by an infantry attack. A Reuter message said recently, regarding the Ypres district: "There has been an increase in the hand-to-hand fighting of late in this part of the line, due largely to the ever-growing practice of mine-springing. The craters formed are invariably the goals for a rush and a counter-rush."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE ON THE SOMME: INFANTRY

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH (LONG-RANGE)



THE ÉLAN OF THE FRENCH INFANTRY: TROOPS OF THE "IRON DIVISION" ADVANCING THROUGH BARBED



CONTINUALLY POUNDING GERMAN POSITIONS BEHIND THE FRONT: FRENCH HEAVY LONG-RANGE GUNS IN ACTION ON THE SOMME.



ANNAITE TROOPS IN FRANCE EMPLOYED ON THE UP POTATOES

The French troops on the Somme have been making continual progress since the first victorious onrush. At the moment of writing, their latest success has been the capture of Maurepas and an advance beyond that village, since hindered by bad weather. An official communiqué of August 24 stated: "North of the Somme our troops . . . attacked the German positions in the Maurepas region, and, after carrying in one rush the part of the village which the enemy was still holding and the adjoining trenches, carried their line over 200 yards beyond, on a front of about one mile and a quarter. . . . We took 200 prisoners and captured 10 machine-guns." Later communiqués, of the 25th, said: "Our troops consolidated themselves during the night on the ground captured north and north-east of Maurepas. . . . On the Somme front we continued during the day our artillery fire on the German organisations. The number of prisoners captured by us during yesterday's fighting amounts at present to 600. Eight more machine-guns were found to-day in that part of Maurepas which we have

ATTACKING; GUNS; HARVESTING; ARTILLERY INSTRUCTION.

GUNS; OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, ETC.



WIRE AT THE DOUBLE, TOWARDS A GERMAN POSITION KNOWN AS THE "GENDARME'S CAP," NEAR CURLU.

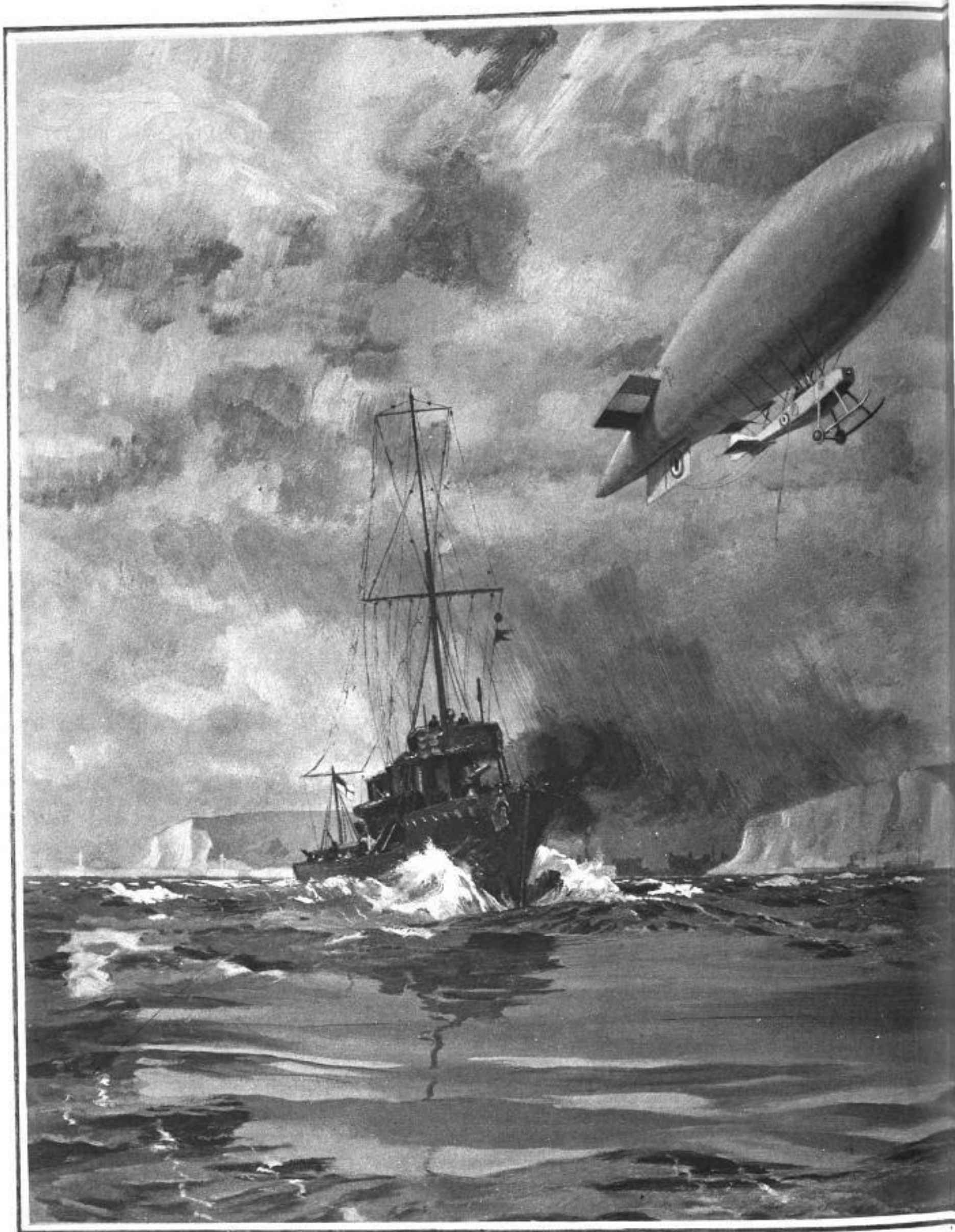


WAR HARVEST: WORKING A MACHINE FOR PLOUGHING ON A FARM.



A FRENCH ARTILLERY-INSTRUCTION SCHOOL BEHIND THE FRONT: MEN LEARNING HOW TO USE GUNS OF 120-MM. CALIBRE.

captured." The upper photograph on this page shows a typical scene at the opening of a French infantry attack in the Somme area. The troops advanced covered by the French artillery's barrage fire, which continued until they were climbing the opposite slope. The other three photographs illustrate various activities behind the French front. In one we see some of our Allies' heavy long-range guns keeping up their continual bombardment of the German positions and forces behind the enemy's first line. The incessant shower of big, high-explosive shells which the French guns of this type send over is doing a great deal to weaken and demoralise the enemy. Another photograph shows how the French artillery is constantly training new men to take their place at the front. In certain districts the French have employed their Annamite troops from the Far East on harvest work, owing to the shortage of labour caused by the war. Agriculturists as Annam natives are at home, the experiment should succeed.



THE TELL-TALE OIL-PATCH: A GERMAN SUBMARINE ATTACK

This illustration is specially interesting as giving stay-at-home folks a glimpse of one of the many activities of our coast-watch squadrons. It goes far, at the same time, to explain how it is that our transports and munition-ships are able to cross to and fro between England and France in safety; while food-ships for the people of these isles arrive in port unharmed by the German "U"-boat menace—999 out of every 1000, practically. The British airship seen hovering overhead "spotted" an enemy

DRAWN BY CHARLES FRANKS. COPYRIGHTED



CKED BY A BRITISH AIRSHIP AND DESTROYERS, OFF DOVER.

submarine. From high up in the air it is possible to see objects at some depth below the surface in fairly smooth water. The airship called up the two destroyers, which, catching the submarine in the act of emerging, fired at it, whereupon the "U"-boat disappeared. The destroyers are seen racing to the spot, where they find a wide patch of oil on the surface of the water. The tell-tale oil enables the destruction of the submarine to be reported as "probable."

ED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

REORGANISED AND MOST EFFICIENT: THE SERBIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

SERBIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE REORGANISATION: A SERBIAN "SOIXANTE-QUINZE" FIELD-GUN SHELLING THE BULGARIAN LINES.



CUTTING A MOUNTAIN ROAD TO AN ADVANCED CAMP ON THE FRONTIER: A SERBIAN REGIMENT ON PIONEER DUTY.



LENDING A HELPING HAND TO A BRITISH A.S.C. MOTOR-LORRY IN DIFFICULTIES: SERBIAN SOLDIERS HAULING THE VEHICLE TO FIRM GROUND.



A FRONTIER BATTLE IN PROGRESS: ONE OF THE SERBIAN MOUNTAIN GUNS SUPPLIED BY FRANCE IN ACTION.



IN WELL-SHELTERED VANTAGE GROUND BETWEEN BOULDERS: A HOTCHKISS AUTOMATIC GUN FIRING ON BULGARIANS AT SIX HUNDRED YARDS.

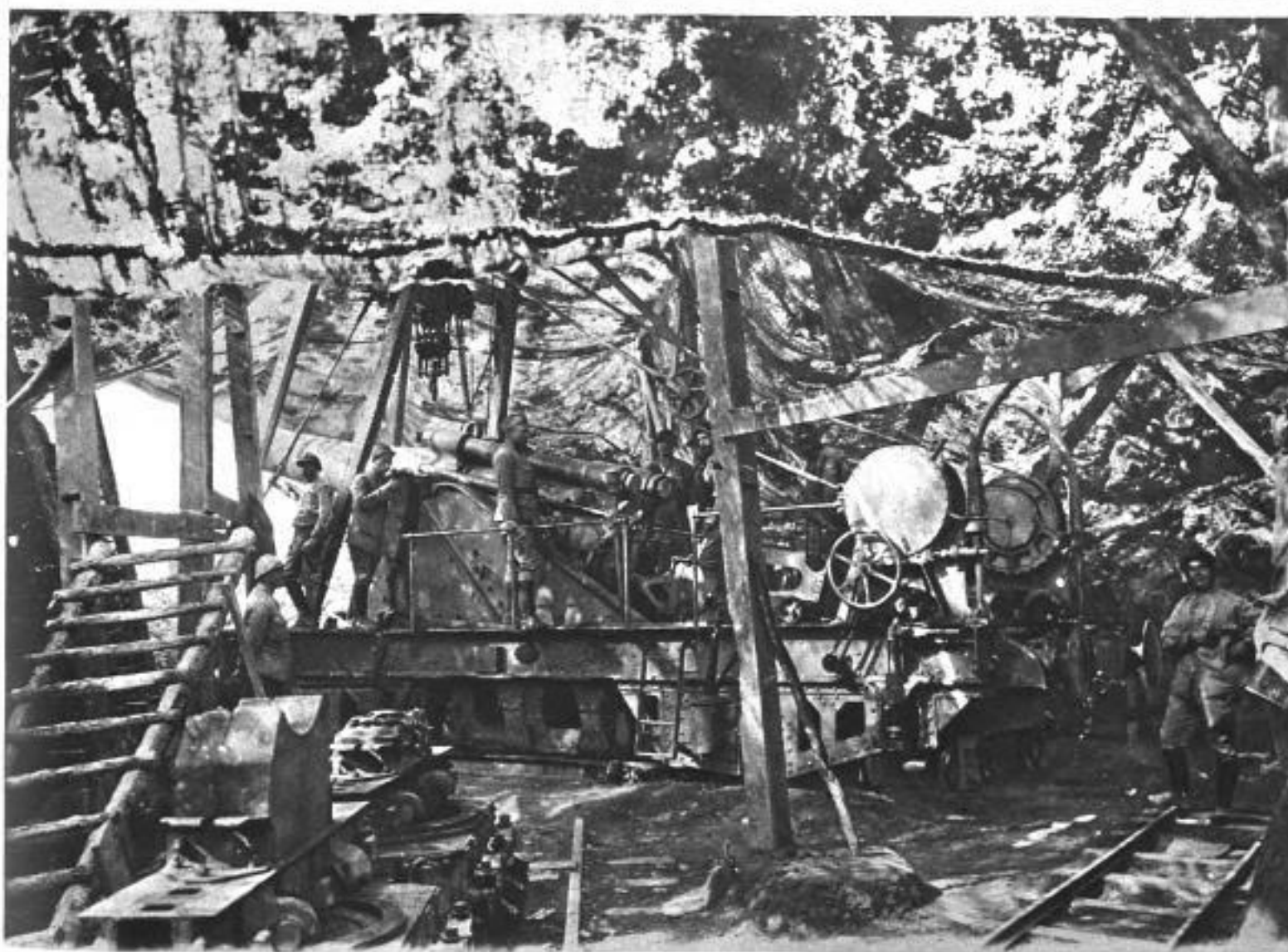
"The Serbs and Bulgarians," says the Paris "Expert Commentator" (the French equivalent of the former "Eye-Witness" at the British front), "are at grips for the possession of the railway from Monastir to Salonika, in the region where the line goes round Lake Ostrove. Our gallant Serbian allies are repelling with great obstinacy the most desperate Bulgarian attacks." Our illustrations show Serbian soldiers of the revived and reorganised Serbian Army as they are now taking the field successfully. France has had the principal part in their re-equipment in war matériel, as, incidentally, the first, fourth, and fifth illustrations show. In the first illustration the gun-team of a "Soixante-

Quinze" provided by France is seen in action, wearing steel helmets and French-cut uniforms. In the fourth illustration a French mountain-gun, as used in the French batteries brigaded with the Chasseurs Alpains, is seen in action. In the fifth illustration Serbians are using a French pattern Hotchkiss automatic gun against Bulgarians opposite, six hundred yards away. One of the Serbians, lying on his back (possibly because of a wound) is seen engaged in supplying the gunner with the rigid clips of cartridges which in the case of the Hotchkiss gun take the place of the flexible belt that is used with the Maxim gun of the British service.

ON THE SOMME FRONT: THE BUSINESS-LIKE FRENCH ARTILLERY.



ONE OF THE LATEST THINGS IN MOBILE ARTILLERY: A FRENCH MOTOR BATTERY HALTED WHILE EN ROUTE TO ITS FIRING POINT.



A FRENCH BIG GUN AT ITS FIRING POINT: SCREENED FROM ENEMY OBSERVATION BY A SPECIES OF LEAFY PERGOLA.

dition to the regular horsed batteries of artillery of the orthodox kind, field and artillery, there are on the Western Front, as our upper illustration shows, motor es of artillery of various calibres—light guns, medium guns, heavy guns. One of rench motor batteries, which can manoeuvre in the open with the same exactness using and intervals between the guns as regular batteries of the older type, is seen road to the front, temporarily halted to await orders as to destination or point. The gunners and motor-drivers of the battery, seen in service kit with

steel helmets, all travel on the motor carriages with the guns, instead of, as with horsed batteries, riding on the gun-carriages, limbers, and ammunition-wagons or caissons. In the lower illustration a French heavy gun, such as travel on specially laid lines of rail by reason of their ponderous weight, is seen at its place of action, about to open fire when the telephoned order arrives. To screen its position from prying enemy eyes in "spotting" aircraft or from view by telescopes in the enemy's lines far in front, a special pergola-like overhead leaf-and-branch screen has been erected.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT: CELEBRATIONS IN JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



A YOKOHAMA GARDEN PARTY: (L. TO R.) VICE-ADMIRAL KATO; MARQUIS OKUMA (PREMIER); MAYOR ANDO; M. KRUPENSKY (RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR); VISCOUNT ISHII.



AT THE SEIYOKEN, UYENO PARK, TOKYO: (L. TO R.) BARON SHIBUSAWA; PRINCE TOKUGAWA; MR. NAKANO; M. KRUPENSKY; MARQUIS OKUMA.



A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT IN THE UYENO PARK CELEBRATIONS: PART OF A GREAT LANTERN PROCESSION OF 40,000 PEOPLE.



A VERY POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT AT THE YOKOHAMA GARDEN PARTY IN HONOUR OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT: A GEISHA DANCE.



A RUSSIAN CONTRIBUTION TO THE GARDEN PARTY: THE KAMENSKY COMPANY OF RUSSIAN DANCERS, WITH THE MAYOR OF YOKOHAMA (THIRD FROM LEFT.)

The Agreement concluded between Russia and Japan regarding affairs in the Far East, and signed at Petrograd early in July, was made the occasion of enthusiastic celebrations in Japan. On July 18 the municipality of Yokohama gave a grand garden party at the Recreation Ground, which was attended by the Premier, Marquis Okuma, the Russian Ambassador, M. Krupensky, and other notabilities. Among the entertainments were dances by Japanese geisha and a company of Russian dancers. The first photograph shows the opening of the proceedings with the playing of the "Kimigayo" by a Japanese

naval band. At Tokio, on July 30, celebrations were held at the Seiyoken in Ueno Park, the largest pleasure-ground of the capital. Congratulatory addresses were read by Prince Tokugawa and the Russian Ambassador, and the Marquis Okuma also spoke. A dinner party followed, and in the evening there was a great lantern procession, in which 40,000 people participated. They marched to the Imperial Palace, where they gave three cheers for the Emperor, and then to the Russian Embassy, where a congratulatory address was read by Mr. Hoskins, president of the committee which organized the procession.

RUSSIANS WHO TAKE MANY PRISONERS: COSSACKS AND CAPTIVES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



WITH A WOUNDED ENEMY ON A COSSACK'S HORSE: SOME OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN CAVALRY BRINGING IN AUSTRO-GERMAN PRISONERS.

According to statements in Petrograd telegrams, upwards of half-a-million German and Austrian prisoners had been taken up to the last week of August by the armies under the supreme command of General Brusiloff. The bulk of the prisoners fall to the Cossacks in following up the broken battalions of the enemy. They are likely to be heard of more and more now that the Russians are getting through the enemy's main fortified defence belt. The Cossacks spread themselves over the country in pursuing

detachments between and in advance of the main attacking columns after each battle. To harry the Austrian and German fugitives is a rôle the Cossacks are specially adept at. With the humanity characteristic of all Russian soldiers, to whatever branch of the Army they belong, the Cossacks do what they can for enemies they come across. As seen in the illustration, they help along the footsore or give lifts on horseback to those unable to walk.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY.



A SELLER OF PILLS FOR THE FACE AND OF PILLS, — AN (FIERCE) ALCHEMIST OF THE 19TH CENTURY.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II. RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (S. LUTHER).



THE DUKES OF NORMANDY (Duke of Normandy) CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (S. LUTHER).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

EVERYBODY should be convinced by this time that flies in a house are a danger to the health of its human inhabitants. The fact that they breed and are bred in filth, their habit of vomiting over everything they touch, their capacity as carriers of disease-germs, and, last but not least, the nervous irritation they cause both by buzzing in one's ears and crawling over the exposed surfaces of the head and hands—all this makes them the most undesirable of house-companions.

As against these drawbacks, the one good deed that can be credited to them is the laying of eggs in putrefying meat which quickly hatch out into maggots or "gentles," and thereby prevent us from ingesting ptomaines or other fatal products of putrefaction. As, however, anyone possessed with a working sense of smell can give the same warning as the gentles, it seems hardly worth while to put up with the disagreeable companionship of the fly for the sake of this slight benefit.

The problem, then, is how to rid our houses of these unpleasant guests. One of the oldest and not the least efficient methods is to put about the rooms the sticky sheets covered with a preparation of beer and sugar, called "catch-em-alive-oh's"; another, to use papers soaked in an arsenical solution and set afloat in a shallow vessel of water. The drawback is that in either case you have to remove the corpses of your victims, and that you get more than your fair share of living flies. Whether the fly works by sight, by scent, or by both combined, is not yet accurately determined; but it is certain that the news that sugar is to be had for the hunting in the case of the sticky stuff, and water in that of the fly-paper, spreads among the buzzing tribe like the Fiery Cross in the Highlands; and in a short time after either trap is laid you will have hundreds of victims anxious to immolate themselves over and above those who would normally visit you. This inconvenience is avoided by the use of sprayers, such as are now sold at a fairly reasonable rate, which squirt into the air a solution of formaline or some other fly-destroying liquid, after the manner of the German *Flammenwerfer*. This kills or stupefies the flies, so that they can easily be swept up, but involves a certain amount of labour on the part of their executioners, as also a corresponding expense. A pleasanter but not so effective remedy, of the same kind, is to fill the room with the scent of

sweet-pea blossoms, which, if strong enough, renders flies insensible, and perhaps drives them away.

The genius of our French friends, however, has now hit upon another plan, which is free from all the drawbacks just described. M.M. Galaine and Houlbert, in a recent communication to the Académie

from their unwelcome attentions. But, as living in the dark during our few hours of sunlight to escape the flies would be like burning down one's house to get rid of the rats, it occurred to the two French savants just named to inquire whether what is darkness to the flies is darkness to us, and they found that it is not. A series of careful experiments with a room lighted by only one window, and that filled with panes of glass of different colours, convinced them that the eye of the house-fly is only sensitive to a small part of the solar spectrum as visible to us.

Thus to the fly, red light is darkness, as are violet and indigo. Blue and green affect him slightly, but unpleasantly; while the yellow and orange rays are tolerated, but avoided if possible—the four last colours probably producing on him a twilight effect. Hence you have only to filter the sunlight admitted to your apartment through a screen of red, blue, or green glass to immobilise its fly population, and to deceive them into thinking it is night.

The beauty of this method is, as its authors point out in their communication, that it is strictly scientific. In a closed room lighted by a window of blue glass, the flies already there remain inactive. But this is not all. If an exit be provided for them, admitting a shaft of white light, they all make through it to join the open air, and you thus augment the number of departures. At the same time, you reduce the number of arrivals, for the fly is as unoriginal as a German, and is as likely to try to bore an entrance into what seems to him a dark room through an out-rushing crowd of his fellows as a playgoer to seek an entrance to his place of amusement just when the audience is leaving it.

Hence a window filled with coloured glass containing a swinging pane through which white light can be admitted, answers all the purpose, and M.M. Galaine and Houlbert suggest that such an affair should be fitted in all hospitals and hospital-ships whenever practicable. As no one but a photographer wants to live in a red room, they suggest that the prevailing colour of the glass shall be blue or green, although, as they point out, the many-coloured glass of our cathedrals can and does produce the same effect. If this were done, our wounded, especially in hot climates, would have reason to rejoice that the fly is naturally afflicted with what we call colour-blindness, and the French "Daltonisme."

F. L.



DRESS FOR FLYING-MEN: EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The officer commanding the United States Army's first Aero Squadron is having experiments made with a view to finding the best dress for naval and military flying-men. Four "uniforms" tested are shown here. The officers on the left and right are wearing reindeer-skin coats; the coat which looks like astrakhan is buffalo; the other uniform is of canvas, with a covering for the head and the lower part of the face.

Photograph by C.N.

des Sciences, tell us of a fact they have just discovered, which offers a new way of dealing with these pests. Flies, luckily for us, are inactive or quiescent

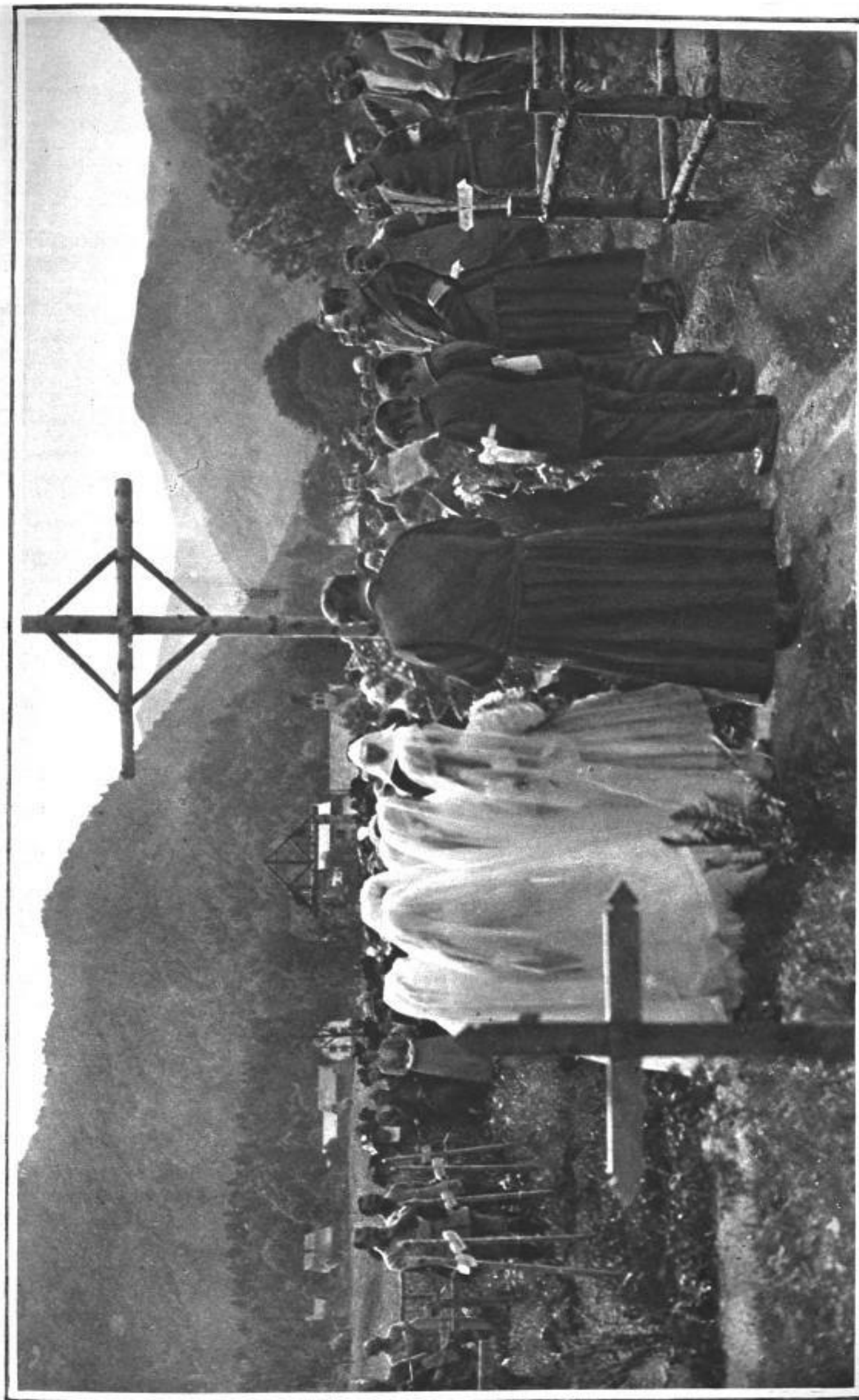


AT THE SALONIKA FRONT: A RELIEF PARTY OF TRENCH-MORTAR BOMBERS COMING OUT OF A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH. Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

in the dark, which looks as if they hunt by sight rather than by scent. Hence, as most Eastern travellers know, a carefully darkened room is generally free

to rejoice that the fly is naturally afflicted with what we call colour-blindness, and the French "Daltonisme."

A PICTURE BY THE CAMERA: A FIRST COMMUNION IN ALSACE.



PRAYERS AT THE GRAVES OF SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE WAR: THE COMMUNICANTS.

The simple dignity of this solemn service in an Alsatian village, with the white-garbed girls and the boys with their white armlets, who are attending their first Communion, is very evident, although no "golden crozier" or white-robed acolytes are to be seen. The association of the young girls with this service, so reminiscent of the brave men who held their lives in their hands every hour and laid them down gladly at the call of their country, is full of sympathetic suggestion. The first Communion

is always an epoch-making incident in the spiritual life of both girls and boys; and, coupled as it was, in this Alsatian ceremony, with the memory of the men who have given their lives for France and civilisation, it will remain an ineffaceable memory. "When her prayer was done," it has been said of a girl at her first Communion, "she still knelt there . . . on her face the look that made people say, 'What does she see?—the angels or the dead?'"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, LANGFIRE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, STUART, MAULL AND FOX, KETTERHILL COLLINGS, AND HILLS AND SANDWICH.



MAJOR D'ARCY EDWARDES,
Dragon Guards, attached Welsh Regt. Son of
late George Edwardes, the famous theatrical
manager.



LIEUT.-COL. C. E. BOOTE,
N. Staffs Regt. Son of late
Richard Boote, of Shallow-
ford, Norton Bridge.



MAJOR W. W. MOORS,
Canadian Infantry. Reported
by the War Office as killed in
action.



LIEUT.-COL. J. L. SWAINSON, D.S.O.,
Royal Lancaster Regt. Twice mentioned in
despatches. Son of Mrs. Swainson, Stonecroft,
Kendal.



CAPTAIN B. SWINTON SMITH-MASTERS,
Essex Regt. Awarded Military Cross.
Son of Rev. J. E. Smith-Masters,
Banbury.



2ND LT. BASIL C. UNNEY,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Percy Unney, Roslin,
King's Road, Richmond.



CAPT. J. H. GULLILAND,
Essex Regt. Son of Mr. Collis
C. Gulliland, of Calcutta, and
Glenholme, North Foreland.



CAPTAIN J. P. TIGHE,
Royal Irish Regt. Fought in South Africa and
India. In present war awarded D.C.M. and
Russian Order of St. George.



STAFF-CAPTAIN JOHN GRAHAME
HURDWOOD,
Infantry Brigade. Killed in action. Resided
at Whitford House, St. Margaret's-on-Thames.



CAPT. W. G. CASSELS,
Border Regt. Left St. John's
College, Cambridge, to join the
Army, October 1914.



CAPT. BASIL HALLAM
RADFORD, R.F.C.
The brilliant young actor "Basil
Hallam." Killed on service.



CAPT. H. C. MULKERN,
R.A.M.C. Killed on service.
Was in practice at Kingston-
on-Thames before the war.



CAPTAIN K. H. A. KELLIE, M.B.,
M.R.C.P.,
Royal Army Medical Corps. Physician to the
Belgrave Hospital for Children.



LIEUT.-COL. JULIAN TENSION, R.N.,
Son of late Charles MacCarthy Tension
and of Mrs. Tension, Rossett Garden
Mansions, S.W.



2ND LT. G. C. WEDGWOOD,
R. Irish Rifles. Son of Rev. G.
R. Wedgwood, Belfast. Brother
of 2nd Lt. G. C. Wedgwood.



2ND LT. P. E. WEDGWOOD,
R. Irish Rifles. Son of Rev. G.
R. Wedgwood, Belfast. Brother
of 2nd Lt. G. C. Wedgwood.



2ND LIEUT. H. E. WHIT-
CREAVE,
Somerset L.I. Son of Mrs.
Whitcreave, of Clevedon.



MAJOR PERCY ANTHONY,
Welsh Regt. Fought in South Africa,
Queen's medal, five clasps. Son of Mr.
Charles Anthony, of Hereford.



PTE. LEONARD G. COLD-
WELLS,
London Regt. Son of Mr. J.
G. Coldwells, F.S.A.A.



2ND LIEUT. FRANCIS B.
COLDWELLS, B.A. (Oxford),
Devonshire Regt. Son of Mr.
J. G. Coldwells, F.S.A.A.



2ND LIEUT. CHARLES A.
COLDWELLS,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. J. G.
Coldwells, Winchester House.



THE WAITING LIST.

Dunlop: And, how's the car running?

Her Ladyship: To tell you the truth, Mr. Dunlop, I never even see it nowadays! The girls are using it—turn and turn about, you know—meeting men back on leave from the Front and taking them to their homes or across London to other stations.

Dunlop: So you're car-less yourself?

Her Ladyship: Only temporarily. I've got my name down for a British-built car the moment shells and things like that are done with.

Dunlop: Er—!

Her Ladyship (smiling): *Of course!*

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SIR HENRY LUCY "NEARING JORDAN."

THE reader of the recollections which Sir Henry Lucy has based on his diaries and correspondence under the whimsically pathetic title of "Nearing Jordan" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) feels increased regret at *Punch's* recent Parliamentary record: "Business Done—Toby M.P.'s." As a journalistic entertainer Sir Henry's style, so light and yet so sure, is inimitable, and in his latest volume he gathers up life-long impressions and experiences in his dearest manner. Like all mortals, of course, he is fallible. There are one or two obvious errors in his volume. For instance, apropos of the Parnell "tragedy," he places the dramatic scenes of Committee Room XV. in the session of 1886. This was the year, not of the Irish rupture, but of the Liberal split on Home Rule; the tragedy of Parnell's career and the scenes which rendered Room XV. memorable in Nationalist annals did not occur till 1890. The journalist, according to the protest of a great newspaper proprietor, is regarded by the politician in the character of a poor relation. Sir Henry Lucy's record, however, makes us realise how much the Parliamentarian owes to the journalist. A number of men became as it were national figures for a time merely because he used them as the puppets of his play, and since he ceased to exhibit them they have been forgotten except by a few of their contemporaries. As a journalist Sir Henry Lucy has been extremely fortunate in his friendships. Letters published in his volume show how much he was taken into confidence with reference to great persons and great events. There is a touching letter from Lady Audrey Buller, dated December 1902, telling him of Sir Redvers' enthusiastic reception wherever he went. "Instead of the feeling of the people and of the army having cooled with regard to him," she says, "it appears to be stronger and warmer than ever." Perhaps none of Sir Henry Lucy's journalistic contemporaries has been admitted

to the same extent behind the political scenes. Even persons who consider themselves well-informed may be surprised to learn from a letter from Lady Fanny Marjoribanks (afterwards Lady Tweedmouth) that her husband's appointment as Whip in 1892 was a great disappointment. "But," she wrote to Sir Henry Lucy, "he deems it an honour to serve Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party in any capacity where most useful, and it is not for me to find



EVIDENCE OF FRANCE'S ARTILLERY POWER: A STACK OF SHELL-CASES FROM THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD COLLECTED, TO BE TAKEN TO THE REAR BY MOTOR-LORRIES.

Photograph by Topical.

fault or place difficulties in the way." Mr. Marjoribanks was one of the greatest Whips, and the loss of his services in that capacity by his succession to the Peerage in 1894 may have contributed to the downfall of the Government in the following year. It was not till the formation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Administration in December 1905 that Lord Tweedmouth became First Lord of the Admiralty, and by that time Lady Tweedmouth had passed from the scene of political disappointments and gratifications.

you will be grateful for these "High Jinks." Listen to pretty Miss Nellie Taylor in her waltz song, or to that sure favourite, Miss Marie Blanche; see Mr. Tom Walls' wonderful dancing, or turn to the vivacious acting of Miss Jeanne St. Bonnet, and again you will thank the perfume. Why, it has triumphed over the fact that there are no less than four authors of lyrics and four composers of "additional" numbers! The music, indeed, is worthy of the perfume—it is insidious, heady, exhilarating.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIGH JINKS." AT THE ADELPHI.

WARRANTED to calm the angriest temper and lift into joviality the most dismal of pessimists—such was the virtue of the perfume to which the new Adelphi musical comedy owes its title of "High Jinks," and such is the description that can be quite truthfully given of the entertainment itself. That perfume idea is the making of the piece, and proves as serviceable to audience as to author or authors, whoever they may be. It enables them or the English adapter, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, to tie their plot into the most distracting of knots and clear the whole tangle in a moment for fresh complications of fun. It permits the audience to luxuriate in the maddest of muddles, and at the same time saves them from the tedium of being guided out of them by too laborious an ingenuity. Nor should one omit the service it does the actors, in permitting all and every one of them, from Mr. W. H. Berry, as the American specialist, downwards, opportunities for indulging in rollicking spirits, and contributing a share in dancing, or song, or other form of merriment to this maze of matrimonial confusion. Mr. Berry is given the richest part he has been blessed with throughout his career; hear him as he warbles with Miss Violet Blythe about "What is Life without Love"; watch his doctor's nervous movements as he dodges the anger of the Spanish husband whom he has provoked, and



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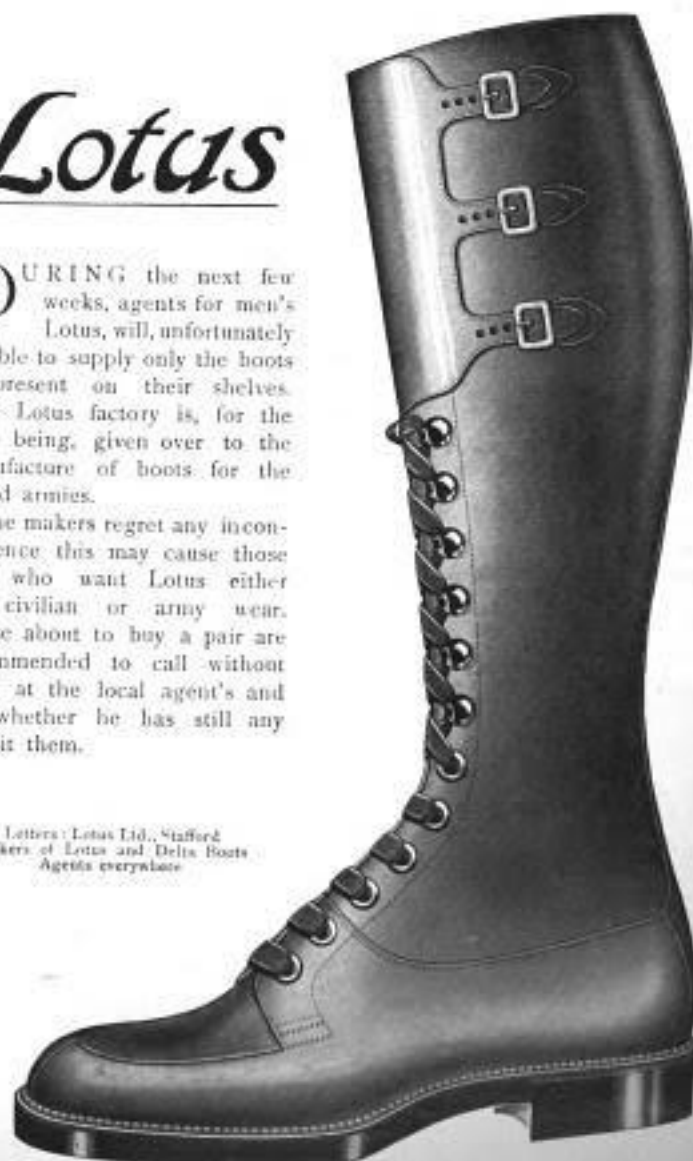


Lotus

DURING the next few weeks, agents for men's Lotus, will, unfortunately be able to supply only the boots at present on their shelves. The Lotus factory is, for the time being, given over to the manufacture of boots for the Allied armies.

The makers regret any inconvenience this may cause those men who want Lotus either for civilian or army wear. Those about to buy a pair are recommended to call without delay at the local agent's and see whether he has still any to suit them.

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LITERATURE.

"The Picture Ramayana." India's magnificent rally to the cause of the King-Emperor has immensely strengthened the bond of sympathy between the British people and their Indian fellow-citizens. This feeling should, and no doubt will, lead to a great extension of popular interest in Indian literature and legend.



A WELL-KNOWN WELSH SPORTSMAN AND HIS WIFE:
MR. AND MRS. HASTINGS WATSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Watson, who are here seen in their 14-h.p. Humber, in the grounds of St. Fagan's, are, in times of peace, enthusiastic supporters of the Glamorgan Hunt, and very popular in hunting and sporting circles throughout Glamorganshire.

Hitherto, perhaps, the great Indian epics have rather baffled the ordinary British reader by their length, their difficult names, and the erudite form in which they have mostly been published. There are no such obstacles to the enjoyment of "The Picture Ramayana," compiled and illustrated by the Chief of Aundh (Bombay: the British India Press, Madras). The author has chosen episodes from the story of Rama, and assigned to each an illustration in colour and a brief description, usually about half a page in length, written in the easiest language. The result is an ideal introduction of the "Ramayana" to the average British reader, for it has the merits both of extreme simplicity and of the authentic Indian atmosphere, both in the illustrations and in the narrative. The colour-plates, about seventy in number, depict each event with true Oriental fidelity to detail, clearness of outline, love of bright colours (skillfully harmonised), and, in some cases, elaborate design. The volume contains a foreword by Lord Sydenham, and a preface summarising the story by

Mr. C. A. Kincaid. In heartily commending the book to our readers, we cannot do better than quote Lord Sydenham's concluding words: "The Chiefs of India, in the past and the present, have shown themselves able to wield the pen with effect; but I know of none who have illustrated their works with their own hands, and I believe this book to be unique. Mr. Kincaid rightly states that the English reader will gain from it 'clear and definite conceptions of how the story presents itself to Indian minds,' and this is a great advantage. The Chief of Aundh has selected the scenes which appealed most to him, and has given them the setting which seemed most appropriate. Only an Indian mind could make the selection which is most typical of Indian thought, and only an Indian artist could present the pictures which correspond most faithfully to Indian imagination. The 'Ramayana,' therefore, comes to us in a new garb, helping us better to understand the influence of the dim past upon the India that we know and love. This is exactly the kind of knowledge which is needed by all who are called upon to minister to the growing wants of her people. There is no true sympathy without understanding."

Hinduism.

It goes without saying that a truly religious man will always feel that his beliefs, properly understood and conscientiously carried out, will save the world. If he chance to be a follower of one of the great faiths that seek and ensue peace he is bound to look upon world strife as a manifestation of the failure of Christianity. So it is not surprising to find among the books for which war is responsible an eloquent little volume of some hundred pages called "Hinduism: The World Ideal" (Cecil Palmer and Hayward). The author is Mr. Harendranath Maitra, editor of "A Voice from India," and he is fortunate in having secured a preface from Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who notes with pleasure that "he is not afraid of being what is called paradoxical: that is, he is ready and eager to defend what would be

called the least defensible parts of his case." Most of us have always been well assured that there must be some manner of defence for caste, suttee, and other institutions that appear repugnant to the Western world. Mr. Maitra advances his defences and they do not defend—at least, they will fail to convince the average thoughtful European. What the author overlooks is the salient truth that war is not a failure of religion, it is a failure of man. If all Europe had applied to its problem the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount, there had been no war. Our religions, whatever they be, do not fail us, we fail them, and sometimes, as at present, our failure is complete. Hinduism has bred its rogues, just as Christianity, Mohammedanism, Judaism; but the rogues have been bred in spite of religion, not on account of it. Then, too, there is the question of climate in relation to faith and morals—a very large question, and one, seemingly, that Mr. Maitra has overlooked. But while we may find it difficult or even impossible to accept the suggestion that Hinduism can save the Western world, we must needs be grateful to one who paints his faith in such alluring colours, and shows that devotion to it can develop a restfulness and a quiet confidence in life that the Western



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world in its terrible pursuit of progress has altogether lost. Mr. Maitra has not convinced us, but we are glad to have his very interesting and valuable book.

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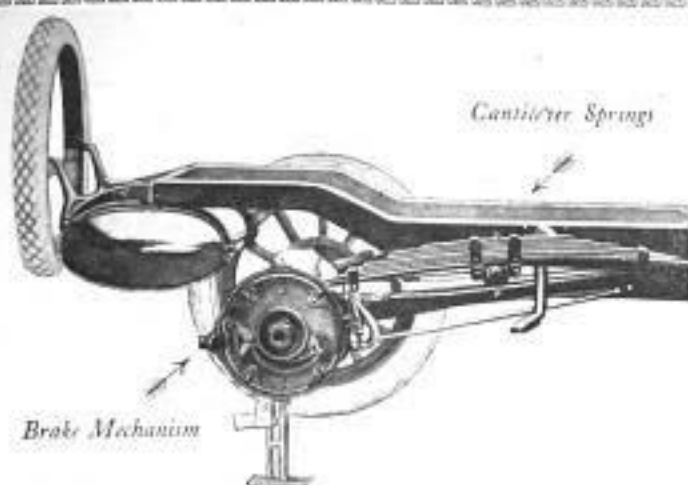
REPORTS TO

Academy of Medicine, Paris,

(10th November, 1908).

Academy of Sciences, Paris,

(14th December, 1908).



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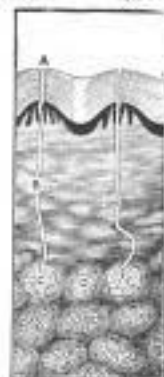
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Section of the human skin, showing how Ven-Yusa penetrates through the pores to the inner tissues. A, the pores; B, the sweat duct; C, sweat glands; and D, fat clusters.

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Torpid Liver
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Dizziness
Nervousness
Loss of Appetite
Sallow Skin

NEW NOVELS.

"The Luck of the Strong." In the sea-world of Mr. William Hope Hodgson, wonders are the reader's daily food. This is not, perhaps, remarkable in an age when novelists are constrained (as Stevenson might put it) to batter themselves into a frenzy of imagination, and when we bid fair to find ourselves bankrupt of literary sensation. No; but the astonishing (and delightful) thing about "The Luck of the Strong" (Eveleigh Nash) is to find so much fine, crisp writing, such a song in the sea breezes, and so much actuality in these lively portraits of adventurers. The "glamorous throng who haunt the strange coasts of Adventure" carry off their incredible fortunes with a stunning air of conviction. To read "The Luck of the Strong" is to sit down to a feast of thrills. There are tales of bullying sea-captains who ravish pearls from demon-haunted islands; tales of golden dollars by the handful and the sack; tales of "pay-dirt" and gunning on the Pacific coast, and last but not least, the most enchanting story of a millionaire's safe and a master-burglar. Mr. Hodgson baulks at nothing, and adventures under the sea or on the sea, or, as in the burglar's case, under the earth, are all one to him. What a storehouse the man's mind must be! He is generous to a fault with its treasure, and "stressed with a wild heaven," indeed, are the storm-tossed souls of his strange stories.

"The Wind's Will." (Cassell) is a graceful novel, that comes at the right time with its light-footed Anglo-French romance. It is a story of Paris of a hundred years ago—Paris of the occupation—and the shadow of the great Duke falls for an instant across its pages. But Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have nothing so ponderous as a historical novel in their minds; this is to be the love-story of two young things, Collette, the French maiden, and Geoffrey Swifte, the English cavalry captain. They are both sincere and simple-hearted people, and the course of their true love might have run smoothly enough if it had not been for Geoffrey's first love, the ambitious Augusta, and for the riot of malice and gossip that threatened to trample out their innocent happiness. It is not for us to disclose what happened, both to them and to Augusta and the gossips; so good a plot is better left to the reader to unravel. "The Wind's Will" is fragrant with flowers, and spring air, and the sunshine of France. There is not a stuffy corner in it—no, not a single pessimistic cobweb. The birds sing; the wind blows; the wicked are confounded, and youth triumphant dances out of the last page, to live happily for ever after. There ought to be a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Castle.

"Hearts and Faces." The colourless title of "Hearts and Faces" (The Bodley Head) is an inadequate introduction to Mr. J. Murray Gibson's book, which is a vigorous and manly story. If Mr. Gibson is a new writer, as the title-page would suggest, he is heartily to be congratulated on a piece of work that is as able as it is intelligent. He is happy, too, in having found a fresh field, even in these latter days of the making of many books. Scotland without the kailyard, London through the eyes of an Aberdonian—these are good sound matter, and well worth treating, as he treats them, with plenty of elbow-room and a deliberate observation. Aberdeen has its painters not less than its University students; accordingly, the hero of "Hearts and Faces" is a painter who learns the first lessons of his art while he is a young man at King's College, from a rugged old Scot who perceives the stuff that is in him before his brush has touched a canvas. Women drift across George Grange's

path, wandering wisps of women: but, on the whole, we seem to see that a reasonable male has summed them up as inferior beings—unless, to be sure, they wear the bonnet and create the oatcake and apple-jelly of excellent Mrs. Middleton, a capital type of the intellectual Scottish housewife. It is a good book, well mixed with brains.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, *Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

F. L. BOURNE (Southampton).—Your problem is correct, but it is very unusual to commence these moves with a check, however great the sacrifice.

J. WATTS (Upper Deal).—We will reply to your query in our next issue, if possible.

E. J. WESTER-WOOD (Paignton).—Very pleased to hear from you again. Your problem shall appear at an early date.

F. L. BARKS (Stratford).—We regret we are unable to comply with your request, having no file of the column available.

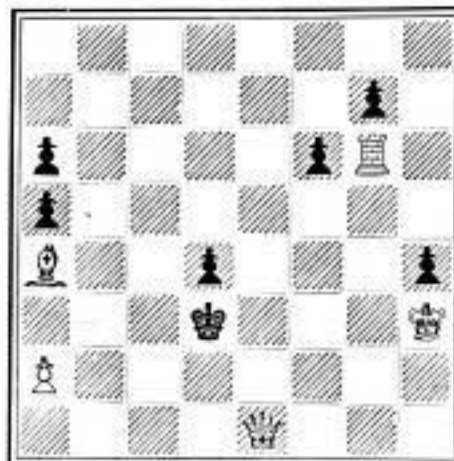
C. A. M. (Ponang), Y. KONTORUMI (Ibabe).—You are quite right in your analysis of the position.

C. P. RATHBONE (Greenfield).—Problem to hand and under examination.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3717.—By R. C. DURELL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 4th. Any move.
2. Q or Kt mate.

PROBLEM No. 3740.—By J. T. ANDREWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3735 received from V. Kontorumi (Ibabe, Finland); of No. 3736 from C. Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), J. Isaacson (Liverpool), and F. L. Bishop (Southampton); of No. 3737 from F. W. Atkinson (Nottingham), C. Field, G. H. Nankivill (Bournemouth), J. Isaacson, J. Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), G. Somer (Stockholm), and F. L. Bishop; of No. 3738 from J. Verrall (Rothwell), L. Chene La Roque, J. Isaacson, R. C. Durell (Wimstead), C. A. P. (Bournemouth), H. J. B. Leadley (Guelph, Canada), F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J. C. Stockhouse (Torquay), and J. Marshall Bell.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3739 received from H. Grassett Baldwin (Falmouth), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), J. Fowler, A. H. Arthur (Bath), F. J. Overton, H. J. M. A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Rev. J. Christie (Redditch), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), C. Andrew (Weybridge), W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), J. C. Stockhouse, M. E. Daskow (Bournemouth), G. Somer, H. Terry (Barnes), C. A. P. T. T. Gurney (Canterbury), J. Isaacson, J. Dixon (Chesham), J. Smart, R. C. Durell, and T. Bevels (Walsfield).

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. P. W. SARGENT and H. JACOB.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt to Q sq	K R to Q sq
2. P to Q B 4th	B to B 4th	14. B takes B	R takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	15. P to K 3rd	B to B 7th
4. Q to Kt 3rd		16. P to Q R 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
		17. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt
		18. R takes B	R takes R (ch)
		19. K takes R	Kt to K 3rd
		20. K to K 2nd	R to R 3rd
		21. P to Kt 3rd	R takes P
		22. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to Q sq
		23. R to Q sq	K to K sq
		24. B to Q 7th	K to K 2nd
		25. K to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
		26. B to R 3rd	R to Kt 6th
		27. R to Q 4th	P to K R 4th
		28. P to Kt 4th	P takes P (ch)
		29. K takes P	R to Kt 7th
		30. K to B 3rd	P to K B 4th
		31. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
		32. R takes Kt	
			The alternative is either mate or loss of the Bishop.
			32. P takes R (ch)
			33. K takes P
			R takes B P
			White resigns.

Black here, as elsewhere, cleverly secures full freedom of action for him-

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Songs of the Specials, and Other Verses. E. W. Fenderson. 2s. 6d. net. (Peters and Haywood.)

At the Philharmonic Hall may be seen an excellent production of the wonderful official films of the Battle of the Somme, of which we gave several examples in our issue of Aug. 26. They were recently released for public exhibition, and placed on view at a number of London theatres and halls. As mentioned under our photographs, they were taken right up at the front during the great advance, and show scenes of actual fighting. At the Philharmonic the programme also includes a film of the French offensive and the submarine moving pictures illustrating the Williamson expedition.

BIRTH.

Remons.—On the 24th inst., at Orleigh Court, Bideford, the wife of William Henry Rogers, Esq., of a son.

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"LIKE A NEW INCANDESCENT GAS-MANTLE WHEN IT IS FIRST LIT": THE BURNING ZEPPELIN—AN IMPRESSION.

The fall of the blazing Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley, near Enfield, during the great air-raid on the night of September 2-3, afforded a magnificent pyrotechnic display, which was witnessed by thousands of people in the Home Counties. The eye-witness from whose sketch our artist's drawing was made saw it from a distance of some miles. "A spark of red light," he notes, "appeared in the sky at a very great height. Some took it to be an incendiary appliance at first. It increased in

brilliance as it slowly descended and shed a red glow over the roofs and chimneys. While still a great way up one could see it was a Zeppelin on fire. It became incandescent from end to end in red and yellow glow. The lines of its framework showed up black in the glowing mass; then suddenly it tipped up on end and disappeared behind the houses in a fiery red blaze." At the right-hand end of the airship are faintly indicated the lines of the horizontal rudder-planes.

AFTER A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE BRINGING DOWN OF A ZEPPELIN IN FLAMES, NEAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.



IN CHARGE OF SOLDIERS, ROYAL FLYING CORPS, AND POLICE: PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF A PROPELLER, AND THE PROPELLER-SHAFTING.



EXPERTS ON THE SCENE: AIRMEN INSPECTING ANOTHER OF THE ZEPPELIN'S MOTORS PARTIALLY EMBEDDED IN THE GROUND.



WHAT WAS SEEN BY THE FIRST ARRIVALS ON AND FRAME



CLEARING THE REMAINS OF THE DESTROYED AIRSHIP NETWORK IT



WHEN THE FLAMES HAD DIED DOWN: THE WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN SCATTERED OVER AND MOLTEN METAL, TANGLED WIRE

The official War Office report on the air-raid of Sunday, September 3, thus describes it. "The raid was carried out by thirteen airships, and was thus the most formidable attack which has been made on this country. The principal theatre of operations was the Eastern Counties, and the objectives seem to have been London and certain industrial centres in the Midlands. The new measures taken for the reduction or obscuration of lights undoubtedly proved most efficacious, for the raiding squadrons, instead of steering a steady course as in the raids of the spring and last autumn, groped about in the darkness looking for a safe avenue of approach to their objectives. Three airships only were able to approach the outskirts of London. One of them appeared over the northern districts at about 2.15 a.m., where she was at once picked up by searchlights and heavily engaged by anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes. After a few minutes the airship was seen to burst into flames and to fall rapidly towards the earth. The ship was destroyed; the wreckage, engines, and the half-burned bodies of the crew being

NE LONDON: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE BURNT-OUT RAIDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND CENTRAL PRESS.



HERE: THE BURNT DEBRIS OF THE ENVELOPE AND MASTILL SHOULDERING.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS MECHANICS ROLLING UP WIRE TO REPAIR THE BULL.



ABOUT TO BE TAKEN FOR OFFICIAL EXAMINATION: R.F.C. MECHANICS DIGGING UP ONE OF THE ZEPPELIN'S MOTORS FOR REMOVAL.



THE FIELD WHERE THE BURNING MASS FELL—SCRAP HEAPS OF CHARRED WOODWORK AND DISMEMBERED MACHINERY.



PRACTICALLY INTACT WHEN PICKED UP: ONE OF THE MACHINE-GUNS CARRIED BY THE ZEPPELIN FOR DEFENCE AGAINST AEROPLANE-ATTACK.

found at Cuffley, near Enfield. . . . The large amount of wood employed in the framework of the Zeppelin is startling, and would seem to point to a shortage of aluminium in Germany. The other two ships which approached London were driven off by the defences without being able to approach the centre of the city. A great number of bombs were dropped promiscuously over the East Anglian and the South-Eastern Counties. . . . Careful inquiries show that the casualties and damage were quite disproportionate to the number of ships employed. The casualties reported are as follows: Killed, 1 man, 1 woman (2); injured, 11 men and women, 2 children (13). No casualties occurred in the Metropolitan Police district. The latest reports show that in the Metropolitan Police district twenty-five houses and some outbuildings were slightly damaged, two water mains were cut, and three horses killed. Elsewhere the damage was very slight, a certain number of cottages being damaged as well as a church, while a fire occurred at some gas works. No military damage of any sort was caused."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MODERN Germany claims to be in the van of progress and to enlighten us as to the way the world is going. And there is a very real sense in which the claim is true. Germany is some way ahead of us along the wrong road; and has enlightened us by falling over the precipice. But it is quite true that before that plain and appalling judgment, many elements in Europe and in England were heading in the same direction. If I have dealt principally upon this page with the foreign quarrel of my countrymen, it is partly because I think the national note the fitting one for an organ which circulates among foreigners. But it is even more because there is scarcely anything that could offend me in modern England which is not far more offensive in modern Germany. It is there that these things have had their real success; it is there that they will have their real failure. You may say that Germany leads the modern world. You may, if you like, say that Germany is the modern world. But, if that be so, what is called the modern world is, amid general rejoicings, coming to an end. With all its mirthless cynicism, with all its unmanly militarism, with its sham science and shifty diplomacy, with its excuses for the powerful and its routine for the poor, with its long words of explanation and its very short cuts in conduct, with all its care of the self, and all its carelessness of the soul, what some call the Modern Spirit is cast out of heaven like Lucifer, Son of the Morning. It is cut down to the earth, that did weaken the nations.

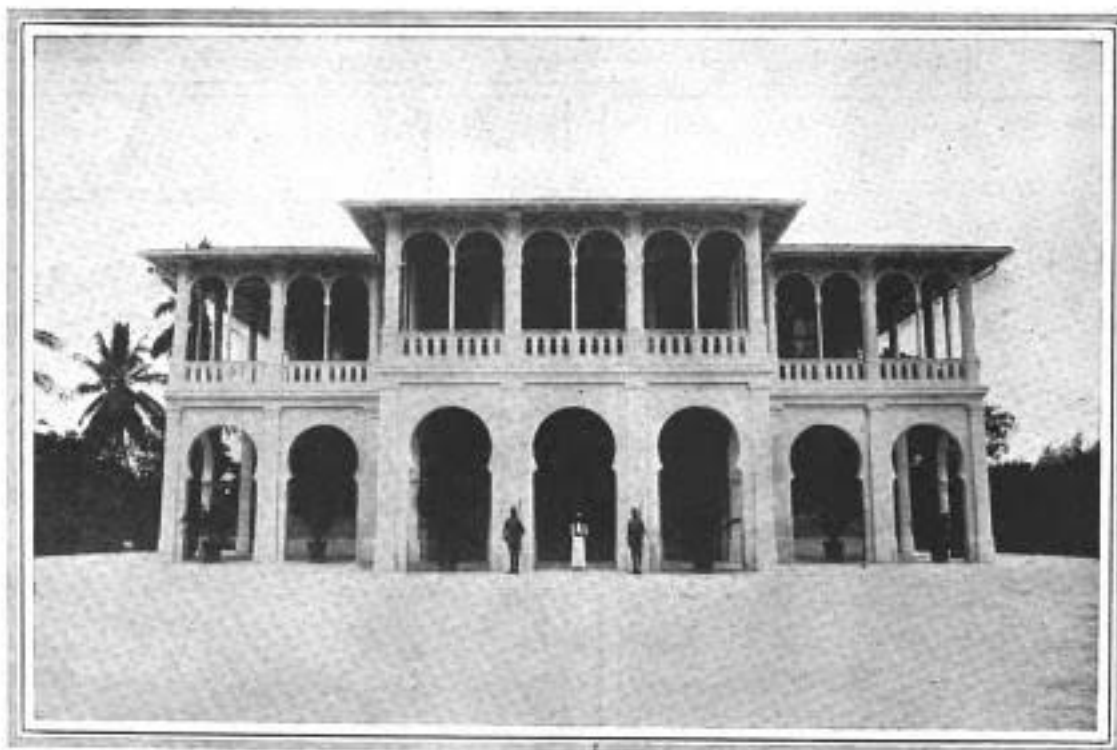
Here is a concrete case of the sort of thing I mean, which has afflicted Germany and at one time infected England. A book seems to have appeared with some scientific pomp in Germany called "Causality and the War." The very title is enough to make a man yawn; and of course it says all the threadbare things we should expect it to say. Of course it says that the war was inevitable. Of course it says it was the result of ancient and more or less animal qualities in different races. Of course it gets the qualities all wrong. It says that Russia is "a congeries of people without a psyche." What can one do with a man who drags in the Greek word "psyche" instead of the ordinary German words for spirit or soul? And what can one do with a man who thinks that Russia has no psyche, except to put him on the kephal, as my profound Greek scholarship enables me to express it—or, as I believe it is expressed in a less classic language, muddle his knowledge-box. Only, with the German professor, what is needed is to unmuddle his knowledge-box. A knowledge-box is a very precise description of the professor's head; but, as the American humourist so truly put it, he knows so many things that aren't so. Certainly the remark about Russia is one of the things that aren't so. As I have suggested here before, it would be far truer to say that Russia is a religion and nothing else, like Islam, than to say it is a people without a soul. The Tsar is an autocrat because he is the sacramental figure of an enormous popular religion, as if he were a pope or a prophet. Intelligent men of the most utterly contrasted types and traditions, from Mr.

H. G. Wells to Dr. Sarolea, when they actually see Russia, see something solidly Christian, like a permanent Crusade.

When the German critic turns to the consideration of France, the reader may be surprised to learn that he finds the chief French motive and characteristic to be Vanity. Here, again, the reader may have that weird but well-known psychological experience (if the reader is the fortunate possessor of a psyche), the vague and instantaneous sensation of having heard the same thing before. This Vanity in the French has recently driven them to Vengeance, or, as it is expressed with a fine linguistic culture, to *revanche*. In 1914, at the beginning of August, the French still retained an antiquated and morbid memory of having had war declared on them suddenly during the last few days of July. They allowed themselves to be influenced by old sentiments of resentment and resistance when the Germans

opera to make adequate fun of the claim made for English society in the following passage from what is meant to be a denunciation of it: "The Norman pirate is the most notable surviving element in the ruling oligarchy of England—that brutal ruthlessness which considers and spares nothing in attaining booty. The British ruling classes are permeated with this idea, partly by inheritance, partly by tradition. And this Norman characteristic has trickled down into the character of the British common classes and has become part of national inheritance."

What rational human being in England believes that the English aristocrats are Normans, or the inheritors of undiluted Norman blood? It would be about as realistic to say that the House of Lords consists exclusively of Vikings, because there must be a certain amount of Danish and other Teutonic pirate blood in this country. Among educated Englishmen a family that can really trace its pedigree to the Wars of the Roses and the end of the Middle Ages is justly regarded as an unusually ancient and continuous phenomenon. The great part of our historic national aristocracy arose out of the redistribution of wealth and power under the Tudor settlement. And as for piratical brutality having trickled down to me (as a type of the common classes) from some baron of Normandy upon whom I model myself—what can one say, except to pray that all one's enemies may shoot with no better aim? The German critic, who thinks he is denouncing the arrogance of the English gentry, is really pampering a particularly silly and fictitious form of that arrogance, which scarcely survives in the most ignorant among them. In fact, it scarcely survives anywhere in England except in a sort of novelette for servant girls, where the adjective "Norman" is still sometimes applied to Lord Bertrand de Vavasour or Lady Claribel FitzClarence.



THE CAPITAL OF GERMANY'S LAST COLONY CAPTURED: DAR-ES-SALAAM, WHICH RECENTLY SURRENDERED TO THE BRITISH FORCES—THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, WITH NATIVE SENTRY IN GERMAN UNIFORM.

It was officially announced on September 4 that Dar-es-Salaam, the former seat of German government in German East Africa, had surrendered at 9 a.m. that day. Previously the War Office had stated that "on the coast a column from Bagamoyo is approaching Dar-es-Salaam in co-operation with the vessels of the Royal Navy."—(Photograph by Central Press.)

marched upon their capital; and seem to have regarded the assaults on Verdun and Manbeuge, and even the occupation of Northern France, as hints of some future hostility. Archaic historical associations led them to fancy that the armed occupation of Paris by the Prussians would be an act of war; and they were so vain and vengeful as to attempt to intercept the invaders. Nay, they were so insanely sensitive and superstitious as to beat the invaders soundly, in the first big battle of the war. When it comes to the romantic Gaul, not content with saving Paris, forcibly insisting on the whole German Army going back with the utmost hurry and boisterous behind the line of the Aisne, it will be felt that an amiable human weakness was indulged in a degree which might well be described as the very Vanity of Vanities.

But the queerest point about this campaign of exploded catchwords is that it misses the real weaknesses as much as the real merits of the Entente Powers. It is in connection with his criticism of England that this is most startling. For he not only misses our real mistakes, but he positively flatters them. It would need a Gilbert and Sullivan

What was called the modern spirit was always trying to be historic about the prehistoric; just as it was always trying to be conscious of the sub-consciousness. It worshipped blind gods of blood and destiny; it was always trying to get at things behind the human will and beyond the human memory. Its novels were hag-ridden with heredity; and Zola and his school translated the superstition of Ravenswood from terse rhyme into tedious prose. Its poetry was full of what may be called poetical injustice. Its international politics were overshadowed by a shameful conception of conquering races so strong that they were not even called upon to conquer. The world was poisoned with a new Calvinism, in which the goats and the sheep were already divided—with the further refinement that the sheep could eat the goats. It was held that in the presence of this primordial triumph all human chivalry was too late. It was not too late. The older chivalric States have withstood the onslaught of the one white race which thus claimed peculiarly to be the child of destiny. And to-day its own omens turn against it; and its stars, one by one, grow dark.

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PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE WRECK OF THE ZEPPELIN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



LT. WILLIAM LEWIS ROBINSON, V.C.,
Warwick Regt. and R.F.C., who
brought down the Airship (see above).

AS SEEN FROM THE AIR THROUGH WHICH SHE FELL: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, OF THE WRECKED ZEPPELIN AT CUFFLEY—SHOWING A RING OF SPECTATORS AND TWO MOTOR-CARS.

There is something peculiarly impressive about this wonderful photograph of the fallen Zeppelin, taken from an aeroplane in the very air through which the blazing mass had crashed to earth. The debris looks in the photograph as though it had not quite burnt out, but were still luminous and incandescent. The presence of only a small number of spectators, who can be discerned standing in a ring round the wreckage, also suggests that the photograph was taken soon after the Zeppelin had fallen. It came down in an open field, at about 2.30 a.m. on September 3. Alongside it, to the right, runs a

hedgerow, and in the upper part of the photograph may be seen the tops of some trees. A resident of Cuffley, Mr. Grow, who was one of the first people on the scene, says in his account of the events of the morning: "About 10 a.m. an aeroplane suddenly appeared in the sky, and circled over the spot where we were still looking at the remains of the Zeppelin. After some graceful evolutions it descended in the field a few yards from where we were assembled, and the pilot jumped out and came up to see the wreckage." Later, thousands of sightseers and souvenir-hunters arrived.

THE FUNERAL OF THE SULTAN OF EGYPT'S MOTHER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA: EGYPTIAN NATIVE INFANTRY MARCHING WITH ARMS REVERSED.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA: EGYPTIAN NATIVE CAVALRY, WHO HEADED AND CLOSED THE PROCESSION.

The public funeral of the mother of the Sultan of Egypt took place with full State ceremonial and the rendering of military honours. It was attended by all the highest native dignitaries and Government officials of rank at Court and in the service of his Highness the Sultan of Egypt. Egyptian sailors of the Sultan's yacht and Egyptian gun-boat service carried the bier on their shoulders through the streets of Alexandria, while detachments of Egyptian native cavalry and infantry, in the white-drill hot-season full-dress uniform worn in garrison and camp, paraded in force and formed a notable component of the military procession—the infantry marching at funeral pace and carrying their rifles reversed. The deceased

THE IMPRESSIVE SCENES IN THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA.

RECORDED PRESS.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA: NATIVE DIGNITARIES AND NOTABILITIES ATTENDING THE CEREMONY.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA: THE PRINCESS'S BIER BORNE BY EGYPTIAN SAILORS.

Princess was the wife of Khedive Ismail I., who reigned from 1863 to 1879. Her eldest son is the present Sultan, Hussein Kamil, born in 1854. As will be remembered, the late Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmi (a nephew of the present Sultan), was deposed by the British Government in December 1914 for having "adhered to the King's enemies," as the official proclamation worded it. His Highness Ismail Kamil was appointed in Abbas Hilmi's place on December 24, with the title of Sultan. The appointment raised the deceased lady to the exalted rank of "Mother of the Sultan"—a position of special eminence in Oriental regard.

CAPTURED: DAR-ES-SALAAM. THE GERMAN CAPITAL IN EAST AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



THE HARBOUR WHEN WAR BROKE OUT: A GERMAN GUN-BOAT ENTERING THE FLOATING DOCK.



THE TOWN VIEWED FROM THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FRONT.



AT A GERMAN MILITARY REVIEW: NATIVE TROOPS OF THE GARRISON ON PARADE.



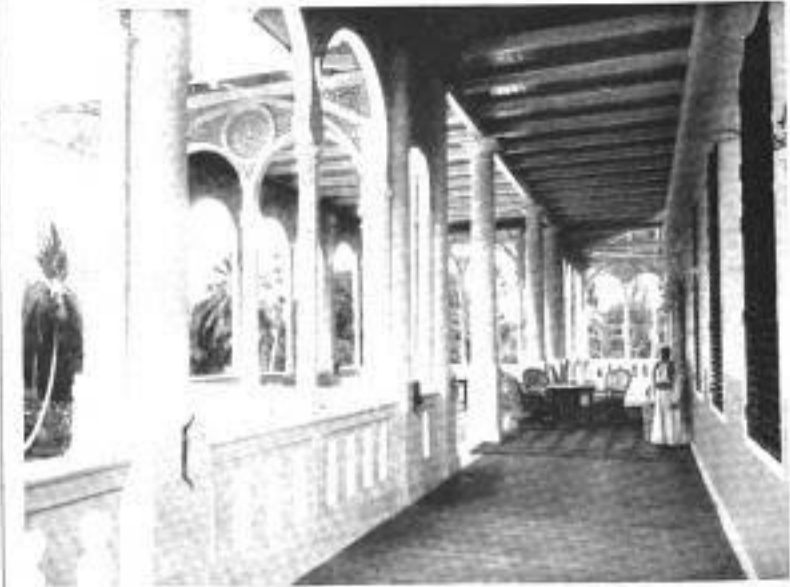
CHURCH PARADE AT AN OFFICIAL CELEBRATION: THE STATION AND GARRISON CHURCH.



AT A GERMAN MILITARY REVIEW: GERMAN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE GARRISON.



IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF DAR-ES-SALAAM: SHOPS IN THE BAZAAR.

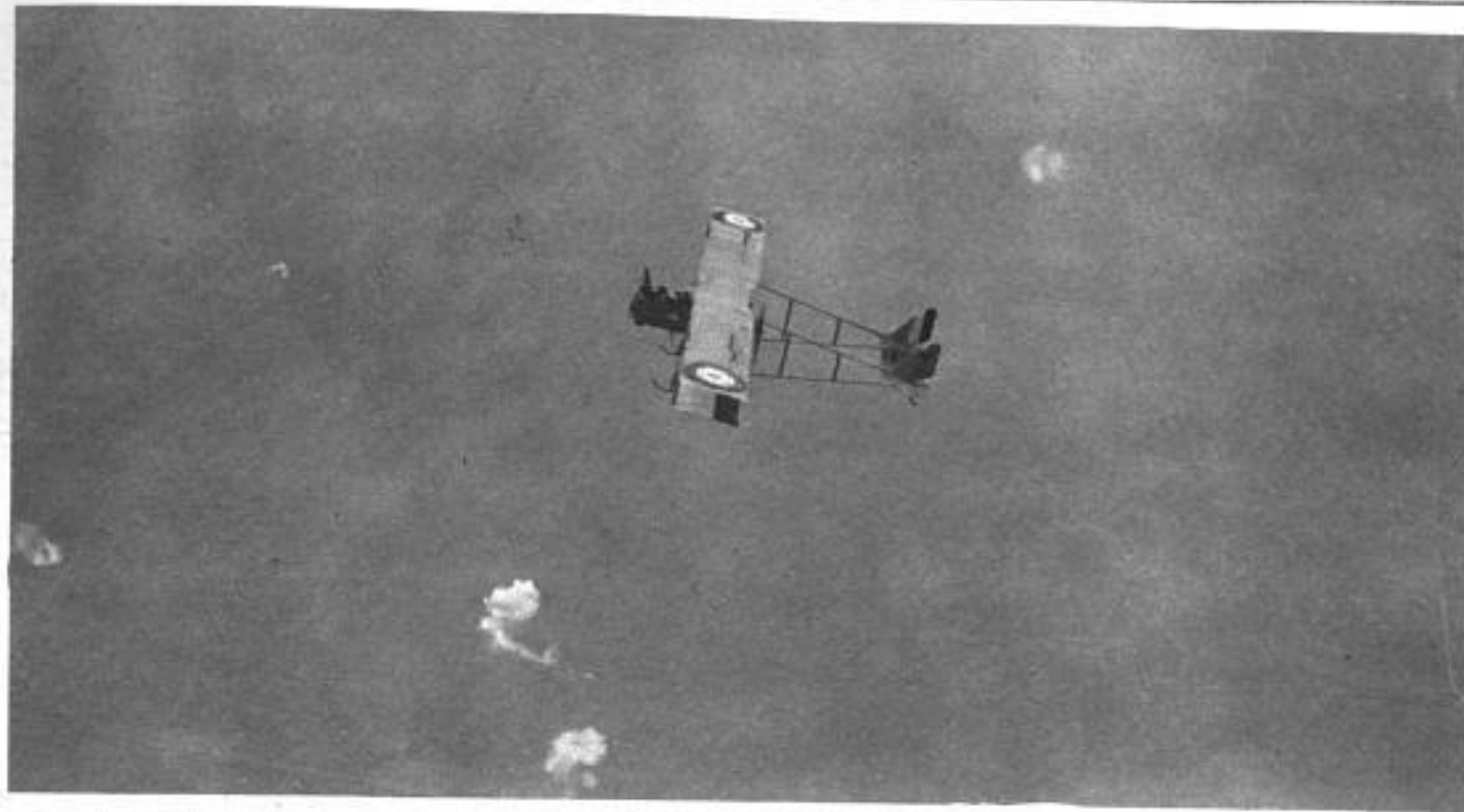


THE PRIDE OF THE GERMAN COLONY: IN THE VERANDAH OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

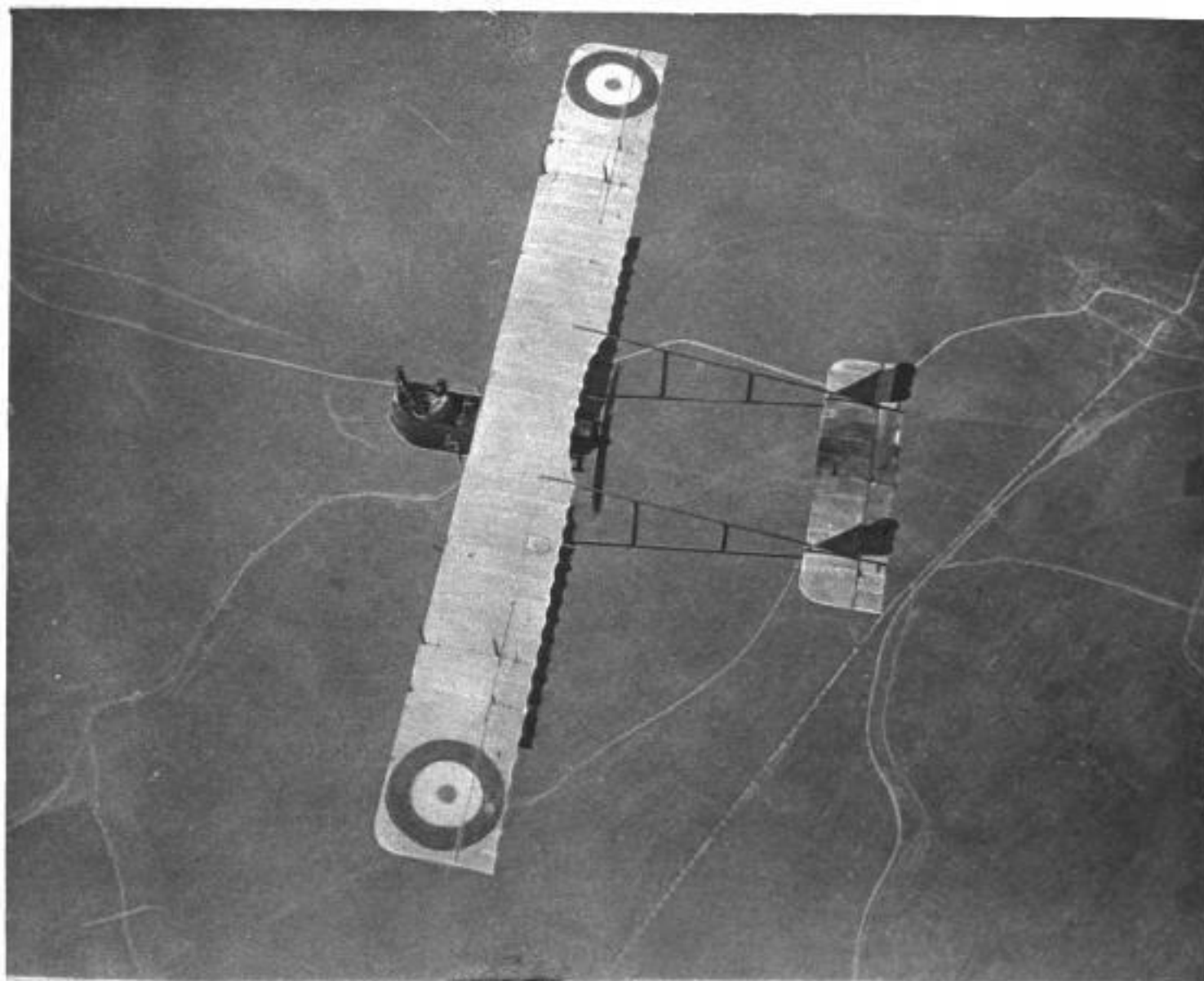
Dar-es-Salaam ("The Harbour of Peace"), the principal seaport and official capital of German East Africa, surrendered to a British combined naval and military force on September 4. It has been the German capital since 1901, and has a population of about 1000 Europeans and 50,000 natives. The fine harbour is well sheltered and approached through a narrow channel between palm-groves. There is a floating dock and wireless station, destroyed by the British Navy at the outset of the war, together with the survey-ship "Moewe," in the first of three raids on Dar-es-Salaam which

our war-ships have made. Since February 1915 the port and coast have been closely blockaded. The Germans laid out the European quarter of the town in a very substantial manner, with fine public buildings, including Government House, well laid out botanical gardens, a station church, barracks, and an officers' club. There are also large modern hotels, Dar-es-Salaam being a principal port of call for liners, while the main railway across the colony starts from there. Harbour forts and batteries defended the entrance, and the port was the headquarters of the raiding cruiser "Königsberg."

ABOVE GERMAN LINES: AEROPLANE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AEROPLANE.



WITH ENEMY SHRAPNEL BURSTING OVERHEAD: AN ALLIES' BIPLANE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A CONSORT IN MID-AIR.



AN OBSERVER AND PILOT DURING A CRUISE—SEEN FROM ABOVE: LOOKING DOWN INTO THE FORE-PART OF A BIPLANE'S NACELLE.

The biplanes seen here while on a cruise over part of the German lines on the Western Front were flying at the same altitude—3000 metres, about 10,000 feet, which is, roughly, ten times the height of the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral above ground level. At that height the airmen are still within range of enemy anti-aircraft guns: the white puffs of bursting shrapnel, some distance above the biplane, show that. The photograph was taken from a companion aeroplane, as was the photograph forming our lower illustration.

In that the observer with the camera was almost directly over the photographed 'plane, and was able, as will be noted, to see well into the fore-part of the nacelle at no great distance, and include the observer and pilot in the detail of the picture. Across the upper half of the illustration, extending upwards diagonally from right to left, may be remarked a long straight stretch of highway, fringed with trees; one of the poplar-lined chaussées of Northern France. The irregular white lines are German trenches.

GENERAL NORTHEY'S ADVANCE INTO GERMAN EAST AFRICA

PHOTOGRAPH



TRENCH WARFARE IN THE EAST AFRICAN SCRUB: A CORNER OF THE TRENCHES CUT BY THE TROOPS UNDER GENERAL NORTHEY NEAR FORT NAMINA.



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF FORT NAMINA: A NATIVE SOLDIER ON GUARD.



CAPTURED BY A BRITISH FORCE UNDER FORT NAMINA.



FORT NAMINA AND SOME OF ITS CAPTORS: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF GENERAL NORTHEY'S FORCES, INCLUDING BRITISH AND NATIVE TROOPS.



RUNNING UP THE UNION JACK AT FORT NAMINA: THREE BRITISH OFFICERS, AND A FOX TERRIER, AT THE CEREMONY.

Recent news from East Africa has been very satisfactory, and on the night of September 4 it was reported that Dar-es-Salaam, the former seat of German Government in German East Africa, had surrendered at nine o'clock on the morning of that day. As regards the operations from the Rhodesian side, which our photographs illustrate, a War Office statement of August 31 said: "In the southern theatre, Brigadier-General Northey's principal columns are at Ngominji (32 miles south-west of Neu Iringa), Madibira, and Merika (7 miles east of Lupembe). The enemy in this quarter is also being pressed back on Mahenge. On Lake Tanganyika troops have been disembarked at Kirando, whence they have worked inland and are in touch with the Belgian columns advancing on Tabora. Another of our forces has advanced from Bismarckburg to Kate." The operations illustrated in the

FROM THE RHODESIAN SIDE: FORT NAMINA CAPTURED.

BY TOPICAL.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO FORT NAMINA: BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE.



GENERAL NORTHY ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 2-3: A GENERAL VIEW.



ON THE WAY TO FORT NAMINA: MEN OF GENERAL NORTHY'S FORCE OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE OUTSPANNING A GUN-CARRIAGE.



THE TRENCH-PARAPET AS IT IS IN EAST AFRICA: MEN OF GENERAL NORTHY'S FORCE IN THEIR TRENCHES.



ARTILLERY TRANSPORT OF GENERAL NORTHY'S FORCE IN EAST AFRICA: NATIVES AND BULLOCKS HAULING GUN-CARRIAGES UP THE HILLS ON THE ROAD TO FORT NAMINA.

These photographs were mentioned in the following statement issued by the War Office on June 7: "Telegraphing on June 6, Brigadier-General Northey reports that the British columns which crossed the Nyasaland-German East Africa frontier on May 25 have pursued the enemy, who is retiring in the direction of Iringa, as far as the vicinity of Neu Utengule, capturing prisoners, ammunition, stores, and supplies. Colonel Murray, commanding the Rhodesian columns which were investing Namina, reports that the garrison of that place broke out during the night of June 2-3, suffering heavy casualties and leaving several prisoners (including the German commandant, who was wounded) in our hands. Our losses in these operations were very small." The frontier between Northern Rhodesia and German East Africa stretches from the southern end of Lake Tanganyika to the northern end of Lake Nyasa.

BOMBING BULGARIAN STRONGHOLDS: ALLIED AIRMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY (AIR SERVICE BRANCH).



DURING A BOMBARDMENT: THE BULGARIAN TOWN PETRICH, ONE OF THE ENEMY'S PLACES OF CONCENTRATION NEAR THE GREEK FRONTIER.



A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN AIRMAN FLYING LOW TO PICK OUT THE MILITARY BUILDINGS: MONASTIR, WHERE THE ENEMY HAD A LARGE GARRISON.

As the Salonika official communiqués and other published telegrams from the Balkan front record from time to time, numerous air-attacks by 'planes, British and French, and also Serbian, are being made on and behind the enemy's lines. They were begun some time before the opening of the fighting now going on along the front at various points. The upper illustration, reproducing a French official photograph, shows in progress one of several air-attacks by a squadron of 'planes on the Bulgarian frontier town of Petrich, which at the time formed an important point of concentration for the enemy's forces.

After the bombardment, during which the photograph in question was taken, the French observers counted no fewer than twenty-seven places, apparently magazines and store-houses in the town, which were on fire. In the lower illustration is seen an aviator's view of the former Serbian town of Monastir while in the occupation of the enemy. The photograph—also a French official one—was taken at a comparatively low altitude, to which the observer had descended in order to make sure of his bombs hitting only buildings in use by the enemy as ammunition and store houses, or as barracks.

THE KING'S SAILOR SON: ON DUTY AT SEA.



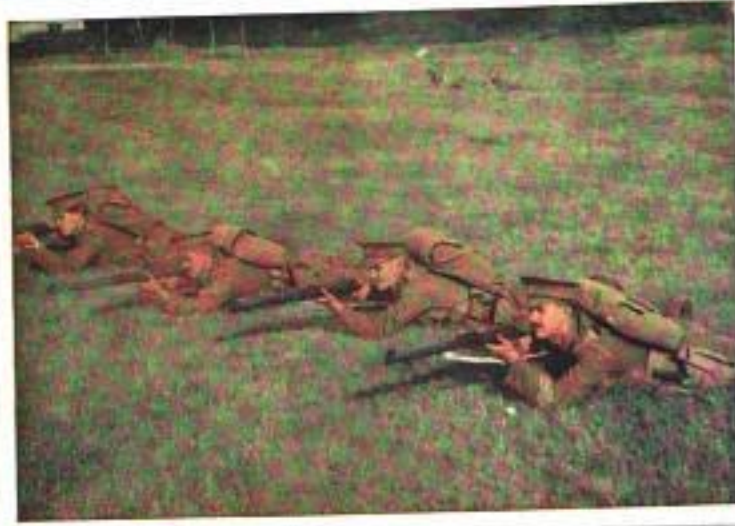
WITH THE GRAND FLEET: SUB-LIEUTENANT H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT—A NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

It was announced officially in May that Prince Albert, second son of the King, had been promoted from Acting Sub-Lieutenant to Sub-Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy. His Royal Highness, who is in his twenty-first year, entered the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in January 1909, and became a midshipman in September 1913. He was promoted to Acting Sub-Lieutenant in September 1915.

When war broke out he was serving in a flag-ship of the Grand Fleet, but in September 1914 he was compelled to go on sick leave, and was operated upon for appendicitis. He was unable to rejoin his ship until the February of the following year. In the following November he was again on sick leave, with an obstinate gastric disorder. He returned to active duty in May of this year.

Khaki as it Appears against a European Landscape: Natural-Colour

NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH



INFANTRY ADVANCING IN EXTENDED ORDER: MANCHESTER REGIMENT.



INFANTRY: COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



INFANTRY IN THE OPEN (BLACK WATCH).

BOTH the French and Belgians, according to letters from the front, have been fighting at considerable disadvantage because of the conspicuous colour of their uniforms. Owing to that they have experienced heavy losses which the provision of a field uniform would have probably much reduced. In both armies, the troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, have taken the field in the uniforms they ordinarily wear in peace time. The Austrians have done the same, apparently; but in their case the greyish-blue tint of their every-day dress has answered all purposes satisfactorily, as far as is known. The Germans are wearing as their campaigning dress a greenish-grey complete uniform, for all arms and ranks of the Service. Their brass-spiked

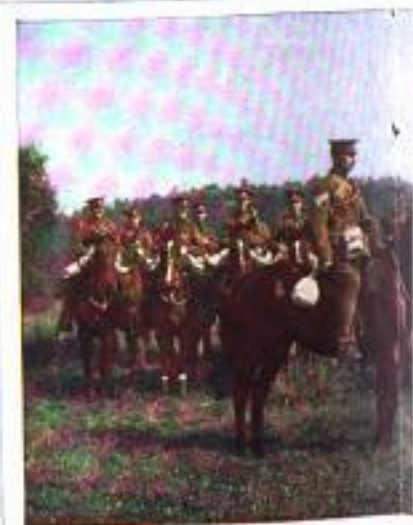


INFANTRY IN ACTION: REINFORCEMENTS.



CAVALRY: DRAGOON GUARDS (QUEEN'S BAYS).

burnished leather helmets are covered by cloth of the same shade. The colour, we are told by a correspondent, "easily melts into the greys and browns of the stable fields. Another observer who witnessed the earlier fighting in Belgium, says, indeed, that the German uniforms became practically invisible at less than half a mile off. The Russians are said to be wearing a light mud-brown-coloured uniform, something like the khaki of our own Army. Our illustrations, made from natural-colour photographs, will show how far the British khaki serves its purpose of rendering men invisible when seen amid and against the normal hues and tints of a European landscape at this time of year. With the coming of the autumn days which are now nearing fast, when Nature assumes the drab and sombre colouring of fading leaf and bare fields, khaki should blend ideally with almost any back-



CAVALRY: DRAGOON GUARDS (QUEEN'S BAYS).

We give here some remarkably interesting natural-colour photographs showing how the British khaki uniform appears when seen against the background of a European landscape. Against the summer green of Europe it is slightly more

Our Photographs of the British Service Uniform as Worn in the War.

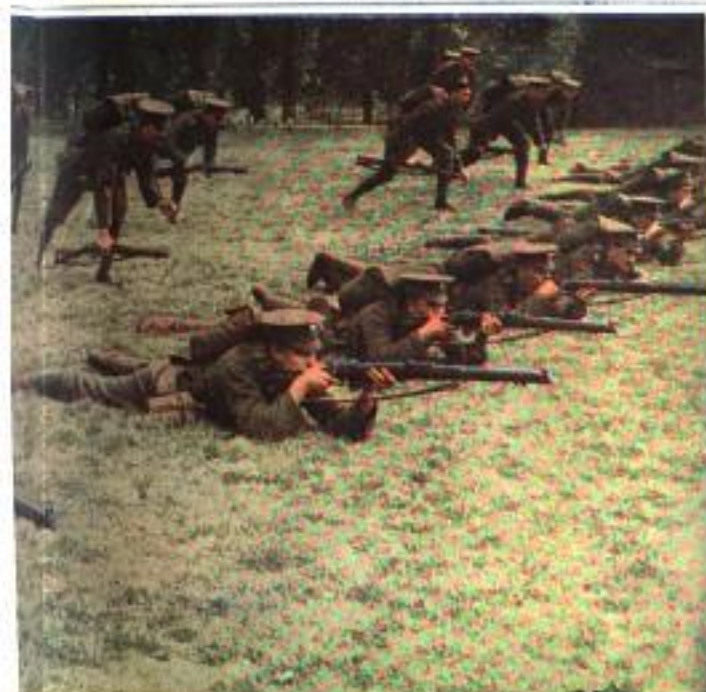
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALSHAM, LTD.



INFANTRY KNEELING BEHIND COVER: SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



INFANTRY IN EXTENDED ORDER: ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.



FORCING THE FIRING LINE.

The present war is, of course, the first occasion on which khaki has been seen on a European battlefield, and that fact adds its special value and interest to our illustrations. The dye was originally invented in India. A khaki uniform was used there for the first time on a large scale during the Afghan War of 1878-80. Through the two years' campaign all our troops, native and British alike, wore khaki. Its usefulness in war had been tested with good results in various expeditions on the North-West Frontier. Our British Home Army, however, did not adopt khaki till later. The regiments who fought in the Transvaal during the short Mafeking campaign of 1881 went through that fiery ordeal clothed in red coats, and suffered unnecessarily.

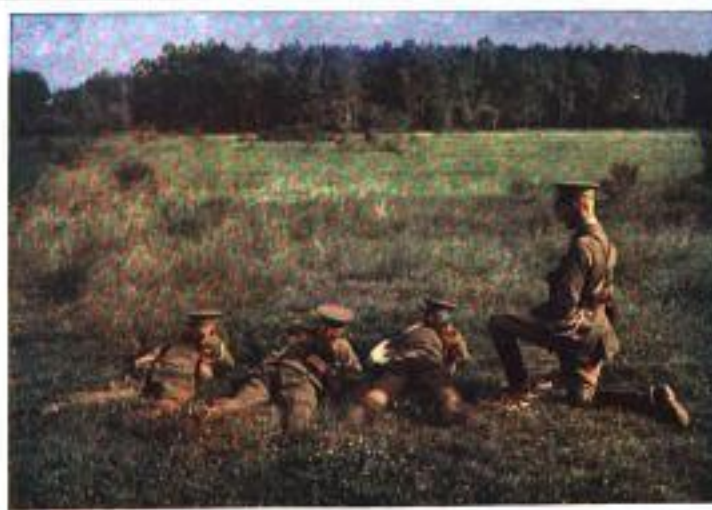


CAVALRY: DRAGOON GUARDS (QUEEN'S BAYS).



RUSSARS.

severe losses at the hands of the Boer marksmen in consequence of the targets they offered in every action that was fought. To the British public and the Empire at large, khaki first became really familiar at the time of the South African War of fourteen years ago. Soon after that Germany began a series of experiments with uniforms of various neutral shades, which led to the adoption of the present grey-green uniform. The French also made a number of experiments, but no definite decision was arrived at, and in the end nothing was done to establish a distinctive war uniform for the French Army. Japan adopted khaki in 1902, and all the Japanese Army wore khaki in the Russian War of ten years ago. The Russians adopted the khaki that the troops invading East Prussia are now wearing after their experiences in the Japanese War.



CAVALRY: DRAGOONS DISMOUNTED (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS).

landscape, as it is during the present war. Khaki was originally adopted, as explained in the article above, for use in India, where, as also in Africa, it harmonises more conspicuous, but will be less so as autumn advances and the country assumes a browner tinge.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPRESENTATION OF THE EGYPTIAN BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY, BURST BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



PARADING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIAN BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY, BURST BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA TREATISE ON TEACHING, (DAGUERRE TYPE) AND A FUTURE

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WHERE MOTH AND RUST BOTH CORRUPT.

SOME time ago I described in this column the ravages of certain small moths on the biscuits supplied to our armies in the field—ravages committed within hermetically sealed tins, and therefore in an environment which one was justified in supposing incompatible with the maintenance of life. Yet these insects passed the whole of their larval life and completed the winged, adult stages of development without let or hindrance in such dark, airless prisons. The treasure of those tin boxes was corrupted by the ravages of moths: the world is now receiving a very forcible illustration of corruption by rust, albeit with a new meaning.

But for this, the alarm which is being expressed among us just now about the rising price of wheat would never have arisen. It is assumed that it is due entirely to the unscrupulousness of "profit-eers." There is, indeed, reason to believe that this is in some measure true; though it is comforting to think that these are not our own countrymen, but those who control supplies overseas. For just now much of our wheat comes to us from America, though some of it was grown by our own people in the vast wheat-fields of Manitoba, by whom it was sold, unthinkingly, to the United States, according to long-established custom. In the States the wheat harvest for the past two years was abundant, and prices went down. This year has come a serious shortage owing to the ravages of a minute fungus known as "Rust." This has automatically raised the price of wheat there, and it is being forced higher by some who control the markets, for they realise that it will be badly needed in Europe, and must, sooner or later, be purchased at whatever price may be demanded, because our own harvests, of necessity imposed by the war, must be lessened.

Since wheat was first cultivated, rust has been one of its worst enemies. Whence it came, for long ages, no man knew; but gradually dawned a suspicion that in some way "rust" was intimately associated with the flowering shrub known as Barberry, so valued in our gardens for its ornamental character. Thus it was that, rather more than one hundred and fifty years ago, the State Legislature of Massachusetts passed an Act compelling the inhabitants to exterminate all the barberry bushes. "Whereas," it runs, "it has been found by experience

that the blasting of Wheat, and other English grain, is often occasioned by Barberry Bushes to the great loss, and damage, of the inhabitants of the Province—

"Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council, and House of Representatives, that whoever, whether community or private person, hath any Barberry bushes standing or growing on his or their Land, within any of the Towns in this Province, he

It was then discovered that this "rust," so called from its yellow colour, is a fungus which depends for its existence on two hosts.

It attacks the barberry in the spring, developing thereon cup-like masses of spores, which are presently set free to complete their development either on grasses or on cereals such as wheat, oats, or rye, where they assume the characteristic "rust"-like form. They are now mature, and before the winter produce minute, vegetative bodies, which can only develop in the following spring if they happen to find a resting-place on the barberry. Hence the extirpation of the barberry means the extirpation of the fungus. It is true the rust does not entirely destroy the wheat crop, but it seriously diminishes the yield of grain.

Since the barberry cannot be entirely extirpated, those concerned in this problem have set themselves to produce a wheat which is immune to the attacks of the fungus; thereby effecting a saving of some millions of pounds sterling every year. It was found that there were certain strains of wheat which are more or less immune from the ravages of this fungus, but these are usually wanting in other qualities which are indispensable to the farmer. The task was, then, to graft this quality of immunity upon other strains giving a higher yield of grain, but liable to attack. It was one of great difficulty, but it was successfully accomplished by the brilliant investigations of Professor Biffen, at Cambridge. He found, among a great number of strains of wheat grown on the Cambridge experimental farm, several types which showed marked differences in the degree of their immunity from, or susceptibility to, the attacks of rust. Among them was one quite immune, and, though grown among numbers of rusted plants, itself showed no trace of infection. Of another type, known as the Michigan Bronze, no single individual ever escaped; and so badly were some of the plants diseased that very few ripe grains could be obtained from them.

The two types were crossed together. In the first generation every plant without exception became rusted. But a few ripe grains were secured from them, and these produced a second generation. The offspring of this produced plants some of which were immune, and from these a strain was raised which can be grown with impunity in the neighbourhood of the barberry plant. Surely no greater witness than this of the value of experimental biology can be needed.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



IN A BRITISH STEEL AND ROPE WORKS: HAMMERING STEEL INGOTS.

Women and girls have released men for the Colours in every possible department. This is one of the phases of the work women cannot do.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

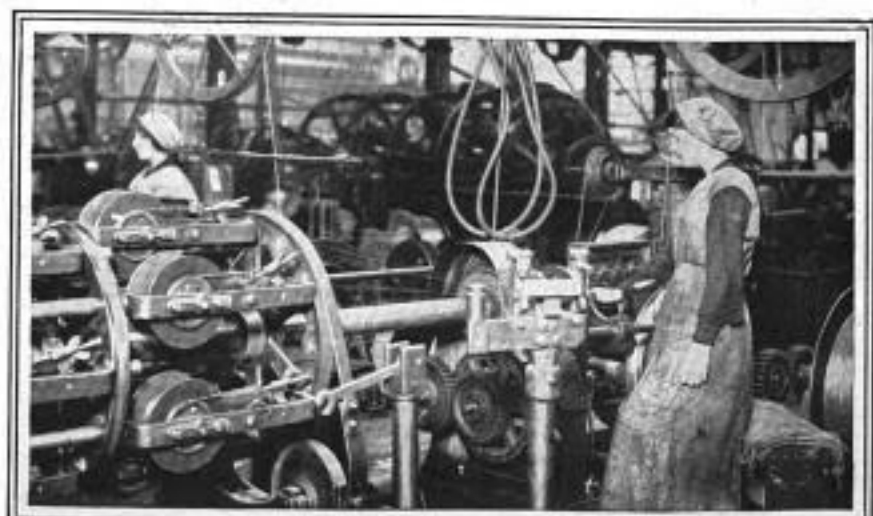
or they shall cause the same to be extirpated or destroyed on or before the Thirteenth Day of June, Anno Domini One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty. . . ."

What the connection precisely was between this innocent-looking plant and the dreaded rust remained a mystery till modern methods of research, and the microscope, were brought to bear on the subject.



IN A BRITISH STEEL AND ROPE WORKS: AEROPLANE-CORD SPINNING.

Photograph by S. and G.



IN A BRITISH STEEL AND ROPE WORKS: AT A WIRE-ROPE SPINNING-MACHINE.

Photograph by S. and G.

"BIG ROUMANIA" A SURPRISE FOR THE ENEMY: GUNS ON THE MOVE BEHIND ARTIFICIAL COVER.

FACSIMILE SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 9, 1916. — 305



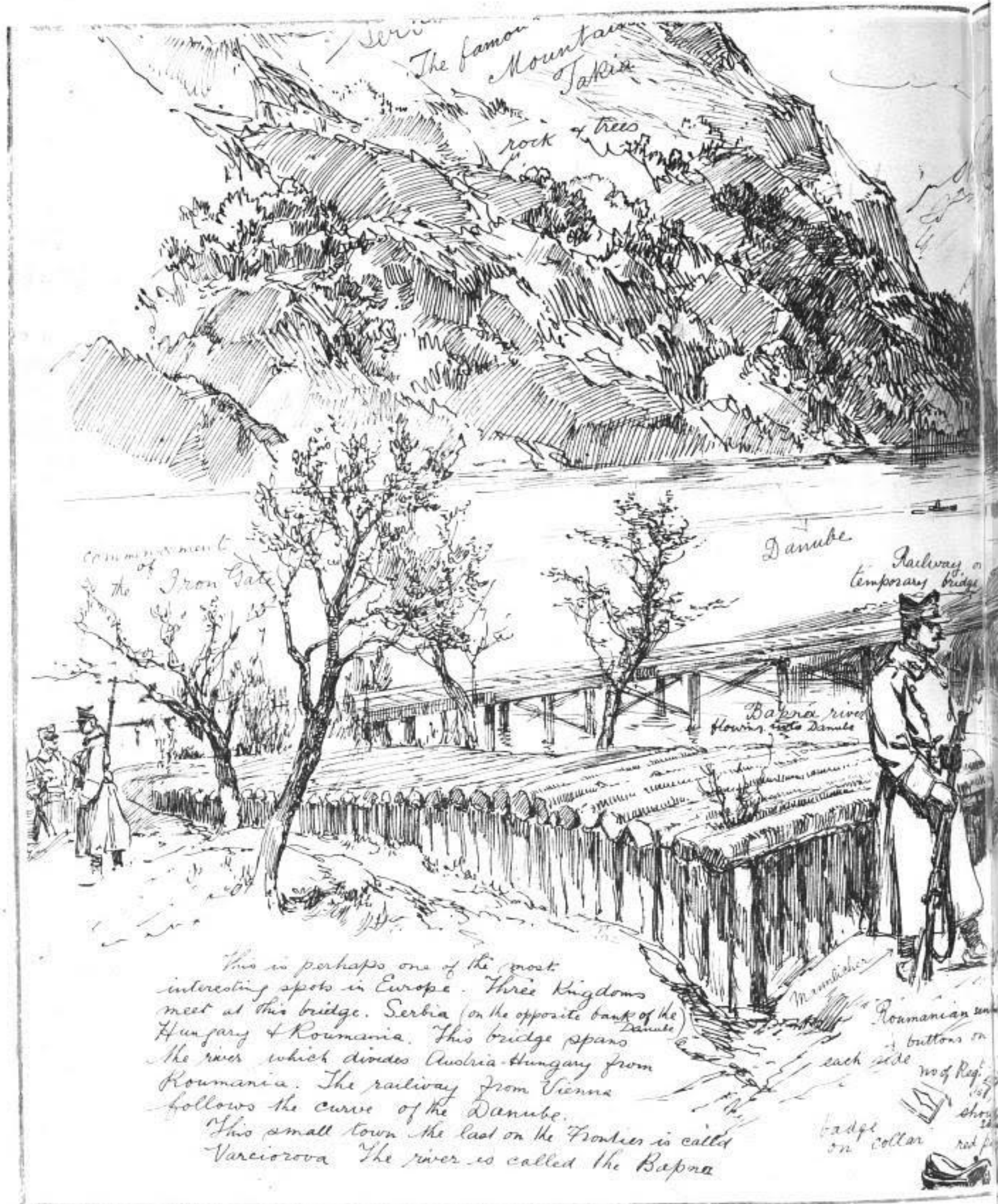
ROUMANIAN PREPARATIONS: ON A FRONTIER "SUNKEN ROAD," CONSTRUCTED THAT TROOPS MAY NOT BE SEEN ACROSS THE DANUBE—AN ARTILLERY BATTERY PASSING.

"If military skill in preparation and careful organisation count as steps towards victory," writes our artist in forwarding the above sketch, made on the spot, "we have on our side in the field a 'Big Roumania.' I was privileged some short time ago to make an extended tour through the most interesting parts of the country, and can safely and confidently say, in direct opposition to opinions which have been expressed in certain German high quarters to the effect that 'a small Balkan State can never become a decisive factor in the settlement of Armageddon,' that those who uttered the dictum will find themselves woefully

mistaken. Roumania's Army is ready, and everywhere throughout the country arrangements have been made for its employment at any required point. Transport difficulties have been overcome and all measures taken to ensure success." As the drawing shows, "special sunken roads have been constructed at many places to afford shelter and security to marching troops." In the illustration a battery of Roumanian artillery is seen making its way, well screened from observation, in the neighbourhood of the Danube, seen towards the background, flowing on this side of the mountains. (Drawing Copyrighted by the United States and Canada.)

A KEY POSITION ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER: WHERE IT

FACSIMILE SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY



WHERE FIGHTING FOLLOWED THE ROUMANIAN DECLARATION OF WAR: THE CONFLUENCE OF THE

This drawing was made at the point where the Roumanian frontier converges with those of Austria-Hungary and Serbia at the junction of the Bapna with the Danube, at Varciorova. Shortly after the Roumanian declaration of war and attack upon the Austro-Hungarians, it was reported that the pressure was strongest at this point, and a Roumanian official communiqué of August 29 stated: "Our artillery from Varciorova fired on Orsova, destroying the petroleum depôt." A later Roumanian official statement, of August 31, said: "Austro-Hungarian war-ships and batteries have fired on Varciorova, Turnu Severin, and Giurgevo." Between Varciorova and Turnu Severin is the famous reach of the Danube known as the Iron Gate. On September 2 the Austrians admitted having retreated across the River Cerna, near Orsova. Across the Danube are seen (in the left background) the hills of Serbia. Describing his drawing, Mr. Seppings-Wright, who is himself shown in the foreground (with his back to the spectator), talking to a Roumanian officer and his wife, says in a note: "One of the most important key positions of Roumania is to be found on the banks of the Bapna, a small mountain stream which falls into the Danube at the frontier

MEETS THE FRONTIERS OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND SERBIA.

By our SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.

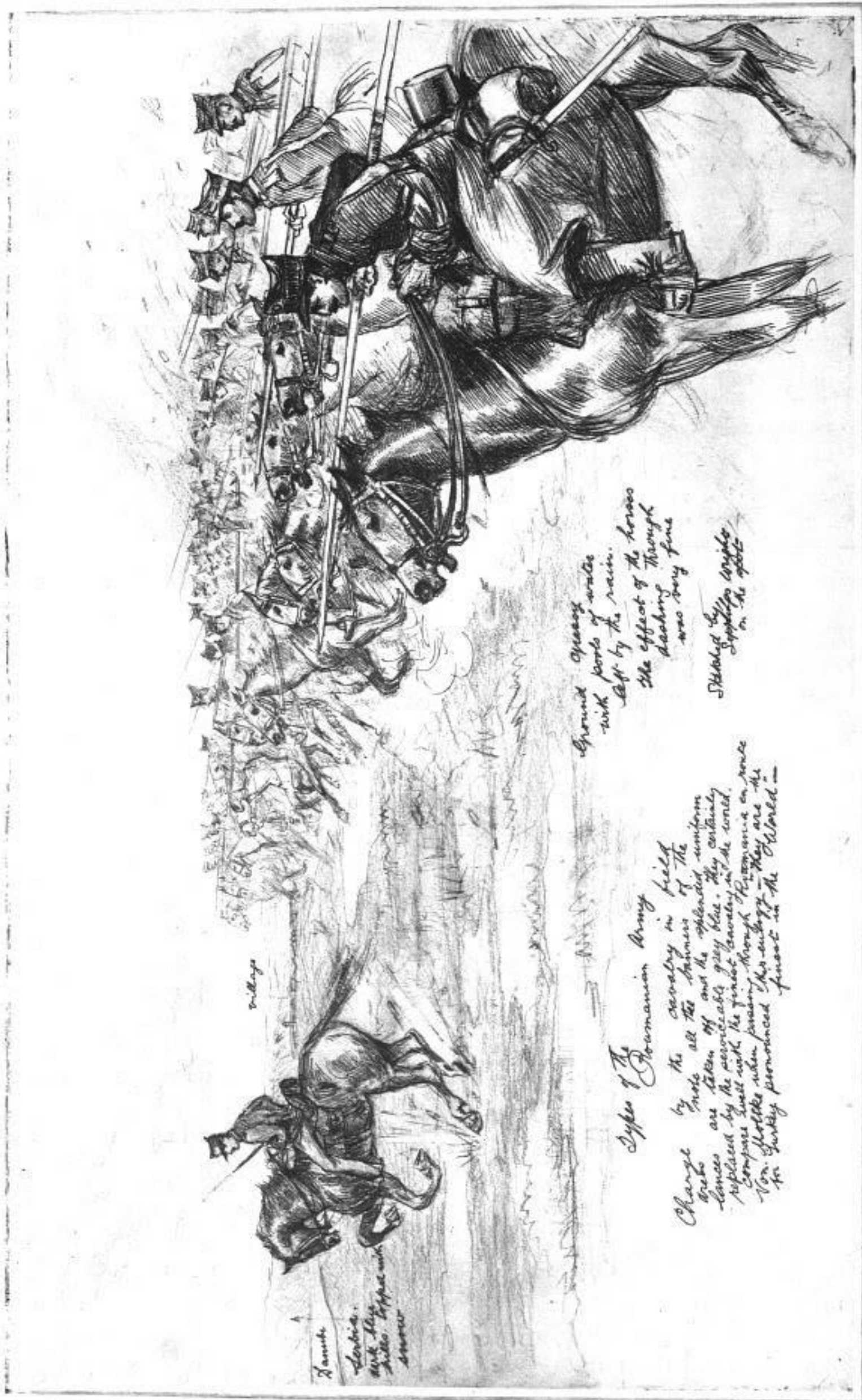


RIVER BAPNA WITH THE DANUBE, AT VARCIOROVA—SHOWING ORSOVA IN THE BACKGROUND.

Village of Varciorova. This stream is spanned by a temporary wooden bridge not more than forty feet long. On either side stands a sentinel. Roumania and Hungary face each other. There are other features to be negotiated before an attacking army can cross: the mountains of each country bristle with guns and trenches. Mountain-roads zig-zag from position to position, making communication easy. Above all towers the frowning crest of Takia, which the Serbs so gallantly defended. Varciorova straggles along the banks of the Danube to the Iron Gate, a rocky reef over which the waters of the Danube boil for a couple of miles, a bar to navigation only to be threaded by keeping to the narrow channel, or subaquatic canal, which forms the one and only river road into Hungary. It is commanded at every point by the artillery of three nations, so that nothing could make the passage and live. This puts a stop to anything in the way of grain reaching the Central Powers by water, and the blowing-up of the railway bridge over the Bapna prevents any communication by railway."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ROUMANIA'S MAGNIFICENT CAVALRY: TROOPERS OF RENOWN IN THE ARMY OF OUR NEW ALLY.

FACSIMILE SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, M. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



IN THE FIELD-GRAY OF MODERN WAR; NO BRILLIANT PEACE-TIME UNIFORMS OR LANCE-PENNONS: ROUMANIAN CAVALRY CHARGING.

In the popular regard of the nation the Roumanian cavalry are considered crack troops, the *Alar* of the service. The men are good riders and of excellent physique, are thoroughly disciplined, and know their business. They are well mounted on a first-rate type of horse native to the country. Brilliantly uniformed in time of peace—hardly the German or the Austrian hussars were more showily attired—the Roumanian cavalry are now wearing the severely plain and stern-looking field-gray which all the Allied troops in the war have adopted where khaki is not worn. Our artist sends this note recording an experience with the Roumanian cavalry on the day he made the above sketch. There was some difference of opinion among certain officers as

to whether the ordinary uniform, or field-gray, looked most impressive for cavalry from an enemy's point of view in a charge. Two regiments, the one attired in the peace-time uniform with fluttering pennons on their lances, and the other in field-gray, were turned out and ordered to charge so as to put the matter to a test. "I was asked to act as judge," writes our war-artist, "and I gave my opinion in favour of field-gray. The full-dress uniforms made a glittering display of colour, but the field-gray troopers in the mass looked more formidable, heavier, and more sternly business-like as the onrush of horsemen swept by, their lance-poles bare, only tipped with gleaming points of steel."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FIGHTING-MEN OF GREECE: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GREEK ARMY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, AND ONE BY C. N.



GREEK SOLDIERS FRATERNISING WITH BRITISH SAILORS: A FRIENDLY MEETING AND AN EXCHANGE OF RATS!



MEN OF A MUCH-DISCUSSED ARMY ON DUTY: A BODY OF GREEK INFANTRY ON THE MARCH IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SALONIKA.



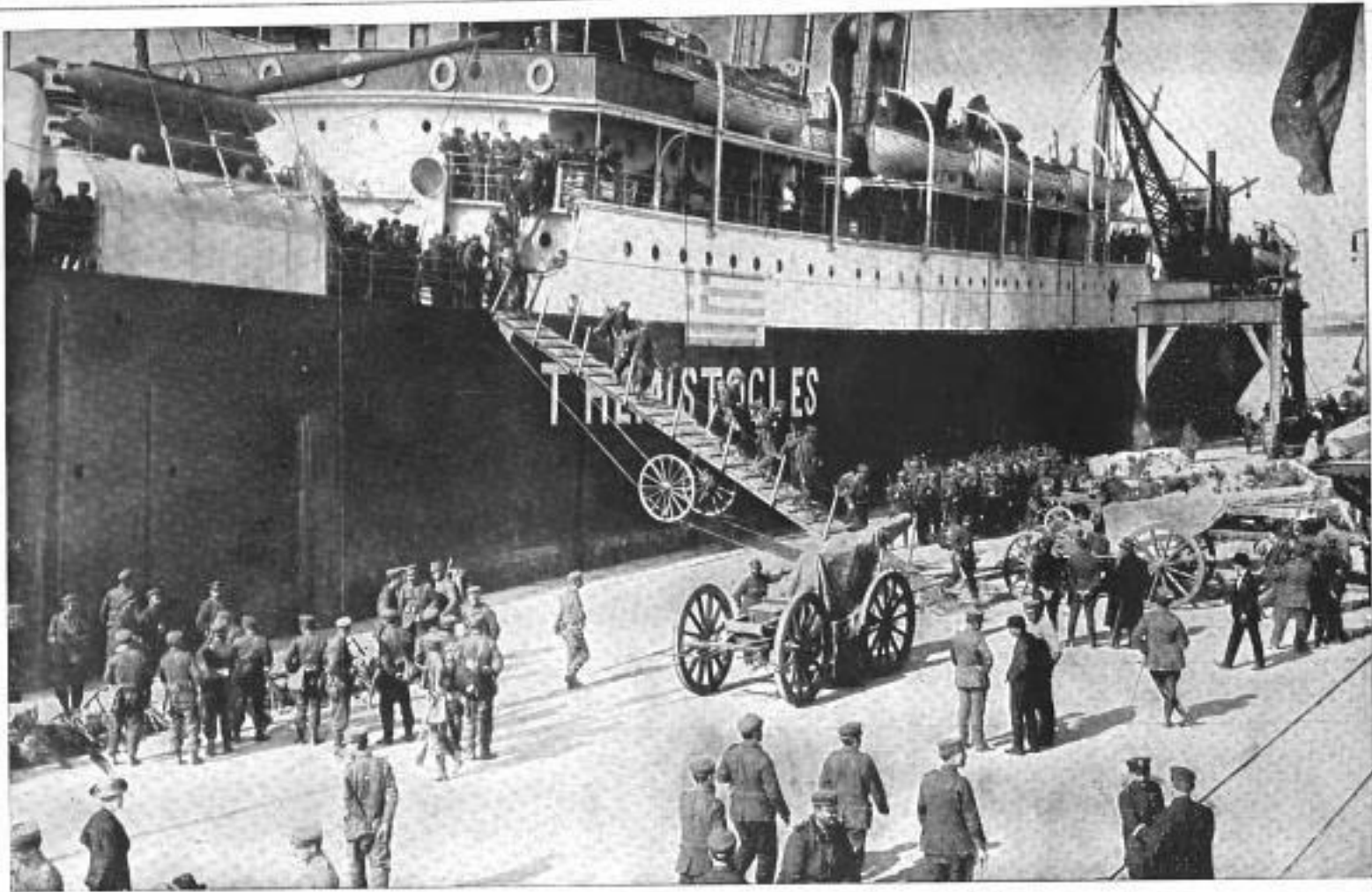
DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE MILITARY SITUATION IN MACEDONIA AND THE BALKANS: A GROUP OF GREEK OFFICERS AT SALONIKA.

Recent events have made the strength of the Greek Army a matter of much interest. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for this year says: "Military service in Greece is compulsory and universal, with very few exemptions. It commences in the twentieth year, and lasts for the long period of thirty-one years. . . . The annual contingent of recruits, fixed by Parliament, is about 25,000. The peace establishment for 1915 is about 60,000 officers and men. . . . The effective strength of the Greek Army . . . is 3970 officers

and 55,803 non-commissioned officers and men. The territorial army is, of course, primarily intended for home defence, but certain classes are liable to be drafted to the field army in time of war. . . . The Greek infantry are armed with the Mannlicher-Schönauer rifle, model 1903." As one of our photographs shows, the Greek private soldier is very ready to fraternise with the British sailor, and equally so, no doubt, with the British soldier. An exchange of hats always indicates "friendly relations."

WHERE ENTENTE COUNSELS PREVAIL: GREEKS AT SALONIKA.

OVERSEAS PHOTOGRAPHS.



NAMED AFTER THE WILDEST STATESMAN OF ANCIENT GREECE: THE TRANSPORT "THEMISTOCLES" LANDING GREEK TROOPS AT SALONIKA.



WHERE A COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL DEFENCE WAS SET UP, FAVOURING THE ALLIES: SALONIKA—GREEK TROOPS AT THE DOCKS.

While Athens remained undecided, the Greeks at Salonika took affairs into their own hands and formed a Committee of National Defence, as well as a military force, with a view to co-operating with the Allies and driving out the Bulgarians from Greek territory. A disturbance between the Committee's forces and a Greek garrison at Salonika was stopped by the intervention of the French. Mr. Ward Price wrote on September 2:

"The revolutionary commandant of the town announces that all soldiers and officers in uniform are to wear the blue-and-white armlet which is the badge of the revolution. Those without this will be considered 'reactionaries' and arrested. . . . The revolutionaries have sent detachments to Voden and other towns." M. Venizelos said recently of the pro-German party in Athens: "They see that even the Army itself has left them."

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LADIES' PAGE.

LONDON remains unusually full and busy. I went to the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum on the first day that the wonderful collection of miniatures lent by the Duke of Buccleuch was on view, and there was a surprisingly large and fashionable attendance. The collection is indeed worthy to attract art-lovers; although it does not include any examples of the best-known English painters in this style, those who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century, such as Cosway and Andrew Plimer. But it begins with Holbein's portraits of Henry the Eighth and his family; an "Antonio More" of Queen Mary I., with hard, thin lips and narrow-minded expression that truly display her character; a "Nicholas Hilliard" of Queen Elizabeth, young and blooming, but her personality already backed up by most wonderful dress, a great lace ruff, huge sleeves, and pointed corsage stiff with pearl embroidery; and then selections through the periods down to George Washington, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington.

In some periods, men's costume was as decorative as that of the ladies. There are a number of portraits in periwigs; men wore those monstrous, heavy wigs during fully three-quarters of a century, and combined with that affectation they adorned themselves with much fine lace, jabots and deep collars and sleeve ruffles; and here we may see them in all this finery. But there are also many ladies depicted in fine raiment. Amongst these is Catherine of Braganza, our Charles the Second's Queen, wearing ear-rings visibly tied over the ear-lobe by a silken cord with a tiny bow that rests against her cheek, while the delicate gold-and-pearl fringes hang down quite on to her bosom. This goes to confirm my suggestion in this column that the pairs of ornaments in the *casse* found in the City, and described in the London Museum as "pendants," were really seventeenth century tie-on ear-drops. There is a case of exquisite French miniatures of the Court of the seventeenth century and contemporaries. Queen Anne of Austria; Mme. de Montespan in an exquisitely embroidered gown, and with the garden of Versailles for the background; our Princess Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, and so on.

In this case, there are three different portraits of a Spanish Princess, the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, grand-daughter of Charles the Fifth, who ruled what we now know as Holland and Belgium, then called the Netherlands or Low Countries, and a conquered Province of Spain. The Infanta was one of the extraordinarily numerous women successful as Governors of States. The French *Mémoires* of the period are enthusiastic in her praise. Mme. de Motteville, in her well-known "Memoirs of the Court of Anne of Austria," says of the Infanta: "She ruled over the Netherlands with wisdom and glory, and her good government and justice made her reign in the hearts of the Flemish people." "La Grande Mademoiselle," Louis the Fourteenth's first



AN AFTERNOON DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF TAFFETA. The front part of this dress is made of beige-coloured taffeta, and the back is of nigger colour, with roses embroidered on it in dark shades of cornflower-blue and a touch of dull gold.

cousin, says in her *Memoirs* that this Infanta was her own example and ideal: "She was the greatest Princess that ever has been, and in history one cannot find a ruler who has so worthily governed a State, and won so much love from her people." So I looked with interest at the three miniatures, showing a pleasant kindly, shrewd face. Then, as I came away, I passed through the lace exhibition of the Museum. The actual specimens are flanked by engraved portraits of wearers of beautiful old lace: my glance fell by chance on that of the same Infanta Isabella wearing an exquisite lace collar. I turned to the right and descended the wide staircase: facing me on the landing were two pictures of a procession, which I stopped to look at because it was so like a procession that I saw once in the picturesque, now ruined, city of Bruges; and under the frame I found an inscription—"These pictures were painted to the order of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, Governess of the Netherlands." A remarkable string of coincidences—yet with no purpose, surely! Miracles, wonderful cures, prophetic warnings, and all sorts of superstition, often rest on bases no more purposeful or really indicative of hidden meaning. Times of great sorrow and loss give a tendency to superstition; so we should specially guard against it.

By degrees we are discovering that the war is depriving us of some necessities, and amongst these we have to realise that we are in the midst of a boot famine. British manufacturers are compelled to serve first both our own and our Allies' armies. The other vast army, the men and women in civil life who habitually wear "Lotus" or "Delta" shoes, have been learning the sad fact during the past few weeks, that the makers cannot supply their agents at the moment, and are compelled to serve out the limited stock that they have in hand on the principle of "fair sharing" such numbers and sizes as may remain in stock. This means that a great number of people who always buy these far-famed and reliable makes must go without; especially those who require out-sizes and special orders. The factory is distressed beyond words not to be able to supply old customers, and all the shops that are agents for those celebrated brands of foot-gear are worried to death by the women and men who cannot be suited with any other makes, but they are helpless for the present, and can only look forward to the time when the irresistible demands of the fighting men will be lessened. Meantime, women who feel as if they can wear no other than their accustomed "Lotus" or "Delta" boots and shoes had better try if they can find at the agents' the sizes they are in need of, and failing that, put down their order in hopes that, amongst the "fair-sharing" supplies that are doled out from time to time from the factory, their own special lot will happen to be found. To blame either the shopkeepers or the manufacturers is idle and foolish; they do what they can. A very handsome, stylish boot will be delivered from the factory to the shops in limited numbers during October, and customers who put down their names at the shops will have the first chance of getting a trial at suiting themselves out of this limited new stock. *FILomena.*

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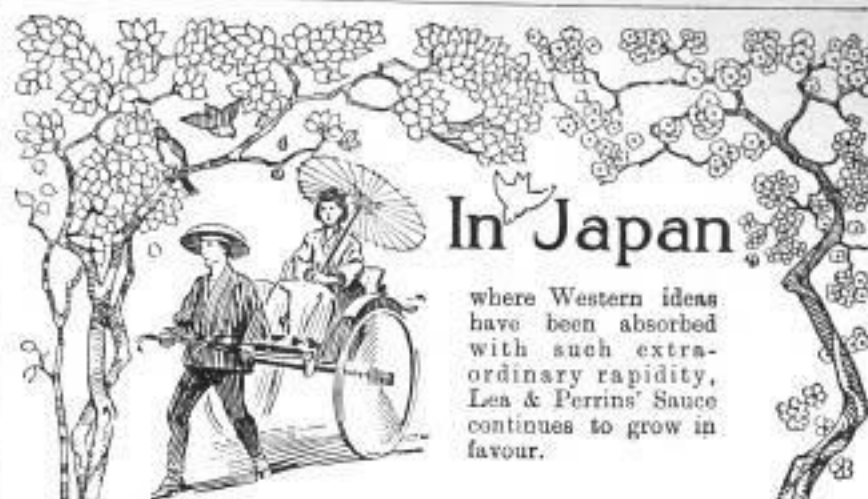
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Another Motoring Association? I see with considerable surprise that a well-known writer on automobile topics appears to think that the time is more or less ripe for the formation of yet another motoring association. This same question was put forward from the same quarter long before the war, and its pros and

per annum, and is thus no more the aristocrat of motorism. But I seem to remember that one of the stock arguments against the Club in the pre-war time was that it was not sufficiently democratic!

As for the A.A., well, it really does seem to me that the motorist in the mass is reasonably well satisfied with its work, else why has its membership increased by the wonderful total—wonderful having regard to the times—of over ten thousand in the past year? No; it will not do. We don't want to have our attention distracted by talk of more representation just now. I imagine that most of us are fully content to leave our interests for the time being in the hands of those who are looking after them. When the war is over we can, supposing there should appear to be necessity, ask our R.A.C. and A.A. to give an account of their stewardship, and then, if it seems good, we can re-open all the old controversies, and form half-a-dozen new societies. Let us, however, have what peace we can now.

Motorists and the War.

We hear a lot from time to time about the selfish motorist, who is said to have careered all over the country on his "joy rides" until the Government stepped in and stopped his petrol. Not so much is heard, though, of the enormous amount of good

work which has been done, free of all cost to the country, in the way of giving outings to wounded soldiers, and in many another direction. As a small indication of the work done by private motorists, reference may be made to the figures supplied by the hon. secretary of the Midland Automobile Club. From these it appears that during the period from the outbreak of war until July 1 last year, 6681 car journeys were made, involving a total mileage of 85,662, and the conveyance of 33,454 soldiers. Every automobile club in the country is doing similar work, apart from the very large number of unattached motorists who are lending their cars and their services to the same cause.

Then, I don't remember to have seen any mention made of the little band of sportsmanlike car-owners who went across to France with the original Expeditionary

Force. These were members of the R.A.C., and they had to take over their own private cars, which were placed at the disposal of the War Office without cost to the country. No pay was given for their services—even some sort of uniform had to be provided at their own proper cost. All they had in return was petrol and tyres, plus such repairs in Army workshops as would suffice to keep the cars up to their work of carrying Generals and Staff Officers from place to place. The motoring community does not want to be thanked for what they have done as motorists; but before the cry is raised about joy-riding, the other side of the account might very well be glanced at, to say the least.

"Traps" in the London District. It will doubtless be a surprise to most to hear that never at any time were there so many police-traps working in the Metropolitan Police District as now. Nevertheless, this is a fact, as I am assured by one whose business it is to know, and whose authority cannot be impeached. Apparently, a wide use is being made of the "specials" to carry out the ordinary police duties, while the regular constables are employed in trapping. It has been demonstrated again and again that the police trap yields no



A CAR WHICH WAS SUCCESSFUL IN A HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST IN SPAIN: A CROSSLEY CAR EQUIPPED FOR TOURING.

This car belongs to a well-known Spanish motorist, and took part in a race upon a very steep incline known as La Cuesta de las Jarillas, each car being fully equipped for touring. Amongst the competing cars were British, French, German, and Spanish, and the Crossley arrived first, covering 5½ kilometres in 4 minutes, 2 seconds. The contest was arranged by the Spanish Automobile Clubs.

cons were then thrashed out until nothing but the bare husk was left. Apart from the fact that there is now little more to be said on either side about the older representative bodies, the present would hardly appear to be the most opportune moment for the discussion of such subjects. However, the point has been mooted, and, therefore, something has to be said about it.

For my own part, I am at an entire loss to know wherein the R.A.C. and the A.A. have failed in the duty they owe to their membership and to the country. Is it in the matter of increased license duties on our cars or on petrol? Is it because they have not been able to persuade the Government to give us the petrol which does not exist? It must surely be in one of these directions that the lapse has occurred which has impelled the implication that the motorist requires better representation than the existing bodies can give us. Perhaps it is that the R.A.C. has ceased to be dignified and exclusive, it having opened its portals to all who can afford to pay a mere five guineas



A HANDSOME TOURING-CAR USED IN THE WAR: A 20-H.P. AUSTIN.

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results but fines—it does not even check dangerous driving. It seems very unfair to the civilian police, who give their time for nothing, that they should be called upon for extra duty in order to set free policemen for trapping motor-cars. If there are so many enrolled "specials" that the regulars are superfluous, perhaps some of the latter can be spared for the Army. W. W.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CHU-CHIN-CHOW." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"AN Eastern revue" Mr. Oscar Asche called his new entertainment at His Majesty's; so that, in face of that description, there is no need to devote space to explaining what it is not. His is not a faithful transcript

Frederic Norton's score you will scarcely detect Oriental rhythms, that the fun is often very obvious and about obvious things—nay, that there is very little scope for acting even for Mr. Asche as the grim arch-robber? Here are harems and a slave-market, palanquins, and all the details of the Eastern bazaar; here are costumes in every variety of

blend or brevity, now dazzling, now grotesque; here is beauty adorned or half-adorned; here are dancing and perpetual change and pageantry—here, in short, colour runs riot and spectacular triumph succeeds spectacular triumph. "Chu-Chin-Chow" is really an overpowering show.

"THE OLD COUNTRY." AT WYNDHAM'S.

Commander Dion Clayton Calthrop has made his debut as dramatist under happy conditions. His fiction has always shown a pretty touch of sentiment, and sentiment with the "old country" as subject is a good card to play in these times. But his sentiment has humour to balance it. That is neat, his device of handling the English countryside and its amenities and conservatism as they affect an American before and after contact with them. So that he may make his point, we forgive him his fairy-tale exaggeration of

them, and smile benevolently on the pair of sugar-sweet aunts waiting ecstatically for the wanderer, the typical English girl so obviously brought on to catch the hero's eye, and all the apparatus of welcome, with its stage village-children and its farmers who talk like yokels. Nay, we can go further with Mr. Calthrop, and tolerate the melodrama of illegitimacy and its revenge which gives him his plot. What charms in Mr. Calthrop's play is his capacity for seeing both sides, for being both critic and advocate, that constitutes its freshness and promise. Conceive Mr. Gerald du Maurier forced to use an American accent, the accent of Seattle; yet he does it wonderfully; and, in addition, almost carries the play on his shoulders. Not that Miss Rosalie Toller does not look a rosebud of an English girl; or that Miss Vane Featherston

and Miss Edith Johnston are not delicious as the early Victorian aunts; or that Miss Nina Boucicault does not win tears for the hero's mother by her tears; or that Mr. Sydney Valentine's outburst in the rôle of a peasant wedded to the old ways is not worth waiting long to hear. But Fountain is the live, electric personality in the piece, and Mr. Du Maurier keeps him so.

"THE GIRL FROM CIRO'S." AT THE GARRICK.

There is so much ingenuity evident in "The Girl from Cairo's," reversion though it is to the old type of Gallic farce; and the imbroglia of its plot is so ludicrous, despite the inevitable naughtiness of many of its characters, that it seems a pity one of its scenes could not have been avoided. For nothing will make the sight of a woman under the influence of intoxicants a pretty spectacle on the stage or off. Miss Madge Lessing skates over the ice neatly at the Garrick, and for the rest, illustrates divertingly enough the two sides of the enigmatic heroine, Cécile. Fortunately, too, there is plenty of rollicking fun. To watch Mr. H. V. Esmond's mock horror, as the hero who has hoped by marriage to get away from his Paris tempters, and discovers in his father-in-law his former tutor in dissipation, is to obtain first-rate acting, and a good laugh



WITHIN ONE HUNDRED YARDS OF THIEPVAL VILLAGE: ON THE WATCH IN A BRITISH TRENCH.

Official Photograph.

of the most famous of the Arabian Nights tales; he does not pretend to give us realistic pictures of the world of the Orient. The bibulous but genial old rogue he asks us to accept as Ali Baba lacks the qualities which made him a successful treasure-hunter in the original, though he is given a jolly humour and has got a jolly sister-in-law—Mr. Asche's own idea—as compensations. And Morgiana is robbed of her traditional victory over the thieves that this may be passed on to a fierce captive Arab woman, one Zahrat Al-Kulub, and the proper heroine as Marjanah may devote herself to pretty songs of sentiment. But watch Mr. Courtice Pounds as Ali Baba proving the very life and soul of fun, note how pleasantly Miss Aileen d'Orme plays up to him and renders her music, see the intensity of Miss Lily Brayton's acting, and listen to Miss Violet Essex's rich notes, and you will be content—especially when such a gorgeous panorama of scenes, representing the East as it might show in some opium-eater's dream, unrolls itself before your eyes. What matters that the dialogue is of the Wardour Street stamp, that in Mr.



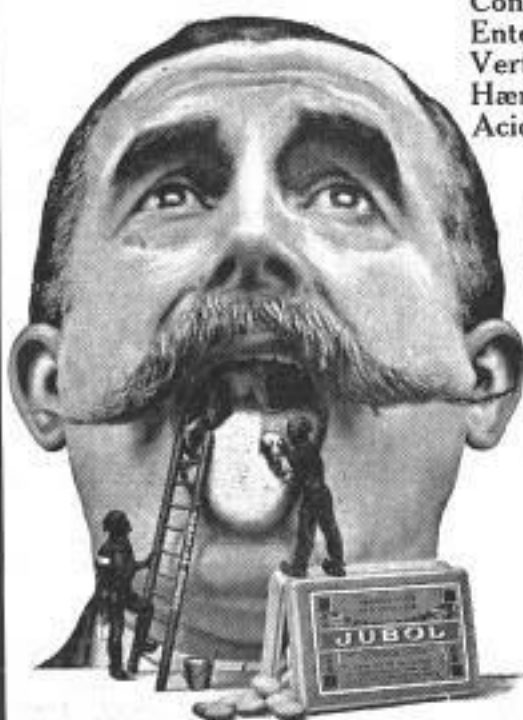
A GERMAN "DUD": AN ENEMY SHELL WHICH FELL BLIND ON THE TOP OF A BRITISH TRENCH AT THIEPVAL.

Official Photograph.

at the same time. And, of course, we get a capital performance from Miss Lottie Venne. Mr. José Levy's adaptation would gain by being rattled through in Gallic fashion, when its London success should hardly be in doubt.

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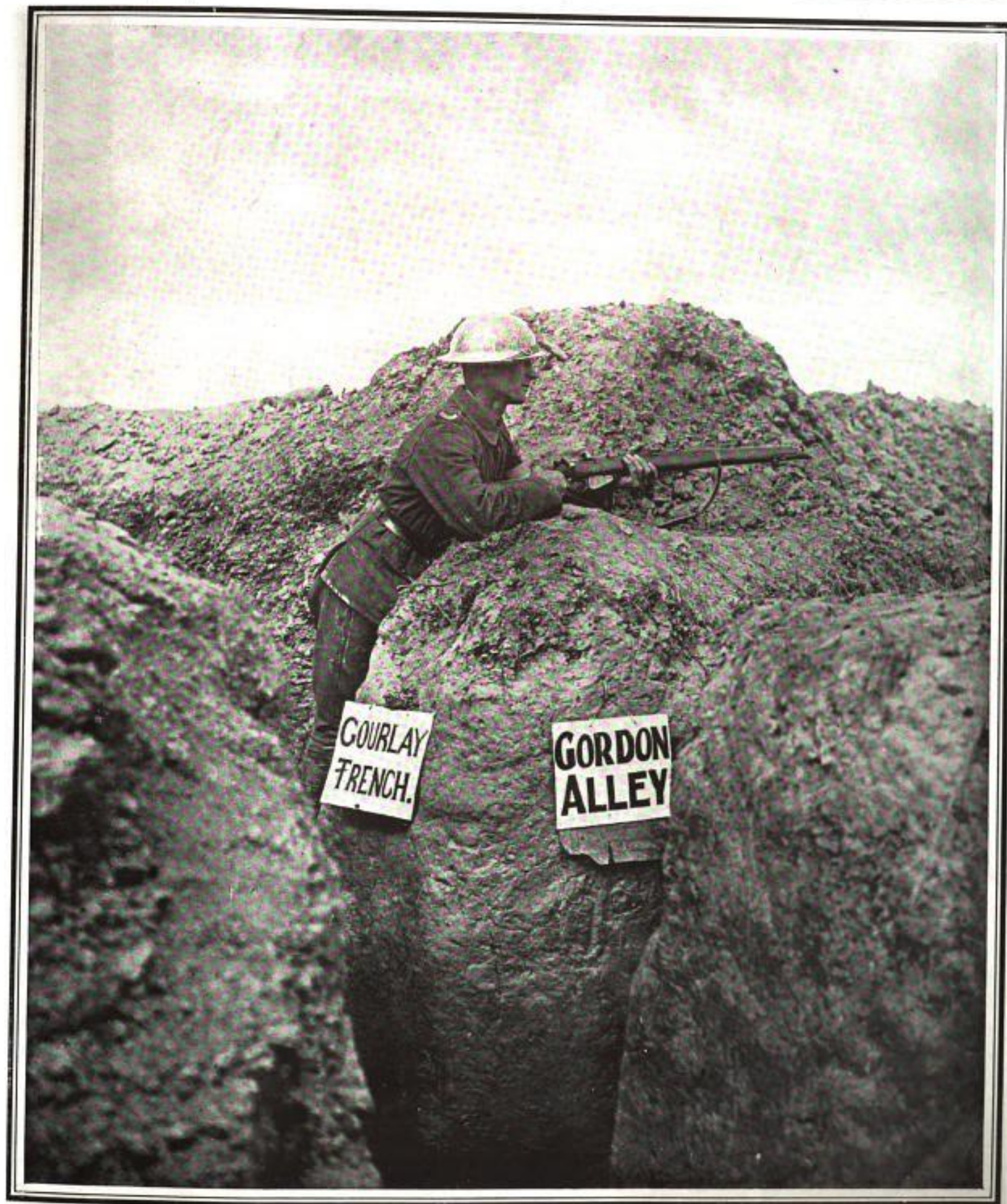
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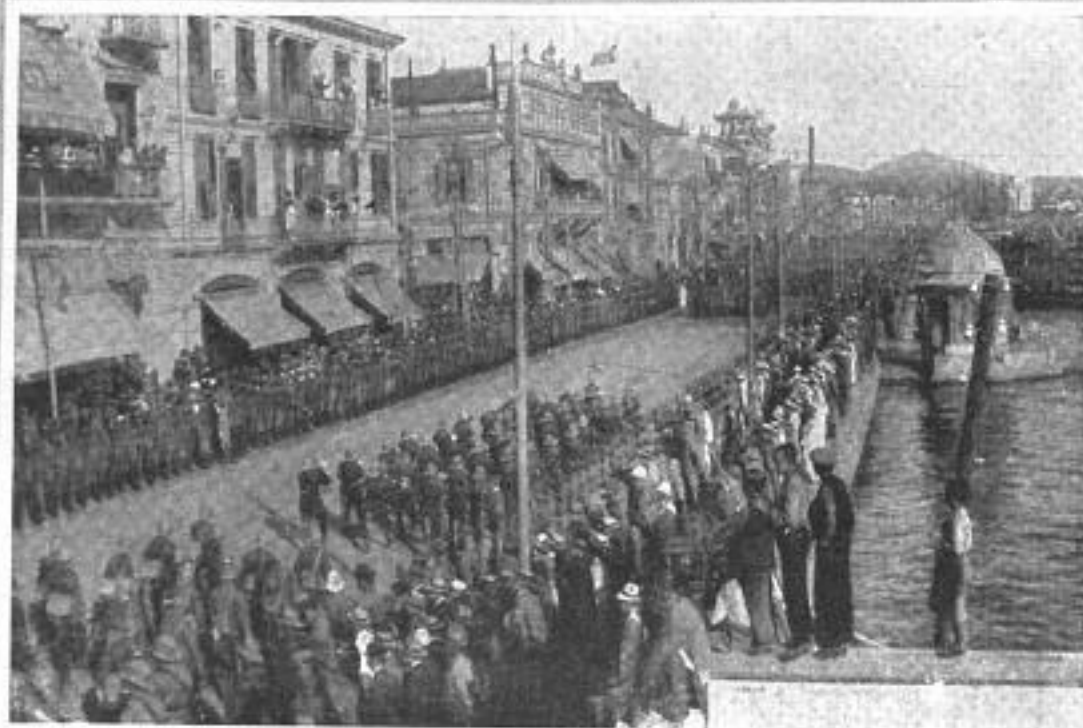


WHERE THE TRENCHES MEET: A SENTRY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

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WAR SCENES IN FRANCE AND MACEDONIA: FRENCH AN

PHOTOGRAPHS AUTHORISED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE



A SIGN OF THE ALLIES' UNITY OF FRONT POLICY: ITALIAN TROOPS LANDED AT SALONIKA MARCHING TO THEIR QUARTERS.



THE CONCEALMENT OF RAILWAYS FROM HOSTILE AIRCRAFT ON THE SOMME FRONT



BIG FRENCH LONG-RANGE GUNS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT: A GENERAL VIEW OF A BATTERY.



ANALYSING THE CONTENTS OF GERMAN PROJECTILES: LIEUT. BOUXIN IN HIS LABORATORY ON THE MEURTHE AND MOSELLE FRONT.



DEMANDING FROM THE GREEK GOVERNMENT PROTECTION AGAINST THE TURKS

The recently renewed French offensive on the Somme, carried out with great gallantry, has had important results. During the week from September 3 to 10 our Allies took over 2000 prisoners, and the number has since been increased. Indications of the French strength in guns and munitions, both on the Western front and in Macedonia, are given in several of our photographs. Some recent statistics published regarding the growth of the French output of munitions stated that the manufacture of 75-mm. shells was 38½ times greater than at the beginning of the war, while the production of shell-cases for larger projectiles was 80 times greater.—The landing of the Italians at Salonika was thus described by Mr. G. Ward Price: "A considerable force of Italian troops arrived in the bay yesterday and disembarked this afternoon. In neat uniforms of grey-green with helmets of blue steel, marching in columns, the small-sized but active-looking Italian infantry were a long time passing the saluting-point at the quay. . . . It was not only an imposing military spectacle, but, I suppose, a really unique one, a very microcosm and

ITALIAN EFFICIENCY; AND GREEK UNREST AT SALONIKA.

OTHERS BY ALFIERI, PHOTOPRESS, AND HONORÉ.



FRENCH SOLDIERS REMOVING THE "MASK" FROM A LINE OF BARBED WIRE TO PASS.



WITH THE FRENCH ARTILLERY ON THE BALKAN FRONT: A GUN READY TO FIRE IN MACEDONIA.



THE BULGARIAN INVADERS: A MASS MEETING OF THIRTY THOUSAND AT SALONIKA.



SENEGALISE TROOPS OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL ARMY ON THE SOMME FRONT: FIXING BARBED WIRE ON NEWLY WON POSITIONS.



FRENCH PROJECTILES BIG ENOUGH TO CONTAIN A MAN: A FRENCH SOLDIER INSIDE A "520" SHELL-CASE; AND HOLDING A "75" SHELL.

epitome of almost all the Allies. Here on this Greek waterside . . . were gathered soldiers of those many and widely differing races that are fighting for our cause. There stood a group of Frenchmen, bearded and sun-burnt . . . And then Englishmen, and then Russians, and then Serbs, and on the outskirts of the crowd the baby face and narrow eye-slits of the Annamite, and close to him a laughing Senegalese, and there a dignified Indian transport driver in his turban . . . Many shouts of "Viva l'Italia!" met the little brown men as they stepped out alertly for the first time along the uneven highways of this ill-paved town." The same correspondent, describing a great pro-Allies demonstration of Macedonian Greeks at Salonika on August 30, writes: "The procession made for the French Headquarters and filled the space in front of it with much cheering. After a while General Sarrail appeared at an upper window, saluted, and withdrew again. Then Colonel Zimbrakakis went into the building and came out a quarter of an hour later, mounted, and started to make a speech."

MR. ASQUITH SEES FOR HIMSELF: THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE FRONT.

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MR. ASQUITH WATCHING THE RETURN OF A SQUADRON OF AEROPLANES.



THE PREMIER SHOWS HIMSELF MUCH INTERESTED IN SOME BIG HOWITZER SHELLS.



MR. ASQUITH WATCHING MEN AT WORK ON FUSES, AT THE FRONT.



THE PREMIER ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MR. ASQUITH LOOKING AT CAPTURED GERMAN AMMUNITION.

As becomes a famous statesman who is also a great lover of the classics, Mr. Asquith obviously agrees with the friend of Plato, who held that to believe is dangerous and to be unbelieving is equally so, and the Truth, therefore, should be diligently sought after. The Premier spares no effort to see things for himself, and he recently returned from a three-days' visit to the Commander-in-Chief, at the British front, in the course of which he managed to see a great deal. On the first day he went to Pricourt, and explored

the old German trenches and dug-outs; spent some time talking to the wounded and the staffs at a casualty clearing station; lunched with one of the Army Commanders; and visited the headquarters of the R.F.C. The second day was devoted to talking with various heads of Departments at General Headquarters, where he lunched with the Quartermaster-General; and on the third day he visited some Canadian troops, and saw batteries in action and other incidents of interest.

WHERE CELLARS WERE CLEARED OF GERMANS: THE UNDERGROUND WAR.

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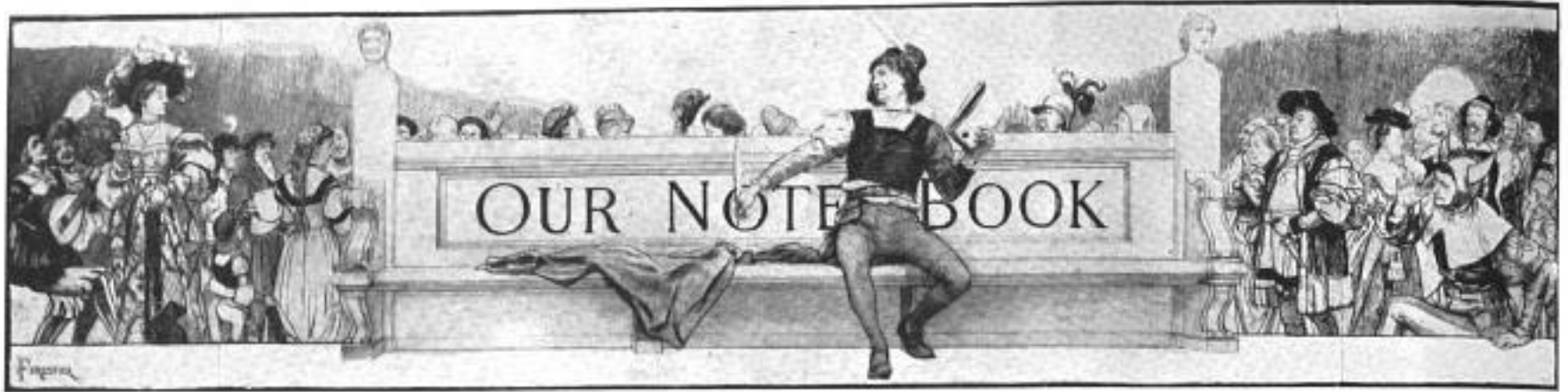
SHOWING CELLARS FROM WHICH OUR MEN HAD TO HUNT OUT THE ENEMY: A BRITISH SOLDIER'S BULLET IN A WRECKED COTTAGE.



WHERE GERMAN DUG-OUTS 30 FEET DEEP HAD TO BE CLEARED IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE: A SCENE IN THE RUINS OF MONTAUBAN.

Some of the most trying work which the British troops have to perform in the capture of German positions is the clearing of the enemy from their deep dug-outs and cellars. These hold large numbers of men, who, if they were not ferreted out, would attack our troops from the rear after they had passed. Describing the capture of one such cavern, from which a German machine-gun had given great trouble, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "No fewer than 6 officers and 170 men came out of that one hole in the ground and

gave themselves up. There was fierce fighting in the other dug-outs, where there was room to fight, for those of our troops who, with fixed bayonets, went running about in search of the entrances and then plunged down helter-skelter, coming face to face in the half-darkness with tall Prussians armed with bombs and pistols and nasty kinds of knives." The same thing took place at Montauban, captured early in the British offensive. "Our bombardment," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "had annihilated the German position."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the last great Zeppelin raid swept upon London, two scenes were enacted by which an Englishman would be very willing that his country should be judged. The first, of course, was that extraordinary scene—one might almost say vision—in which a man mounted to assail and destroy that winged fortress, enormous as the flying island of Laputa, with an equipment which was by comparison like that of a witch riding on a broomstick. The other was the scene in which the mangled remains of the enemies fallen out of the sky were honourably buried in a soldiers' grave with the salutes and the farewell of soldiers. When on a previous occasion some members of a Zeppelin crew were taken alive, a few voices were heard suggesting that they should be denied the privileges of prisoners of war; but these few voices almost instantly died away, and were silenced by a universal silence. Such small revenges are in any case unworthy of the dignity of indignation. They are also futile and inconsequent, for these men are merely tools by the very definition of their trade. We might as well revenge ourselves on the Zeppelin as on the crew of the Zeppelin. To break the furniture may be a pardonable expression of a passing anger; but the only kind of anger we have, or have any right to have, is not of the passing sort. It is a great and a responsible anger against men who are in great and responsible stations. Touching the work and destiny of such men, I have always repeated the view that the highest human tradition has taken of such extreme examples: that the only good to be made out of them is to make them examples. There are cases where execution is expiation, and where death is in a true sense the only pardon. I believe we have the right to wage war until we can do justice upon princes and captains as we do it upon thieves and assassins. But when this intellectual conviction is confused with a notion of copying the enemy's methods, it is not fulfilled, but actually frustrated.

A little clear thinking is very much needed in this matter, in which both sides go by associations rather than ideas. On the one side, the Pacifist congratulates himself on avoiding "militarism" when he turns the whole world over to be trampled on by the Prussian Guard. On the other side, the Jingo congratulates himself on avoiding "sentimentalism" so long as he is allowed to butcher and blunder out of pure sentiment. Neither really asks himself what object he is trying to achieve, and what means are the most practical for achieving it. Now, our object, or at least (if I may in modesty so express it) my object, is to isolate and punish the Prussian power. And when this aim is vividly envisaged, it becomes plain that the real reason for refusing (as far as is reasonably possible) to copy the Prussian malpractices is the same as the reason for refusing all peace or parley with the Prussian monarchy. The more we insist that the terms must be our terms, the more do we weaken ourselves if the methods are their methods. To see the reason for this is a matter not of sentiment, but of intelligence. Our whole controversial case against Prussianism is to prove it exceptional. It is obviously a part of that case, if possible, to leave it exceptional. Our whole hope of getting a monster killed and not scotched depends upon our keeping fresh the original human horror at its monstrosity. It may be illogical, but it will

certainly be natural, if that horror is somewhat dulled if, by the end of the war, everybody seems to be fighting with pretty much the same weapons. It may be unjust, but it is certainly not unlikely, that men will forget who it was who used them first. If a European State, at war with other States, suddenly began to eat its prisoners, the other States would be justified in breaking off all intercourse and international discussion, and destroying it without further speech. But if the other States began, however reluctantly, to eat a prisoner here and there, they might still maintain much of their logical case, and even something of a rather relative moral superiority. But obviously there is one thing they could not possibly maintain, and that is the innocent and instantaneous disgust at the mere sight of a cannibal. Yet it would be precisely upon that innocent disgust that they would base their whole claim to crush a mere nest of

much the same as a Pope who excommunicated them; as if a Caesar making his horse a consul were pretty much the same as a Caesar making his slave a freed-man; as if Attila waging war to destroy civilisation were pretty much the same as Charlemagne waging war to save it. It is exactly as if we were to draw Jack the Ripper as the recognised picture of John Bull. It is as if we were to say that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt kept a tiger because it is considered a domestic habit to keep a cat; it is as if we said that a City man waiting for an omnibus found it much the same thing to wait for a Zeppelin.

The social order of the past differed in some details from our own; but there was the same sense, or an even greater sense, of the distance between the ordinary and extraordinary. Because a mediæval knight rode on a horse he would not have been the less surprised to meet a Centaur; and when our fathers came across a monster they recorded it as a monster. And the Prussian monarchy was regarded as a monster. That it had brought a new and naked anarchy into international relations was a commonplace of Christendom, like the statement that England specialised in sea-power or that the Grand Turk was pressing upon the frontiers of Eastern Europe. It was indeed known that Prussia systematically relapsed into long periods of peace; but it was also known that the name of that peace was preparation for war. The period of rest—or rather, of militant immobility—between the forgery of Ems and the violation of Belgium was neither more nor less significant than the period of rest between the Partition of Poland and the treacheries of the Napoleonic Wars, or the period of rest between the Napoleonic Wars and the forgery of Ems—to say nothing of the pillage of Denmark or the swindling of Austria. If we had peace to-morrow, and the peace lasted for another fifty years, we should be no more safe than in the cavern of a dragon asleep. The truth that wants telling, the truth upon which our practical future hangs, is that the dragon is a dragon—that the word is not, as his friends would suggest, a misprint for dragoon. In other words, what is the matter with him is not "militarism," but tyranny and treachery and a thirst for the things of death.

We have admittedly reached a stage in the campaign in which the peace may be more menacing than the war. The enemy of Christendom cannot now escape by merely piling up his tyrannies; and if he piles them up it is rather because ruin is his consolation as well as his prize—because unkindness is a sort of comfort to him, as kindness is to happier men. But he may escape by some treaty that shall be a treason, and a parent of future treasons. Our chances of averting that peril do not depend on petty reprisals for his brutalities, or on playing the monkey to any of his monkey tricks. They depend on the contrast between the brute and monkey and the dignity of man which he has insulted. They depend upon keeping open the gulf that separates common good and evil from this sinister and even insane exception in the chronicles of Christian men. And if we do not do it, our danger is that we shall waste the wealth of our wrath in breaking tools and toys, and the evil itself will escape us.

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A WAR COUNCIL IN PARIS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. ALBERT THOMAS, MR. H. S. MONTAGU, AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

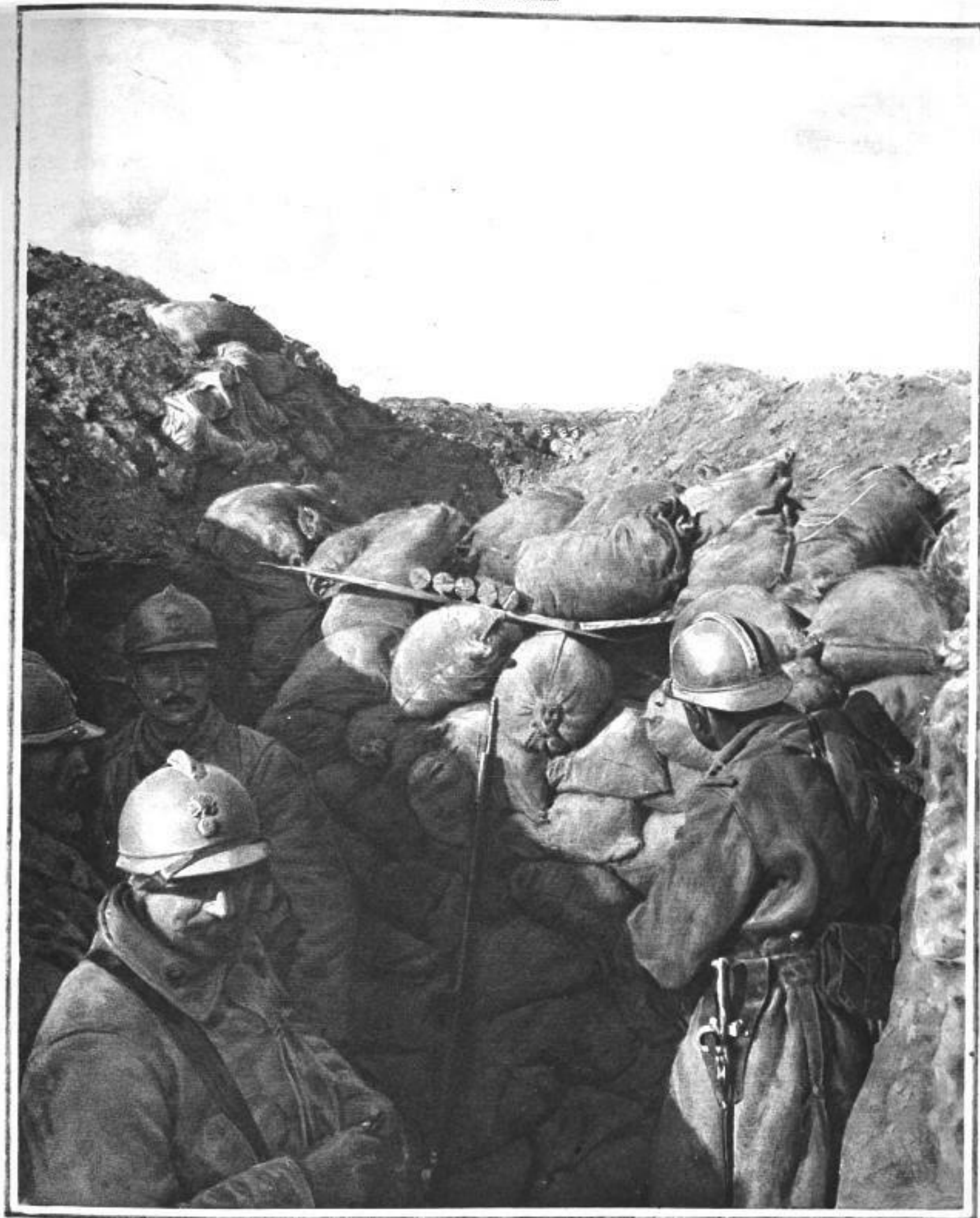
The Press Bureau announced on the 16th: "A series of conferences has been held this week in Paris between the French and British Ministers for War and the Ministers for Munitions. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Montagu were accompanied by representatives of the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions, and by officers from the staff of Sir Douglas Haig. . . . The Minister of Munitions (Mr. H. S. Montagu) has returned to England."

cannibals. Even if they only on rare occasions took a bite at a man, even if they were only found cautiously and considerably nibbling at a man, they would be biting holes in their own case: they would be nibbling away the natural instincts which were their chief allies in the whole war. They would be making the crime of their enemy a less exceptional thing, and therefore the crushing of their enemy a more exceptional thing. If at the end of the war it seemed less horrible to eat a man, it would seem more horrible to shoot a man-eater.

Now, the gross neglect of history in modern England makes it essential to emphasise again and again the fact that the Prussian policy has really been something as exceptional in Christian history as cannibalism. That ignorance makes us constantly lump together the crimes and the conventions of the past. It makes men talk as if a Pope who poisoned people were pretty

ENEMIES IN THE SAME TRENCH! A REMARKABLE WAR-PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALPHREY.



IN A GERMAN COMMUNICATION-TRENCH ON THE SOMME FRONT, HELD HALF BY THE FRENCH AND HALF BY THE GERMANS: GERMANS LOOKING OVER THEIR PARAPET AT THE FAR END TO SEE WHAT THE FRENCH PICKET IS DOING.

"I nibble them." So, in the earlier days of the war, General Joffre once graphically revealed the secret of his strategical plans for dealing with the enemy during the long period of trench-warfare that he saw was ahead of the Allies on the Western Front. The above illustration shows an incident from the Somme front in the present phase of the process during a brief lull or respite in the step-by-step advance that the Allies there are steadily making. The scene is one of the German communication-trenches. The French have captured the front-line trench, and have advanced for part of the way along the communication-trench, the further end of which, and, the reserve trench in rear, is

still in the enemy's possession. At the furthest point reached, the French have made a barricade of sand-bags across the *boyau*, and established an advanced post, or picket, there. So close are they at the point to the nearest Germans, that some of these can be seen, in the background of the illustration, round the bend not many yards off, looking over the parapet of their barrier to try and discover what force of French are at the barricade. For the time the French party have orders to stand fast and hold back at the barricade, while watching the enemy through loopholes from there. They are resting on the alert, with hand-grenades and bayonets ready.

DOGS OF THE WAR: TEAMS ON SERVICE WITH THE

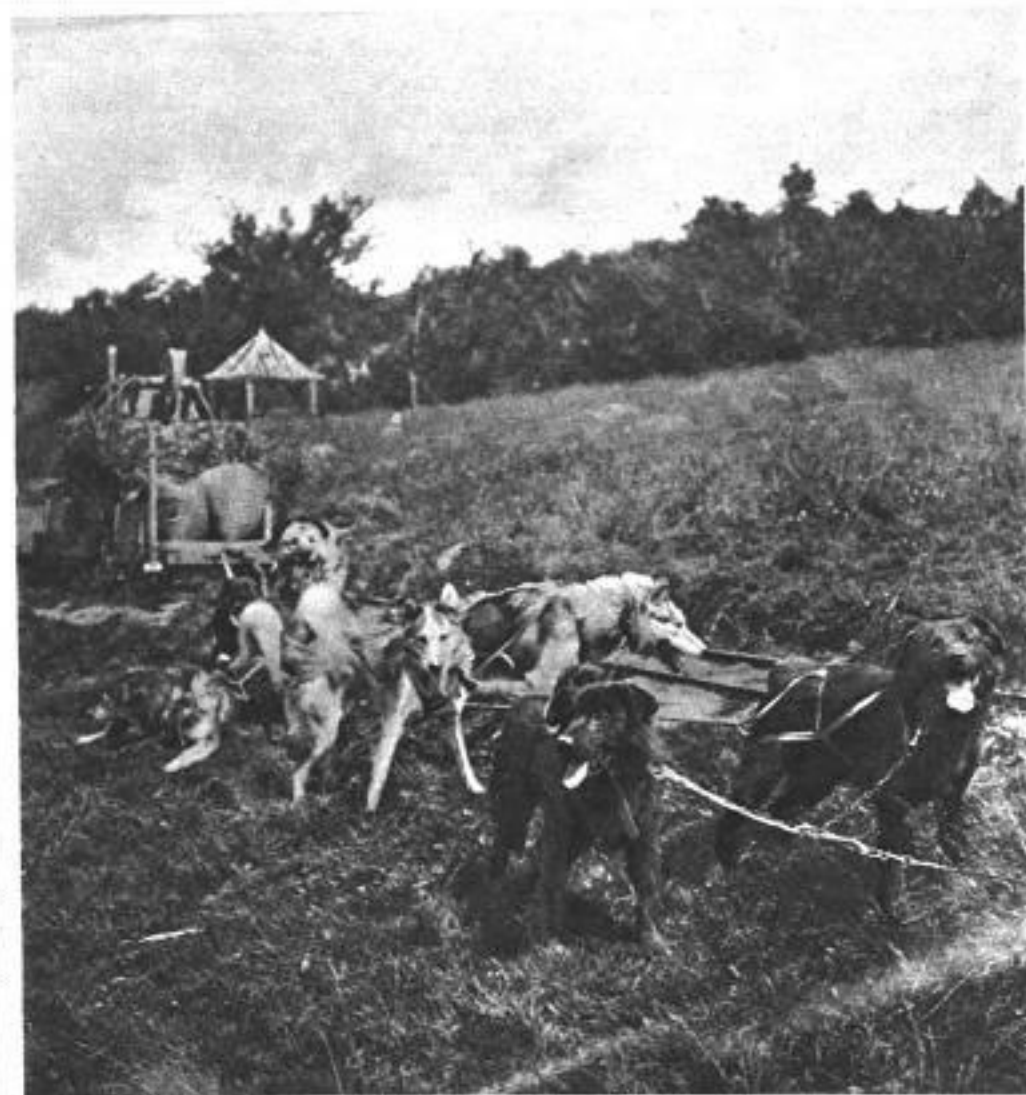
FRENCH WAR OFFICE



BETWEEN SPELLS OF DUTY: A DOG TEAM OF ALASKANS AND SIBERIANS OUT FOR A SCAMPER NEAR THEIR KENNELS AT A MILITARY POST.



A HARD PULL AND A LONG PULL: HAULING A LOG A VOEGE



WITH THE ARMY COMMISSARIAT SERVICE: BRINGING UP TRUCKS OF SUPPLIES ON ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY LINES.



ALWAYS AVAILABLE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY GOING OUT OF

Dog-teams of the Esquimaux breed from Alaska and Siberia have been employed by the French on the Vosges front for the past year and a-half. A French officer of Reserve, an ex-Consular official, formerly stationed in Alaska, first suggested their use during the winter campaign of 1914. Through his instrumentality, the French Army authorities had several teams, such as are used in the Far West for drawing sleighs of trappers' stores and provisions, or bales of furs, between outlying stations, sent over to France by way of experiment. The teams were attached to companies of the Chasseurs Alpins battalions fighting in the Vosges. The dogs at once gave proofs of their value for war purposes in many ways—as

THE FRENCH TROOPS FIGHTING ON THE VOSGES FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



(OUT OF THE ILLUSTRATION) UP A STIFF INCLINE ON ROAD.



A DOG-TEAM WITH TRUCKS OF SOLDIERS PIONEER SERVICE.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON—PIECE OF WORK: TOWING A CAR OF SOLDIERS BETWEEN STATIONS ON A LIGHT FIELD-RAILWAY TRACK.



IN TRAMWAY STYLE—DRIVING TO THE FRONT: TAKING A RELIEF PARTY OF SOLDIERS TO AN OUTPOST.

sentry dogs in certain cases after some special training, but more particularly as draught animals in winter for pulling sleighs with provisions, etc., over the snow among the hill outposts. Siberian dogs of kindred breeds to the Alaskans have since been added to enlarge the establishment. The dogs have been made of service for general transport work in summer as well, on the Vosges roads and on the light railways laid down in the hill districts for military purposes since the war began. Winter or summer, according to all accounts, the dogs do their work satisfactorily, although the summer heat is found trying for thick-coated animals.

THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY: KING ALBERT'S MEN IN TRAINING.

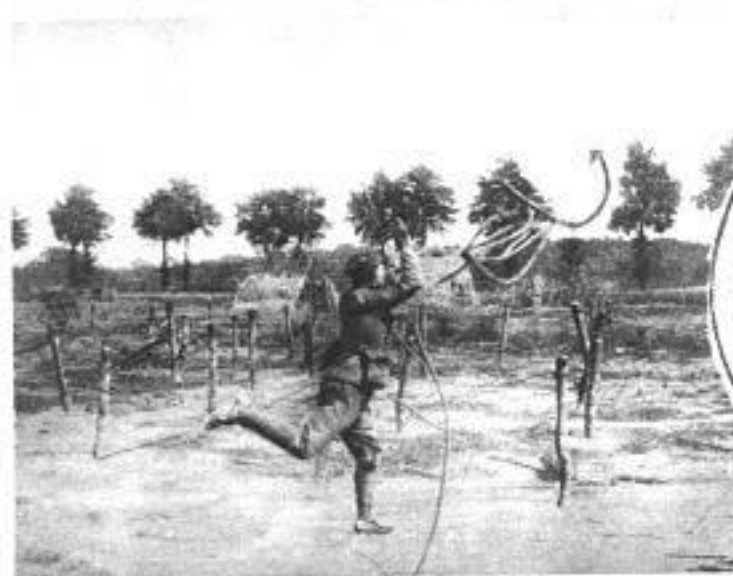
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.



TRAINING IN UNDERWATER-MINE OPERATIONS: PRACTICE WORK AT AN INSTRUCTION CENTRE AT ARDRES.



PRACTICE IN THE USES OF PASSERELLES (TRENCH-BRIDGES): LEARNING TO CROSS BARBED WIRE, AT ARDRES.



THROWING A GRAPNEL WITH WHICH TO UPROOT BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES: TRAINING AT ARDRES.



CANINE TRACTION FOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERIES: MEN AND DOGS EXERCISING AT A MITRAILLEUSE SCHOOL.



WEARING THEIR NEW STEEL HELMETS, AKIN TO THOSE OF THE FRENCH: BELGIAN RECRUITS AT ARDRES.



A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY AT DIEPPE: INFANTRY MUSTERING ON PARADE.

like the Belgian Army in the field is still fighting—and fighting well—on a difficult front, it has at its back a new army of Belgian recruits who are preparing at various training centres to take their part in the war. There are schools for officers, miners, machine-gunners, and so on, as well as munitions-factories, magazines and hospitals. The glorious little Army that first arrested the rush of the Huns," wrote Lord Dufferin a little while ago after a visit to the Belgian Headquarters, "has been fighting better than any of us. . . . To-day it is the same Army, but renewed. The wise men who administer it under the affectionate care of the King have, while getting into

the ranks every possible available Belgian of military age, wherever he may be, devoted themselves to the work of refitting and reorganising. . . . That the Belgians are well equipped with great cannon, big howitzers, 75's, and machine-guns, and that every gun has a plentiful supply of shells of every description, is abundantly well known to Hans and Fritz on the other side of the inundations and elsewhere along the Belgian front. . . . The improved Belgian Army, as regards the higher command, efficiency, equipment, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and transport, is, like our own, the creation of . . . months of war, and it is said that war is the best school for war."

TREE "O-PIPITS": A FRENCH OBSERVATION-POST IN THE HILLS.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



"THE OBSERVERS ARE THE EYES OF THE GUNS": AN "O-PIP" UP A TREE ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

The character of an artillery observation-post varies, of course, with the nature of the country and the sites available. In wooded districts a tall tree is often utilised, as from the top a bird's-eye view, in the literal sense, may be obtained over the enemy's lines. Our artist's drawing shows one such post among some wooded hills on the French front. In the British Army an observation-post is familiarly known as an "O. Pip." A writer in the "Daily Mail" describing their work gave some details which may equally apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to those of our French allies. "The guns themselves," he says,

"are blind. On the Western front the days of direct fire have passed. . . . The observers are linked with the batteries by telephone. The observers are the eyes of the guns. . . . The observation-posts are numerous. Every mile of German line is watched by several observers who spend their time noting every movement and reporting on the result of each British shot. . . . The subaltern who sits in his 'O. Pip' takes the same pride in the ability of his battery to demolish an enemy earthwork with one shell as that of a crack bowler in taking wickets."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

CROSSING A RIVER: AN INDIAN MOUNTAIN-BATTERY ON THE MARCH.



FERRYING THEMSELVES ACROSS BY DETACHMENTS, ON A RAFT OF BAGS OF STRAW PLANKED OVER: MEN (AND SADDLERY) OF A BATTERY SECTION CROSSING A RIVER.



A RAFT WITHOUT THE PLANK PLATFORM CARRYING ITS LOAD: IN TOW AND BEING POLED ACROSS.



"FOLLOW MY LEADER" UNDER COMPULSION: BATTERY MULES BEING SWUM ACROSS.



ANOTHER BATTERY-TEAM OF MULES CROSSING: THE HEADMOST IN-TOW DRAWING THE REST AFTER HIM IN FILE, ALONG THE GUIDE-ROPE.

The Indian mountain-artillery batteries, ordinarily quartered at certain hill-district stations along the frontiers of India, have been actively employed on service in various parts of the war-area, mostly outside Europe. Our illustrations show one of the batteries at a certain place which there is no need to specify. Part of the personnel of the battery is shown in the first two illustrations, crossing a stretch of water on a form of improvised raft, capable of carrying over by detachments the men, guns, and gun-carriages, and the ammunition, field stores, and equipment. The rafts in use are made of several bags of

straw, which are overlaid when necessary with a platform of planks. The rafts are kept on the line of crossing by means of a stout guide-rope, stretched across the water, and are hauled or poled over. In the third and fourth illustrations, battery mules are seen being swum across in batches under control. The animals are attached by a length of halter from the headstall, which is looped to slide freely along the main transverse guide-rope while the mules in file are being towed across by a line fastened to the foremost.

"THE USUAL TRENCH WARFARE": ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

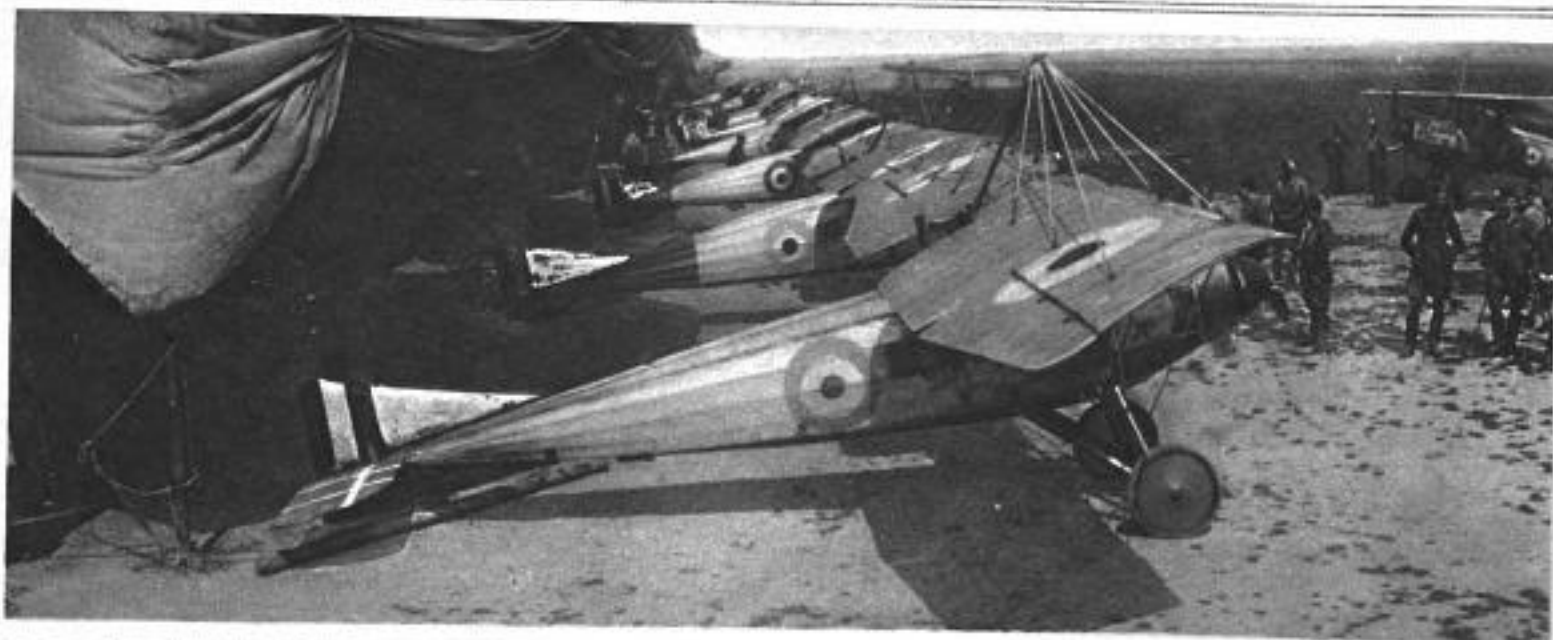
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WHERE A GERMAN AMMUNITION-WAGON WAS BLOWN ON TOP OF A BANK BY A BRITISH SHELL: A STRUCKEN ROAD.



WHERE "THE WINDMILL SHOULD BE FAMOUS IN THE HISTORY OF THIS WAR": A SCENE OF HAVOC AT POZIÈRES.



BRITISH SUPERIORITY IN THE AIR NOW FIRMLY ESTABLISHED: MACHINES AT AN AERODROME AT THE FRONT.



A POPULAR PLACE OF RESORT IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES: THE ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND CANTEEN.



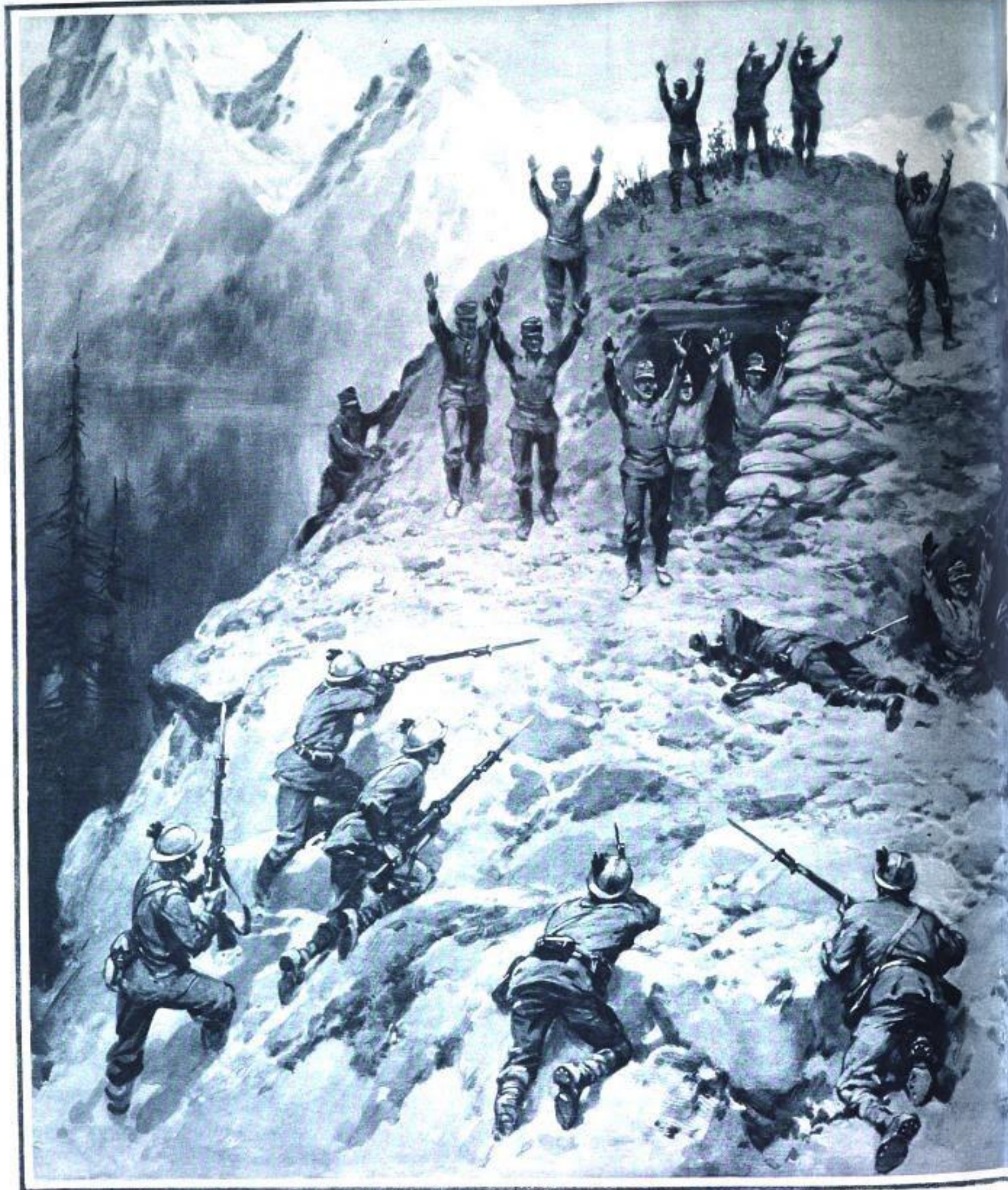
SOLDIERLY CLEANLINESS: STEEL HELMETS USED AS WASHING-BASINS—WITH A PILE OF STRETCHERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

"On the remainder of the British front," said Sir Douglas Haig in concluding a recent despatch, "the usual trench-warfare." A few typical scenes thereof, with various services of the Army, are here illustrated. The official despatch of the 10th stated: "Yesterday the progress of our attack was closely followed by our airmen, who at times engaged hostile troops with machine-gun fire. In the course of many aerial combats three hostile machines were destroyed and some others driven down damaged." On the same day it was mentioned that "a counter-attack north-east of Pozieres during the night was easily beaten off," and on the previous day: "There has been considerable hostile

artillery activity against our front north of Pozieres." This village was captured by our troops last month. Describing the scene there, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The windmill should be as famous in the history of this war as the Ferryman's House on the Yser Canal, or the chateau at Vermelles, or the 'Tower Bridge' at Loos. Waves of men have surged up the slope to it under storms of shell-fire. . . . But it is only the relic of a mill-house. The timbers have been blown to atoms weeks ago. The sails fell in the first bombardment, and all that stands now is the stone base in the form of a small pyramid as a memorial of great bloodshed."

FIGHTING IN THE DOLOMITES: THE ITALIANS CAPTURING

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKORIK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE

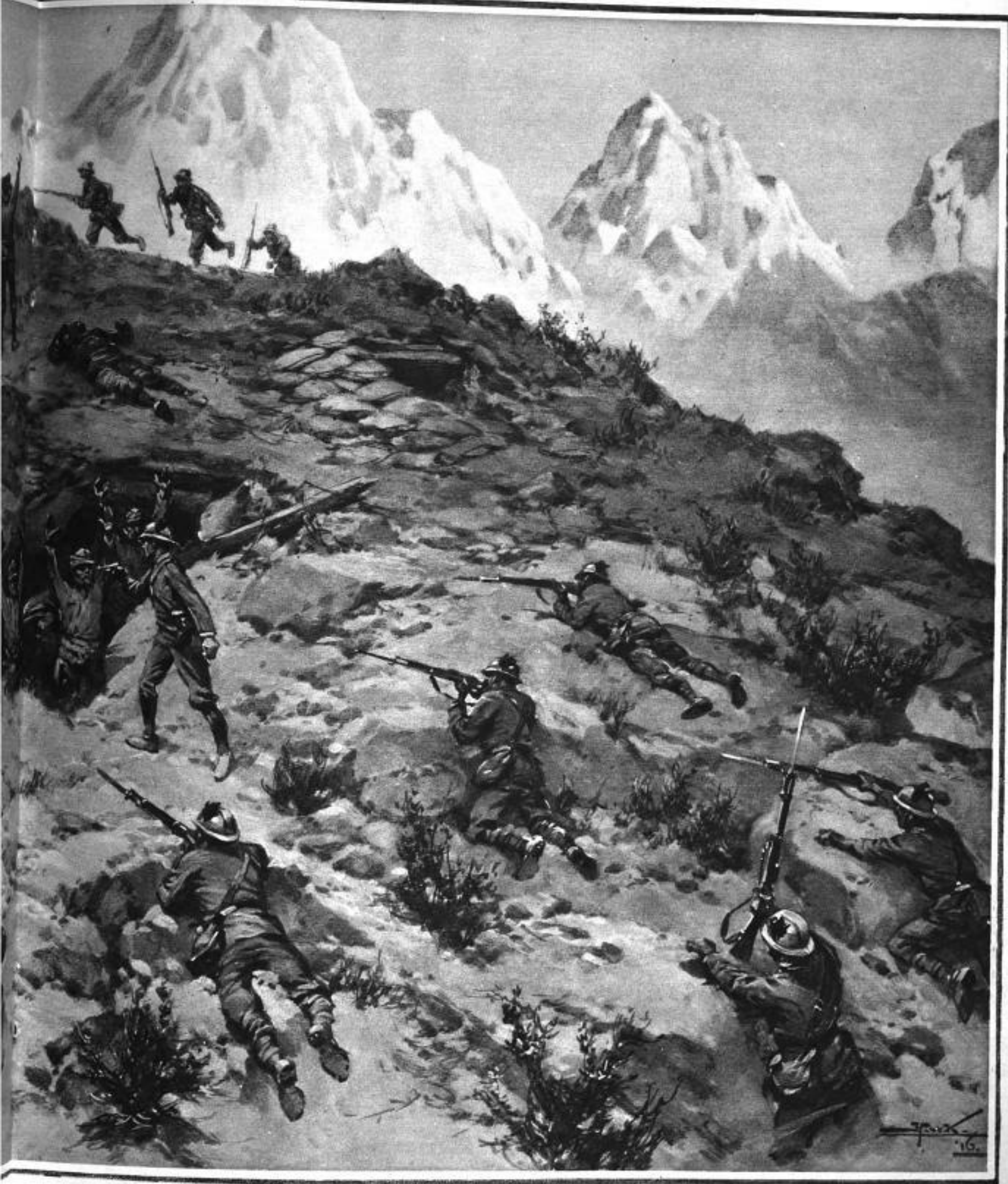


ON THE ROLLE PASS: STEEL-HELMETED BERSAGLIERI MAKING A SURPRISE ATT

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Julius M. Price, our special artist with the Italians in the field, writes: "The Austrians considered themselves in perfect security on the Rolle Pass. From their trenches, they frequently shouted insults to the Italians below, and dared them to come up and attack them. At last Italy's moment arrived. One night, two columns of infantry and Bersaglieri began to scale the rocks on whose top were the enemy positions. They encircled the Austrians before they were aware of the attack. In the early hours of the morning, when the sun was just lighting up the highest summits of the Alps, the

TURING AN AUSTRIAN "RABBIT-WARREN" POSITION AT DAWN.

A SCENE BY JAMES M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.

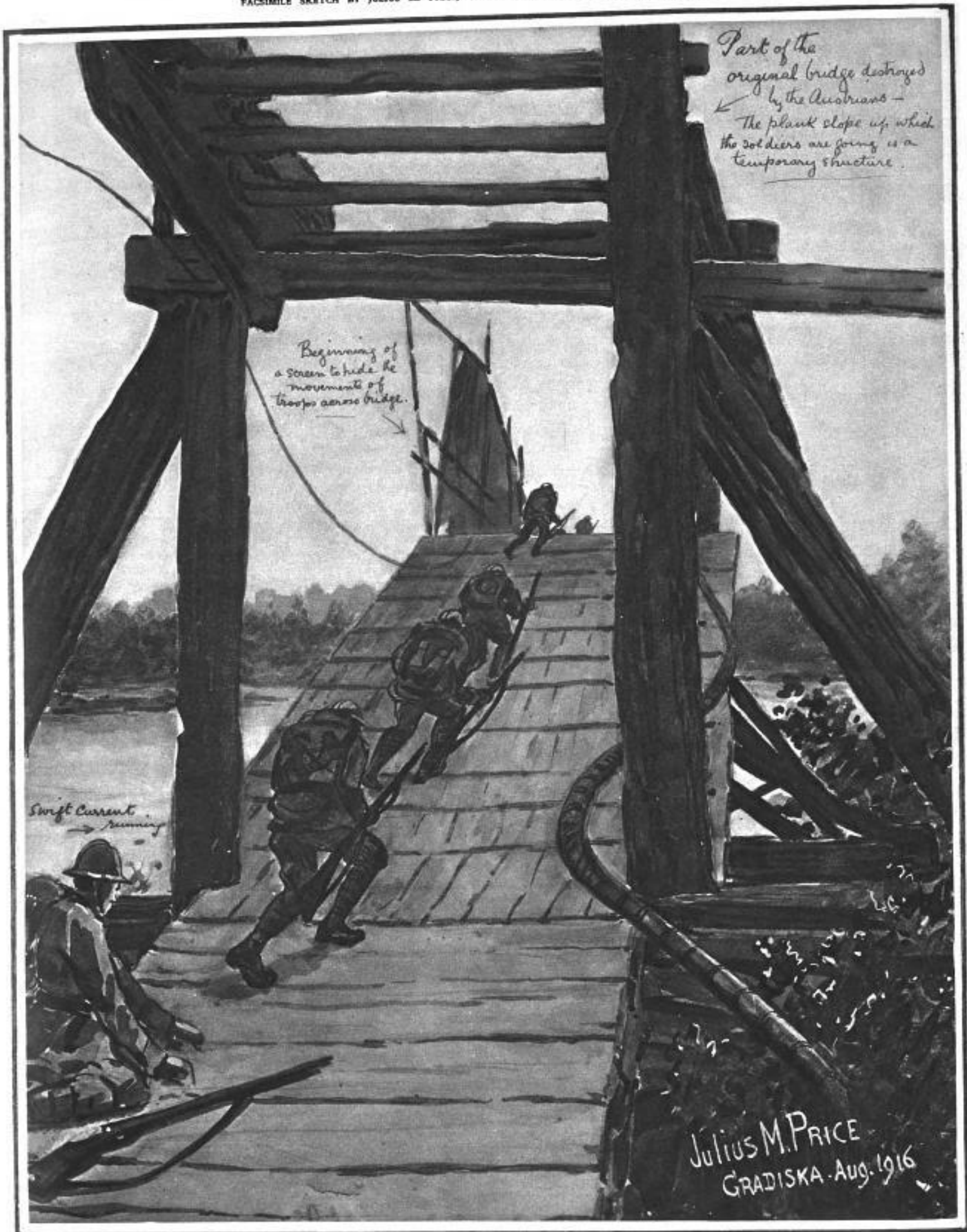


ATTACK ON THE ENEMY. NUMBERS OF WHOM HELD UP THEIR HANDS AT ONCE.

position was rushed. In a few moments over 300 men, with 11 officers, and several machine-guns, were captured. The position, which was strongly fortified, resembled a rabbit-warren. Holes and dug-outs were everywhere, and the enemy came out dumbfounded at the unexpected appearance of the Italians on all sides." Mr. Price adds a further note that the famous Bersaglieri are now wearing the steel helmet issued to all the other troops; but, as they have had to sacrifice their flowing cock's-plumes, they are permitted to fasten a tuft of feathers to the side of their helmets.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ON THE ISONZO, NEAR GORIZIA: "RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



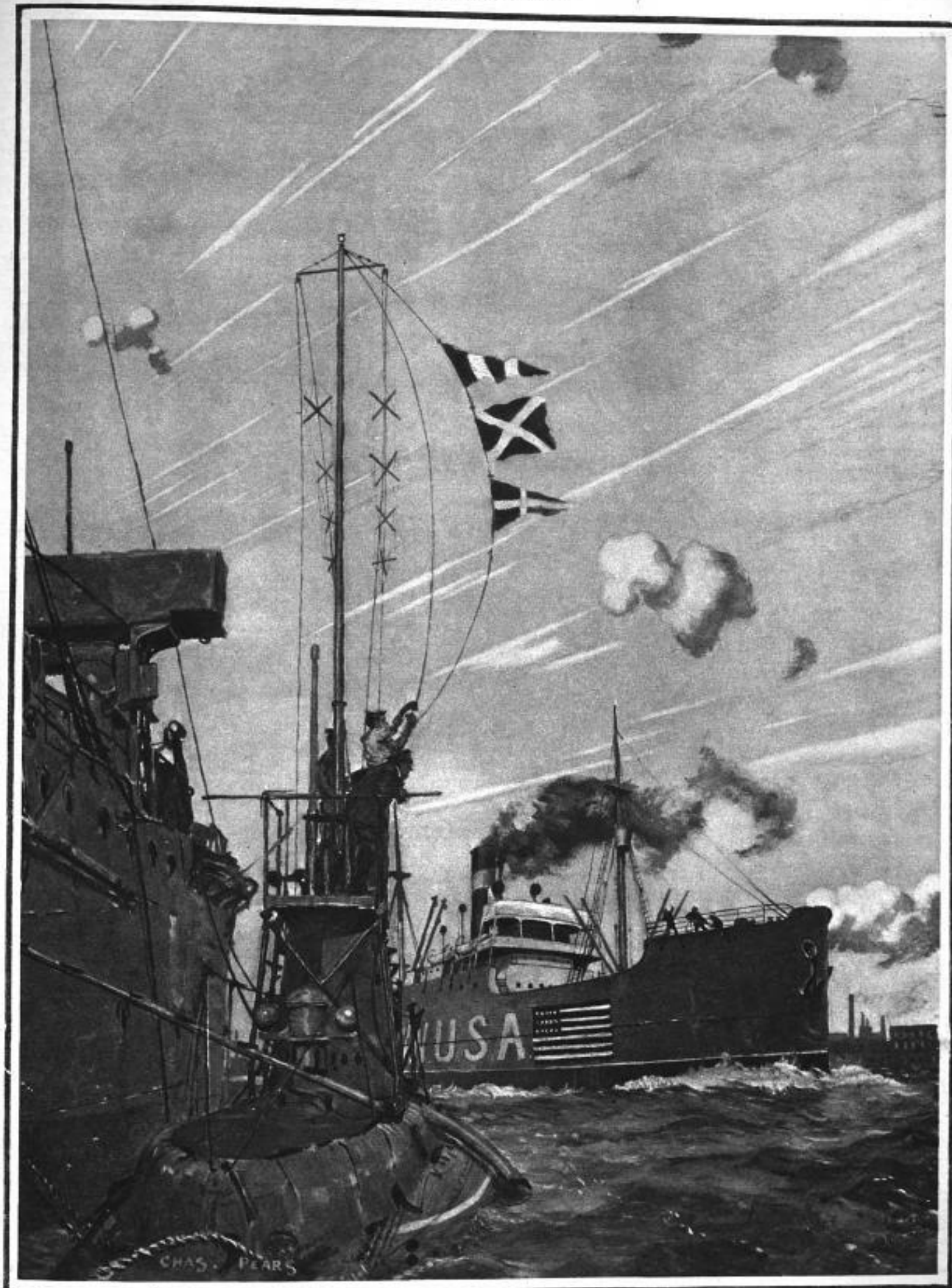
ADVANCING THROUGH CURTAIN-FIRE: ITALIANS CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE UNDER SHELLING, IN INDIAN FILE AND AT THE DOUBLE.

Describing this sketch, which is dated August, Mr. Julius M. Price writes: "The Isonzo still appears to occupy the chief attention of the Austrians, and, with their artillery on the heights beyond Gorizia, they are constantly endeavouring to prevent, by means of curtain-fire, the passage of the Italian troops and convoys. There seems to be no method in their shooting; shells drop at the most unexpected places, though, of course, the bridges and fords are the most usual targets. The other day I saw a regiment

passing the river by a temporary bridge. Firing was very heavy at the moment at this point, so the commanding officer took no chances. The whole regiment went forward in Indian file, at the double; crouching down, as there was no cover, and with big intervals between the men. The soldiers, it may be added, went forward as steadily as though engaged in some physical drill." Quick-witted ability to meet unexpected situations is a characteristic of the Italian Army.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"OWING TO THE DAMAGE OFTEN CAUSED": A SUBMARINE'S SIGNAL.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



THE NURSING'S MESSAGE: A BRITISH SUBMARINE, ALONGSIDE HER MOTHER-SHIP, FLYING
"REDUCE SPEED; STOP HER."

As we have noted, our illustration shows a British submarine, alongside her mother-ship for slight repairs, asking a passing vessel to reduce her speed. In the "Notices to Mariners," it is written: "Owing to the damage often caused to vessels alongside

piers or other vessels occasioned by the wash from ships passing at a high rate of speed, the new international code signal, 'M.F.' indicating 'Reduce Speed; stop her,' will be hoisted."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BLACK TREES OF THIÉPVAL SHOULD BE RED AT THEIR ROOTS."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



WHERE THE WILTSHIRES AND WORCESTERS DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: REMAINS OF THIÉPVAL WOOD, FROM JUST OUTSIDE THIÉPVAL.



THE SCENE OF A TERRIFIC BRITISH BOMBARDMENT: A VIEW OF THIÉPVAL (IN THE BACKGROUND) FROM THIÉPVAL WOOD.

the village of Thiépval, converted by the Germans into a formidable stronghold, was utterly out of all recognition by the British guns, at the time when the gallant Wiltshires and Worcesters fought and defeated the Prussian Guard. "As I stood watching the foe," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "from a trench only a few hundred yards away, it seemed an astounding and terrible that men should still be living there. I could see nothing of the village, for there is next to nothing left of it—nothing at all but heaps of rubbish which were once the roofs and walls of houses. But on the sky-line, at the top of a

ridge which slopes up from the Leipzig salient, there still stand a hundred trees or so, which are all that is left of Thiépval." Describing our artillery fire upon it, and the subsequent infantry fighting, he says: "The violence of this bombardment was as frightful as anything I have seen in this war in the way of destructive gun-power. The shells tore up the German trenches and built up a great wall of smoke along the crest of the ridge. . . . The Worcesters and the Wiltshires held their ground round Thiépval, and their losses were paid heavily by German blood. The trees of Thiépval should be red at their roots."

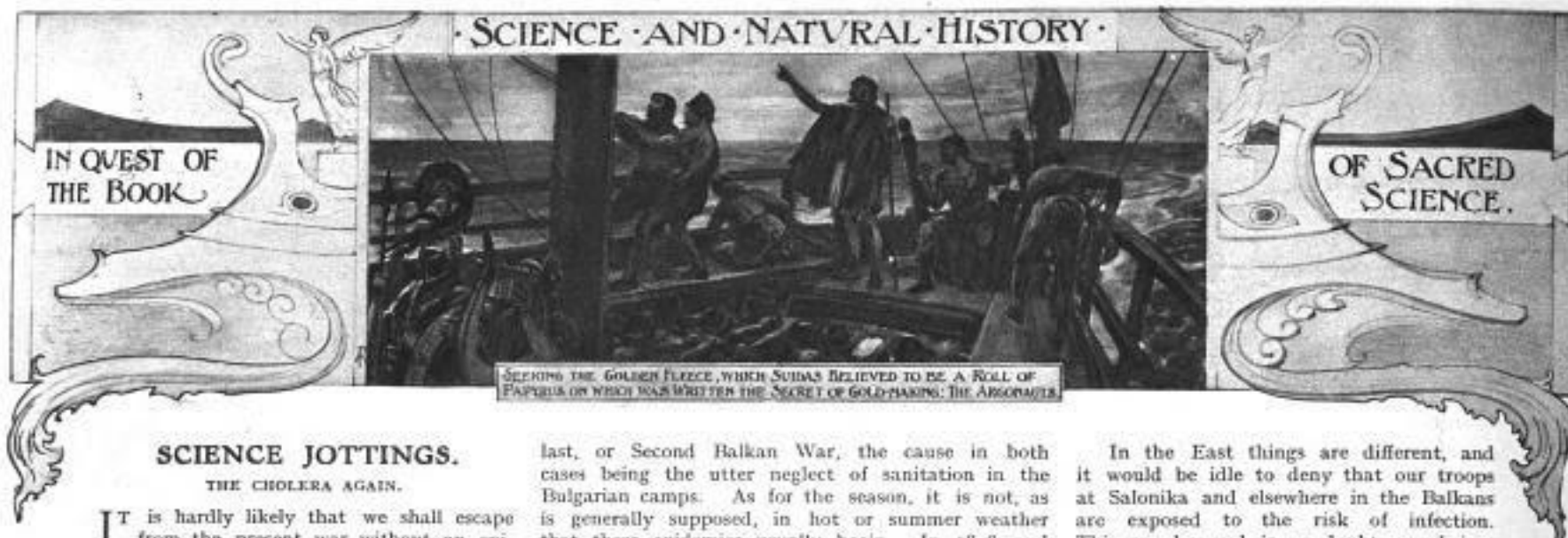
THE FRENCHWOMAN IN WAR: A PROCLAMATION.



IN A FRENCH VILLAGE BEHIND THE SOMME FRONT: LA GARDE CHAMPÊTRE READING A PROCLAMATION
AS TO WARNINGS OF THE APPROACH OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT.

The women of France have responded splendidly to the call for their services in place of the men who are fighting. In the country they are doing much of the agricultural work, and they often occupy official positions. Here, for instance, is a woman employed as a *garde champêtre*. Her duties include some which are usually performed with us by a Town Crier, though she is provided, not with a bell, but with a drum. In this connection it may be recalled that in this country also this office has in some cases been

undertaken by women during the war. In the illustration the *garde champêtre* is reading a proclamation regarding the warning to be given in the event of hostile aircraft appearing. The photograph was taken at Hangest-en-Santerre, a village near the Somme front. Santerre is the name of a district near Péronne, and several places in it—Belloy-en-Santerre and Berny-en-Santerre—have been mentioned in the communiqués describing the new French advance within the last few days.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CHOLERA AGAIN.

IT is hardly likely that we shall escape from the present war without an epidemic, if not among our civil population at home, at all events among our troops abroad. The number of diseases of the kind which have threatened attacks, till now most gallantly repulsed by our Army medical authorities, will probably not be made known until some time after the conclusion of peace; but even a layman can verify, by the reports appearing from time to time in the daily Press, that they include tetanus, typhoid fever in one or other of its forms, gas-gangrene, and trench-fever. Of these, the first two were driven off soon after their appearance by protective inoculation; the third by local treatment, such as deep incisions and disinfection; while the fourth has well-nigh died out with the alterations in the conditions of warfare. Cholera, however, has not yet put in any noticeable appearance in the West, although it was not unknown at Gallipoli, and is said to have given some trouble to our Mesopotamian Expedition. About this, we shall doubtless hear more when the Reports of the lately appointed Commissions on these two ill-fated enterprises come to be issued.

Meanwhile, it would be just as well if we were to take what precautions we can against an outbreak of it nearer home. The course of the war seems now likely to approach European Turkey, where cholera is as endemic as typhus fever is in Galicia; and such news as we do get from Constantinople says that an outbreak of a particularly virulent kind is raging there. This, of course, is put down by the sympathisers with the blameless Balkanists to the filthy habits of the Turk. But the Turk in this, as in some other matters, has less than justice done him, and his Christian neighbours are not likely to do any better. It was the fearful outbreak of cholera in the Bulgarian Army at Chatalja which did nearly as much, as the handsome drubbing they received from the Turks to stop their advance to the Golden Horn in 1913. Nor have the Greeks much more reason to boast. Dr. Cavvadias, in a communication lately made by him to the French Société Médicale des Hôpitaux, says there was a severe epidemic of cholera among the Greek troops also during the

last, or Second Balkan War, the cause in both cases being the utter neglect of sanitation in the Bulgarian camps. As for the season, it is not, as is generally supposed, in hot or summer weather that these epidemics usually begin. In 1848, and again in 1865, the disease, brought, as ever, from

In the East things are different, and it would be idle to deny that our troops at Salonika and elsewhere in the Balkans are exposed to the risk of infection. This can be, and is no doubt now being, much lessened by appropriate means, and

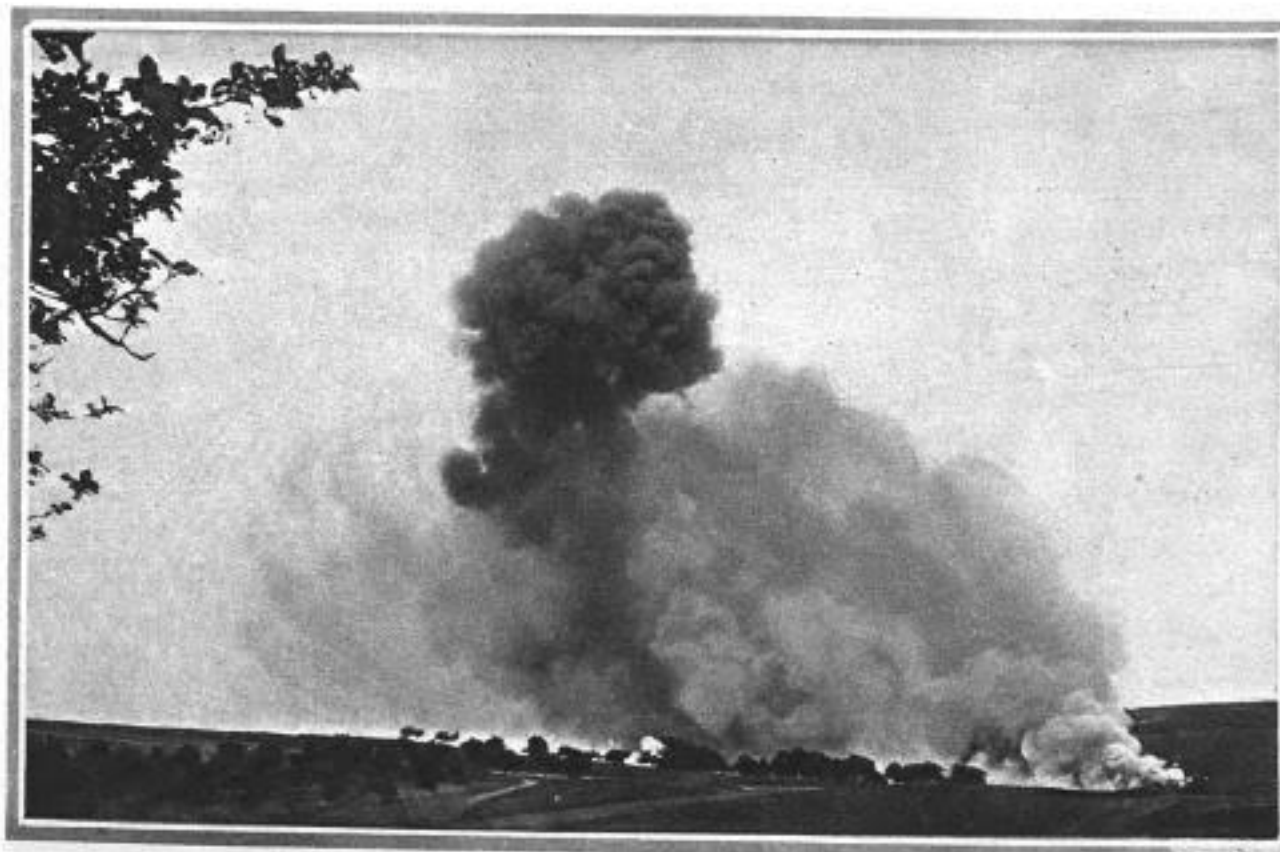
we know at least that everything is done to provide our men and the French with pure water and proper sanitation. What one would like to hear is that they are also undergoing vaccination with the Wright serum, which was lately applied, as was said in *The Illustrated London News* of July 22, to 150,000 men of the Serbian Army without a single mishap. The pain is next to nothing, the reaction entirely negligible, and by this time the men required to submit to it should be sufficiently disciplined and careful of the lives of their fellows not to make the "conscientious" or, rather, unconscientious, objections that certain cranks at home would be sure to urge were it made—as it should be—compulsory on civilians here. The efficacy of the process may be judged from Dr. Cavvadias's paper mentioned before, where he says that, in the Greek epidemic, 82.5 per cent. of those who came under his care from the disease had not been vaccinated, 10.5 had been imperfectly vaccinated with one injection of the serum of Kolle, and only 2 per cent. had gone through the complete process.

For the treatment of those actually attacked, enough was said in this column on July 22 to make repetition of the drugs and things indicated unnecessary, with one exception. The intravenous injection of saline solution there alluded to as having been used with great success in cases of collapse demands a certain amount of apparatus trifling enough in itself, but not likely to be found in the ordinary field-hospital kit unless specially ordered. As, moreover, the immunity given by the serum is not perpetual, measures of isolation and the strict segregation of all who have been in actual contact with the disease is necessary. All this means extra provision of tents, huts, and so on, besides a special staff. We must look, with the experiences of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia before our eyes, to the authorities to provide them before the attack has actually developed; and trust that it may not then be too late.—F. L.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BIG GUNS MOVING UP TO THE FRONT.
Official Photograph.

Turkey and the Balkan States, reached Marseilles in September, and this country in the following month. It looks as if it were the autumnal



A RESULT OF FRENCH ARTILLERY FIRE: A GERMAN MUNITION-STORES BLOWN UP.
Photograph by Alfieri.

chills rather than the summer heats which give the *vibrio* most energy; and if we get through the next month or two, we shall probably be out of its danger, so far as the West is concerned.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, LAPAYETTE, FOLEMAN AND HANFIELD, LAMBERT WESTON, DEBENHAM, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



MAJOR F. F. WALDRON,
Humana, and R.F.C. Son of Brig-General
Waldron, C.B., Melitta Lodge, Kildare.
Killed in action.



LIEUT. THE HON.
B. DANVERS BUTLER,
King's Royal Rifle Corps.
Brother of Lt. Lanesborough.



MAJOR A. JULIAN PELL,
Acting Divisional Musketry
Officer, W. Command. Son
of late Rev. St. John Pell.



LIEUT.-COL. C. E. RADCLYFFE, D.S.O.,
Essex Regt. Served in S. African War
(D.S.O.). Son of Mr. C. E. Radclyffe, J.P.,
Little Park, Wickham.



LIEUT. A. F. J. BARON DE RUTZEN,
Yeomanry. Son of late Sir Albert de Rutzen,
Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. Killed in
action.



CAPT. AND ADJ. E. V.
BRISCOE,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Son
of Major E. W. Briscoe.



2nd LT. EDWARD S. JOY,
R. Berkshire Regt. Son of
Mr. George Edward Joy, of
Hornsey. Aged 25.



2nd LIEUT. TURNER R. WALKER,
King's (Liverpool Regt.). Grand-nephew of
John Stuart Blackie, and descendant of
James Watt, the famous engineer.



CAPTAIN H. HOYT PINEDO,
Canadian Mounted Rifles. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. W. W. Pinedo, Waterville, Nova Scotia.
Killed in action.



CAPT. DAVID WILSON,
R.F.C. Was promoted Flying
Commander the day before
his death.



BRIG.-GEN. A. S. BUCKLE,
R.A. Fought in Egypt and
S. Africa: Queen's, King's,
and Khedive's medals.



CAPTAIN DOUGLAS
BRUCE MACKINTOSH,
Black Watch (R. Highlanders)
Son of late Col. Mackintosh.



CAPTAIN H. A. WHITBY,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Younger son of
Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Whitby, of Hall.
Killed in action.



CAPTAIN R. VERE CLERK,
Grenadier Guards (Scottish Rifles). Son of Lieut.-
Colonel R. M. Clerk, D.L., Charlton House,
Shepton Mallet.



CAPT. E. H. KENNEFICK,
Essex Regt. Eldest son of
Mrs. Kennefick, Auburn,
Gloucester, Tipperary.



LIEUT. AND ADJ. R. T.
CASEBOURNE,
West Yorkshire Regt. Has
been reported killed.



ACTING-CAPTAIN S. M.
BICKERSTETH,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Son of
the Rev. S. Bickersteth, D.D.



CAPTAIN STEWART A. WHITE, M.A.,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Was a Master
at Bede Collegiate School. Son of Mr. J. S.
White, Hesse Bay.



CAPT. H. W. H. CREASY,
Essex Regt. Eldest son of
Mr. Harry Creasy, Colombo,
Ceylon. Aged 19.



LT. L. TIEL JORDAN,
R. E. Mentioned despatches.
Son of Mr. J. Tiel Jordan,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.



2nd LIEUT. GOODMAN
AMBLER,
Malay States Volunteers.
Awarded the Military Cross.

NEW NOVELS.

"Far-Away Stories."

Mr. W. J. Locke's preface to "Far-Away Stories" (John Lane: the Bodley Head) tells us that the stories "cover a long stretch of years, and all were written in calm days far away from the present convulsion of the world. Anyhow, no one will buy the book under the impression that it is a novel, and, finding that it isn't . . . Quite so. They will buy the book expecting (and finding) Mr. Locke in slighter mood, a very pleasant companion to lead war-troubled spirits away for an hour or two from thoughts anxious and distressing. All the authors who, recognising that their gifts of imagination were given them to spend upon their kind, have written, and continue to write, cheerfully and gaily deserve the thanks of the British public to-day. It is not so much for yourself that you will buy "Far-Away Stories"—no, You will nibble at them first, no doubt; but presently you will slip them on to a bedside table, beside a young man who will tell you that he forgets the pain of his healing wound when he has friends about. And such a friend is Mr. Locke.

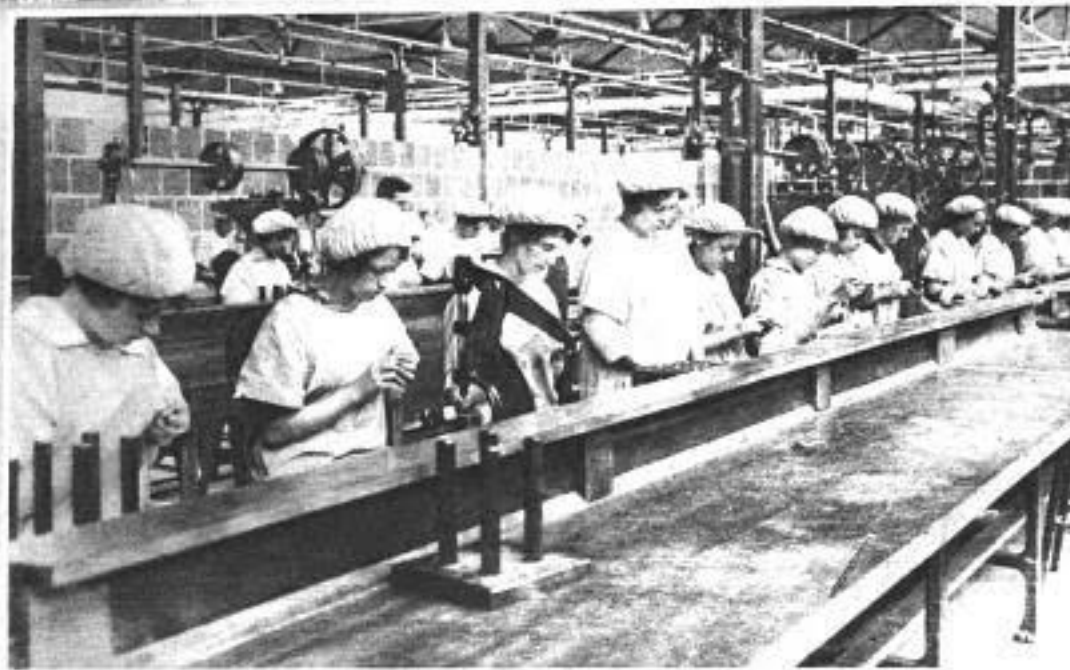
"Julius Le Vallon."

It is no great flight for Mr. Algernon Blackwood into the immeasurable dimensions of "Julius Le Vallon" (Cassell); as we know, his imagination exists to overleap earthly barriers. His hero in this new, strange story is discovered as a school-boy already living in a complete understanding of his eternal existence, and particularly taken up with reviving his own memory, and his friend's, of the days when there were kings in Babylon. So, too, the vitality of the universe is a matter he can grasp and handle. The trouble with Julius Le Vallon seems to us to be a misuse of his sense of proportion. He is so engaged with his knowledge of the infinite past, and his yearning for the infinite future, that he uses the present as nothing better than an instrument—a section with no other purpose than to complete the circle. He meddles with the life of his normal friend; and, though his personal charm and magnetism are insisted on, it is not easy to avoid seeing

him—not through Mr. Blackwood's visionary eyes—as rather a nuisance in a world of very real if temporary things. The truth may be that "Julius Le Vallon" would have been better as a four-part story than as a novel. Too much is expected of us; and human nature protests at having to live in the rarefied atmosphere of conscious immortality through the length of a fair-sized novel.

"God's Puppets." "God's Puppets" (Macmillan) is a book of short stories, a fact which comes upon the reader when the first one ends just as it

Sentiment less blatant and more convincing is well handled in "The Strange Boy," in which "an odd party of forty-five" visualises mentally the boy he used to be, and confronts him with Twelve, Thirteen, and Fourteen of these latter days, absorbed in their baseball kings, their automobile lore, and wireless problems. The boy that was is wise in bows and arrows, and shaghaies, cunning in woodcraft, and gloriously disreputable; the boys of to-day are clean and alert, well-informed, polite, and—forty-five would give us to understand—tamed to the higher civilisation. It may be so; but we suspect that the obvious sentiment is again, as usual, false, though here is neither the time nor the place to argue the case with Mr. William Allen White.



MUNITION-MAKING IN CANADA: WOMEN AT WORK ON RINGS FOR SHRAPNEL FUSES.

The munition-works in Canada employ many women: some as paid hands, others as volunteers. At the factory in which this photograph was taken all the work is done by women, save the heavy lifting and packing. (Photo: Topical.)

appears to be advancing to the intricacies of a full-blown plot. The disappointment—a momentary annoyance—of this discovery over the rest of the volume reveals itself as good stuff of the American domestic-commercial order. The sentiment in "A Prosperous Gentleman" is too sugary to be altogether palatable to the European; it takes a Transatlantic taste to appreciate pathos and on as in this case with a trowel. It is a story that would reproduce well on the "movies," where its obvious appeal would find a happy home.

lifted not less than, on the next morning, from Wildridge sober. There is a Nora (how could the story do without a Nora?), whose juggling with the hearts of both the manager and his subordinate should not be given away, for in it lies the riddle of the Portnamuck romance. She embodies a type of flirtatious beauty that it is always refreshing to meet; and we can commend the history of her machinations in "Mr. Wildridge of the Bank" to those who are looking for high-spirited entertainment.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE." AT THE NEW.

NOT since "The Mollusc" delighted us have we been offered on the London stage so engaging a light comedy as Mr. A. E. Thomas's "Her Husband's Wife." Mr. Thomas is an American, but his play has none of the topicalisms or local slang for which allowance has often to be made in the work of American dramatists. You have to grant Mr. Thomas one postulate—you always must grant something in this sort of piece. You must suppose that a young wife, just because she seems to have got everything that heart could wish—a good husband, a wealthy home, freedom from all anxiety—turns, out of sheer unreasonableness, self-imagined invalid; that her belief in her ailments reaches such lengths as to make her sure she is booked for an early death, and to look about for a suitable successor to herself to console her husband when she is gone. Why not fix on someone, and make arrangements for the new marriage, in her life-time? That is what Irene Randolph does, and selects naturally an old friend who looks like a frump and is not likely to efface memories of the first wife. An indulgent uncle of hers she compels to favour the idea; but he has his own reasons for complaisance, for he judges that, once at work, it may well effect the cure of the hypochondriac. As, indeed, happens. Emily Ladew has only consented to play the part of understudy because she wishes to score off Irene's brother, formerly her fiancé; and, but too well aware why the insult, as she reckons it, has been put upon her—namely, that Irene thinks her too plain to be a rival—takes her revenge by donning the smartest of dress and deliberately fascinating the husband. Then what a conflict of wits, what a transformation of the invalid herself, what maligning of the poor husband to get him out of the enemy's clutches, what anger of the husband at being maligning, what a tornado of fun before the couples are sorted out rightly and the invalid pitches medicine aside! At the same time, what perfection of comedy acting from Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, ideal foils! The pair between them, and with Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. Dion Boucicault to help, gave us an example of histrionic art at its best.

"THE MISLEADING LADY." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A night later came another American play with Americanisms thick upon it. Characters are pitched into the action which are quite superfluous. Right in the thick of the

plot interest is violently switched off to an eccentric intruder lugged in by the heels. Melodrama is handed out to us in slabs. And yet there is enough "bite" in the mixture, enough piquancy in one at least of the extraneous figures, to make the whole breathless affair tolerable and even diverting. The backbone of the story of "The Misleading Lady" is taken boldly from "The Taming of the Shrew." Because, to win a wager, a girl has duped the hero into making her an offer of marriage, he carries her off to the hills and tames her by brute force. He ties her by a dog's chain to the wall, and she breaks

the hold the lovers, in the attractive persons of Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Malcolm Cherry, exercised on the audience.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY." AT THE SAVOY.

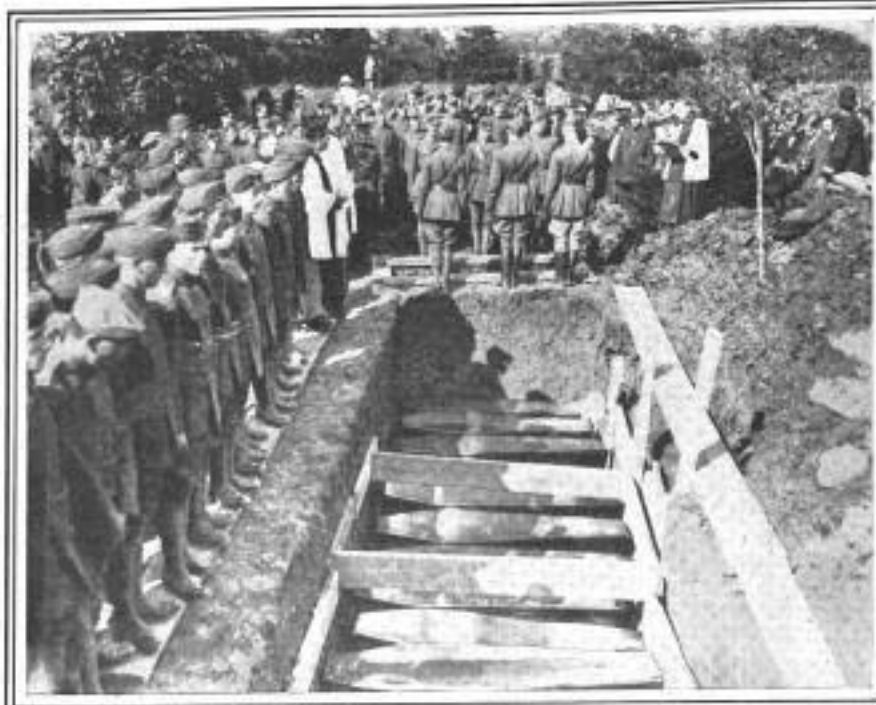
Stage-gossip has it that the title-role of "The Professor's Love Story" was intended by Sir James Barrie for Henry Irving. The whirligig of chance has now ordained that Mr. H. B. Irving should take up what his father refused, and believers in heredity will, no doubt, affirm that they can gather from the son's performance what the father's would have been like. Let it be enough for us to say that Mr. Irving's taste for eccentric character here obtains very gracious scope, and that his Professor is uniformly appealing. The Professor's ward is Miss Fay Compton, and a very winsome ward. But now, as always, and more than ever, it is the Scottish peasant characters and the Scottish scenes which are the salt of the little drama. And since Effie has Miss Kate Moffat for representative, and her companions are Mr. Nelson Ramsay and Mr. George Tawde, the Scottish flavour of the story is ideally brought out.

"BROADWAY JONES." AT THE PRINCE'S.

Those two thousand wounded or invalided soldiers who made the audience when "Broadway Jones" was revived at the Prince's last Wednesday afternoon must have felicitated themselves alike on the piece they were seeing and on its two chief interpreters. For if ever there were a stage-tale calculated to banish the "blues," it is this. And if ever there was an actor suited to the name-part, it is Mr. Seymour Hicks, whom it permits to rattle at break-neck speed through scenes exciting and hilarious. Add that Miss Ellaline Terriss here has the best of opportunities alike for laughter and sentiment, and it will be easily understood why the soldiers enjoyed themselves. So, too, will all the civilians who visit the Prince's.

"WOMAN AND WINE." AT THE LYCEUM.

Melodrama of the old school has still plenty of devotees. Messrs. Landeck and Shirley's "Woman and Wine" is the right full-bodied thing, with a story to tell—the story of a prodigal too well loved—and with one big thrill in it. The thrill, of course, comes in the scene in which the two women fight a duel with knives in the market-place. There was an air of desperation about the fight, as waged by Miss Ethel Warwick and Miss Alice Belmont at the Lyceum, which roused the first-night audience to shrill demonstrations of enthusiasm. There is a capital cast.



THE FUNERAL OF THE CREW OF THE DESTROYED "CUFFLEY" ZEPPELIN: MILITARY HONOURS BY THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

The remains of the sixteen Germans who perished in the destruction of the Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley were buried in the cemetery at Potter's Bar on September 6. The commander's coffin was carried by six R.F.C. officers and buried in a separate grave (seen in the background.) Those of the crew were borne by men of the R.F.C. and placed together in the large grave adjoining. The service was conducted by a military chaplain, the Rev. M. Handcock, and buglers sounded the "Last Post."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

open his head with a telephone-receiver. Elemental emotions indeed, with a hut far from civilisation to afford picturesque accessories! In the midst of this primitive love-making an escaped lunatic appears. Truth to tell, this lunatic, represented with pathos and a certain humorous dignity by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, nearly imperilled

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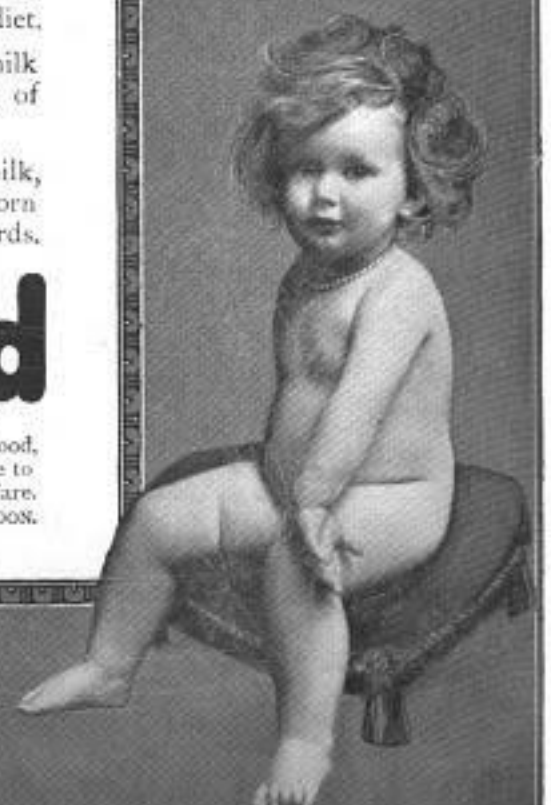
has stated: "There was a consensus of opinion that in the long run sterilized milk was injurious to children, although at first it might seem to do good."

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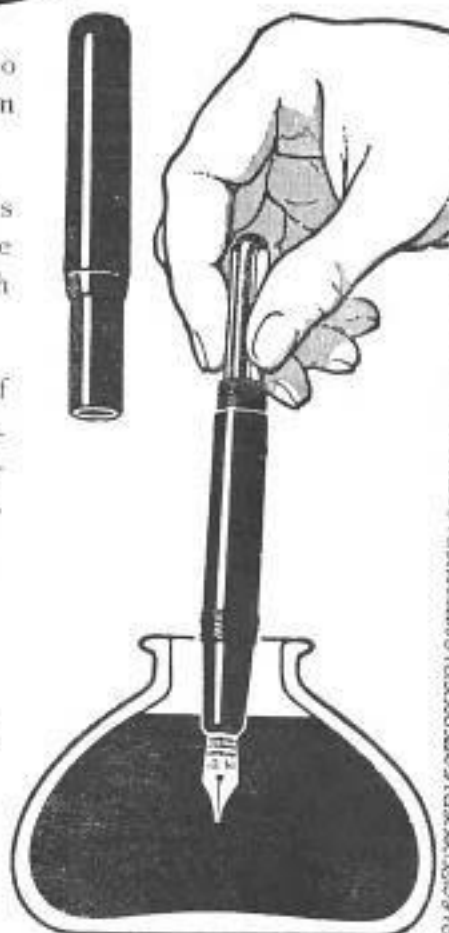
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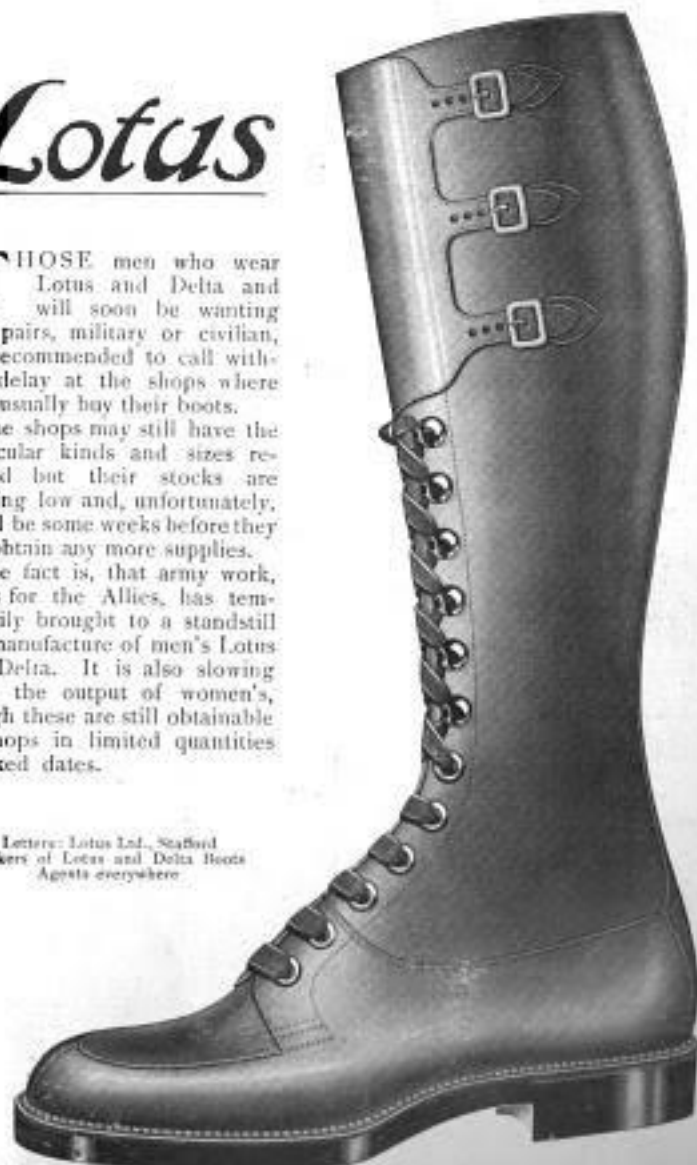
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The fact is, that army work, boots for the Allies, has temporarily brought to a standstill the manufacture of men's Lotus and Delta. It is also slowing down the output of women's, though these are still obtainable by shops in limited quantities on fixed dates.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miford Lane, Strand, W.C.

S. C. BLAKE.—1. R to K 5th, K to R 4th, 2. Kt to R 6th (ch), gives another solution.

C. F. RATHBONE.—1. Q to B 7th, any move; 2. B mates next move.

A. M. SPARKE.—Your further contribution is very welcome.

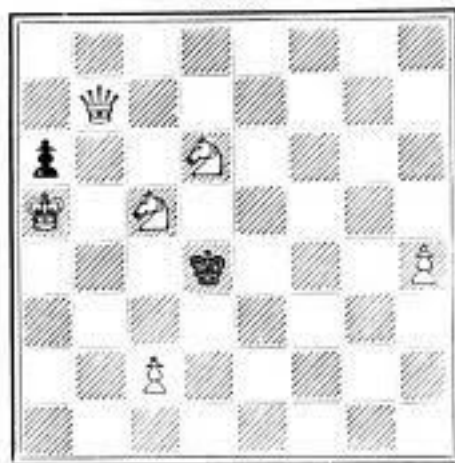
H. J. M.—Thanks for further position, which is very amusing.

J. WATTS.—Except for an invasion of moves, the only difference between your variation and that of the orthodox line of play is to be found in Black's fourth move, where you suggest Kt to K 3rd instead of Kt to Q 3rd, which is much more effective. Continuing your play, we come to the following: 11. Q to K 5th (ch), K to Q 2nd, 12. Q takes P, Kt takes P (you say check, but there is none), 13. K to Q 2nd, Kt takes R, 14. Kt to K 5th (ch), but why not Kt takes Q?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3735 received from J. C. Godliner (Toronto); of No. 3735 from S. Trueman, C. A. M. (Pozang), J. B. Canara (Madrin), C. Baretto (Madrin), and J. Nevil (Malta); of No. 3736 from J. B. Canara, W. S. W. McLeay (Toronto), J. Nevil, P. J. Mistr (Bombay), and F. Perkins; of No. 3737 from J. B. Canara and W. S. W. McLeay; of No. 3738 from H. J. B. Leadbury, C. Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), A. K. K. (Aronstam), Edith Vicens (Wood Halling), and R. Carey McKean; of No. 3739 from J. Marshall Bell, J. R. Jamieson (Ferryhill), Edith Vicens, J. Verrall (Ridwell), Bagrow, and G. Reynolds.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3741 received from H. Grawest Baldwin (Farnham), G. Stillingham (St. John's), Rev. J. Christie (Birlingham), M. G. Oulson (Bournemouth), R. C. Duffell (Warrington), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), J. Fowler, A. H. Arthur (Bath), P. L. Bishop (Southampton), J. Dixon (Chelmsford), G. Sorrie (Stonehaven), and A. W. Hamilton Gill (Exeter).

PROBLEM No. 3741.—By H. J. M.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3735.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

WHITE.

1. B to B 5q
2. Q to Kt 7th (ch)
3. Q to K 7th (mate)

If Black play 1. R to B 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch); if 1. R to B 2nd, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); if 1. R to Kt 4th, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. P to B 4th, then 2. R to Q 5th (ch), etc.

BLACK.

- K takes P
- K to K 4th

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Tournament of the Illinois Correspondence Association between Messrs. WOODBURY and PERKINS (King's Bishop's Game).

- | WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. P.) |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. B to B 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 3. Kt to K 3rd | Kt takes P |
| 4. Q to K 2nd | P to Q 4th |
| 5. Kt takes P | B to K 3rd |
| 6. P to Q 4th | B to K 2nd |
| 7. B to Q 3rd | K Kt to B 3rd |
| 8. P to K 2nd | |

As the sequel shows, this is altogether premature in face of Black's development. The whole advance should be delayed until the White King is safe from counter-attack.

- | WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. P.) |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 9. P to K 4th | Kt to B 3rd |
| 10. P to B 3rd | Kt takes Kt |
| 11. Q P takes Kt | Kt takes Kt P |
| 12. P to B 5th | B to R 5th (ch) |
| 13. K to B 5q | Kt to B 7th |
| 14. R to Kt sq | Kt takes B |
| 15. Q takes Kt | P to K 3rd |

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

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The Two V.C.s and Other Stories. Felix Littell. 1s. net. (Saint Catherine Press.)
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The German Woman and Her Master. Henry De Haulville and C. Sheridan Jones. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

PROFESSOR LEACOCK'S ESSAYS.

OF the nine numbers which make up Professor Stephen Leacock's "Essays and Literary Studies" (John Lane), that on "American Humour" seemed to call loudest for immediate perusal. For Mr. Leacock is himself

a humourist, and chiefly as such reputed; and he is none the less so because he never cuts capers to win a laugh, while still more certainly he is none the less a humourist because almost always what he says is uncommonly down-right sense. And he is also an American humourist, since (as he himself explains) Canada is in America, although it ought to be added that his accent is not obviously Trans-atlantic, but has retained or acquired reminiscences of nearer home. Seeking to account, then, for his peculiar appeal, well known from earlier volumes, we turned first in this one to this paper on "American Humour" and were rewarded by a dis-

appointment. We got, that is to say, no formal explanation of the thing, but found instead in a fresh manifestation—too subtle, indeed, to be explicable—the very thing itself. And this is the impression chiefly taken from the other essays and studies when their turn comes. Be their subject American morals, or American education, or American literature, or even the character of our Charles the Second, the immediate thesis is secondary to something much too elusive to be ever run to earth. Mr. Leacock's is the true essayist's gift of being discursive on any theme, and adorning it from full reserves of wise and quaint reflection. Quite half his wisdom is unprejudiced tolerance, and it is just in this knowledge of sympathy that the springs of his particularly quaint humour are to be looked for.



AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS FOR BRINGING DOWN AN ENEMY KITE-BALLOON: SECOND-LIEUTENANT C. W. P. MAY.

Second-Lieutenant Clancy William Patrick May, Royal Irish Rifles, Special Reserve, and R.F.C., has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and skill. Greatly daring, he dived low over the enemy lines under heavy fire to attack a kite-balloon. He succeeded in hitting it and bringing it to the ground in flames. He is the son of Mr. William C. May, Chief Traffic Manager of the Great Eastern Railway.—[Photo. by Langley.]

no formal explanation of the thing, but found instead in a fresh manifestation—too subtle, indeed, to be explicable—the very thing itself. And this is the impression chiefly taken from the other essays and studies when their turn comes. Be their subject American morals, or American education, or American literature, or even the character of our Charles the Second, the immediate thesis is secondary to something much too elusive to be ever run to earth. Mr. Leacock's is the true essayist's gift of being discursive on any theme, and adorning it from full reserves of wise and quaint reflection. Quite half his wisdom is unprejudiced tolerance, and it is just in this knowledge of sympathy that the springs of his particularly quaint humour are to be looked for.

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Reports to
Academy of Medicine, Paris,
(November 18, 1908).
Academy of Sciences, Paris,
(December 14, 1908).

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The War and the Motor Industry.

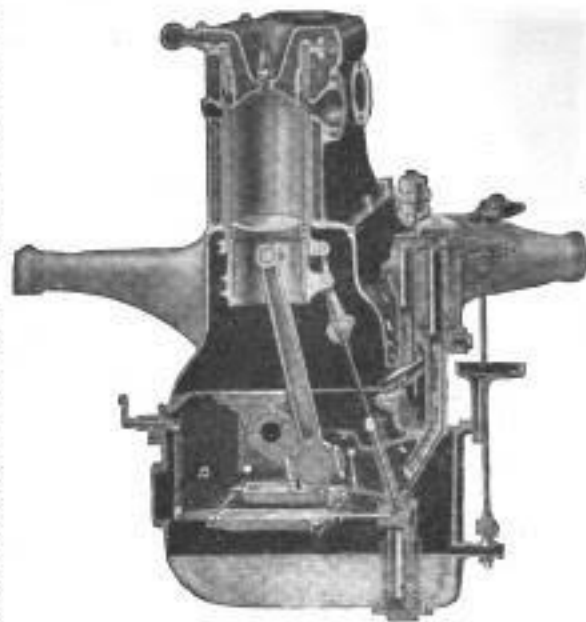
I suppose that, so far as the manufacturing side of the British motor industry is concerned at the moment, the position might almost be summed up in the paradox—there is no motor industry. True, some of our factories are turning out a few cars for public disposal; but what with petrol restriction and other inevitable evils of a great war, there is but little inducement for the man in the street to purchase even those few. Fortunately for the future, no better equipment could be imagined for the production of munitions of war than the plant of a well-devised motor works, and thus the prominent firms are not only keeping their heads above water, but are doing quite reasonably well. There need be no fear on the score of after-war reconstruction of the industry—at all events on the manufacturing side. Where difficulty will be encountered is in the matter of markets in which to sell the

think it may be taken as read that a drastic readjustment of our tariff laws will be made. At present there is an import tariff of 33 1/3 per cent. on foreign manufactured cars, and it is fairly safe to assume that that tariff will not come off after the war. Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that the end of the war will throw on the market large numbers of cars, many of them in first-class condition, which have been used in the public service, and which will be sold for the proverbial old song. This will doubtless affect to some extent the capacity for absorption of the new product, but not to any lasting degree. On the whole, therefore, I think we can look to the post-war prospects with a considerable measure of optimism.

British Cars in Foreign Markets.

It goes without saying that no British cars are being exported to the Colonies or to foreign countries. There may be a very few going out, but certainly not enough to affect the proposition. In the meantime, America is making hay while the sun shines. According to the latest available figures, the exports of American cars to Canada during the twelve months ending in June last totalled in value £1,455,990, against a value of £885,665 in the corresponding period of 1914-15. Exports to Australia and New Zealand more than doubled in value. Taking the case, again, of the East Indies, for the first time the figures are thought worthy of separate mention, the value of cars exported to this part of the world being given as £491,545. This is practically all new business. American automobile trade with South America expanded in the same period more than fourfold. It is not to be supposed that American motor manufacturers will allow themselves to be set back to the same relative position they occupied before the war. If the British marks are going to re-establish themselves in their old-time favour, a lot of propaganda work will have to be done before the war comes to an end. We can, I am confident, recover

our old-time position; but if it is to be done, a start will have to be made now. It is no use leaving things until the war is over and our trade rivals have had yet more time to consolidate the position they have gained during our time of trial and stress.



DAIMLERS IN COMMERCIAL WORK: AN ENGINE WHICH STANDS ALL TESTS.

This sectional photograph of the Daimler sleeve-valve engine is peculiarly interesting in view of the valuable results of the use of the Daimler in commercial work, which is so much heavier than the demands made upon it in motoring for pleasure. Proofs of this may be found in the book called "Actual Experience," which gives many testimonials from actual users of the Daimler Commercial Vehicles who have proved their reliability, their power, and their economy both in maintenance and in actual service. The booklet, which will be sent on application to the Daimler Company, Ltd., Coventry, is fully illustrated, and the testimonials prove that in all conditions and in all kinds of country these vehicles are equally satisfactory.

The Restriction of Char-a-Bancs Services.

Naturally, the proprietors of char-a-bancs are deeply resentful of the Order which stopped the use of petrol in this type of vehicle on the 31st of last month. It is pointed out that the application of the Order lays up a number of vehicles representing a large amount of capital on which no return is now being received, and—an aspect which has more appeal—throws out of employment a large number of men. On the other hand, it must be pointed out that the Order did not come into force until the holiday season had practically run its course, and the loss was thus reduced to a minimum. After all, the main reason for the existence of these services is to minister to the pleasure, pure and simple, of the holiday-maker, and, when restrictions have to be imposed, it is at that end they should logically begin.

W. W.



IN THE JUNGLES: A STRAKER-SQUIRE CAR AFTER A 15,000-MILE TOUR.

This interesting photograph shows a 15-h.p. Straker-Squire car on tour in the jungles of the Central Provinces of India. It has already done 15,000 miles in that district, and, despite the roughness of the country, it has never been necessary to overhaul it. Such facts and figures speak for themselves.

products of manufacture, unless careful thought and attention are given beforehand to the many problems involved. The home market will, I believe, more or less take care of itself. It would be idle to indulge in speculation as to what shape protection of British industry will take, but I



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(4)

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1535.

The International News Company, 85 & 85, Duane Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1916.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF EMPHASISES HIS POINT: SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (WITH RAISED ARM) TALKING TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE, GENERAL JOFFRE, AND M. ALBERT THOMAS (ON LEFT).

In this distinguished group of British and French leaders, taken at the front in France, the chief interest of the hour centres in Sir Douglas Haig, whose Army has just struck what is (to quote his own despatch) "probably the most effective blow which has yet been dealt to the enemy by British troops." In a personal sketch of Sir Douglas given in the "Times" recently by a visitor to Headquarters, the writer said: "The Commander-

in-Chief is of an ancient family of the kingdom of Fife, so that the spear of our British offensive is tipped with that which is considered to be more adamant than the granite of Aberdeen. Lithe and alert, Sir Douglas is known for his distinguished bearing and good looks. He has blue eyes, . . . delicately chiselled features, and a chin to be reckoned with. There is a characteristic movement of the hands when explaining things."

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"WITH FIRM FAITH IN THE CLEMENCY OF GOD"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOFÉEV, AUTHORISED FOR PUBLICATION



INSPECTING PART OF THE ARMY THAT HAS HAD A VICTORIOUS YEAR UNDER HIS COMMAND: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA REVIEWING INFANTRY.



TSAR AND TSAREVITCH: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (MOUNTED) AND HIS SON (BY THE CAR) AT A REVIEW.



GIVING A CEREMONIAL SALUTATION: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

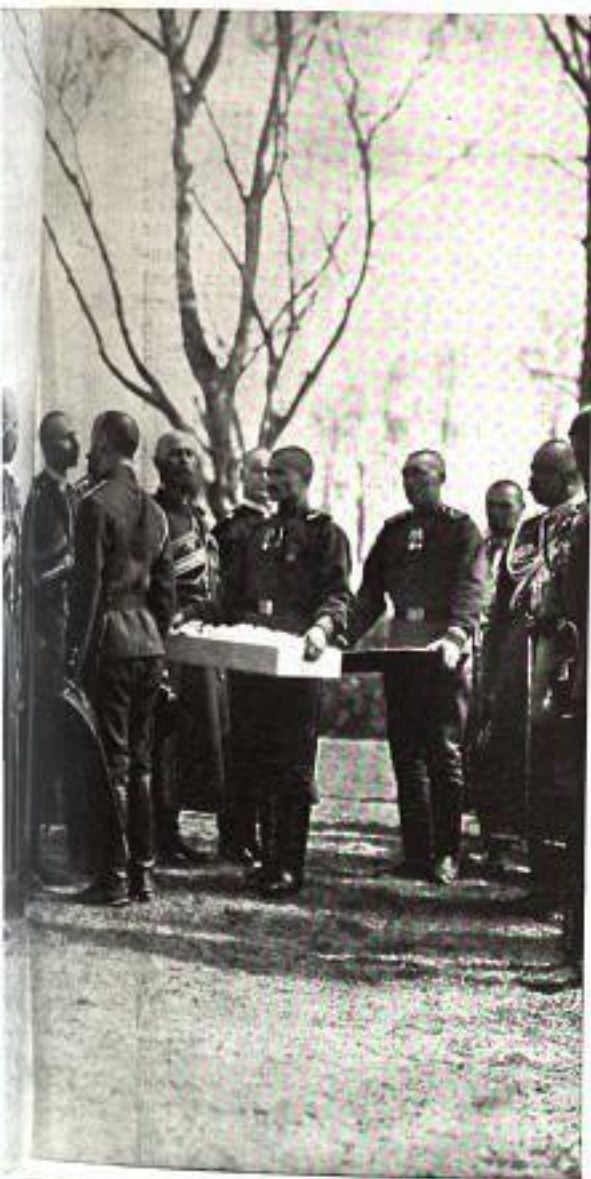
It was a little more than a year ago that the Emperor of Russia announced that he had assumed the supreme command of all the Russian forces on land and sea. The year that has passed since has been for Russia one of wonderful recuperation, immense progress, and splendid victories. An official review of the great events under the Emperor's auspices was issued on the 5th of this month at the Imperial Headquarters. "All these vast operations," it concluded, "together with the declaration of war on Austro-Germany by Roumania, represent a powerful Russo-Anglo-Roumanian front of several thousand kilometres between the Baltic and the Persian Gulf. During the year which has elapsed under the command of the Emperor the common efforts of all the Allies made it possible to establish a unity of aim to be pursued by all the Allies, and the offensive which has been carried out methodically and simultaneously

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

OF GO. THE MINISTER OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD.



"WITH UNSHAKABLE ASSURANCE OF FINAL VICTORY TO FULFIL OUR SACRED DUTY TO THE LAST": THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA REVIEWING COSSACKS.



RUSSIA WITH HIS GUARD OF COSSACKS.



THE IMPERIAL HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES AMONG HIS TROOPS: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA TALKING TO AN OFFICER.

has strengthened the faith of the Allies in the power and military qualities of each other and in the final triumph of their just cause. To-day, the anniversary of the day on which his Majesty assumed the supreme command, it has been thought desirable to give this short review of the labours of the Emperor, who a year ago, on September 5, 1915, with his own hand set forth the terms of his unalterable decision—namely, "with firm faith in the clemency of God and with unshakable assurance of final victory to fulfil our sacred duty to defend the country to the last, and not to dishonour Russia." Our photographs were taken on the occasion of a recent review held by the Emperor at his military headquarters. His only son and heir, the Tsarevitch, seen in one of the photographs, was born at Peterhof in 1904, and attained the age of twelve a few weeks ago.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EDMUND BURKE said it was impossible to draw up an indictment against a whole nation; but Edmund Burke detested the very idea of democracy. If he did not want the populace taken up as a criminal, it was simply because he did want it permanently taken care of as a lunatic. A little while ago a Pacifist Member of Parliament—who was also, I believe, a member of the body absurdly called the Union of Democratic Control—was reminded that he really had no sort of moral right to be member of a parliament, since he certainly was not the representative of a constituency. In answer, he gravely appealed to the authority of Burke. He might just as well have appealed to the authority of Castlereagh or Metternich, for Burke did not profess to believe in popular government even in principle. Burke was a great and large-minded man, who set forth his reasons in full philosophical form; and he certainly was far too sincere a man to have tolerated even the use, far less the impudent and hypocritical abuse, of such a title as the Union of Democratic Control. And his honest conviction that statecraft must always be conducted over the heads of the common herd carried with it the just and logical conclusion that the herd as a whole must be, in most cases, as innocent as a flock of sheep. Nevertheless, even a flock of sheep will generally be found to take a collective view of a pack of wolves. Wherever the crowd is consulted at all, its verdict is generally against the hostile crowd as a crowd. When the mass of the normal nationals of a free State sustain some national wrong, they always do draw up an indictment against a whole nation. The more they represent the average of their own community, the more it is the average of the enemy which they indict. The more their own Government is popular, the more it is the hostile populace that is unpopular. The French citizen talks of hating the Prussians; he does not talk of hating Bethmann-Hollweg, or even of hating Bernhardt. The Serbians say they have suffered from the Turks; not that they have suffered from the incorrect diplomatic attitude of their conqueror, the Kalif Othman. The simplest and most self-governing communities from the dawn of history have always spoken of the tribes opposed to them as if they also were simple and self-governing units: of smiting the Amalekites, of spoiling the Egyptians, of fearing the Greeks when they bring gifts, of being delivered from the fury of the Northmen. All primitive history is steeped in the assumptions of democracy. Natural folk have always taken in the collective character of a strange people with the same *coup-d'œil* that takes in the contour of a strange countryside. This verdict, so puzzling to the political sophist (and Burke, great and thoughtful as he was, was in some points a political sophist), is in the very bones of the most heroic of early epics and the most ancient of sacred books. And this verdict, given by villages and tribes ever since humanity began to be human, was given only lately with all its elemental and thunderous authority in the assembly of the Trades Unions of England. By an overwhelming majority, the workmen of this country flatly refused to meet or parley with the German Trades Unions during the discussion of peace, and drew up an indictment against a whole nation.

As a matter of principle, it appears to me that if a democracy cannot do this it cannot do anything. What Rousseau called the General Will may sound very mystical, like most other things that are really true;

but without that conception there is no more meaning in counting votes in the community than in counting pebbles on the beach. And I cannot see what the General Will can do if it cannot generalise. It obviously cannot specialise; it cannot disentangle all the infinitely divisible details in every atom of experience. If it may not come to firm and final conclusions about certain things being bad or good in bulk, it has no function in human life at all. It is true that in the ultimate sense God alone can balance the bad and good in a people. It is equally true that God alone can balance the bad and good in a man. But if we cannot decide that a corporate people has committed a corporate crime, then peoples cannot be

professor. We may think Germany less guilty than Prussia, or Prussia less guilty than the Prussian Princes—just as we may think Macbeth better than Lady Macbeth, or Lady Macbeth better than the Three Witches. But like the tragedy of Macbeth, it is a tragedy of will, not of fate. It is the General Will of Germany that is bad; and it is our General Will that has called it bad. It is bad because it is soaked in self-praise, and permeated with a stale spiritual pride. Whatever worthy private people we may believe, or know, to exist in the modern German Empire, there is practically not one of them who would not be infinitely better if he had been born anywhere else. That is the condemnation of a society.

But the great decision of the Trades Unions of England is important in another and very pointed fashion. The world before the war was full of sham unifications. It was supposed that the English Socialist was exactly like the German Socialist, because they were both Trades Unionists, pretty much as it was supposed that the Englishman was like the German because they were both Teutons. In both cases names were employed to hide things. The German Socialist party had from the first an origin and character quite contrary to anything that is called Socialism in England. Social revolt in this country is the revolt of the simplest and even the vaguest elements in our manhood against a grossly cynical commercialism; the revolt is confused and very largely conservative. A German would say that his Socialism was a thing of the head; and ours has been mostly of the heart. But the English Trades Union movement, if largely instinctive, was strictly spontaneous: it really came from the people.

German Socialism has been, first and foremost, what everything ugly and unfortunate in Germany has been. It has been educational. It might be argued that English social revolt has been a mark of English ignorance; sometimes of ignorance in the people, much more often of ignorance in the rulers. But the movement with the same name in the German Empire is a thing of knowledge. It is stiff with that stunted knowledge that can only be called knowingness. Mere instruction is not only held to be a good thing, but the summary of all good things. "If there is one thing more than another in this heavy war," writes a highly optimistic German journalist, "which sheds a bright light over the future, it is the oft-repeated proof that final victory will remain with the countries of the highest education—that is to say, with the spiritual and moral powers." For him to have schoolmasters is the same as to have saints and heroes; and school-rooms are a self-evident substitute for temples and for homes.

Education is the modern German's answer to everything: to the most ultimate and awful questions, like the question that was asked of Cain. He is always parading his intellectual discipline even as an excuse for his moral anarchy. He is perpetually behaving like a pig, and then telling us he is the Learned Pig. The English labourer is not a learned pig, but a rather unlearned man, though he is not much more ignorant than his employer. But the light of nature, by which he has forged some bonds of fraternity at home, is the same by which he has seen cause to sunder those that bound him to a mere slavery abroad; and it is something too simple for men merely instructed to understand.

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KILLED IN ACTION: LIEUT. RAYMOND ASQUITH, ELDEST SON OF THE PRIME MINISTER. It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Lieut. Raymond Asquith, the eldest son of the Prime Minister, to whose already heavy burden of political responsibility and anxiety is now added the personal sorrow of the loss of a brilliant son. Mr. Raymond Asquith, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was thirty-seven, and, after a career at Oxford which was full of honours, as had been that of his distinguished father, he adopted the Law as his profession, and had already won successes and positions almost unparalleled for his age. In 1907 he married Miss Katherine Horner, daughter of Sir John Horner, of Mells Park, Somerset, and leaves two daughters and a son. "Those whom the Gods love, die young." It must to some extent mitigate the sorrow of bereavement for Mr. Asquith to know that his brilliant son has left so fine a record, and that he died fighting for his country.—(Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.)

corporate, and democracy cannot exist—even in the abstract. It is not merely, as its opponents always say, that democracy cannot be maintained in practice, but that it cannot be maintained in theory: it cannot even be thought. If a people can choose right, it can blame another people for choosing wrong; and it can decide whether it is the people that has chosen. The most democratic assembly of the English people has decided that it is the German people that has chosen, and has chosen wrong. The conclusion is important and even sensational; it is also almost certainly sound. The German guilt may be relative and sometimes negative; but it is hardly anywhere a mere ignorance, even in the most cultured

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR SEES WAR: MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN FRANCE.

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WATCHING A BATTLE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AND LORD READING (ON LEFT) AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE.



LUNCH-TIME ON A BATTLEFIELD: A GROUP INCLUDING MR. LLOYD GEORGE (CENTRE) AND M. ALBERT THOMAS (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



CHATTING WITH AN INDIAN SOLDIER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT THE FRONT.



FINDING A SENTRY BOX TOO HEAVY TO TAKE HOME: MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON A BATTLEFIELD.



WITH FRENCH SOLDIERS ON KING GEORGE'S HILL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND LORD READING.



EMERGING FROM A GERMAN DUG-OUT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, PRECEDED BY M. THOMAS, AND FOLLOWED BY LORD READING.



ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ON LEAVING THE DUG-OUT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE WAVES HIS HAT.

Mr. Lloyd George arrived back from France on the 15th, after a tour in which he took part in important war conferences in Paris and visited the battlefields on the British and French fronts. With the French Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas, he went to Rheims and Verdun, and afterwards through the French lines to the scenes of fighting on the Somme. On the French front there he met most of the leading French generals and saw some of the chief events in the recent successful offensive of our Allies. Afterwards he proceeded to the British front, traversing most of our lines from the Somme to

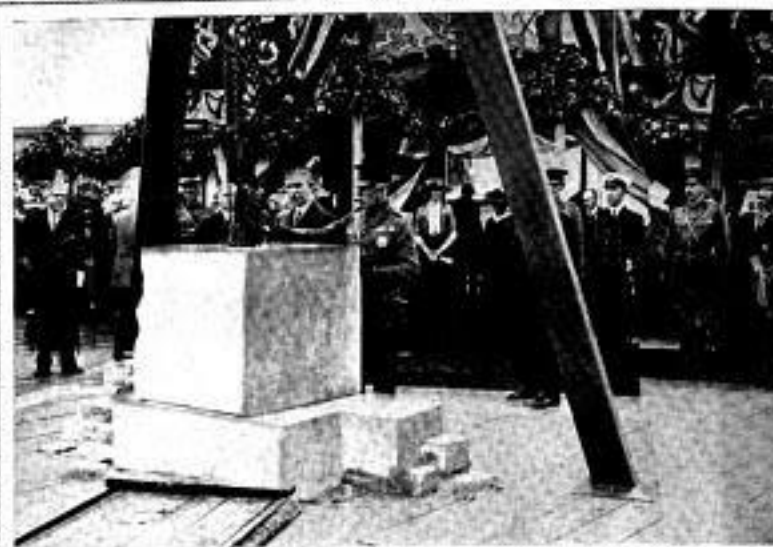
beyond Ypres, and visiting, among other places, La Boisselle and Fricourt. He was especially interested, of course, in seeing a Welsh Division. Artillery experts from both the British and French Armies accompanied him throughout his journey, and special note was taken of the results of artillery work. While he was at the front Mr. Lloyd George met and conferred with General Joffre and Sir Douglas Haig. They are seen in the photograph on our front page. As the above photographs show, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, was of the party that accompanied the Secretary for War.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S LAST IMPORTANT FUNCTION IN CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL (5) AND C.N. (1).



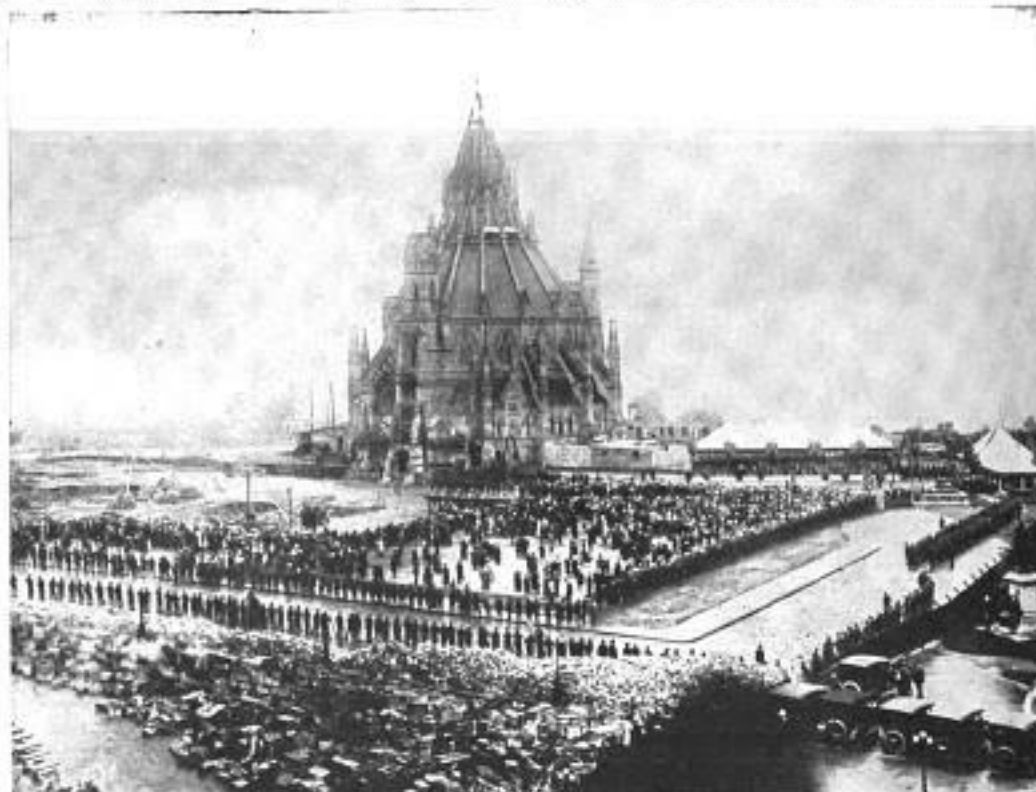
WATCHING THE STONE RAISED FROM THE SPOT WHERE KING EDWARD LAID IT: THE DUKE AND SIR ROBERT BORDEN.



AFTER 56 YEARS: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT RELAYING THE STONE—SHOWING PRINCESS PATRICIA STANDING BEHIND.



PAYING A TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE'S WORK AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL: SIR ROBERT BORDEN SPEAKING.



THE RELAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT OTTAWA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: SIR ROBERT BORDEN CALLING FOR CHEERS FOR THE DUKE, THE DUCHESS AND PRINCESS PATRICIA AT THE BACK.



BESIDE THE STONE LAID BY KING EDWARD IN 1860 AND RELAYED BY HIS BROTHER IN 1916: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AND PRINCESS PATRICIA.

The Duke of Connaught performed his last important public ceremony as Governor-General of Canada before leaving for England, by relaying at Ottawa, on September 1, the foundation-stone of the Canadian Parliament Building, which was destroyed by fire last February. The inscription (seen in one photograph) runs: "This corner-stone of the building intended to receive the Legislature of Canada was laid by Albert Edward Prince of Wales on the first day of September MDCCCLX." To this will be added the words: "Relaid by his brother, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, on the first day of September,

1916." After laying the stone on its new site the Duke said: "It is a unique occasion when it is possible for a brother after an interval of over half a century to lay again the same foundation-stone. . . . Now, at the turning-point of the world-wide war which is taxing the utmost strength of the British Empire, where is Canada? Canada is nobly supporting the fight for honour, liberty, justice, and humanity. Who fifty-six years ago could have imagined that Canada could raise over 350,000 men? Canadians must be proud of their record and that they held their own against the best-disciplined troops in Europe."

UNE QUÊTEUSE: CHARITY IN THE NAME OF THE RED CROSS.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



"FOR OUR SOLDIERS, PLEASE": COLLECTING FOR THE POILUS, ON A TRAIN LEAVING PARIS.

Not the least important of the methods by which soldiers at the Front are kept, liberally supplied with those small luxuries which cost little but give unbounded pleasure to the recipients, is the persistent effort made by lady-collectors who meet the trains to and from Paris and make collections among the passengers. The response is usually immediate and generous, especially when the carriages are filled with men and women and children on their way to the country or the sea, on

holiday-making bent, or, it may be, just taking a trip to enjoy the sunshine for a day outside the surroundings of the city. Clad in the uniform of the Red Cross, which is in itself an appeal, these collectors watch for the arrival or pending departure of the trains, and, armed with their money-boxes, are irresistible. The spirit of comradeship and the spirit of gratitude combine to make the efforts of the Quêteuse so notably successful.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE VICTORIOUS ITALIANS: IN THE CARSO AND THE DOGNA VALLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS' PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPT.



DEMOLISHED BY ITALIAN SHELLS: THE REMAINS OF AN AUSTRIAN TRENCH ON MONTE SAN MICHELE, NEAR GORIZIA.



AFTER BEING BOMBARDED MORE THAN ONCE BY AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY: WRECKED HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF DOGNA, IN UPPER CARNIA.

The Italians began a fresh and victorious offensive on the Carso front a few days ago. It may be recalled that the previous Italian advance, during which Gorizia was taken, left the Italian line running from about four miles east of Gorizia southwards, crossing the River Vipacco (a tributary of the Isonzo) at San Grado, and running along the Vallone to the sea well east of Monfalcone. It included the plateau of Doberdo and San Michele, now some way behind the Italian front. Monte San Michele lies about

midway between Monfalcone and Gorizia, just to the east of the Isonzo. The village of Dogna is in another part of the Italian theatre of war, at the end of a valley of the same name in the Carnian Alps, not far from the frontier town of Pontebba. Dogna was bombarded by the Austrians on August 22 and September 1. An Italian official communiqué said: "In the Upper Dogna Valley there was some hostile heavy artillery fire." The lower photograph affords a pictorial commentary on this announcement.

THE NEW ITALIAN OFFENSIVE: ON THE ROAD TO TRIESTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS' PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPT.



THE ITALIAN ADVANCE ALONG THE CARSO PLATEAU TOWARDS TRIESTE: ITALIAN INFANTRY AT A POSITION EAST OF MONFALCONE.



IN THE REGION OF THE ITALIAN ADVANCE BEYOND GORIZIA: A WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE VIPPACCO AT RUBBIA.

News of the fresh Italian advance towards Trieste was given in an official communiqué of September 15. "On the Lower Isonzo yesterday," it stated, "our heavy artillery and heavy trench-mortar batteries maintained an intense fire against the enemy lines east of Gorizia and on the Carso. During torrential rain in the afternoon we stormed the positions east of the Vallone, taking some lines of entrenchments; 2117 prisoners, including 71 officers, were captured." In an Italian communiqué of the 16th it was

stated: "On the Carso our infantry continued to attack the enemy's lines at the east of the Vallone. On the left wing the height of San Grado (on the Vipacco) was captured, notwithstanding the strength of the enemy garrison. Further south, large entrenchments towards Loggizza and east of Oppachiasella were taken at the point of the bayonet. We took 1077 prisoners, including 20 officers." Further progress on the Carso was made on the next day. The Italian front on the Vipacco is now some miles east of Rubbia.

A Sovereign Travels Under Water: The Queen of the Netherlands.



ABOARD THE SUBMARINE IN WHICH SHE CRUISED SUBMERGED: QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands showed her customary fearlessness the other day by attending manoeuvres of her naval forces aboard a submarine, which performed various evolutions and submerged twice. So, it is said, her Majesty had the honour of being the first Queen-Régnant to travel under water. She was below

for about half an hour. Queen Wilhelmina, it will be recalled, succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, on November 23, 1890; came of age (according to royal reckoning) on August 31, 1898; and was crowned on the following September 6. She was born in 1880.—[PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C. N.]

The Air-Supremacy of the Allies: Further Pictorial Proof.



AFTER FRENCH GUNS HAD DEALT WITH IT: A GERMAN FLYING-MACHINE WRECKED IN THE FRENCH LINES, NEAR PÉRONNE.

Every day brings further proof of the air-supremacy of the Allies, and it is a commonplace to find in the official despatches such sentences as: "Four hostile machines were brought down in flames, and at least four others driven down damaged. Our aeroplanes co-operated with the advance of our infantry from a close height, firing on

the enemy on the ground. Bombs were successfully dropped. . . ." On one day recently, the British aeroplanes alone destroyed fifteen enemy machines, and drove nine others to the ground in a damaged condition. The work of our aviators is becoming every day more conspicuously one of the finest features both of our attack and defence.

SAFE FROM GERMAN SHELLS IN A GERMAN AMMUNITION STORE.



PROFITING BY A CAPTURED GERMAN AMMUNITION DEPÔT: FRENCH SOLDIERS TAKING COVER FROM ARTILLERY FIRE.

This photograph, on the new French front, was taken from the back of a German artillery ammunition depôt on ground which the French troops had captured. Afterwards the German guns were directed towards it in the hope of blowing it up. "But," says a French account of the incident, "they had built it solidly, and our men, while occupied in the removal of the projectiles which it contained, found in it an excellent shelter." It will be remembered that, just before the new British offensive, the French on our right made a strong advance and large captures of prisoners and material. A French communiqué of the 10th said: "The prisoners taken by the French troops

alone south of the Somme since September 3 amount up to now to 7700." Their victorious progress continued, and on the 13th it was announced: "The number of unwounded prisoners captured yesterday and to-day exceeds at present 2300. The important booty abandoned by the enemy and so far counted amounts to 10 guns, including several heavy pieces, and about 40 machine-guns in the sector of Bouchavesnes alone." By that time the total amount of French and British captures on the Western front (including Verdun) since the great offensive began in July, amounted to 260 guns, 647 machine-guns, and about 54,000 men. These figures have since much increased.

"A SOLDIERS' BATTLE" DURING THE NEW BRITISH ADVANCE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER



SHOWING (IN THE BACKGROUND) BOULEAUX WOOD, WHICH FORMED ON THE TAKING OF FALFEMONT

An official Headquarters despatch of September 5 stated: "After severe fighting, the whole of the enemy's strong system of defence on a front of 1000 yards in and around Falfemont has fallen into our hands"; and later on the same day: "In spite of heavy hostile artillery-fire and indifferent weather conditions, our troops are still pushing forward and are in possession of all the ground between Falfemont Farm and Leuze Wood, and between that wood and the outskirts of Ginchy." The above drawing shows the taking of Falfemont Farm, the rectangular bit of ground (formerly the farmyard) in the middle with only a few tree-stumps standing. No farm buildings were left, only a heap of earth and bricks seen at the right-hand end of the site. On the extreme left of the drawing in the middle distance is a corner of Wedge Wood, and then from left to right, in the middle distance and foreground, may be noted—men carrying stretchers, British infantry advancing along a white chalk trench, wounded returning, British troops entering the left-hand corner of the farm, German

ON THE SOMME: THE CAPTURE OF FALFEMONT FARM.

FROM A SKETCH.



END OF THE SIX-MILE FRONT OF THE NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE: FARM BY BRITISH INFANTRY.

59 shells bursting, and (to the right of and beyond the farm) Germans in retreat. In the background, from left to right, we see a corner of Guillemont (on the extreme left), Ginchy (in the distance further to the right), shrapnel bursting, Leuze Wood, with a 9's shell bursting in front of it, Bouleaux Wood (the right-hand end of the clump of trees), and, on the extreme right, the church of Morval. Mr. Philip Gibbs, describing the capture of Falfemont Farm, writes: "It was great fighting which gained this ground, and the men were their own generals. These West Country lads were not moved like marionettes pulled by the strings from Headquarters. It was, after the first orders had been given, a soldiers' battle, and its success was due to young officers and N.C.O.'s and men using their own initiative. . . . This afternoon I saw some of the wounded Germans from Falfemont lying side by side on stretchers with boys from the West Country who had been hit in attacking them."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN HISTORIC RECORD: ADMIRAL JELlicoe's

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED BY [illegible]



THE LATE LORD KITCHENER STARTING FOR THE VOYAGE TO RUSSIA DURING WHICH HE LOST HIS LIFE
BEFORE THE EMBARKATION ON THE "HAMPSHIRE."—A REMARK

The photograph here reproduced, which has only just been released for publication, is in the fullest sense of the words an historical record, for, as we have noted, it shows Admiral Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, bidding farewell to Lord Kitchener and his party when the great War Minister was leaving for the voyage to Russia during which he lost his life. It will be recalled that the official notification of the disaster came in a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, which was dated June 6, and said: "I have to report with deep regret that H.M.S. 'Hampshire' (Captain Herbert J. Savill, R.N.), with Lord Kitchener and his Staff on board, was sunk last night about 8 p.m. to the west of the Orkneys, either by a mine or a torpedo. . . . The wind was N.N.W., and heavy seas were running. A patrol vessel

JELlicoe's FAREWELL TO LORD KITCHENER.

COVERED BY CENTRAL PRESS.

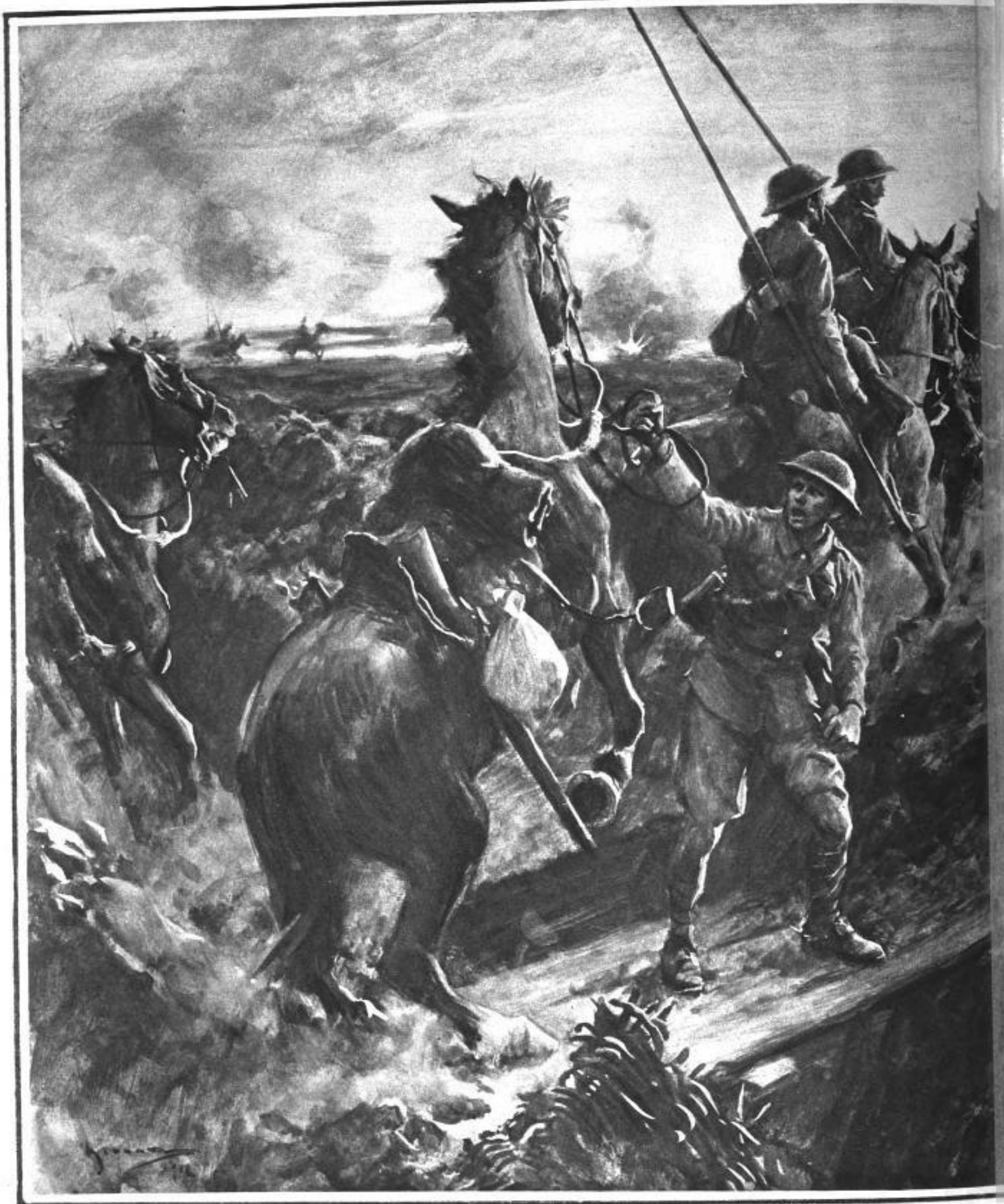


LIFE: THE GREAT WAR MINISTER, ADMIRAL JELlicoe, COLONEL FITZGERALD, AND MR. O'BEIRNE
MARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH JUST RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION.

and destroyers at once proceeded to the spot, and a party was sent along the coast to search, but only some bodies and a capsized boat have been found up to the present. As the whole shore has been searched from the seaward, I greatly fear that there is little hope of there being any survivors. . . . H.M.S. 'Hampshire' was on her way to Russia." In the photograph Lord Kitchener is the third figure from the right, in a military overcoat. He has turned towards Admiral Jellicoe, who is seen shaking hands with Mr. H. J. O'Beirne, of the Foreign Office, one of the distinguished party who perished. Behind Mr. O'Beirne, on the gangway, is seen Lieutenant-Colonel O. A. Fitzgerald, personal military secretary to Lord Kitchener, who also perished with him.

MOUNTED ACTION: BRITISH CAVALRY GET THEIR

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL

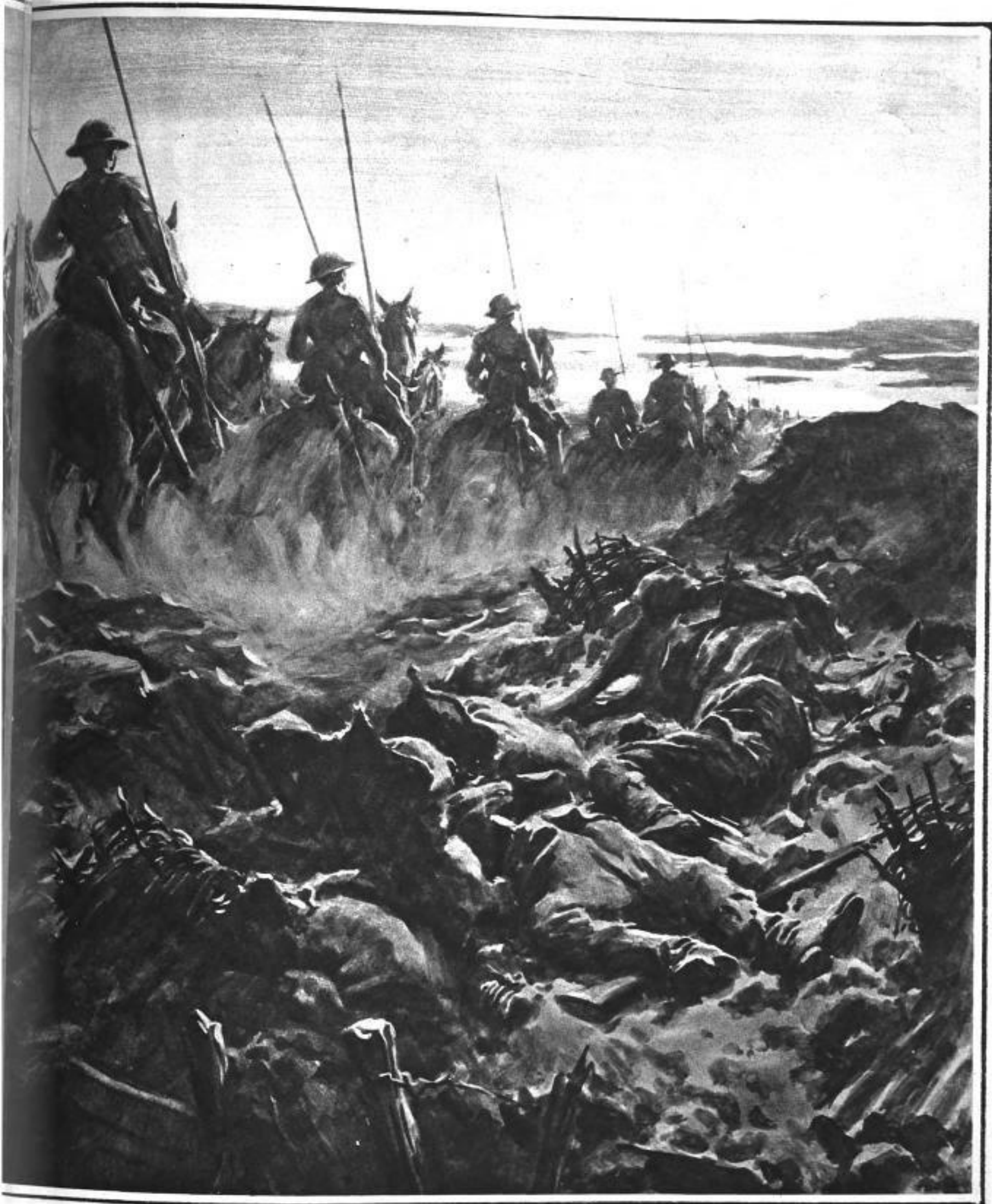


WITH THE CAVALRY: A STRONG PATROL GOING

In the middle of July it was reported from General Headquarters in France: "All continues to go well on the British front. . . . North of Bazentin-Le-Grand our troops have penetrated the German third line at the Bois de Foureaux, in which we have obtained a lodgment. In this neighbourhood a detachment of the enemy were successfully accounted for by a squadron of Dragoon Guards, the first opportunity for mounted action which has been afforded to our cavalry since 1914." Another account said: "During the operations a few of our cavalry

THE CHANCE AFTER LONG MONTHS OF WAITING

L.C. MASON & SUTTON.



OUT AT DAWN ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

came into action, detachments of Dragoon Guards and Deccan Horse charging a portion of the enemy, killing sixteen and capturing thirty-four of them. It was a small operation; but this is the first time that cavalry have been employed as such since the early stage of the war." Later news has reported British cavalry in action on several occasions, always with success.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Women and Munitions: A Visit to Woolwich Arsenal.

MOST of us have read with a languid interest that so many thousands of women are engaged in munition-work. But the notion is pretty general that they are mere helpers of men, doing things on which it is hardly worth while to employ the majestic male.

The well-known phrase "the dilution of labour" helps to strengthen that impression. We think of the milkman, and envisage "dilution" as a watering-down—quantity gained at the expense of quality. Nine people out of ten, if asked what they imagine women arsenal-workers are doing, would probably reply something like this: "Humph, I suppose they hand things to the men, if they are not too heavy; fetch and carry, run on messages, make tea, and watch the clock for the time they will be at liberty to meet their young man."

Such illusions vanish into thin air at the first sight of women at work in a munitions-factory in which thousands of them are constantly employed. In their place remains an ineffaceable impression of fierce industry, intense concentration, absorption in the midst of the clatter of whirling machinery and the purring of gears and fly-wheels. There one looks on at row upon row of female workers watching the lathe, drill, punch, or the murderous-looking guillotine which shears metal as if it were silk. There may be seen women handling with complete sangfroid the deadliest explosives, or performing complicated operations which must be carried out with absolute exactitude, or there will be results not pleasant to contemplate.

The work is work which must be done well if it is done at all; and it is done well. There is an atmosphere of almost religious fervour in Woolwich Arsenal, where the authorities have good cause to know the value of women's work. The women's souls are in the business—partly because they want to do their share in the discomfiture of the Boche; partly because they are paid very good wages, and, with a woman's sense of duty, want to earn them. Partly, perhaps, also because women love making concrete things, this kind of industry seems to satisfy some deep creative instinct. One might almost think that the girls looked on the shining shell-cases as babies, so keen is their pride in turning out work as perfect as possible.

In some of the shops there is a good sprinkling of men; in others the women have learned to do most things for themselves. Their teaching has been a matter of time, but they are now fully qualified to see their particular jobs through from start to finish: even some of the inspectors who pass the work wear petticoats.

As for the type of woman required for the work, the best workers are said to be women with a public-school

To the girl or woman wishing to engage in the truly national work of making munitions of war there are two courses open. She can either apply to qualify as an overlooker, or work in one or other of the multifarious departments connected with the manufacture of war material in all its branches. If she chooses the first course, she serves a probationary period of three or four weeks under the eye of an experienced worker, and earns wages varying from two to three pounds a week, which go to the neighbourhood of four pounds when she rises to the dignity of principal overlooker. To those who might object to these figures as being too high for inexperienced workers, it may be pointed out that, in the first place, the services of the women are essential; and, in the second, that the duties involved are of a responsible character.

By the courtesy of the authorities, I visited one of the

sufficiently elaborate to prevent any possibility of accident except such as might result from gross carelessness or disregard of instructions. Metal is taboo—workers remove their hair-pins before leaving the cloak-rooms, and are provided with leather shoes innocent of heel or tack. Visitors, too, are subjected to the same restrictions, though women are allowed to keep their hair-pins. Purses, hand-bags, and umbrellas have, of course, to be left at the gate.

It is in the danger zone that the shells are gauged, fitted to their cases, filled with the propelling charge, "indented" firmly into position in one machine, and then handed on to another which performs the process known as "conning," and are finally filled with the explosives whose devastating effects war-correspondents have recently described so graphically. Last of all comes the delicate operation of fitting and screwing the fuse—and so to the front.

Included in the danger buildings is the small-arms cartridge factory. Here, if you are an apt pupil, you can earn 38s. or £2 a week at piece rates. But to do it you must first learn to wax bullets at race-horse speed, and keep your attention fixed on the matter in hand, which is to feed a belt with the wicked little death-messengers as quickly as you can get them in. If you are a really expert worker you will do 28 boxes in a day, and, as each box holds 3000 bullets, you conclude operations with the satisfactory feeling that your day's labour may at some time account in one way or another for 84,000 Boches. Or, again, you may occupy your time filling cartridge-cases, or fixing bullets, or fitting caps—which requires even greater dexterity than waxing bullets—or filling trays with the finished article, which is more difficult than either to do quickly. Seven trays filled means 1½d. added to your exchequer, and it is possible to earn 28s. a week, and take a day out into the bargain.

Recreation and meals are two important factors in the life of the munition-worker. At the establishment in question the latter are supplied at moderate rates by canteens, 8d. securing a good dinner of meat and two vegetables, and an additional 2d. buying a "sweet." Tea costs 1d., so does cake, and bread-and-butter, or a bun. Eggs or sandwiches are a little more. There is a piano for leisure moments, and a hard-worked instrument it is.

The Ministry of Munitions wants more women workers for factories, and has established centres of training where preliminary instruction can be obtained. London residents are asked to write to Mr. J. C. Smail, L.C.C., Education Offices, Victoria Embankment.



WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS AT WORK: OPERATING CAPSTAN LATHES ON THE BODIES OF FUSES.

large Government arsenals (Woolwich) the other day, where most of the women are employed on work connected with the production of the finished shell and the smaller munitions of war.

It seems curious that a tailor's shop should form an integral part of an arsenal, but the workers will tell you that without its help neither shell nor cartridge could be relied on to fulfil its appointed task. There is the textile side of the "shop," where the whirring noise of countless sewing-machines fills the air, and guillotines are incessantly at work reducing hales of scarlet twill and cream serge into circles and strips and squares and other shapes, for this department supplies something to nearly every factory in the arsenal, whether for shells, or cartridges, or "handlings" (used for conducting business with molten metals), and in the course of the day's work turns out some 200 different species of articles, including special clothing for wear in the danger-buildings—work that in pre-war days was almost entirely done by men and boys.

Hard by is the paper-factory, where, as its name implies, all kinds of paper articles essential to the interior well-being of certain shells are made. Here there are great machines that do nothing all day but cut round discs of cardboard with monotonous precision, and girls who roll endless numbers of tubes of cardboard or paper, or make what look like paper cartridges; and where perforated cylinders that look like receptacles for keeping caterpillars and moths are really quite important parts of munitions of war in their early stages.

There are branches of fuse-work in which women are extensively employed. It is labour which necessitates mathematical accuracy and a careful attention to detail. The shell-cases, too, owe their evolution from rough-looking discs to elegant polished cylinders, indented and ready for charging, very largely to the guardians in petticoats who manage the machines necessary for the process.

A visit to the "danger" sheds, where shells and cartridges are charged and otherwise rendered fit for active service, provides the outsider with a thrill of delicious excitement, though the workers themselves appear—and, indeed, are—supremely indifferent to the death-dealing powers of the explosives they handle with such apparently careless confidence. "We don't mind a bit—we get used to it," was the answer to a question as to whether workers ever suffered from "nerves"; and the official precautions are in truth



WHERE THE FEMINE TOUCH TELLS IN DELICATE MECHANISM: WOMEN INSPECTING AND GAUGING THE BODIES OF FUSES.

education. "The munition-factory," declared a woman superintendent with wide experience the other day, "is no place for mamma's darling."



AN EXAMPLE OF WOMEN'S SKILL IN MAKING MUNITIONS: OPERATING A DRILLING-MACHINE.

The Training Section, Ministry of Munitions, will give the address of the nearest training centre to applicants from the provinces. CLAUDINE CLEVE

O. T. C.

(Confiding Cadet.)

"Hang it all, I couldn't make it out a bit at first. When fellows in the habit of accepting your cigarettes for some time suddenly and politely refuse them, it puzzles a chap a bit. One day I asked Stanley the reason, and he said they were all smoking Cavander's 'Army Club' Cigarettes, and had given up the other kinds. So, of course, I immediately bought a packet, and grasped it at once. They're the thing. Top-hole!"



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LADIES' PAGE.

AN original and pretty idea was carried out by the bride of the heir to the title of the late Lord Kitchener. Her wedding gown of chiffon embroidered with pearls was short and full in the skirt, but the wedding veil was long and formed a train, being caught in to the figure to cause it to fall nicely. The bridegroom bears the courtesy title of Viscount Broome—from Broome Park, the seat of Earl Kitchener. The present Lord Kitchener is the brother of the late soldier, the title being conferred to descend to his brother if the original bearer of it should die childless. The bridegroom's sister, Lady Nora, is married to the son of the sometime editor of *Punch*, the late Mr. Arthur A'Beckett.

Amongst the changes in the position of women that I foresee as probable is the greater use of their capacity as heads and organisers in the business world. Daughters frequently inherit the capacities of their fathers, and often the commercial talent that should be transmitted by a successful business man's daughter is lost by reason of the prejudice and custom that keep her out of his business. An instance was that of a most capable lady who has just died; she would have been an ideal employer of labour, and, had she been a man, she probably would have been one of the heads of the old-established and famous firm of soap-manufacturers, A. and F. Pears. She was a great-grand-daughter of the original founder of the firm, and her brother directed for many years the factories at Isleworth. In consequence of her death an interesting industrial relic has come into the firm's possession. It is a circular piece of soap, of the well-known transparent brand, which was manufactured, as is stated by the stamp impressed upon the cake of soap itself, by the original inventor, Mr. Andrew Pears, about the year 1789. An advertisement of that period exists in the archives of the firm, stating that "no soap can be considered pure or fit to be applied to the human skin until it has undergone the process of refinement by which it is rendered transparent," and claiming that Pears' Soap "is the acme of perfection." Thus, Pears' soap has been skilfully and successfully advertised in three centuries!

Simplicity is wisely and desirably impressed upon the autumn fashions. The coat-dress is having a great run. In tulle for smartest occasions, in fine serge or cloth for more everyday uses, it serves admirably. Another excellent material for this one-piece dress is velvet, the corded variety in particular. Green and a rich plum-colour are, perhaps, the most fashionable colours for this autumn; we cannot have now just exactly what we may fancy, but the dye difficulty has evidently been quite settled as regards all shades in these two colours, in which various tones come excellently. Mole-colour, violet, and crimson velvet are also available. Fur is *par excellence* the trimming for the coat-dresses; there can be a narrow band near the bottom of the full skirt, and a collar of the new high all-round-the-throat order, and cuffs of the same



A WALKING DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN WOOL VELOURS. The features of this charming costume are its pockets and new-shaped cape. The fur trimming is of the fashionable rabbit-skin.

round shape; or, if preferred, the fur can be confined to the lower part of the garment, and the throat turned back to show a lace or tucked lawn tiny vest. Fur is to be used, too, as trimming on all sorts of materials, and is seen even on the most delicate and dainty of blouses, in chiffon, georgette, nylon, or *crêpe-de-Chine*. In short, if possible, add a strip of fur somewhere to your new things for autumn.

An excellent way to find out the correct fashion in furs is to visit the salons of such a celebrated house as that of Messrs. Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street, W. Here the exquisite taste of the best Parisian designers is united with the sumptuous and exclusive quality of the best peltry. At present the prevailing patriotic note of economy is all-pervading, and Revillon's are now showing a large stock of the less costly furs, which have a *chic* effect, and will give a look of smartness to the wearer by the originality of the designs and the excellence of the workmanship. A feature of the present fashion is the demand for musquash (dyed and natural), fitch, opossum, cross-fox, and other furs which are at once durable and wearable while relatively inexpensive, rather than for the luxuriously costly skins such as sable and real seal. At Revillon Frères I learned that capes just to the waist are to be fashionable, and, as they have been "out" for some time, they present all the charm of novelty, and also are very practical wear with the full, round, rather short skirts that are to be in vogue next winter. The capes and coats are all full round the edge, and a feature is the high, rather loose throatlet-collar. One very attractive cape in seal musquash has a bordering of the same fur cut in alternate reverse ways, so as to give a striped effect. A fine sable-fitch cape is fastened on the left breast with two beasties' heads as tabs, and has a row of tails to finish it across the front. The coats are long, but only of a length to suit that prevailing in skirts; all are well fluted round the lower part. Messrs. Revillon Frères find seal-musquash most in demand for coats, and it is much liked finished with a collar of natural grey opossum. One charming novelty is cross-fox, red and silver fox mingled. Stoles, ties, the very fashionable throatlets, and muffs, as well as collars placed on other darker fur coats, all come out very attractively in cross and silver fox. Black furs are to be very fashionable; partly, of course, because they are available to wear with mourning, but also because they are so universally becoming and useful under all circumstances. Black astrachan and caracul are particularly liked. Amongst the high-class furs there is nothing more fashionable than skunk, which is both handsome and durable. Skunk is also used as trimming for other furs; an exquisite garment at Revillon Frères is a long seal-musquash coat made very full in the skirt, which is ornamented by a series of flounces of skunk, this same fur also forming the handsome stand-up high throatlet collar. The new muffs are rather small barrel shapes; and, by the way, a large muff can be remodelled into this fashionable shape by Revillon Frères at a moderate charge. They are also showing a large number of the new throatlet collars in all varieties of fur at very moderate prices.

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LITERATURE.

Zionism. "Zionism and the Jewish Future"

(John Murray) is a collection of some dozen essays on various aspects of the Jewish problem. Edited by Mr. H. Sacher, who confesses in a short preface his debt to Dr. Weizmann, author of the introductory essay, the papers are timely in appearance, moderate in tone, and concise in argument. They will introduce the general reader to a question of great importance hitherto almost ignored by the Press in England. To be sure, the Jewish problem is concerned largely with Poland, where were the Russian Poles of Settlement; but if the solution of the vexed question is to be found ultimately in Palestine, it can only be by consent of all the Powers of the Entente. It may be that the climacteric of the long-drawn-out martyrdom of Jewry has been reached since Poland began to change hands in 1914; the whole story is one of the most terrible in history. But if a safeguarded home is to be found for the Jew in Palestine, how far is he fit to take advantage of it? Is he to rally round a national or a religious ideal? What is Palestine to-day? What will it be in the near future? Is the country cultivable over a large

force worked for definite ends by cunning statesmen first in Germany, then in Russia, and for a time in France? The reader of "Zionism and the Jewish Future" will find these and other questions of a kindred nature carefully worked out.

Palestine Life. To read the Bible without a knowledge of Palestine is like reading translations of Shakespeare without knowing anything of England. We cannot all visit Palestine in the flesh, but anyone who wants to understand the Bible ought to visit it in the spirit, through books. As the late Rev. James Neil points out in his last book, "Palestine Life: Its Light on the Letter of Holy Scripture" (Simpkin, Marshall), the study of "the manners, the customs, the colloquial speech, and the natural features of the Holy Land in their bearing on the Written Word" has been strangely and unfortunately neglected. "We owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Turk," says Mr. Neil, "for having preserved all things unchanged up till quite recent times. . . . But the manner of living in Bible lands is now yielding to an irresistible pressure—the pressure of modern civilisation. . . . ere long the ancient life will have almost entirely passed away. Hence the value of careful descriptions of Palestine life as it existed up to 1871." As Mr. Neil knew Palestine for some fifty-five years—he was formerly Incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem, and chaplain to the Anglican bishop—he was peculiarly well qualified to deal with the subject, and his previous books, "Palestine Re-Peopled" and several others, ran through numerous editions. His knowledge of Hebrew and Arabic adds great interest to his work, and his insistence on the figurative character of the language of Scripture throws much new light upon it. Apart from his conclusions in historical criticism, from which some may differ, his books cannot but be of immense help to all students of the Bible.

Abraham Lincoln.

To understand the life and times of Abraham Lincoln is to understand no small part of the history of the United States. During his most strenuous career Lincoln's labours were not valued in this country; the most of the honours paid him were posthumous. The latter days have made amends. It was fitting that the great President should have a volume reserved for him in the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century Library"

edited by Mr. Basil Williams (Constable), and it was a fortunate choice that selected Lord Charnwood to be the author of the biography. To find in a work on a man who has lain half a century dead an appeal strong enough to enable the reader to forget for an hour or so the march of events is a pleasure almost unexpected, even though we may not forget the lessons that the great war he saw to a triumphant end have for ourselves to-day. The special



CARRYING THEIR RIFLES AT THE TRAIL: ITALIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH SALONIKA ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

The Italian troops landed at Salonika had an enthusiastic reception. They wore uniforms of olive green, with helmets of blue steel and carried their rifles at the trail. It was not long before they were under fire. A Bulgarian communiqué of September 13 mentioned two encounters with the Italians.—(Official Photograph.)

area? Is Hebrew capable of serving as a modern language? Is the Jew of the immediate future a man mentally and physically vigorous, able to shoulder the burdens of a State? Is Anti-Semitism an expression of popular hatred of the Jew deep-seated and ineradicable, or is it a political

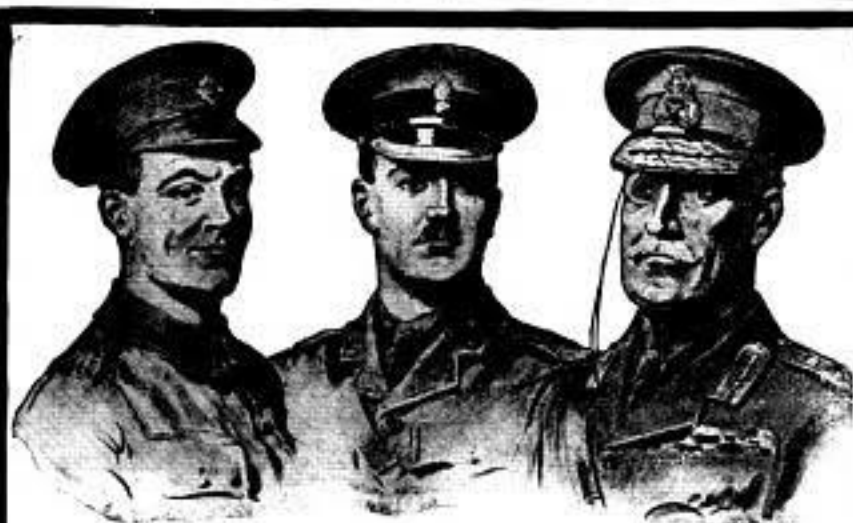
career. Lincoln's labours were not valued in this country; the most of the honours paid him were posthumous. The latter days have made amends. It was fitting that the great President should have a volume reserved for him in the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century Library"



THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN TROOPS AT SALONIKA: MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS TO THEIR QUARTERS.

(Official Photograph.)

merit of the biography lies in the author's ability to present in clear and simple fashion a study of all the forces that made Lincoln possible, that brought the slave trade into being, that roused the country and brought the question with which Lincoln's name will ever be associated to the dreadful arbitrament of Civil War. The bibliographical note at the end of the volume reveals the measure of reading that has gone to the making of the book, but mere reading would not avail to present in prose a picture of the man and his epoch. To be successful here one needs, above the groundwork of knowledge, a certain sense of disciplined imagination, a capacity to present the life-story consecutively, keeping the Civil War in its proper place, and a wide sympathy with all parties to the disastrous strife. Lincoln demands special treatment; at first sight he is hard and unattractive. As knowledge grows, it is seen that he is as hard and unattractive as ever in some superficial aspects, but there is that beneath the surface which carries him to the ranks of the world's great men. He was very easily belittled; it is possible to misunderstand him now—but it is easier to overpraise. Lord Charnwood's estimates are sane and well considered; his writing approaches distinction, and sometimes achieves it.



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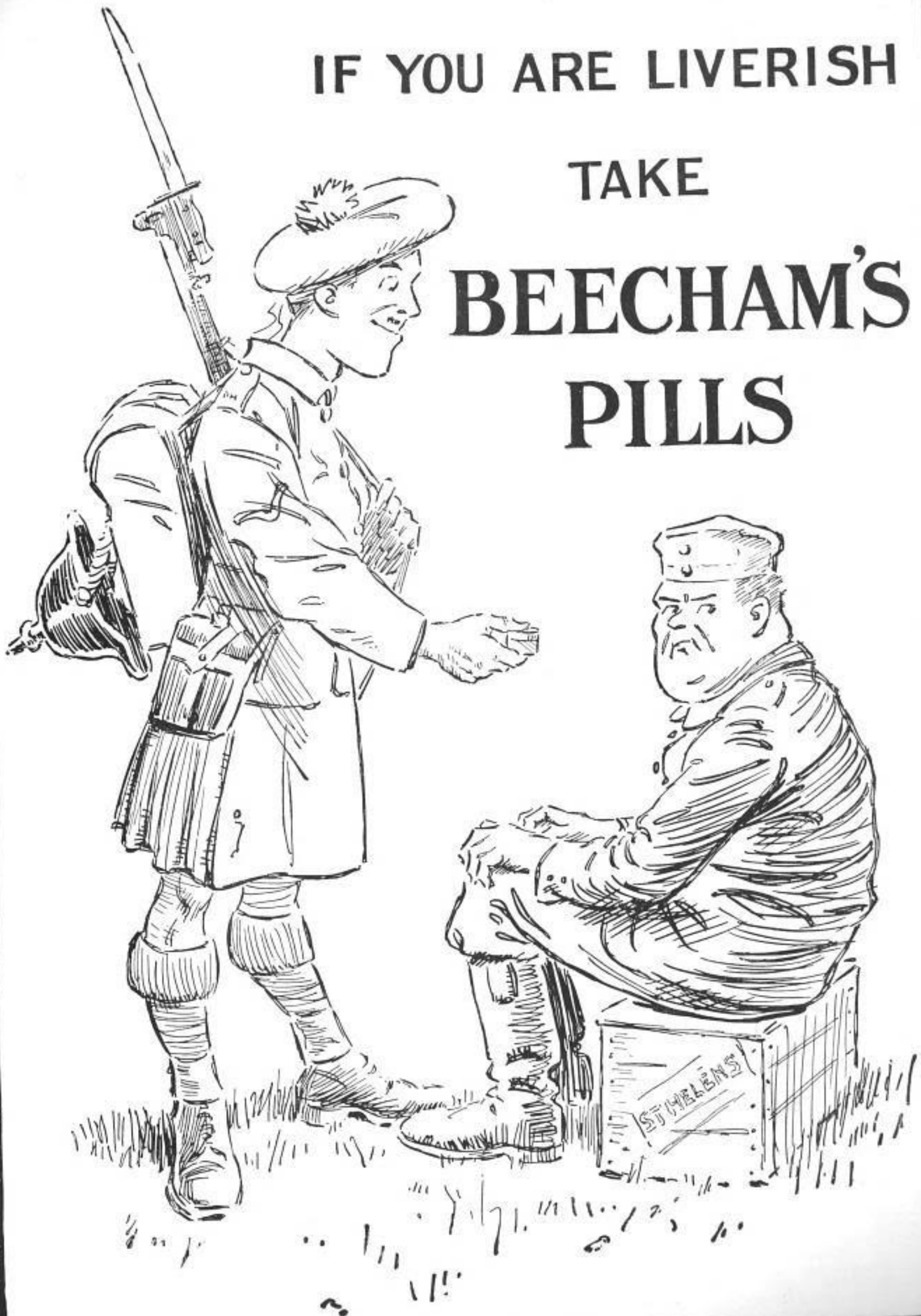
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

After the War. An interesting question regarding the after-the-war future of motoring, and particularly of the British industry, is being discussed now in the *Autocar*. The discussion turns on whether the real way to rehabilitation does not lead through a pooling of interests by the larger manufacturing firms, as has been done in America, albeit the American combines did not come into being as a result of pressure caused by war conditions. Undoubtedly, the biggest of the American combines has fully justified itself, since we find that the selling price of its shares has increased ten-fold in the past two years, and they now stand at four times their nominal value. Whether they owe their present high price to access of trade caused by the fulfilment of war contracts from this side of the Atlantic does not matter very much. It is probably the case that they do, and that, had there been no war and therefore no war contracts, their stock would not have shown anything like the appreciation noted. But this has nothing to do with the case for or against a pooling of interests in Great Britain. That rests on an entirely different basis. In America the manufacture of low-priced cars had become less a question of manufacture than of assembling by their nominal sponsors. You could take any one of half-a-dozen of certain American vehicles and find that many of the components were common to each. For instance, all six might have identical rear axles—and be none the worse, but rather the better, for it. The American motor manufacturer was simply out to get the best article he could obtain at the lowest price, and obviously the best way of getting it lay through the employment of the specialist in that article. It is equally obvious that it is cheaper per rear axle to make five thousand than five hundred of these. The practice continued right through the car, so that what of it that was actually "manufactured" by the nominal makers was not very much.

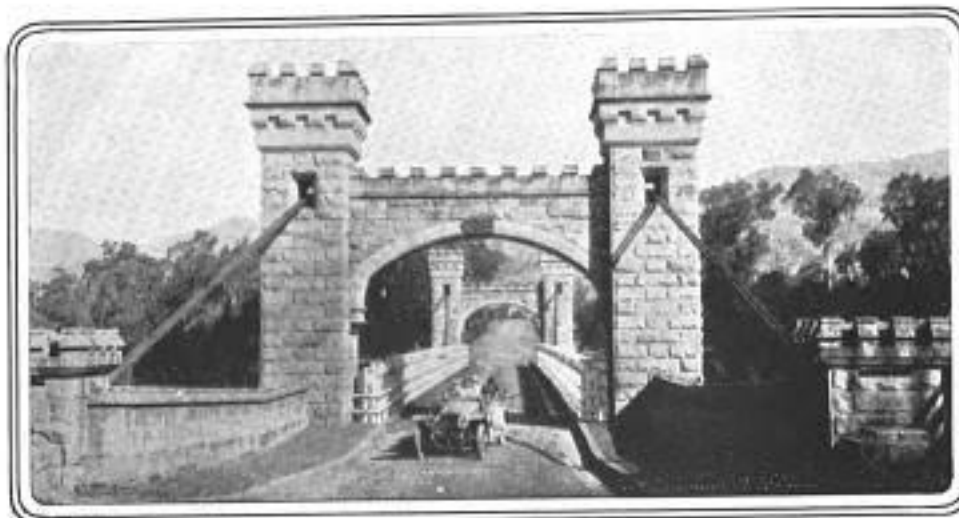
Extending the Process. It was quite natural that this trend of things should lead those associated with the American automobile industry to turn their attention to the saving to be effected by pooling their interests and bringing several large concerns under a single control. There were other deciding factors, of course, but they do



A LUXURIOUS LIMOUSINE-LANDAULETTE FOR IMPERIAL USE:
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not matter for the purposes of the moment. All that we are really concerned with are the main outlines of the question,



THE UBIQUITOUS "SUNBEAM": A TOUR IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

The reliability and staying quality of the "Sunbeam" motors are proverbial and have been tried and never found wanting in the calls made upon them in all quarters of the world. Our photograph shows a 16-h.p. "Sunbeam" passing over the Suspension Bridge in the Kangaroo Valley, New South Wales.

and, roughly, what led up to the combination which has proved so thoroughly successful.

The question now is whether the way to the salvation of British motorism lies along a somewhat similar path. So far as I am personally concerned, the question can be answered at once and affirmatively. At the end of the war will come the period of reconstruction, and the first thing to come under the process must be the rebuilding of our export trade. To accomplish that we must be able to compete on more or less even terms with those who have secured the markets of the outside world while we have been preoccupied with the struggle for existence. If we are to do this successfully, we must be able to turn out motor vehicles which maintain the high reputation associated with the British car, and at a price which does not put them hopelessly out of court in comparison with the American product, which, be it remarked, has been improved almost out of knowledge in the past two years.

Conservatism the Obstacle.

Even in the days before the war I often had occasion to remark upon the reluctance of the British maker to entertain anything in the shape of co-operative effort. I remember one of the most prominent members of the industry, having just returned from a tour of the American

factories with a whole-hearted admiration for American methods, putting forward the opinion even then that, if we were to hold our own, combination must be the order of the day. But he was a voice crying in the wilderness, and he was regarded as the victim of an obsession.

The fact is that the British maker of a car of standing has an unaccountable horror of being regarded merely as an "assembler" of components made by others. But, as he usually buys his frames from one person, his front axles from another, his magnetos from yet another, and so on, through quite a list of parts, I fail to see why there should be any objection to his going a little farther in the same direction. Certainly there could be no objection on the part of the public which buys his cars, since even if A has the same back axle as B, there is nothing the matter with a good back axle, anyway. Assuredly, a greater community of interests and a wider employment of the specialist are needed first and foremost if the British car is to maintain, or even regain, its position. W. W.

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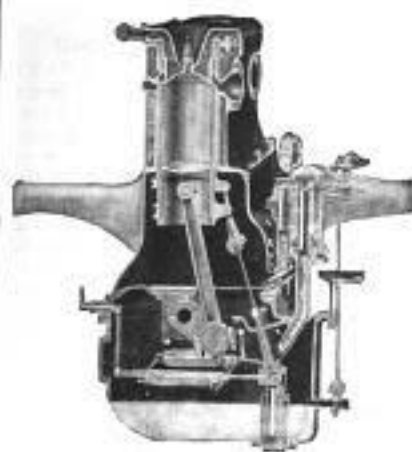
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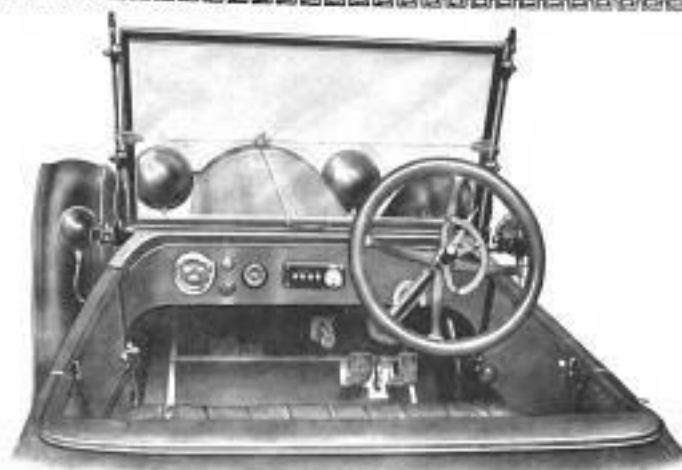


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" AGAIN AT THE QUEENS.

THERE is more Potash than Perlmutter in the sequel of the popular play which went by their name; and that means that the nice balance between the inimitable Jewish couple preserved in the original, and the equal opportunities afforded to Mr. Augustus Yorke as Abe and Mr. Robert Leonard as "Mawruss," no longer obtain. Still, it is so pleasant to meet with these old friends again, to watch their quarrels and reconciliations, to listen to their racy idioms and revelations of Jewish character, that no one is likely to be other than thankful for the fresh sight and hearing of them that Mr. Montague Glass and his new partner afford. They provide us with one thrill at least, for they suggest the awful possibility of "Potash and Perlmutter in Society" parting company. Perlmutter's head, we are to suppose, became swollen: he haunted the society of his betters, became jealous of his wife, was all for rash speculation, and got entangled with promoters. And it was Potash who saved him; Potash who rose out of his depression to make the most gallant sacrifice in his career; Potash who is content if he can only be with his friend to start the fight for success from the bottom again. So that, of course, it is to Mr. Yorke as Potash to whom come the great acting chances, and grandly he rises to the occasion. Mr. Leonard has necessarily to play second fiddle; but what a fiddle—how harmoniously he works in! And there is excellent work, too, from Miss Millie Hylton and Miss Laura Cowie.

"THE LIGHT BLUES," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

When the old dog looks up the young prig, determined to shake him out of his priggishness, we put our money on the oldster. Perhaps we ought to be shocked, especially when, as in Messrs. Mark Ambient and Jack Hulbert's story of "The Light Blues," it is parent who tempts son, and naughty actress and the apparatus of rowdiness are introduced into sober college rooms. Instead, our spirits go up the moment the college gyp, in the person of Mr. Shaun Glenville, implores from the jolly-looking old boy impersonated by Mr. Albert Chevalier the assurance that he has quieted down. Fortunately, he has not; and so we get a riot of high spirits, in which the finished art of Mr. Chevalier and the broad comedy of his Irish colleague contrast in refreshing partnership. There is Miss Cicely Debenham to give point to every gesture

and speech of the little siren brought up from tow. There is Miss Cicely Courtneidge to amuse as a don's daughter and to join Mr. Hulbert in a taking duet or so; and there is a bright musical-comedy score supplied by Mr. Herman Finck. So "The Light Blues" will win out.

"THIS AND THAT," AT THE COMEDY.

Often enough the turn which presents Miss Clarice Mayne in association with "That"—otherwise Mr. James W.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A MOTOR LORRY ON THE EDGE OF A SHELL-HOLE.
Official Photograph.

Tate—as her accompanist and colleague, has set audiences in a good humour. The actress is always so smiling and winning and the composer has such a pretty gift of melody, that more extended opportunities for their partnership were sure of a welcome. Yet a full evening's entertainment which has to depend mainly on their exertions puts perhaps too severe a strain on the pair. They want rather better backing than they obtain in the new revue at the Comedy, "This and That." "This," if so we may describe Miss Mayne, appeals to us consistently in the dainty songs and bright imitations which fall to her lot. "That,"

besides providing the music, performs herculean labours alike as composer and comedian, as he changes costumes indefatigably and rushes from orchestra to stage and from stage to orchestra. We get a dainty lotus-dance from Miss Betty Blake, some odd fun from "Mazur," and neat barlesque of the Russian ballet from Mr. Wania.

"FLYING COLOURS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

The Hippodrome management has made a change in its chief comedian. In place of Mr. Harry Tate there comes Little Tich, figuring in a variety of disguises—now a jockey, now a toreador, now a Spanish dame—with plenty of occasions for drollery. Spain has its share in the scenario and a very beautiful background against which Mr. Bertram Wallis sings a ballad in his best style. A dancing carnival provides an even more picturesque spectacle, though for popularity it will be run close by a most humorous and realistic trench-sketch, invented by Captain Bairnsfather and Mr. Macdonald Hastings, and produced quite in the spirit of the soldier-artist's famous drawings. For the rest, we get an all-too-brief glimpse of Miss Gabrielle Ray, and some most spirited dancing from Netta Rianza.

War-economy is entirely admirable; but in matters concerning the health of the public it is not war economy but *false* economy if not carried out with discretion. Fortunately, in the important matter of food, science comes to our help in such preparations as the wholesome, delicious, and inexpensive range of "Gong" soups. They are made by "Oxo," Ltd., which is a guarantee of excellence, in a dozen varieties, and can be prepared in a few minutes by the mere addition of water. As to "economy," a single twopenny packet of any of the kinds will make a sufficiency of soup for three people.

The Motor Field Operating Theatre which is being presented to Italy by the Wounded Allies Relief Committee is extremely interesting, and has been shown at Aldford House, Park Lane. The electrical installation is an important feature, comprising three 100-c.p. lamps and other smaller lamps in the interior, and two electrical fans; while outside are Blériot head-lamps, side-lamps, and tail-lamp. The current is supplied by a Blériot 12-volt 200-watt dynamo, which is driven by the engine, and gives fifteen ampères when running at twelve miles an hour and twenty-five ampères when stationary. Mr. J. N. Walford has supervised the construction, and may be congratulated upon its success.

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MEDICAL REPORTS.
Académie de Médecine (Paris)
Dec. 21, 1909.
Académie des Sciences (Paris)
June 28, 1909.

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Haemorrhoids.
Dyspepsia.
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MEDICAL OPINION.

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—Dr. MOREL, Paris Medical Faculty, Late Physician to the Military, Naval and Colonial Hospitals.

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"BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX": EXAMINING WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO ZEPPELINS DISPOSED OF
IN THE RAID OF SEPTEMBER 23-24.

As stated in the official reports quoted on the double-page in this number illustrating the same subject, two of the twelve or so Zeppelins which took part in the great air-raid on this country on the night of September 23-24 were brought down in Essex. One fell in flames and was destroyed with its crew. In the case of the other, the crew of

22 officers and men were captured. Thus three Zeppelins have been accounted for in two successive raids. In the previous one, it will be remembered, one was shot down in flames at Cuffley, and was burned with its crew. The other two brought down since were large airships of a new pattern.

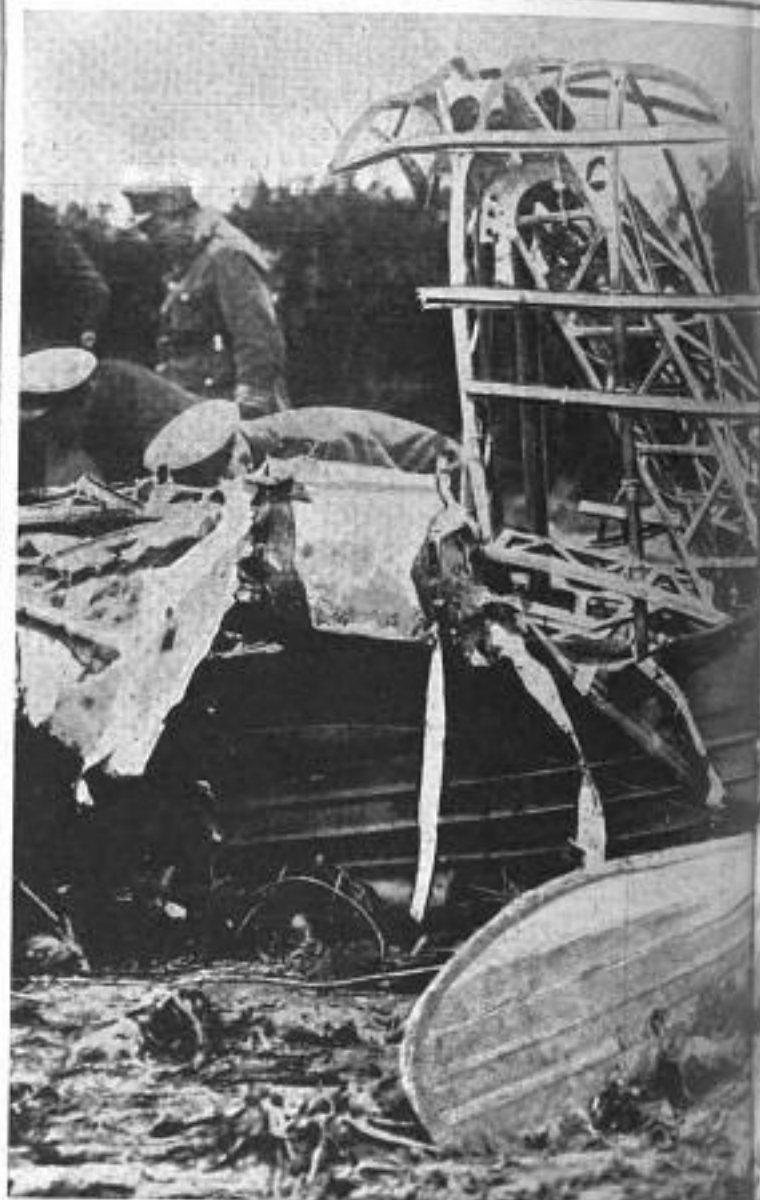
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR PROGRESSIVE "BAG" OF ZEPPELINS: ONE OF TWO LARGE

OF THE



PART OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN ON SEPTEMBER 23-24: A SIDE PROPELLER.



WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO ZEPPELINS.



INTERESTING PORTIONS OF ONE OF THE FALLEN ZEPPELINS: THE CONTROL AND A MAXINE.

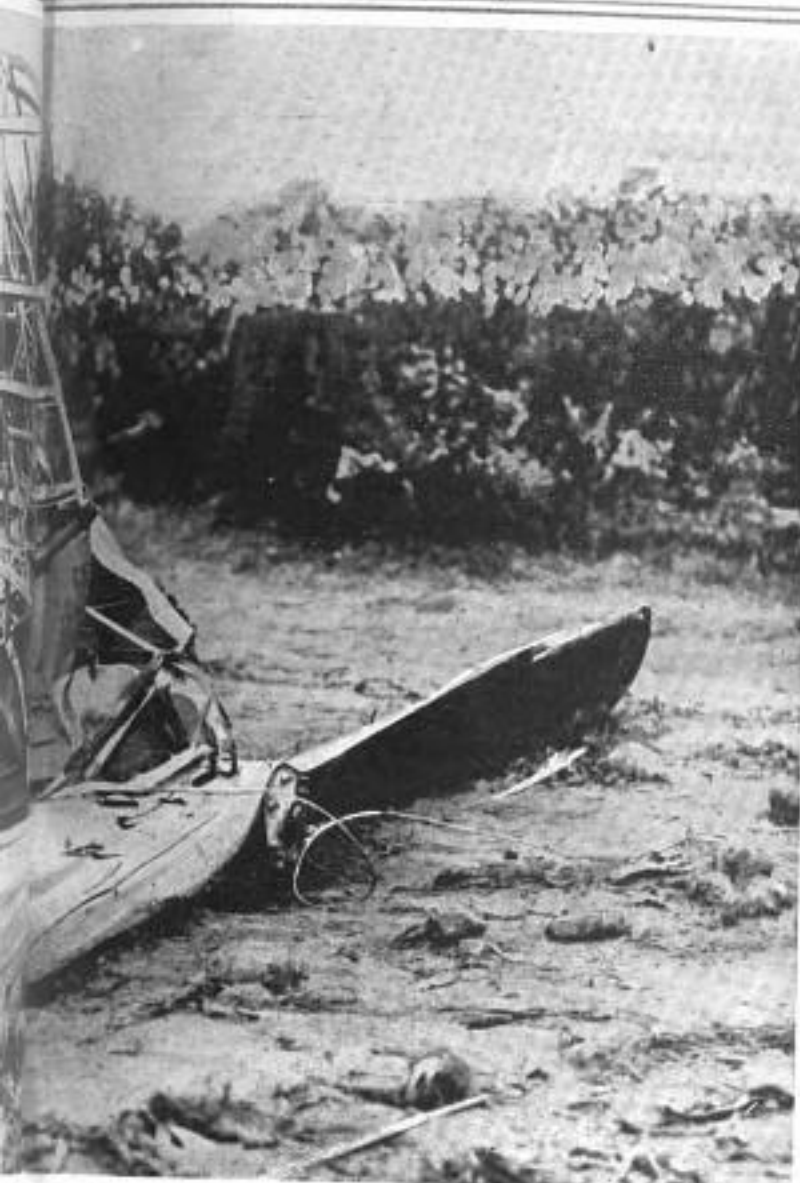


SHOWING SIGHTSEERS KEPT AT A DISTANCE BY THE MILITARY.

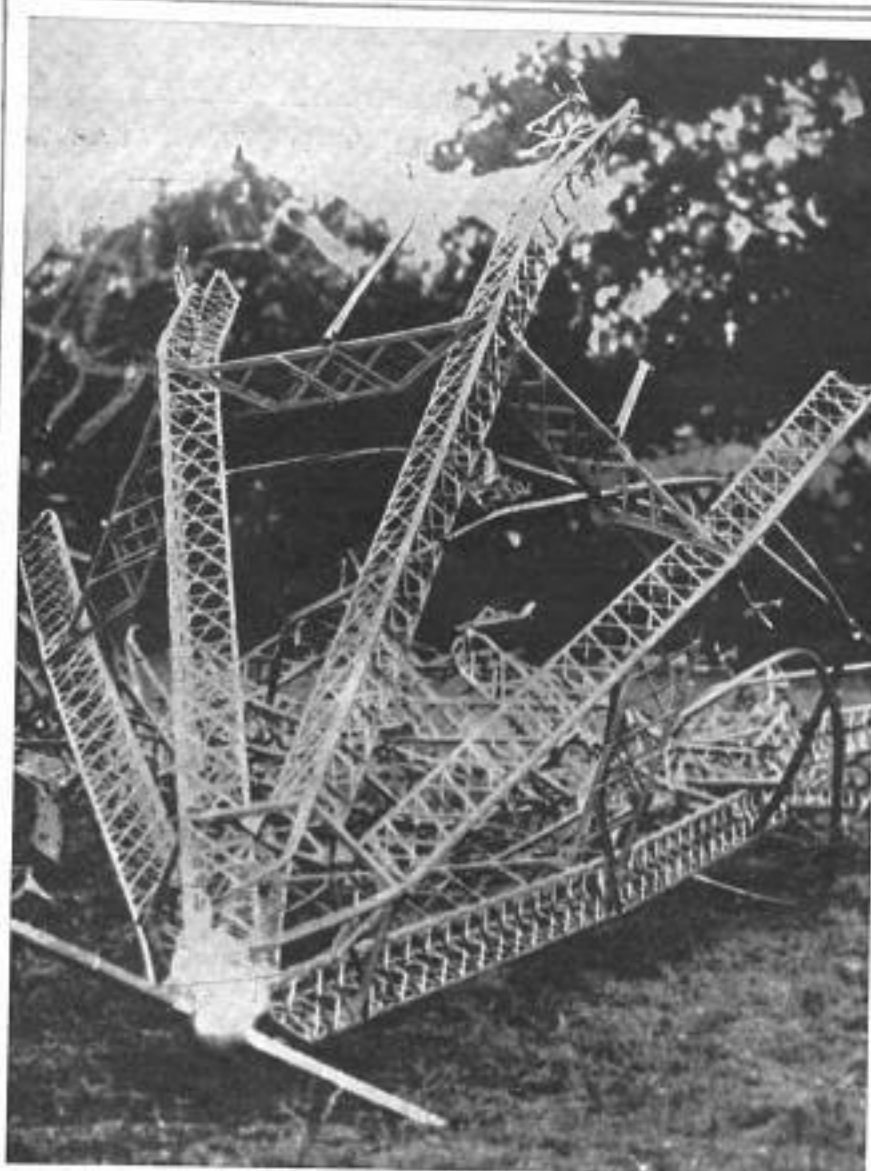
The rate at which our anti-aircraft defences are disposing of Zeppelins has latterly shown a very satisfactory progression. One was brought down, at Cuffley, in a previous raid, and in the next one two were similarly disposed of. The above photographs, as well as that on our front page, illustrate the wreckage of one of these two Zeppelins, brought down in Essex during the great raid on the night of September 23-24. In one of his official statements, Lord French said: "Fourteen or fifteen airships participated in the attack on Great Britain last night. The South-Eastern, Eastern, East Midland Counties, and Lincolnshire were the principal localities visited. An attack on London was carried out by two airships from the south-east between

AIRSHIPS OF A NEW PATTERN BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX: A PROPELLER.



FRAGMENTS OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN IN ENGLAND: A SECTION OF THE FRAMEWORK.



REMAINS: PART OF A ZEPPELIN'S LOWER STRUCTURE.



AMONG A TANGLED MASS OF BROKEN ALUMINIUM GIRDERS: BRITISH OFFICERS EXAMINING THE DÉBRIS.

at 12 and 2 a.m., and by one airship from the east between 12 and 1 a.m. Aeroplanes were sent up and fire was opened from the anti-aircraft gun defences, the raiders being driven off. Bombs were dropped, however, in the Southern and South-Eastern Districts, and it is regretted that 28 persons were killed and 99 injured. Two of the raiders were brought down in Essex. They were both large airships of a new pattern. One of the raiders fell in flames and was destroyed, together with the crew. The crew of 22 officers and men of the second were captured. Again, on the evening of the 24th, it was officially announced: "Latest reports show that probably not more than twelve airships participated in last night's air raid."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is a recognised gambit in the great art of giving oneself airs not to assert merits, but merely to attempt to explain them. Thus if I say, "I owe my swiftness of foot and my willowy elegance in waltzing more, perhaps, to my great-aunt than to any other human being," it is obvious that any slight praise of myself will slip past unnoticed in my praise of an aged but active relative. Or if I say, "It is to the air of Kensington in early days that I attribute my personal beauty, and not, as some have supposed, to the richer climate of Fleet Street, which has given me so many other graces and accomplishments," all will agree that I am referring to myself in the most airy and distant manner. This method is much in use among the more fatuous persons who consider themselves patriots: it is very much in use among the Germans; and I regret to say that it has been by no means unknown in England, especially before our country stepped off its perch of splendid isolation on to the high platform of the great European equality. Men professed that it was difficult to explain certain superiorities, when it would really have been much more difficult to prove them. Now, that some Englishmen should talk thus about English claims is at least human and pardonable; but that any Englishman should talk in the same way about German claims seems to me quite extraordinary. Yet we do find Englishmen talking exactly as the Germans themselves talk, about "attributing" to this or that the astonishing German intelligence or the overwhelming German triumph. I confess I am content to wait for an explanation of German superiority until I see an evidence of it. The professors of a servile sociology are perpetually saying that it is to her organisation that belligerent Germany owes her success. What success? Prussia was successful in collecting the weapons or tools (animate and inanimate) for committing a crime; she was not successful in committing it. With a toppling preponderance in men, she was instantly outmanœuvred by the French. With a toppling preponderance in munitions, she was ultimately outmanœuvred by the Russians. If we are to look for anything really original and arresting in the German scheme we shall not find it in the field of fighting. But we shall find a few curious things, I think, in what she would herself call the field of culture.

One practical discovery that Prussia has really made may be called in the abstract the regimentation of freethought. It may be called in the concrete the capture and control of the wild professor. Most old autocracies, such as those of Austria and Turkey, have been careful to pursue ancient ambitions upon ancient pretexts. It is really a Prussian discovery that the pretexts may vary infinitely so long as the ambition remains the same. If the Turks, for instance, after the Battle of Mohacz had annexed Bohemia, they would probably have appealed to some text in the Koran; they would have said that Allah had given them the hands of the infidel for the glory of the Prophet. And so long as they held Bohemia, they would have held it on that pretext. If Austria set

forth her formal claims to Bohemia, she would say that some accepted Papal arbitration or some venerable diplomatic settlement had long ago recognised Bohemia as her own. She would say so; and, so long as she continued by her own strength to hold Bohemia, she would go on saying so. But if the Prussians claimed Bohemia, they might say anything. They would even be encouraged to say anything—to say the craziest thing that could come into the crankiest head. The arguments will be regarded as all the more cultured if they are culled from the most remote, variegated, and irrelevant sources of literature and legend. One professor might claim that Unser Shakespeare, with his world-beholding soul-vision, had discovered a sea-coast of Bohemia, which was so grossly and blindly neglected by the Bohemians themselves that civilisation demanded its surrender to the expanding necessities of the German Navy. Another professor might throw the most learned doubts on the alleged existence of an independent Bohemian language, pointing out that in the authoritative text-book known as Murger's "Vie de Bohême" all the characters are obviously

Now, this conception is very much cleverer than most of the Prussian tricks. Unlike most of them, it does make its appeal to a real truth in human psychology. It really is great fun to build theoretic castles in the air, which are meant to look at and not to live in. It is a temptation to propound a theory which is not so much a thought as a holiday from thinking. As one who passes much of his life in doing his best for certain social doctrines in which he happens seriously to believe, I have often thought of publishing a book of nonsense theories, like a book of nonsense rhymes. It might be called "I Don't Think; or, Theses the Author is Prepared to Maintain but Not to Accept." I once worked out a proof that Shakespeare wrote Bacon which is convincing and even crushing to anyone who cares for these things, but I do not care for these things. I had a demonstration that James II. was in the pay of his nephew William of Orange, and fulfilled his wishes in every particular; it fulfilled my wishes in every particular, except that I did not wish to worry about it at all. I once propounded in conversation a proof that the

speeches of Robert Lowe were privately written for him by Mr. Gladstone—a proof complete in every detail except the dull detail of truth. Now, just as the German Government is said to use the holiday trips of its subjects for spying out foreign lands, so it certainly uses what may be called their holiday philosophies. As it will pick up something about our piers or tidal conditions even from a German clerk apparently throwing pebbles into the sea at Brighton, as it will try to extract something about our uniforms or police arrangements from a German footman following a diplomatist to a State banquet in the City, so it will seek to use even the stray thoughts of its stray subjects. It will command them to keep a diary of their day-dreams. Its

economy will collect bubbles as well as bullets; and in its factories of roaring sophistry even a good joke can be turned into a bad doctrine.

There is here, I think, a moral for the modern world quite apart from the modern war. It might be called the flexibility of freethought, which in some cases must always mean the corruptibility of freethought. Nonsense which honest men will talk without a wage wicked men will certainly talk for a wage; and it is always possible to bribe a man to invent new crotchets as well as to intone old creeds. The mind should be prepared beforehand not so much to deal with their nature as to assume and ignore their infinite variety. Any number of things can be defended, including a great many that cannot be tolerated. We should abide by the best truth, not because nothing can be said for anything else, but because almost anything can be said for everything else. Every child should be told of the existence of sophists when he is told of the existence of thieves. And, if he were, one good thing would have come out of the wild hour when the German professors made war upon mankind.

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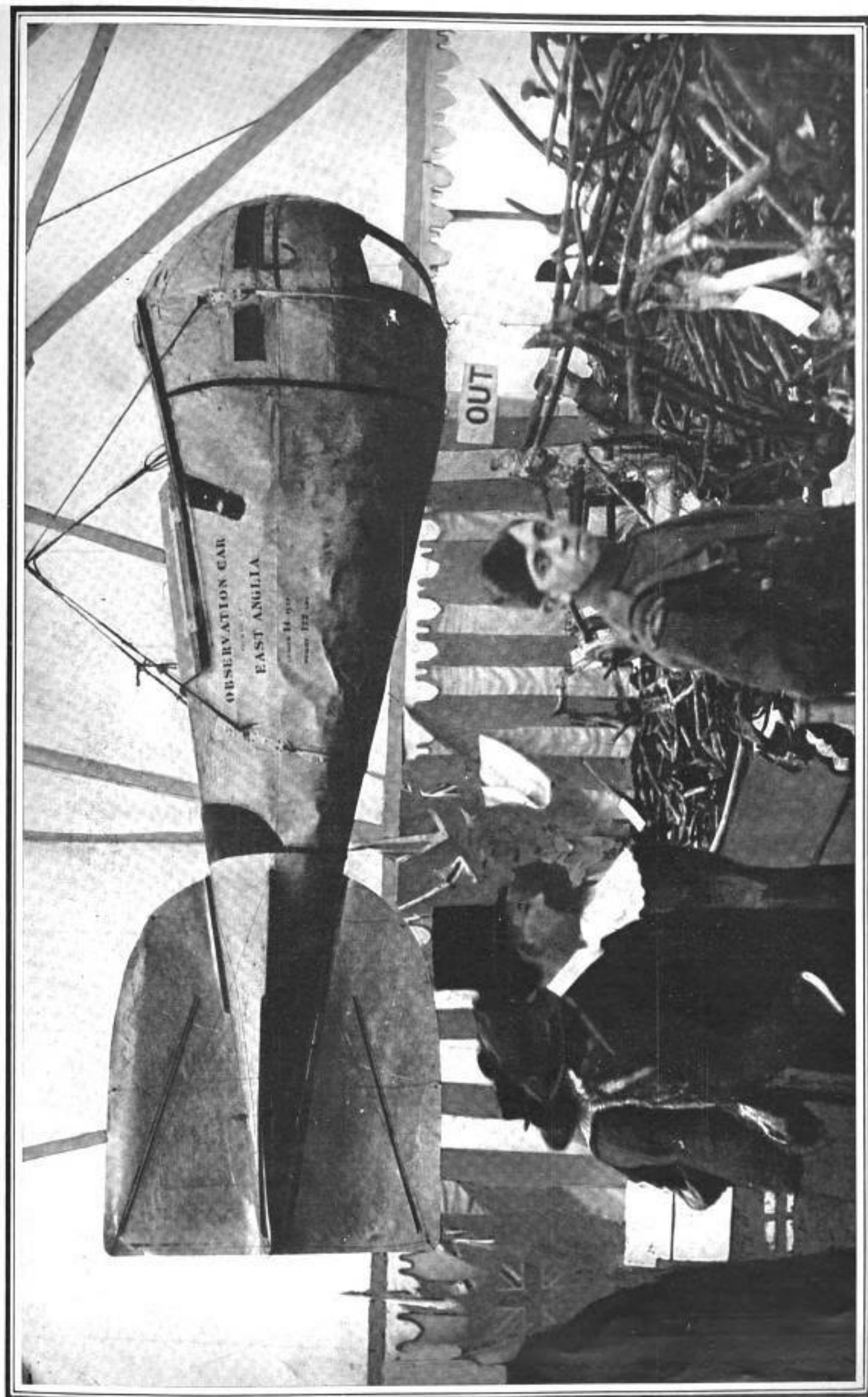
THE KING AT ALDERSHOT: HIS MAJESTY REVIEWS THE TROOPS.

On Saturday last, King George, attended by Field-Marshal the Viscount French (Commanding-in-Chief Home Forces), General Sir Archibald Hunter (General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Aldershot Command), and Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bt., M.P., and Lieut.-Colonel Clive Wigram (Equeries-in-Waiting), inspected troops in the Aldershot Command. His Majesty is seen in our photograph with Field-Marshal Viscount French and General Sir Archibald Hunter, and, to the right is seen the Earl of Derby, standing bareheaded, with some ladies. In the afternoon, H.M. the Queen and the Princess Mary, attended by the Lady Bertha Dawkins, joined the King at Government House.—[Photograph by C.N.]

talking French. A third professor might say that in England many novels and comic papers could be carefully collected and collated, all of which described musical people as being "Bohemian in their habits," and that, if Bohemians are musical, it is obvious that they must be German. A fourth professor might say that in France it is traditional to talk of Gypsies as Bohemians, as in Victor Hugo's novel of "Notre Dame de Paris" (here would follow a forest of little notes of reference, giving the numbers of all the pages or paragraphs), and that the nomadic problem of the Gypsies was obviously an international problem, in which the world-politics of Germany must have the first word to say. Prussians might say any of these things, or say all of them; there seems to be no limit to the nature of the pretext which the political authorities will welcome as a contribution to the question. The professors may give any reason in the world or out of it for annexing Bohemia, should that be the immediate political project; and there is only one very obvious limitation to their intellectual liberty—they must not give any reason for not annexing Bohemia; and, if one of them should chance to do so, he will quite certainly be ruined, and quite possibly sent to prison.

"PICKED UP IN EAST ANGLIA": A ZEPPELIN'S OBSERVATION-CAR ON VIEW IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



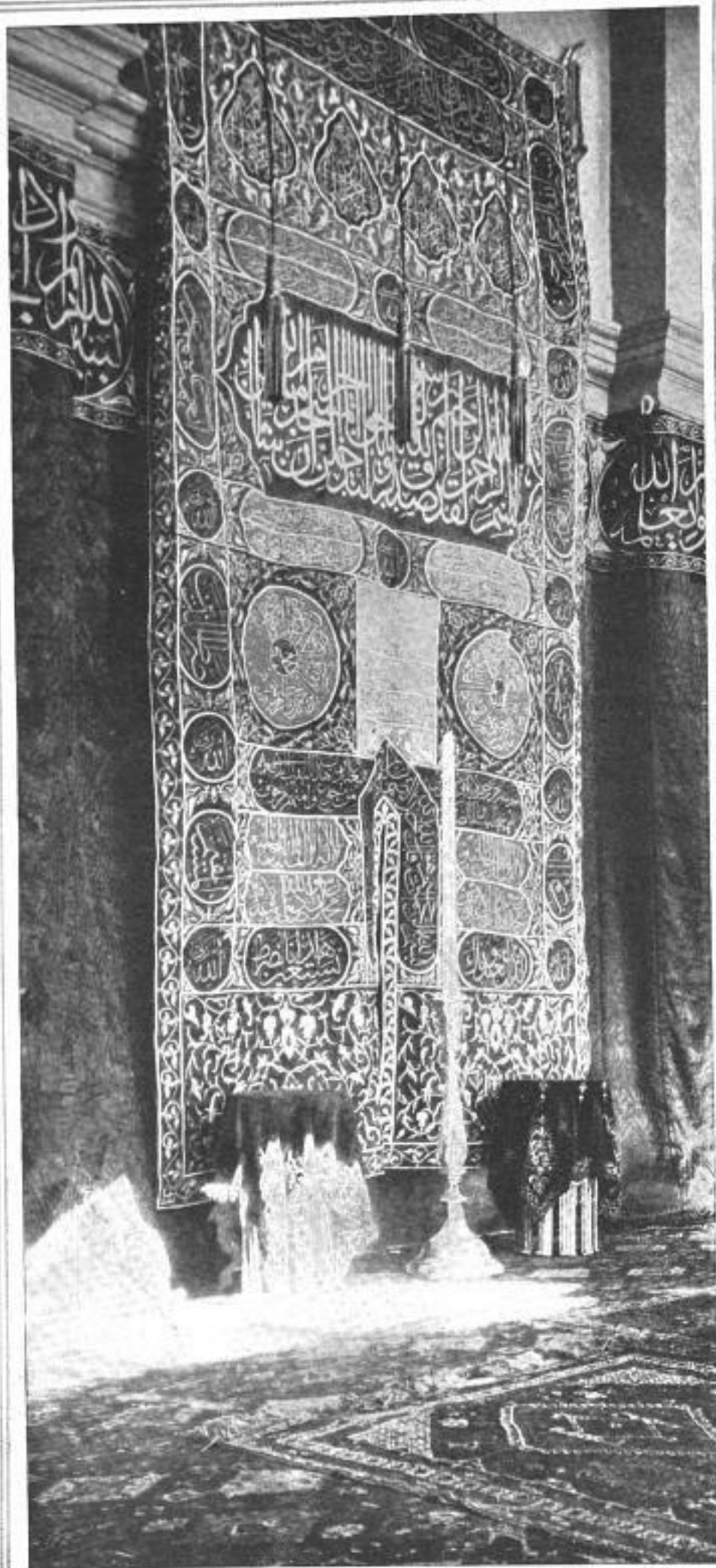
AN OBJECT OF MUCH INTEREST AT THE EXHIBITION OF ZEPPELIN RELICS IN FINSBURY: THE HANGING CAR WHICH WAS SUSPENDED FROM THE AIRSHIP BY A 5000 FT. WIRE CABLE, AND FELL IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES ON SEPTEMBER 3.

The official exhibition of the remains of the Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley, and other air-raid relics, was opened to the public on September 26 at the Hon. Artillery Company's grounds in Finsbury. Public interest in it has, of course, been accentuated by the subsequent raids on London and other districts and the bringing down of two more Zeppelins in Essex. One exhibit which has attracted great attention is that shown in our photograph. The lettering on it reads as follows: "Observation car picked up in East Anglia. Length, 14 ft. Weight, 122 lbs." The car, which fell from a Zeppelin during the raid of

September 2, was found practically intact, and not much adjustment was needed to put it into proper shape for exhibition. It is made of aluminium, and was suspended from the airship by a wire cable, thus enabling the Zeppelin itself to remain hidden at a great height. A winding machine containing 5000 ft. of cable, through which ran a telephone wire for communicating with the Zeppelin, was found with the car. At the fore-end (on the right) are two small side windows, and a large observation-window underneath. The observer enters by a sliding hatch on top. The after-end is fitted with a rudder and elevating-planes.

THE HOLY "CARPET" TAKEN TO MECCA UNDER BRITISH

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



A COVERING FOR THE TOMB OF MOHAMMED: THE PRINCIPAL PIECE OF THE HOLY "CARPET," JUST BROUGHT FROM THE LOOMS TO THE ROYAL KIOSK.



WITH TEXTS FROM THE KORAN EMBROIDERED UPON THEM IN ARABIC FRAMES; ACCOMPANIED BY WEAVERS



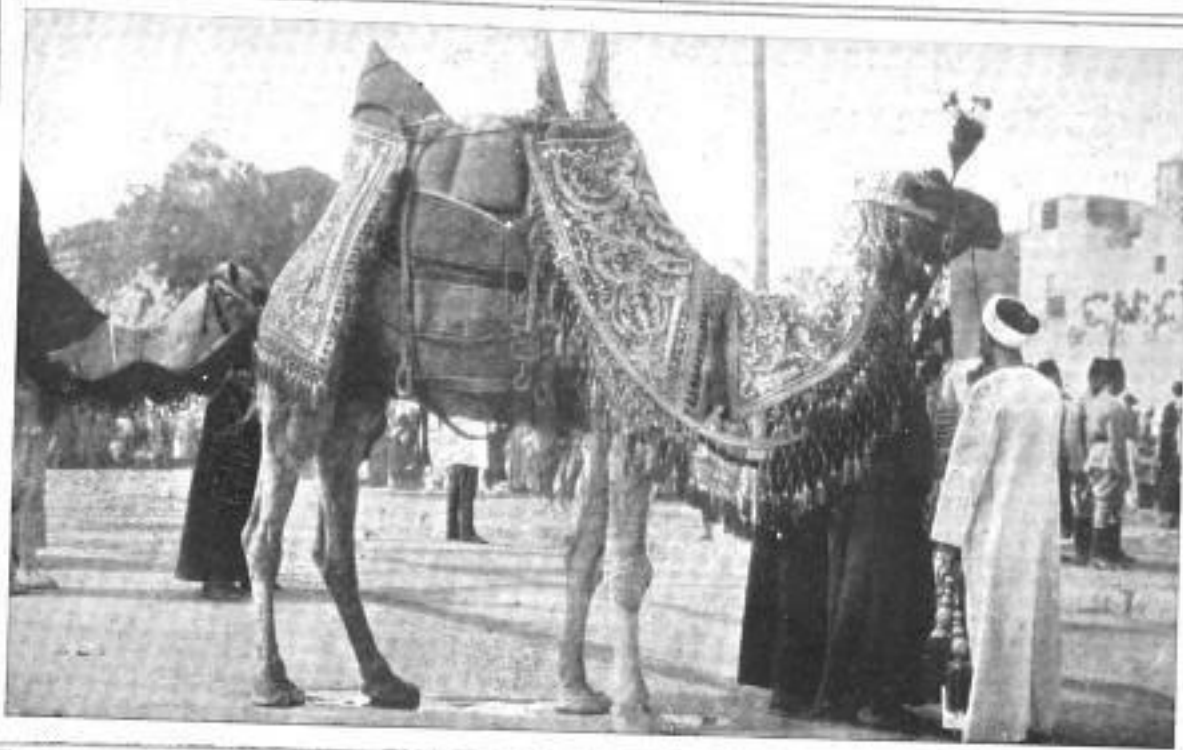
A PRELIMINARY CEREMONY IN CAIRO: THE PRINCIPAL PIECE OF THE HOLY "CARPET" BEING TAKEN TO MECCA BY THE STRAITS BY WEAVERS

The Pilgrimage of the Holy Carpet from Cairo to Mecca has been resumed after being suspended for the last two years owing to the war. The military escort, it is said, consists of an unusually strong body of Egyptian troops. The Sultan of Egypt presided at the departure of the Holy Carpet from Cairo on September 21, and General Sir Archibald Murray, commanding the troops in Egypt, was also present. The number of Egyptian pilgrims who set out was very large. In the above photographs we illustrate some of the preliminary ceremonies in Cairo some days before the actual pilgrimage. The Holy "Carpet," it should be remembered, is not really a carpet at all. In a remarkably interesting account of it in his book, "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt," Mr. S. H. Leeder writes: "How it ever came by such a name could not be imagined when one has seen it. In reality, of course, it is the outer cover of the Kaaba, and the name 'Carpet' is never applied to it by any but Europeans, who persist in so naming it, and—what is curious—at the same time think that the Mahmal,

PROTECTION: A GREAT MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMAGE RESUMED.



ARTS OF THE HOLY "CARPET" ON THEIR
AND EMBROIDERERS.



A GIFT OF THE BRITISH ARMY: THE NEW CAMEL CHOSEN TO CARRY THE MAHMAL IN PLACE OF ONE
THAT RECENTLY DIED AFTER THIRTY YEARS' SERVICE.



THE HOLY "CARPET" ON ITS FRAME, BORNE THROUGH
AND EMBROIDERERS.



A MUCH-REVERENCED SYMBOL THAT ACCOMPANIES THE HOLY "CARPET"
TO MECCA: THE MAHMAL, GUARDED BY EGYPTIAN POLICE.



THE PROCESSION FROM THE LOOMS TO THE ROYAL KIOSK IN CAIRO: THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOLY
"CARPET," PRECEDED BY THE WEAVERS AND EMBROIDERERS WHO MADE IT.

which is a camel palanquin, really goes to Mecca with a carpet inside it, and brings it back to Cairo. There is no return of any carpet to Cairo. Tourists who think they are seeing the Holy Carpet's return see only the Mahmal, coming back, as it went, quite empty. It would be better to speak of 'Holy Curtains,' of which there are eight used in the complete covering of the Kaaba. . . . There are seventy men employed in this place [an ancient Arab house where the 'Carpet' is woven every year] and . . . each has a robe of cream colour with a small pattern in old gold. . . . These robes are worn for the procession when the Mahmal and the curtains go before the Khedive. . . . The sacred camels have nothing whatever to do with taking the Carpet, just as the Mahmal has no connection with the Carpet. . . . The Mahmal dates from the thirteenth century, when the first Mahmal was made by order of Queen Shargaret El-Dorr, for the pilgrimage she intended to make. . . . The following year she sent the empty palanquin, as a symbol of Egypt, and . . . from this the annual custom grew up."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, LAFAYETTE, MAULL AND FOX, SWAIN, LANGFIER, STUART, BARRAND, C.N., WHITELY, AND HUGH CREIL.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. E. STEWART, C.M.G.
Black Watch. Awarded D.S.O. S. African War, and C.M.G. in present war.



LIEUT.-COL. HUGH B. BURNABY, D.S.O.
Queen's (R.W. Surrey Regt.). Awarded D.S.O., Boer War.



LIEUT.-COL. THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM,
K.R. Rifle Corps. M.P. for Thirsk Division, Yorks N.R.



MAJOR ALAN F. HOBSON, D.S.O.
R.E. Mentioned in despatches, January. Son of Mr. Albert J. Hobson, Esq., Rammoor, Sheffield.



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Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Son of Mrs. Shuttleworth Rendall, Salisbury.



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MAJOR MONTAGUE N. ABRAHAMS,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. L. Abrahams, Avenue Road, N.W.



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Worcestershire Regt. Fought with distinction in S. Africa. Son of Rev. C. Gibbs and Mrs. Gibbs, Temple Hill, East Wodleigh.



LIEUT. STAMFORD W. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT,
Connaught Rangers. Son of the famous war-artist.



BRIG.-GEN. H. F. HUGH CLIFFORD, D.S.O.
Son of late Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir Henry Clifford, V.C.



LT. ROBERT BURLEIGH,
R.E. and R.F.C. Son of late Mr. Benet Burleigh, the famous war-correspondent.



MAJOR T. JOYCE ATKINSON,
R. Irish Fusiliers. Son of Mr. Walter Richard Atkinson, of Portadown, Co. Armagh. Reported missing, now reported killed.



BRIG.-GENERAL L. MURRAY PHILLPOTTS, C.M.G., D.S.O.
R.F.A. Awarded D.S.O. in S. Africa, and C.M.G. in present war.



CAPTAIN DAVID HENDERSON,
Middlesex Regt. Son of Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, P.C.



LT. R. H. PIKE PEAKE,
Coldstream Guards. Son of Mr. Herbert Pike Pease, Assistant Postmaster-General.



2ND LT. ADRIAN A. H. JOHNSTON,
Middlesex Regt. Son of Mr. A. H. Johnston, Smla.



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GUY VICTOR BARING,
Coldstream Guards. M.P. for Winchester. Fourth son of the fourth Baron Ashburton.



2ND LIEUT. OLIVER W. GIBBON,
West Yorkshire Regt. Killed in action.



2ND LT. T. G. TICKNER,
South Lancashire Regt. (formerly Royal Berkshire Regt.). died of wounds.



2ND LIEUT. H. A. LINK,
Honourable Artillery Company. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Link, Croydon.

INTEREST DURING THE GREAT BRITISH WESTERN OFFENSIVE.

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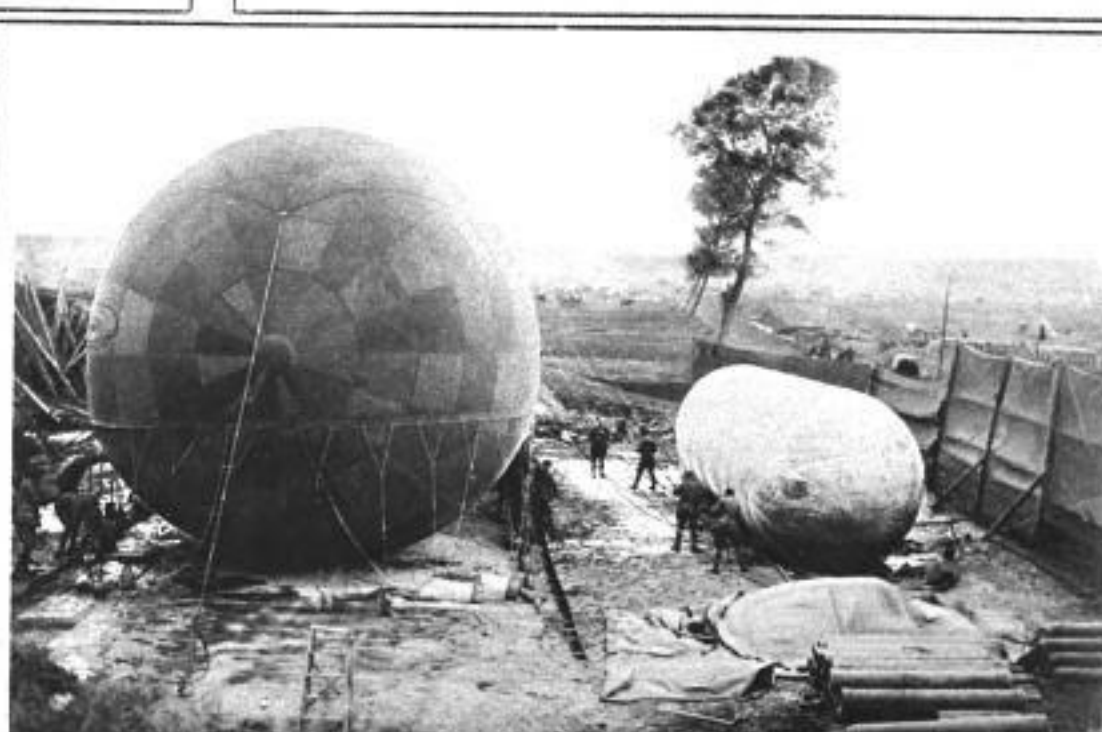
AN EARLY MORNING SCENE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



NEAR THE GERMAN LINES ON SEPTEMBER 15: NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME IN A SHELL-HOLE.



SMALL "NURSE" USED TO INFLATE A BIG OBSERVATION-BALLOON.



SMALL "NURSE" AND BIG "BABY": AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON BEING FILLED FROM A SMALL BALLOON.

with a warm glow which deepened and spread until they were all crimson. It was a red dawn. 'The promise of victory, like the sun of Austerlitz,' said an officer. Before six o'clock, summer-time, all our guns were firing steadily, and all the sky, very pale and shimmering in the first twilight of the day, was filled with the flashes of guns and shell-bursts; heavy howitzers were eating up shells." In another photograph we see some New Zealanders resting near the German lines during the battle, wearing their steel helmets. The New Zealand men have done great deeds in the recent fighting. "Strong counter-attacks," said an official despatch of September 21, "were made by the enemy continuously during the night on our New Zealand troops. All of these were beaten off with severe loss to the enemy, who left prisoners in our hands and a large number of dead in front of our lines."

UNITS OF NEARLY HALF-A-MILLION ENEMY TROOPS

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH: GERMAN PRISONERS COMING IN FROM FLERS.



A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS LINE: GERMAN PRISONERS MARCHED



ARRIVING AT ONE OF THE SPECIAL ENCLOSURES: GERMANS CAPTURED DURING THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.



CATCHING CIGARETTES THROWN TO THEM

It was announced a few days ago in a French official despatch that the total number of prisoners taken on the Somme by the Anglo-French troops between July 1 last, when the offensive began, and September 18 exceeds 55,800, of whom 34,050 were captured by the French alone. At about the same time it was stated in the "Journal" that the number of prisoners taken by Britain, France, Russia, and Italy between the dates already mentioned is 490,668. This does not include prisoners taken by the Salonika army, or by the Roumanians.

TAKEN BETWEEN JULY 1 AND SEPTEMBER 18: PRISONERS.

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FROM THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE ON SEPTEMBER 15.



IN ONE OF THE SPECIAL ENCLOSURES: SOME GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY OUR TROOPS.



BY BRITISH SOLDIERS: GERMAN PRISONERS.



A FEW OF VERY MANY: GERMAN PRISONERS IN ONE OF THE ENCLOSURES, ON SEPTEMBER 15.

It has been made evident in numerous communiqués, and in messages from correspondents, that Germans are surrendering freely, often in very large batches. It is interesting to note, further, that a very large number of those taken prisoner are unwounded. All our photographs show prisoners taken by the British during the Battle of the Somme. Even as a matter of numbers alone, these surrenders are very significant of the change in the moral of the enemy troops, and the tendency to surrender upon comparatively small grounds is obviously spreading.



CHAS. PEARSON

LIGHTS O' SEARCHLIGHT

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARSON. (COPYRIGHT)

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LONDON.

PRACTICE

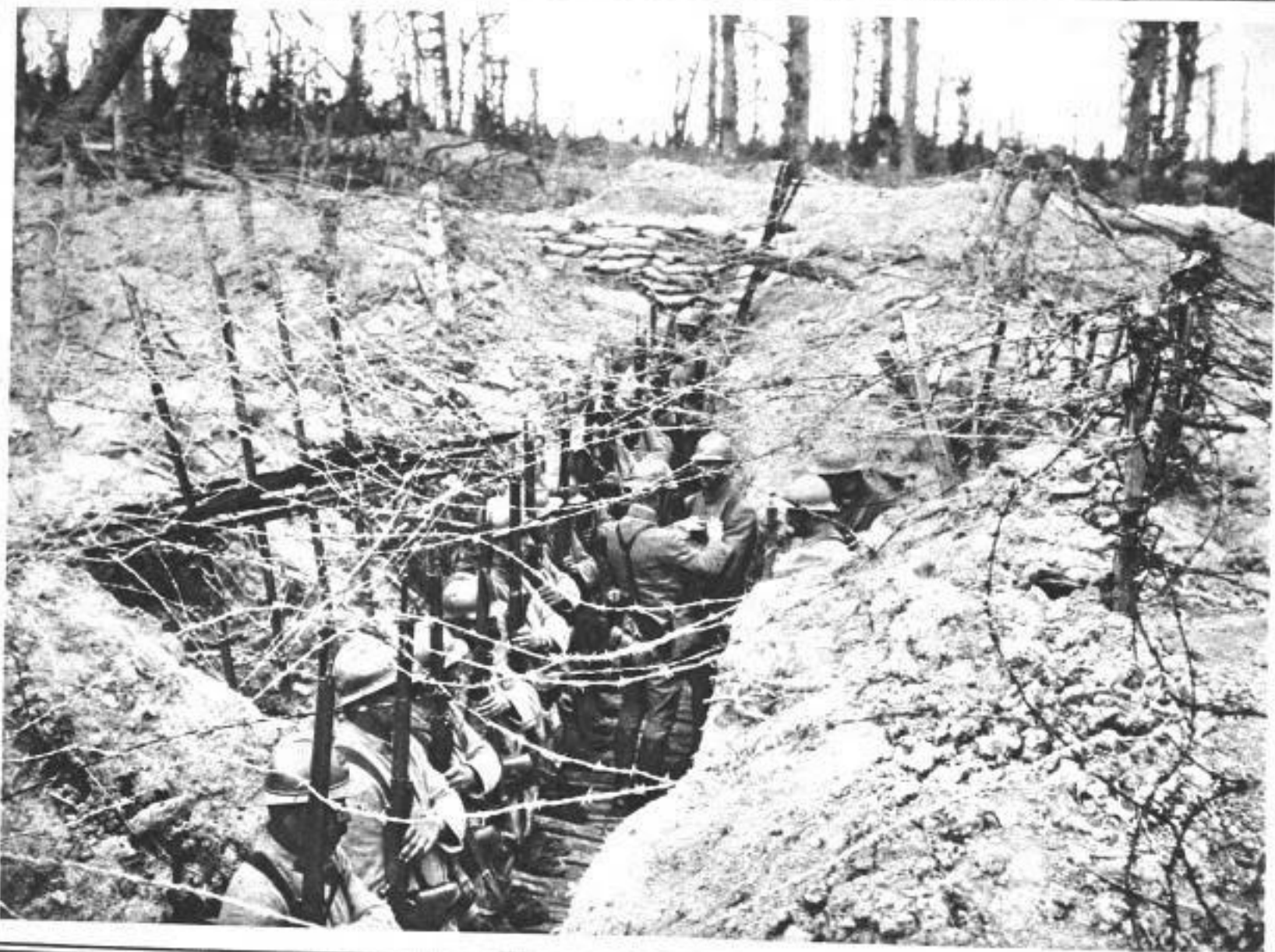
(RIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

A DECORATION IN THE TRENCHES: HONOURING A FRENCH HERO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



AN INTERESTING CEREMONY IN A FRENCH FIRST-LINE TRENCH: AN OFFICER READING FROM AN ORDER OF THE DAY REGARDING A SOLDIER JUST DECORATED FOR VALOUR.



RECEIVING HIS HONOUR AMONG HIS COMRADES IN THE TRENCHES: A HEROIC FRENCH SOLDIER BEING DECORATED BY AN OFFICER IN THE FRENCH FIRST LINE.

Many photographs of decoration ceremonies in the field have been published from time to time, but such events have usually taken place on open ground some way behind the front. It is unusual, if not unique, to see one showing a soldier receiving his reward of valour actually in the first line of trenches: hence these photographs from the French front possess a peculiar interest. Through the protecting tangle of barbed wire, stretched over the trench, we see the men drawn up along one side, while a French officer pins the decoration on the breast of the gallant soldier who has earned it, and afterwards

reads from an Army Order of the Day a passage relating to his exploit. The whole scene is eloquent of the heroic spirit of the French Army. "That spirit," writes Mr. Laurence Jervoid after a visit to the fighting line, "was from the first a triumphant comfort to those who have always believed in France, and an amazement to those who did not know France. It shone from the first in the dark days. . . . It is rewarded now, and fighting France, still indomitable in spirit, knows that it now holds at last the material weapons for irresistible victory."

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING: A FRENCH HEAVY GUN.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WHERE WASTAGE IS NOT "IN EXCESS OF THE PRODUCTION": ONE OF THE HEAVY PIECES OF THE FRENCH ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

In connection with the general question of artillery, it is interesting to recall that a recently captured German document, signed by General von Falkenhayn while Chief of the German General Staff, and dated August 24, contained the following statement: "The wastage of guns in the last few months has been considerably in excess of the production. The same is true of ammunition in our reserves, of which there has been a serious diminution. It is the duty of all ranks—not only in the artillery—to endeavour to remedy this serious state of things. All ranks must make the most serious endeavour

to assist in the preservation of material as indicated above, for otherwise the making good of losses and the placing of new formations in the field will be rendered impossible." It is possible, of course, that this document was deliberately allowed by the Germans to fall into British hands, with the idea of "bluffing" the Allies into a sense of security and diminution of their own production of guns and munitions. Be that as it may, no such result will follow, for the Allies are one and all determined to go on increasing their production until final victory is attained.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



NECROMANCY: THE SUPPOSED SPIRIT OF HIS MAJESTY CONQUERED BY REVEREND FREDERICK (BARBAROSSA)



RITES WHICH PRECEDED PROPHECY: DRUIDS OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES



HAKING A COMPACT WITH SATAN: SUCCESSFUL ENVOYED BY CALLING UPON THE EVIL ONE FOR AID

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING THE DOBRUDJA.

OUR attention is just now focussed upon that roughly quadrilateral tract, some hundred miles long by sixty broad, which forms that part of Roumania lying between the Danube and the Black Sea. Within this area, known as the Dobrudja, are enclosed some six thousand miles of lagoon, marsh, steppe, and mountain. The steppe area occupies the central region, and consists of fine grey sand overlying lime-stone, with scarcely a tree or a drop of running water. The most important feature of the Dobrudja is the delta of the Danube, an enormous triangular, reed-covered plain, dotted with lakes, which act as feeders to the main arms of the Danube—the Kilia, Sulina, and the St. Georg. The northernmost—the Kilia—is the largest; but strong currents on the one hand, and silt on the other, have made it useless for navigation; and the same is true of the St. Georg arm. But the Sulina, as a consequence of laborious and incessant dredging, has been made an easy and navigable highway. Good roads are few indeed, while the only important railway line is that running from Bucharest to Kustendje. The Dobrudja portion of this line, built by an English company, crosses the Danube at Tchernavoda, by means of a bridge 11½ miles long, traversing the marshy land to the east of the river.

From a military point of view, the Dobrudja means much to the Roumanians. Holding Silistria on the Danube, and the Sulina entrance, Kustendje, and Mangalla on the Black Sea, invasion from this side of her borders is hopeless.

From the naturalist's point of view, the Dobrudja holds interests of another kind. A few years ago, my friend Mr. R. B. Lodge explored its reedy wastes and swamps, searching for the breeding-grounds of the pelican, and other birds as rarely seen in Great Britain. He, like others who have penetrated these wilds on similar quests, found that life here did not by any means always run smoothly.

The difficulty of keeping oneself dry in this region is always a very real one; but far more solid discomfort is occasioned by mosquitoes, which here, as in Siberia, swarm in myriads which must be seen to be believed. At Sulina bonfires of reeds are kept burning in the streets during the evening hours, in order that the smoke may afford at least some abatement of the plague. The street-lamps are almost obscured by the hosts

attracted by the light, and handkerchiefs and fans are kept in constant motion. The only form of mosquito-net known to the natives is that made of a coarse kind of cheese-cloth, to use which, on hot nights, is to invite suffocation. Nor is this all. Besides the mosquitoes are great biting flies which draw blood at every stab.

To speak of the "Blue Danube" is apparently but a figure of speech, since its waters are brown with mud held in suspension. But be this as it may, as a source of fish-supply it can have few rivals. Most of the fishing is apparently in the hands of Russians, who

come to scratch their backs and rub themselves, with disastrous results. The dainty sterlet, the Danube salmon, and a huge silvroid fish are taken in the traps or in nets; and, besides, numbers of a fresh-water herring which in flavour is said to surpass its salt-water relation.

The fishermen have decidedly the best of it, for those who must needs keep live stock have to bear severe losses. Horses, sheep, and cattle, on the higher ground, perish in large numbers through drought; while during wet weather hundreds of cattle get bogged in the swamps. In the winter they die of starvation and exposure. Thus is explained the crowds of vultures which haunt these wilds the year round, for they have a never-failing source of food. The griffon and the great black vulture both occur here, as also does the smaller Egyptian vulture. As might be supposed, eagles also abound, the lordly imperial eagle and the smaller spotted eagle being the commonest species. Swarms of marsh harriers and pallid harriers quarter the swamps, taking toll of the millions of frogs which live there; while the smaller hawks, like kestrels and hobbies, wax fat on small birds and huge dragon-flies of gorgeous colours.

The delta of the Danube is a veritable paradise for water-birds. The beautiful egrets and purple heron abound, though, like the grebes, they are harassed by the hateful raids of the plume-hunter. The bittern and the night-heron are no less abundant, though the former, partly from the marvellously protective character of its coloration and partly from its secretive habits, is more frequently heard than seen, its strange booming notes being unmistakable. Gulls, terns, ducks of many kinds, and the little pygmy cormorant add yet further to the wealth of life which is to be found in this ornithological El Dorado. Beyond the delta, higher up the river, the great white pelican breeds in thousands. The nesting-place of this bird my friend Mr. Lodge sought in vain through two seasons. Unfortunately, he confined his hunting to the delta, where it apparently also breeds, but sporadically.

Such, in brief, is the Dobrudja, a region which is likely long to remain "unspoilt," for only those forced by military necessity, or lured by the love of bird-life wherever it is to be found—and especially, perhaps, in places inaccessible save to enthusiasts—are likely to venture into these fastnesses.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY: MOTOR-CYCLISTS ESCORTING ARMOURD CARS THROUGH A TOWN IN FLANDERS.

Photograph by the Photographic Service of the Belgian Army.

use extremely complicated fish-traps made of reeds. Large carp abound; but even more abundant are sturgeon, which are caught in immense numbers and stored in frozen snow. They are caught by buoying large hooks on a chain, against which the great fish

night-heron are no less abundant, though the former, partly from the marvellously protective character of its coloration and partly from its secretive habits, is more frequently heard than seen, its strange booming notes being unmistakable.

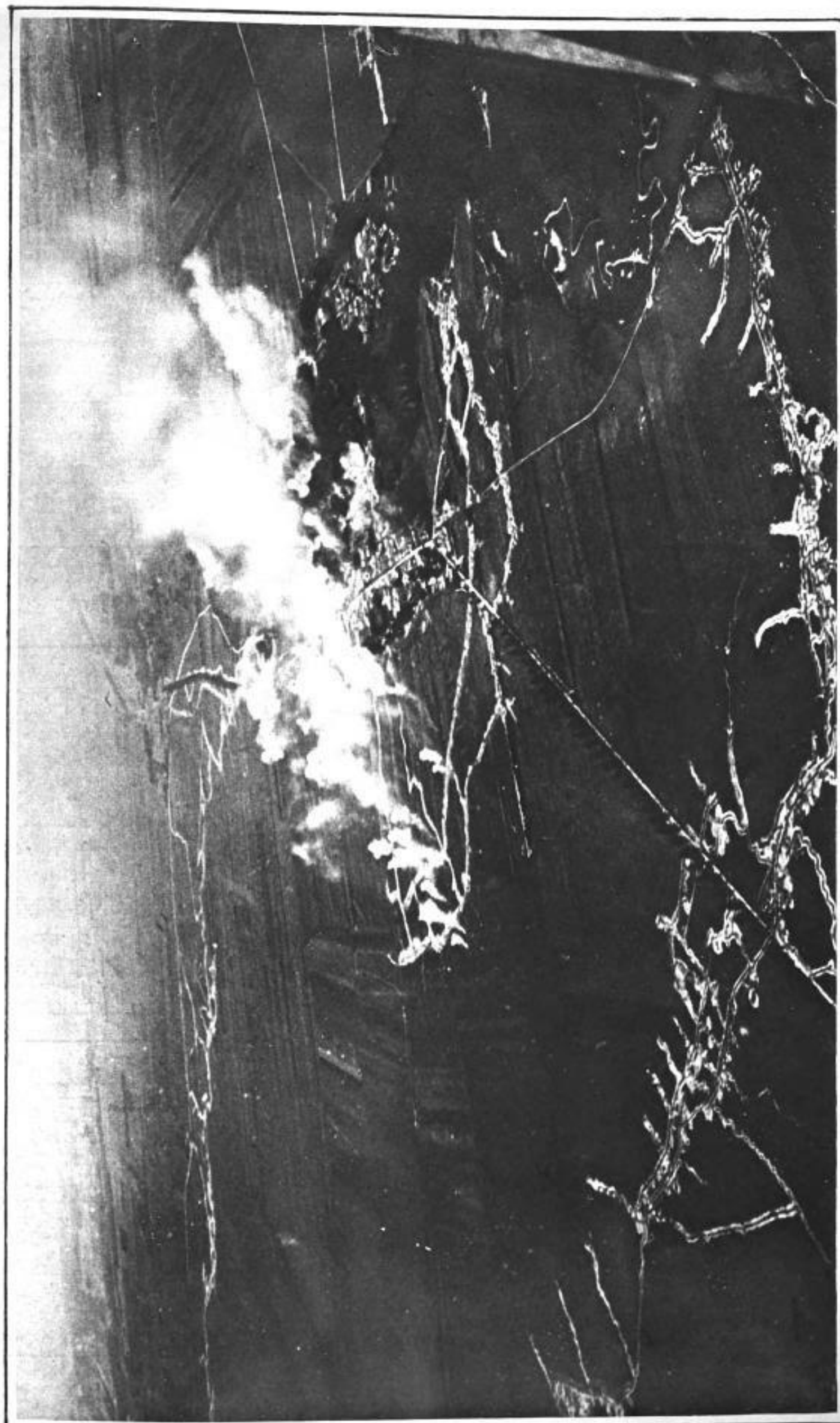


THE EFFICIENCY OF THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY: ARMOURD CARS ON THE ROAD.

Photograph by the Photographic Service of the Belgian Army.

A BOMBARDMENT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE: ENEMY TRENCHES MAPPED FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



HOW THE COMMAND OF THE AIR ASSISTS OUR ALLIES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: FRENCH SHELLS BURSTING OVER THE ENEMY'S LINES.

A French airman brought back this wonderful photograph of the French shells bursting over the enemy's lines. It shows every ramification of the German trenches, affording invaluable information both as to the enemy's positions and effects of the French fire. The French air service has established a mastery over the German. Describing its work at an aviation camp on the Somme, Mr. Laurence Jerrold writes, after mentioning the fighting airman and the infantry scouts: "The third air service is

that which miraculously, as it would have seemed a few years ago, brings to headquarters in a few minutes absolutely faithful photographs of all the enemy's positions. An aeroplane flies out over the enemy's trenches, and maps reproducing the exact plan of the enemy's trenches taken from the photographs taken are dropped into the French trenches. . . . 'Don't the Germans take the same war photographs? I ask. 'They would if they could, but, you see, we don't let them. L'aviation Boche n'existe plus.'"

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF THE MAIMED.

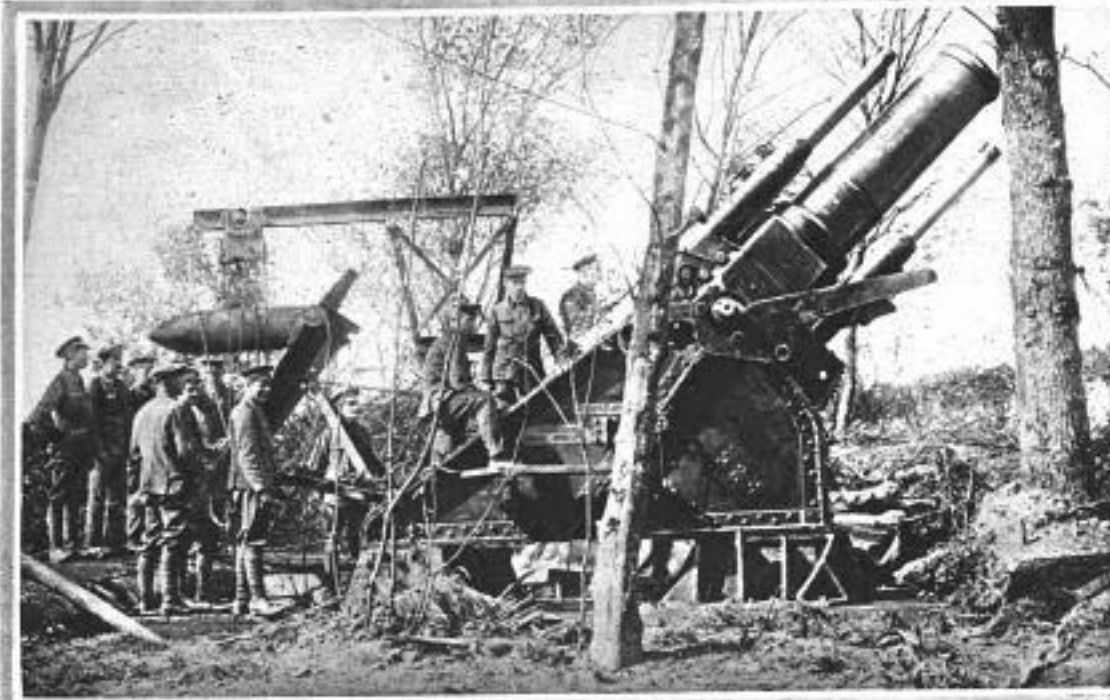
IN our grandfathers' time, the sight of a one-legged or one-armed soldier or sailor "broken in the wars," and begging his way from town to town, was too common a sight to evoke surprise. To do our forbears justice, he generally received enough practical help to enable him to get along; but the day is past for us to depend on such unforeseeing and casual charity. Let alone the shame it would be to every one of us, the number of mutilated brave men which this war will leave on our hands seems likely to be a hundred-fold the remnants of the Napoleonic wars, and it is already fairly well recognised that their care is a matter not for individuals, but for the State. Hence, on the lowest grounds of self-interest, the means by which they can best be put in the way of earning or helping to earn their own livelihood is a matter of more or less importance to every tax-payer.

Thanks to the conditions of trench-warfare, a great number of those thus maimed in their country's service have suffered the loss of their right arms. This might seem at first sight certain to incapacitate them for industrial or clerical work; but it is not so. Our gallant Allies the French—among whom the problem, owing to their far heavier losses, is more insistent than it is with us—have tackled it with characteristic foresight and thoroughness, and have found it not insoluble; while Dr. Tait Mackenzie and others have already pointed out the way to us here. It is only by physical training, gradual and well-thought-out, as all training should be, that the adult who has been deprived of his right arm can be taught to make his left supply the

deficiency. Through the long course of gymnastics designed for this we need not follow the specialists; but there is one point we can all understand, and that is the necessity for teaching a man deprived of his right hand to write with his left. This is not merely a matter of convenience, but the very foundation and rudiments of all "re-education," and exercises the most unexpected influence on its future course. The late Professor Romanes showed some time ago that there was some

It may, of course, be said to this that speech and writing are two different functions, and that there is not necessarily any connection between the two. The facts, however, are against this view. Dr. Fraenkel has noted many cases of persons with their right hands paralysed who suffered at the same time from aphasia, or speechlessness. On teaching them to write with their left hands they recovered at once their power of speech. Nor is this extraordinary. The centre of writing, according to Broca, is situated in the same part of the brain as that of speech, even if we cannot sweep them together, as some think, into one common centre of language. Hence everything which produces an increased flow of blood to the writing centre must exercise a stimulus upon the speech centre, and conversely. A confirmation of this may, perhaps, be found in the fact, known to all handwriting experts, that when a person learns to write with his left hand as well as his right the handwriting presents all the peculiarities of his normal or right-hand script.

It follows, therefore, that the first step in the training of a soldier or sailor who has lost his right arm or hand is to persuade him to try to write—or a fortiori to draw—with his remaining hand. By so doing you will put him on the road to cure the impediments to speech which form a fairly common sequel to amputation, and you will have made a good start with the education which must be his if he is again to become a useful member of the community. Besides this, you will afford him occupation for the spare time which goes so heavily for the convalescent, and will go far to restore to him the self-confidence and hope for the future which will do so much for his recovery. As for the labour involved, Dr. Klesk, a Polish savant who has made many



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BIG BRITISH HOWITZER IN ACTION.

Official Photograph.

connection, till then unsuspected, between speech and right-handedness, the centre of speech in the brain of left-handed persons being situated not in the left hemisphere, but in the lower part of the third frontal convolution in the right. Thus what we have to do to give a right-handed man the faculty of using his left hand to replace in some sort the missing member, is to develop or increase the nervous activity of the right side of his brain.

common sequel to amputation, and you will have made a good start with the education which must be his if he is again to become a useful member of the community. Besides this, you will afford him occupation for the spare time which goes so heavily for the convalescent, and will go far to restore to him the self-confidence and hope for the future which will do so much for his recovery. As for the labour involved, Dr. Klesk, a Polish savant who has made many

(Continued overleaf)



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(Continued.) experiments on the subject, is of opinion that a person fairly expert with his pen before his wound can learn to write with his left in from three to four weeks.

There remains one caution. Mlle. Joteyko, a Doctor of the University of Brussels now lecturing at the Collège de France, from whose able collection of the researches on this point most of the above facts are taken, points out that Dr. Herber has shown that excessive use of the left hand makes much greater demands on the heart's action than does that of the right. Where amputation of the right limb has left behind it great weakness of the heart, therefore, no re-education of the left should be attempted without competent medical advice. F. L.

To the woman of taste, Art and "Liberty" are interchangeable terms, and lovers of beautiful things in their rooms will rejoice to know that, despite the war and its inevitable difficulties of transport, the well-known firm of Liberty and Co., Ltd., Regent Street, have been able to add to their already wonderful collection of exquisite rugs. These rugs, soft and rich in colouring, and ideal as coverings for the floor, have been collected by the agents of Messrs. Liberty in towns and villages of the Caucasus, during the war, and have been forwarded to London, via Tiflis and Archangel, by special permission of the Russian Government. Thanks to these facilities, the rugs, though artistic to a degree, are offered at quite moderate prices, ranging from £5 to £20. Not only are these rugs from the Caucasus of exceptional beauty, but they possess also the unique interest of the conditions under which they have been collected. They should be seen by all lovers of art and of the unique.

THE STORY OF GONDWANA.

NEVER was it more desirable for British readers to extend their knowledge of India than at this time, when that country has given such splendid proof that its hopes and fortunes are bound up with those of the Empire. A fascinating chapter of Indian

Story of Lingo," abridged from Sir R. Temple's translation, and a foreword by Sir Benjamin Robertson, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. Those who are ignorant of India do not always realise its great variety of scenery. For them, the photographs in Bishop Chatterton's book will dispel any such illusions, and the beauty of the Satpura highlands will

come as a revelation. "Moving up and down its plateaus and plains during the last thirteen years," he writes, "seeing its old fortresses and other monuments of the past, reading isolated bits of its history in Government gazetteers and elsewhere, I have long felt that it would be well if someone would weave together for us these scattered records into something like a connected story." No one would accuse the Bishop of being a weaver of "purple patches": the texture of his description is of a plain and sober hue. But, if he does not wield the pen of romance, he at any rate gives an admirably lucid and readable account of his subject. Very interesting, too, are the sections of the book devoted to the development of British rule in Gondwana, local beliefs and customs, and mission work. In "A Plea for the Old John Company," the Bishop touches briefly on that "strange story, the evolution of a trading company into an empire"; and in the chapter on missions he shows a broad-minded sympathy with the work of other branches of the Church, including the Roman Catholic, the Free Church of Scotland, and the American

Methodists and Baptists. Alluding to Germany and the war, he concludes: "We have seen what terrible evils an exaggerated patriotism may bring on the world. What the world most needs to-day is the Divine Spirit of love and brotherhood, which can draw the various races of mankind together." The numerous illustrations add much to the attractions of the book.



VOTING IN THE FIELD FOR THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTIONS: CANADIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Canadian War Record Photograph. Copyright Reserved.

history, and one that is comparatively unfamiliar, is contained in "The Story of Gondwana" (Pitman), in which the Bishop of Nagpur, the Right Rev. Eyre Chatterton, tells briefly and clearly the story of the old Gond kingdoms and their transition to what are now called the Central Provinces. The book includes also the old Gondian legend, or epic, called "The

sending gold out of the country?



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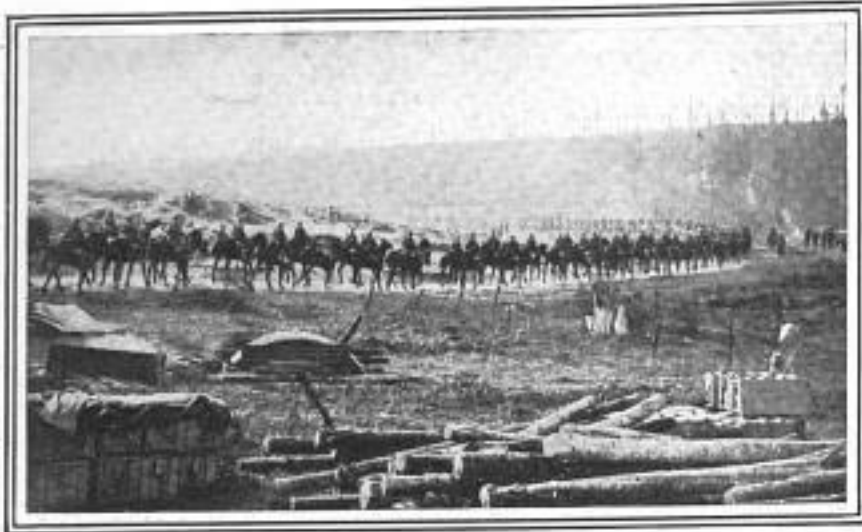
"The Call of the West."

The precise subject of Captain C. F. J. Galloway's "The Call of the West" (Fisher Unwin) is indicated in the subtitle, "Letters from British Columbia." The book is pleasant, matter-of-fact reading, and is unusually well

quietly effective; he has a natural eye for fine landscape, and, without ever exciting his readers, warms them with his own enthusiasm. It is, however, of the Island—which everywhere in the West means Vancouver—that he has most to say. Of its cities, the capital, Victoria, evidently holds his chief affections. He describes it as a kind of paradise, with elegant buildings, delightful climate, and the open sea of the Strait of Juan de Fuca where you can bathe in the cold waters of the Fraser, though the mouth of that river is sixty miles off. Vancouver (the city) is Victoria's rival, and different in all its aspects. The one enjoys the more modest delights of a comparative Sleepy-Hollow. The other is upstart, aspiring, and successfully advertised. Of it also Captain Galloway is an admirer, but with discretion; and, indeed, the great attraction of his book

advantage, for it sets him wandering from one aspect of his study to another, and, whenever on his long journey a byway seems more inviting than the high road, he goes off the track. Some of his musings are a little unfortunate. He tells us that the Empress Eugénie never imagined, even in her dreams, that at the age of forty-four and three months she would be compelled to fly from Paris, that her husband would die in three years and her son six years later, and that after 1870 she would live permanently in England. One would imagine from this and similar utterances that it is a royal prerogative to forecast the future. Mr. Legge winds up by saying that "these things, like so many other events in this marvellous woman's history, have come to pass." There is much of interest about M. Pietri, the Empress's secretary, of Rochefort, Cardinal Bonaparte, the Emperor, MM. Filon, Ollivier, and contemporary French statesmen, of Lord Granville, and Louis Lucien Bonaparte, "the Prince who lived at Bayswater." The Prince Imperial figures more in the title than in the book.

The war has made no difference in the work of Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, W., who is so well known for the continued improvements, in no way dangerous, in the art of preserving beauty, with which she has so long



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.
Official Photograph.

illustrated from photographs. There are about a hundred and fifty of these, and they give a remarkably comprehensive idea of the scenery of the country travelled through. They make, so to say, an excellent "film." It is a pity that the author's sketch-map of the same has not been re-drawn, but is reproduced on a scale which leaves its names unreadable by any save the sharpest eyes. In a volume like this, a map is a most useful accessory, especially when, like Captain Galloway, the writer jumps straight into his subject, as if we possessed a good working knowledge of it, which it is always unwise of an author to assume in his readers. How many of Captain Galloway's, for example, knew the whereabouts of the Slocan (accent on the second syllable), or had any notion of how the Cariboo road runs? However, none of his readers but very soon will acquire a great deal of information both solid and entertaining about both, and about much more besides in this country of wonderful scenery and conditions of life undergoing quick transformations of fortune. We commend especially two chapters entitled "Bear River" (more properly the Bowron) and "The Peace River" to those who have already some acquaintance with the towns, and wish to go farther afield. The author's method as a guide is not sensational, but it is

is a certain cool shrewdness—a reserve and sense of proportion not incompatible with a true traveller's ardour—with which it presents its tale.

Mr. Edward Legge's latest volume, "The Princess Eugénie and Her Son" (Grant Richards), completes his trilogy dealing with the fortunes and final history of Imperial France. The other books were "The Empress Eugénie, 1870-1910," and "The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire." With every desire to deal generously with an able and well-informed journalist and a patient if laborious student of contemporary events, we find Mr. Legge's work now under consideration too discursive to hold sustained attention. He stresses his personal knowledge, which is not altogether an



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.
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been identified. Mrs. Adair's treatments are founded on common sense, and in quite a short time her really remarkable methods and preparations produce, restore, and retain in their users the fresh appearance of youth. Ladies should send for Mrs. Adair's book, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," which may be obtained from any of her addresses.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Park Wall."

The defect as well as the quality of Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's equipment is curiously clear in her last novel, "The Park Wall" (Cassell). Here, it may at once be said, is some room for congratulations, for her limitations enclose concentrated knowledge of certain experiences of certain characters. Yet she too has her park wall, and so far she has not succeeded in getting right over it into the world on the other side. Her heroine must needs be the victim of a man's cruelty, of his fickle passion; and her principal male character for choice a licentious cad. "The Rose of Youth" looked as if it were to be the point of departure from this convention; but "The Park Wall" seems to indicate that it was no more than a glimpse across the barrier, and that Mrs. Mordaunt prefers the more familiar ground. She does her work as a novelist extremely well, with a quivering sympathy and understanding for the lonely Alice; but so intense is she that her own personality burns through, and the critic perceives, ghost-like through the people of the book, the mind and heart of their creator. The story of "The Park Wall" is bright with colour, beginning with a gipsy encampment—Mrs. Mordaunt, by the way, has confused gipsy folk and circus folk, whose only common feature is caravans—and proceeding to a study of a country house, and the island of Terracine. In these vivid scenes the story of Alice is worked out, the poignant story, of so much more interest than ordinary fiction because of that double apparition of author and characters at the same moment, and the reader's sense of the burning personal interest of the woman who writes in the woman who is written down.

"Bindweed."

"Bindweed" (Hutchinson) as a first novel and as a fruit of this memorable year is equally remarkable. In the first place, it is a finely balanced, closely reasoned piece of literary work; and, in the second, it is devoted to the study of the oldest and greatest of earthly conflicts, that yet has nothing to do with our present obsession of war. It is a study of love and passion—love, the source of human life and happiness; and passion, the "toad within a stone," for ever poisonous, for ever barren. We understand that Miss Gabriel Vallings, who has written it, belongs to the Kingsley family—and, indeed, some literary inheritance, some family tradition of the novelist's art held seriously and bravely practised, is welcome to explain

the phenomenon of the power and maturity of such a book from a newcomer. The two women who are Gaston Hypolite's angels, white and black, are both singers, and he too is a singer—a tenor of the Paris Opera. His intrigue with Wanda, the beautiful Russian, is a gross affair, and he emerges from it to the love of Eugénie, the young girl who loves him in return. A

very simple plot, it will be seen, and old—oh! old as the eternal hills. The old plots are best, because they are made of the material that never grows old. And so we have Eugénie's chastity, and Eugénie's potential motherhood, pitted against Hypolite's first tarnished vision of their life together; and we have the victory of the higher nature over the lower—or, if you please so to phrase it, of the spirit over the senses. It can be seen that such a theme is not easy to handle. "Bindweed" must have been written with a high intention, for not otherwise could its writer have wished to tell its full story, for fear of that offence to "the little ones" which, in these days of many books, is something no author has the right to overlook.

"Irreconcilables." The title of "Irreconcilables" (Melrose) is well chosen. For, indeed, it needs to be impressed upon the English, the ever-sanguine and sentimental English, that nothing will reconcile the Irish nation. A people which is prosperous as it has never been before, a people a section of which, enjoying the substance of the freedom of the British Empire, rejects it to grasp at the shadow of an Irish Republic thrown by (of all saviours!) the figure of the Prussian—this section no act of ours can hope to appease, unless it be by happy accident. Elizabeth Hart gives us a little light upon the causes of the Irish implacability. Her book, for all its jejune love-stories, its timely accidents and death-beds, is profoundly interesting, and will be read by the thoughtful when many a novel of greater literary merit lies neglected. Those who ask for a window upon the Gaelic League, upon the Connacht peasantry, and the Nationalist middle-class, cannot do better than study them from Miss Hart's vantage-point. She has set them down in sympathy, and without a trace of exaggeration.

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ON THE WESTERN FRONT: INDIAN SOLDIERS BRINGING IN ONE OF THEIR OFFICERS.
Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: STEEL-HELMETED GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN AN OFFICER OF THE GRENADEER GUARDS.
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Trend of American Design. Especially in view of the fact that the development of the touring-car is temporarily at a standstill here, a study of what is doing in America must be of the greatest interest to the keen automobilist. Even before the war there was discernible in American practice a tendency to approximate more and more closely to the ideals of Europe. Particularly was this so in the matter of engine-design. For long enough the American constructor pinned his faith to a motor of relatively large dimensions, which was highly inefficient according to our notions, and developed its rated power output at a low revolution speed. On the other hand, European practice favoured a small, high-efficiency motor, which achieved a large output through a very high revolution rate. Both types had their merits, though from the purely engineering point of view there was little enough to be said in favour of the motor depending entirely on cylinder dimensions for its power. But there are other considerations than those concerning the engineer purist which govern motor-car practice, and thus the slow-running American type found much favour. Now, however, we find that American designers are favouring the small-dimensioned-high-efficiency type of motor, and the

cent. of the total; while there is not a single new model which has a bore of over 5 inches.

Cylinder Castings. The monobloc system of casting cylinders has become almost universal in European practice; but the Americans have been, for some reason, rather more conservative, and have generally preferred until quite recently to cast them in pairs. We find now, however, that over 72 per cent. of new Transatlantic cars embody the single-cast cylinder block. It is significant, too, that the V-block manner of casting cylinders, familiarised by the numerous "eights" and "twelves," appears to be falling from favour, since we find that the proportions have fallen from 25 per cent. last year to a little over 19 per cent. in the new types. In six-cylinder designs the fashion of casting the cylinders in pairs appears to be going out in favour of threes, the former having dropped from 94 per cent. to 2 per cent., while the threes have increased from 3 per cent. to a little over 4 per cent. Not a very startling figure, perhaps, but still indicative of the way in which America is coming into line with the best European practice. Of course, many of the "sixes" favour the block casting, which makes for a shorter and more rigid motor, but which has the counterbalancing disadvantage of shorter crankshaft bearings and greater cost of replacement in case of accident. It is so seldom, however, that one bears of accident to cylinder castings that the latter consideration is practically negligible.

The Future of Ignition.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of American development is the extent to which battery ignition is displacing the magneto. Again taking percentages, we find that 82.23 per cent. of cars have battery ignition, while only 17.77 per cent. rely upon the magneto for ignition. Of course, the explanation of this is to be found in the fact that most American cars are equipped as a standard with an electrical plant for generating current for lighting and for operating the engine-starter. Given that this plant is reliable—and it must be said that it is—there seems no

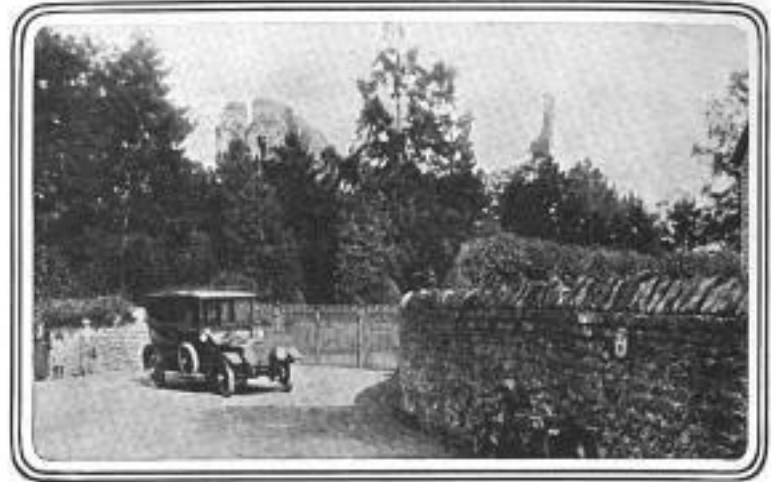
logical reason for the retention of yet another electrical machine to do work which the other is to the full capable of performing. This is a point to which the British maker will have to turn very serious attention when the more pressing problems of the war are past, and he once more has to address himself to his legitimate business. Our magnetos were imported almost exclusively from Germany in the pre-war days, and it is by no means certain that even



AN INTERESTING TEST: THE DODGE CAR USED FOR THE EXPERIMENT.

The question of "substitutes" being of so much importance at the present time, the recent Control lubricating test was of widespread interest. Our photograph shows the Dodge car which was used in the test.

current models show a remarkable trend that way. Reference to statistics shows that 68 per cent. of the new models announced have motors with a bore of from 3 to 3½ inches, the mean rating being thus, according to our own Treasury formula, in the neighbourhood of 17-h.p. Motors having a bore of from 3 to 4 inches account for no less than 80 per



A PRETTY SHROPSHIRE SNAPSHOT: A WOLSELEY LANDAUETTE, AT MUCH WENLOCK.

The constant contrast of the old and the new which presents itself to motorists feeds striking illustration in our picture, which shows a Wolsley Landauette, with all the latest notes in luxury and convenience, while through the trees are to be seen the beautiful old ruins of Much Wenlock Abbey.

now we can make magnetos that compare with them. We certainly do not want to be dependent on Stuttgart again, and, as there are half-a-dozen firms in this country who specialise in electric-power plants for lighting and starting, the question may usefully be asked: Why not scrap the magneto, and adopt battery and distributor ignition as a standard? Up to now, except in a very few notable cases, electric-lighting and engine-starters have only been fitted as "extras" to British cars. If we are to compete in the markets of the world, these will have to become a part of the design. Therefore, why not go all the way?

Fuel Feed.

A most remarkable development is taking place in the method of feeding fuel to the carburettor. Last year 48 per cent. of cars were fitted with vacuum feed, against 30 per cent. and 21 per cent. which embodied gravity and pressure feed respectively. The figures now are: vacuum, 83.72 per cent.; gravity, 6.97 per cent.; and pressure, 9.31 per cent. I have had but a limited experience of the vacuum system, but it has been altogether satisfactory. W. W.

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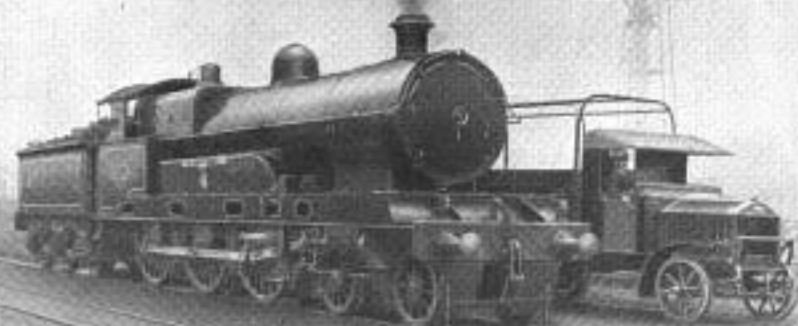
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THEODORE AND CO." AT THE GAIETY.

IT is refreshing to find that the Gaiety's new musical farce is a farce of the genuine sort, with ingenuity in its construction, humour in its ideas, and a pace that is rollicking. A clever team such as this theatre can boast to have in its company can do itself justice when it has got material on which to work. The pranks of Lord Theodore Wragge and his gang of light-hearted sharpers, the flirtations of the volatile Mrs. Sapphire Blissett, and the fun poked at the expense of snobbishness in general, and the musical-comedy stage in particular, make a mixture which exhilarates the performers no less than the audience. Here is no one-man show. At last "G. G." has got a partner who can give him the benefit of contrast. If Mr. George Grossmith has never shown more slickness and urbanity than as that blue-blooded adventurer, Lord Theodore, he has not for some time been blessed with a foil so versatile, so broadly droll, so irresistible of aspect as Mr. Leslie Henson. In him we have the substitute for Edmund Payne—a madcap dancer, a puller of quaint faces, a master of surprises. Then, not to speak of other comedians, such as Mr. Robert Nainby and Mr. Fred Leslie, both well looked after, there is Miss Julia James at the top of her form, as the radiant but naughty heroine; and dainty Miss Peggy Kurton, whose every pose makes a picture; and we are given dancing galore and pretty frocks and bright music.

"THE HAWK." AT THE ROYALTY.

The technique of the play of Francis de Croisset's which Mr. Knoblock has adapted so cleverly for the Royalty stage is reminiscent of the kind favoured by the older-fashioned French dramatists, as is its theme. Sardou would have liked that theme, though he would not have been so concise as its author in exposition: its gentleman-cardsharp, with the wife who acts as his decoy but wants to leave him for a young lover, would have appealed to his eye for the picturesque, and, as made desperately in love with that wife, would have struck him as a happily found hinge on which to turn a variant of the triangular situation. That "The Hawk" can be so spoken of in terms of its mechanism, indicates its weakness. But it has so many powerful emotional scenes, and so much human nature packed into one or two of them, and its interest is so well sustained, that you are constantly asking what is coming next, and what is mechanical is easily condoned, the more so as its best situations are backed by some splendid acting. The "hawk" himself, who is watched by his rival cheating at cards, is no clumsy stage-villain. The man has got distinction of style. Nor is his attitude towards his wife, when he discovers he has lost her affection, crudely melodramatic. There is a scene in this piece, in which, become a mere wreck through drug-taking because bereft of her, he consents to her plea for a divorce, and then tells her what suffering the lack of her

love has brought him, which is genuinely poignant and natural. Rendered, as it was, in the most touching fashion by Mr. Dennis Eadie, it carried the first-night audience by storm. And equally finished art came from Mlle. Dorziat. As the third party, Mr. Gerald Ames wrestled with a thankless part; Mr. Eric Lewis had far better chances, and made delightful use of them.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

O T BLANKENSHIP (Richmond, Va., U.S.A.).—We shall be pleased to see the game should it realise your hopes. You will, however, have to look at No. 3735 again.

CHARLES WILLIAMS (Philadelphia).—We are greatly obliged, as usual.

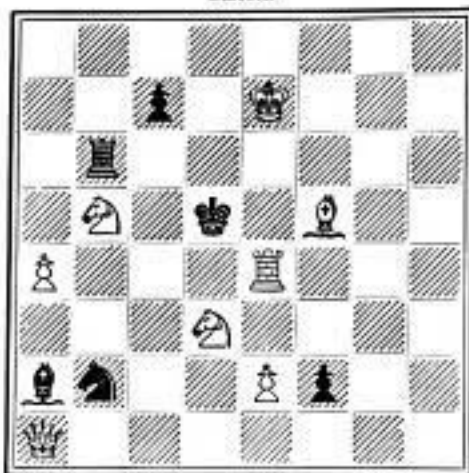
G PHILLIPS (B.E.F., France).—The information is being sent you.

J S WESLEY (Exeter).—Your contribution shall have early attention.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3735.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 7th. Any move.
2. Q, P, or R mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3742.—By M. L. PENCE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3735 received from F J McCarthy (Bangkok) and F J Young (Natal); of No. 3736 from C A M (Penang); of No. 3735 from F W Atkinson (Nottingham) and C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3740 from J Verrall (Rushell), L. Bowers (Walsfield), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), H S Broadbent (Southsea), Edith Vicars (Wood Dalring) and J R Jameson (Perryhill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3741 received from H Gwyneth Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), J S Forbes (Brighton), A H Arthur (Bath), R C Durell (Wimstead), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), K G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J S Wesley (Exeter), and F L Bishop (Southampton).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Metropolitan League Championship Tournament, between the Manhattan and Brooklyn Chess Clubs.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Schroeder.)	(Mr. Capablanca.)	(Mr. Schroeder.)	(Mr. Capablanca.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt takes P (B 3)	B to Q 3
2. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. P to Q 4th	Castles
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	14. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	15. Q to Q 3rd	R to K sq
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	16. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 6th (ch)
6. B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to B 3	In full keeping with his forcible and accurate play throughout, White has had no chance from the very beginning.	
7. P takes P	P takes P	17. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	18. K to Q 2nd	Kt to B 7th
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 5th	19. R to R 3rd	
10. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 2nd		
11. P to K B 4th			

The whole of this is entirely from the books, and is surprising a player of White's well-known ability should have selected a variation proved to be a win for the second player.

There is no escape, but this is a pretty alternative: 19. Q to B 2nd, Kt takes P (ch); 20. K to K sq, Kt to Q 6th (ch); 21. K to Q sq, Q to K 8th (ch); 22. R takes Q, Kt to B 7th (mate).

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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IN A HURRY TO GET AWAY FROM BRITISH SHELL-FIRE: A GERMAN PRISONER RUNNING TOWARDS SAFETY.

Germans are being taken prisoners, not only by our men, but by the soldiers of our Allies, in very considerable numbers; and it is interesting to note that very many of the captives are unwounded. Some idea of numbers may be gained from a recent French official communiqué, which stated that the total number of prisoners taken on

the Somme by the Anglo-French troops between July 1 last, when the present offensive began, and September 18, exceeded 55,800, of whom 34,050 fell into the hands of the French. Later, Sir Douglas Haig reported that between July 1 and September 30 we had taken prisoner 583 officers, and 26,147 other ranks.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS has written a book, with the title of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," which is almost avowedly a diary of the war, but a singularly beautiful diary. Indeed, as might be expected, not only Mr. Wells's characteristic perceptions, but even his characteristic doubts, give him an almost divine inspiration in a diary—much more than in a prophecy. It is the virtue of a diary that it is vivid; but it is also in a sense its virtue that it is short-sighted. There was a foolish fashion of classing Mr. Wells, on account of his scientific hobbies, as if he were some metallic and unfeeling instrument, like a forceps or a scalpel. Assuredly, if Mr. Wells is any sort of scientific instrument, he is a barometer. If a barometer could walk about like a human being, we should probably find it a rather touchy human being. But the barometer is excellent evidence that science has a use for sensibility, and, in a sense (with apologies to the barometer), for fickleness. This any lover of Mr. Wells's work could guess; but there is much more than this in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." There is that profoundly inspiring thing called tragedy. The tragic poet is not trying to break the limitations of time and space like an Anarchist (or an amateur prophet); he is grandly conscious of the limitations, like an artist. There is surely in this book something like an unconscious satire by the Wells who is wide awake to-day on the Wells who had a topsy-turvy dream in which he tried to remember to-morrow. There is surely a noble irony in the superiority of this human document to the book which he published before it, "What Is Coming?"—in which he went back to his old trade of prediction. It is almost startling to note how vague and even weak he is when he is settling the next few centuries on scientific principles, and how virile and vivid he is when he knows not what a day may bring forth. Familiar as he was with the next few decades, he found he knew precious little about the next few days. Personally, I cannot say how much more I admire him when he plunges into the future than when he peers into it. I think much more of Mr. Britling when he sees it through than when he fancies he sees through it. I agree with the realistic Irishman who said he preferred to prophesy after the event. The saying might really be a very good symbol of how politically practical are the Irish as compared with the English. It may be a great bore that the truisms are true; but they are. And, when all is said or prophesied, to ask "What Is Coming?" is to put on eye-glasses to stare into a mill-stone, a mill-stone of which the very thickness and hardness may be in some manner necessary to the grinding of the mills of God. I think Mr. Britling offers the better moral. Whatever is coming, we will see it through.

I make no claim here, however, to review this very vital and very humane story. I only mention it or the name of its author in order to mark down what I conceive to be a somewhat momentous error about the ethics of the international situation. Its appearances in the book about Mr. Britling are comparatively few and far between, and are entangled in quite a

forest of other fascinating or provocative ideas. But, as Mr. Wells has since amplified and reiterated it elsewhere, it is to be presumed that he means it for one of his more permanent and responsible criticisms upon the war. And it seems to me not only erroneous, but perilous. It is not only founded on a false diagnosis of the past, but I think it is likely to prove very deleterious to the health of Mr. Wells's young friend the future. Indeed, it is a good case of the mistake of being in such a flutter about what is coming as to forget altogether what has come already—and come to stay. And that crystallisation of Christendom which we call nationality is one of the things that have come to stay.

The suggestion under discussion is broadly this: that Germany suffers chiefly from an overdose and

individual. A Collectivist does not think that his cows and acres ought to be collected by an official, and everyone else's left as they are. Nor does a Royalist mean a madman who thinks he is the King of England; nor a Pantheist the other kind of madman who thinks he is all the God there is. All such positions imply an appeal to a general rule; and the Nationalist is only a Nationalist if he appeals to a general rule of Nationalism. Nations, like marriages, or like properties, are a class of things accorded a certain recognition by the conscience of our civilisation. One of them cannot logically plead its own rights without pleading the rights of the class. And to say that a nation which disregards frontiers and annexes or destroys neighbours is suffering from an excess of Nationalism is intrinsically nonsensical. We might as well say that a man who runs away with his

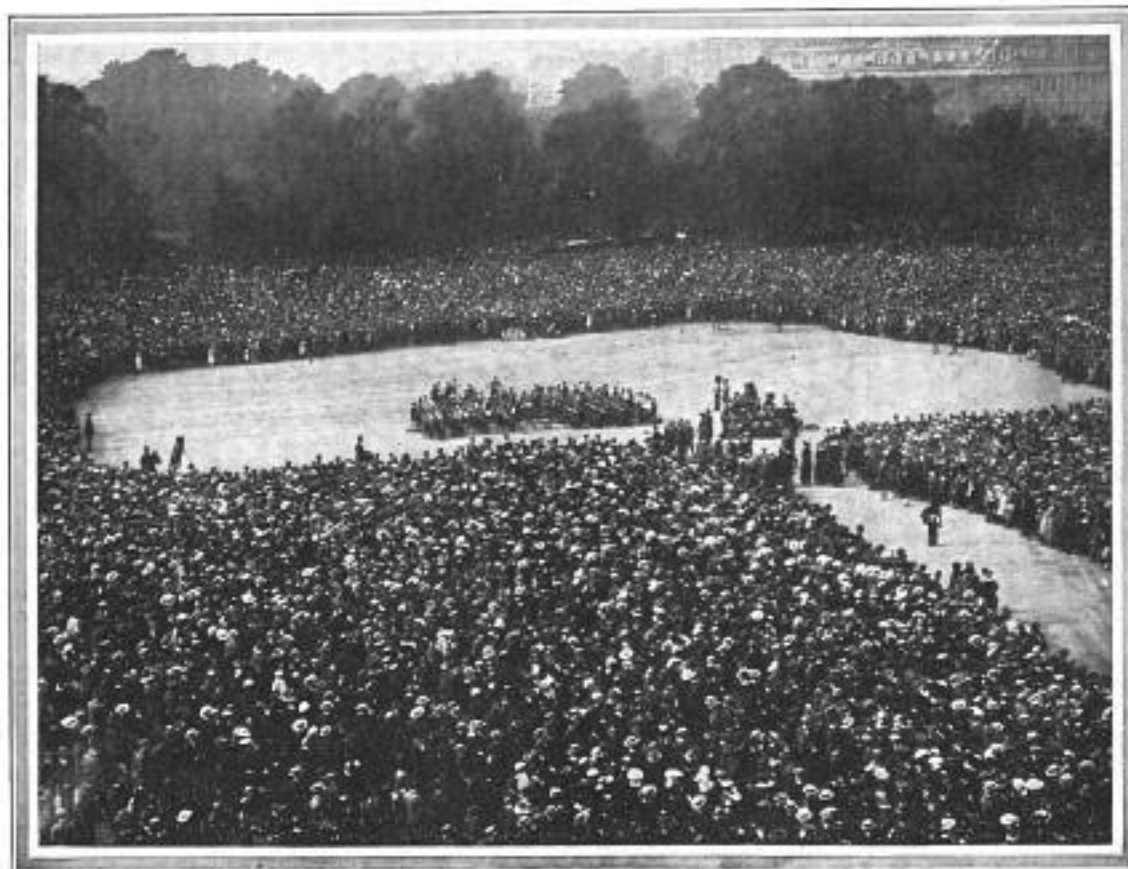
neighbour's wife is suffering from an excess of reverence for the institution of marriage. We might as consistently maintain that a man who runs away with his neighbour's watch is too arrogant and implacable a protector of the rights of property. Mr. Wells suggests, in an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, that the German disposition to ram sauerkraut down everybody's throat with a bayonet is an extravagance of national feeling. But it is not; it is a deficiency of national feeling—if only in the matter of wasting sauerkraut on people who do not appreciate it. What is the matter with the Germans is not that they think German culture is German culture—a platitude after their own hearts which they might have peacefully enjoyed to the end of the world. It is that they think German culture is culture—that it is the highest product of evolution, and is on a higher platform above an ignorant world. In other words, they think something culture which is only custom.

And as it is false in theory, it is certainly false in fact. In history the

Germans have been the least national of all Europeans. The typical nations, first France, then England, Spain, Scotland, Poland, etc., arose like islands in a sea of barbarism for which Germany was rather a loose allusion than a name. The word *Allemagne* is said to be derived from what practically means Anybody. If civilised men gave the race any title, it was not so much a definition as an expression of ignorance. We find Germans spoken of in this fashion long after France or England had become nations in the sense in which they are nations now. Often Germans were talked of as if they were German measles—merely one of the perils of life, merely something that happened. And so they were; and they have happened again.

Christendom, with whatever corruptions, was a community of nations recognised as nations, as a city of citizens recognised as citizens. It was because North Germany was outside this national idea, not because she was inside it, that all barriers have been broken and all crimes eclipsed. It was because beyond the sacred frontiers lay chaos—which some call cosmopolitanism.

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A BRITISH TRIBUTE TO A GALLANT ALLY: 150,000 LONDONERS GREET THE GARDE RÉPUBLICAINE BAND AT THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

It was a "Cocoonation" crowd which gave the fine band of the French Garde Républicaine a splendid welcome at the Horse Guards Parade on Sunday last. The thoroughfares leading to the Horse Guards were as thronged with vehicles as were the roads to Epsom on Derby Day a year or two ago. So dense was the crowd that the inspiring music was practically inaudible to many of them. None the less, the historic visit was a great success, and the public, in honouring the French band, paid a cordial tribute to our great Ally.—[Photograph by Topical.]

debauch of national feeling, and that therefore Nationalism, which has thus destroyed our enemies, must be watched with a wary eye even in our friends and in ourselves, as if it were a highly dubious explosive. Mr. Wells, who has explained this view in many places of late, must not be regarded as one of the dull extremists on the other side. He says he agrees with Home Rule; and I cannot suppose him such a lunatic as not to agree with the national reconstruction of Poland, for upon that essential hang all our hopes of the just peace of Europe or (which is much the same thing) of the adequate restraint of Germany. But the point is not whether he admits that Poland and Ireland have been allowed too little national independence. The point is that he thinks that Germany has been allowed too much national independence. He thinks her nationalism is her narrowness. It is this view that I think false in logic, false in history, and highly perilous in practical politics.

It is false in logic, because Nationalism is a generalisation, as is the nature of any "ism." An Individualist, if there ever was such an animal, does not think that he is the only person who can be an

GERMANS CAPTURED IN THE BALKANS: SALONIKA PRISONERS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH IDENTIFICATION LABELS ATTACHED: GERMAN PRISONERS UNDER BRITISH ESCORT.



TYPES OF GERMAN SOLDIERY: PRISONERS TAKEN BY OUR TROOPS IN THE BALKANS, EACH WITH HIS IDENTIFICATION LABEL.



GUARDED BY BRITISH BAYONETS: A PARTY OF GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY OUR ARMY ON THE BALKAN FRONT ON THEIR WAY, UNDER ESCORT, TO SALONIKA.



A DECORATED N.C.O. AMONG THE PRISONERS: A GERMAN SERGEANT-MAJOR WHO WAS WEARING THE IRON CROSS.



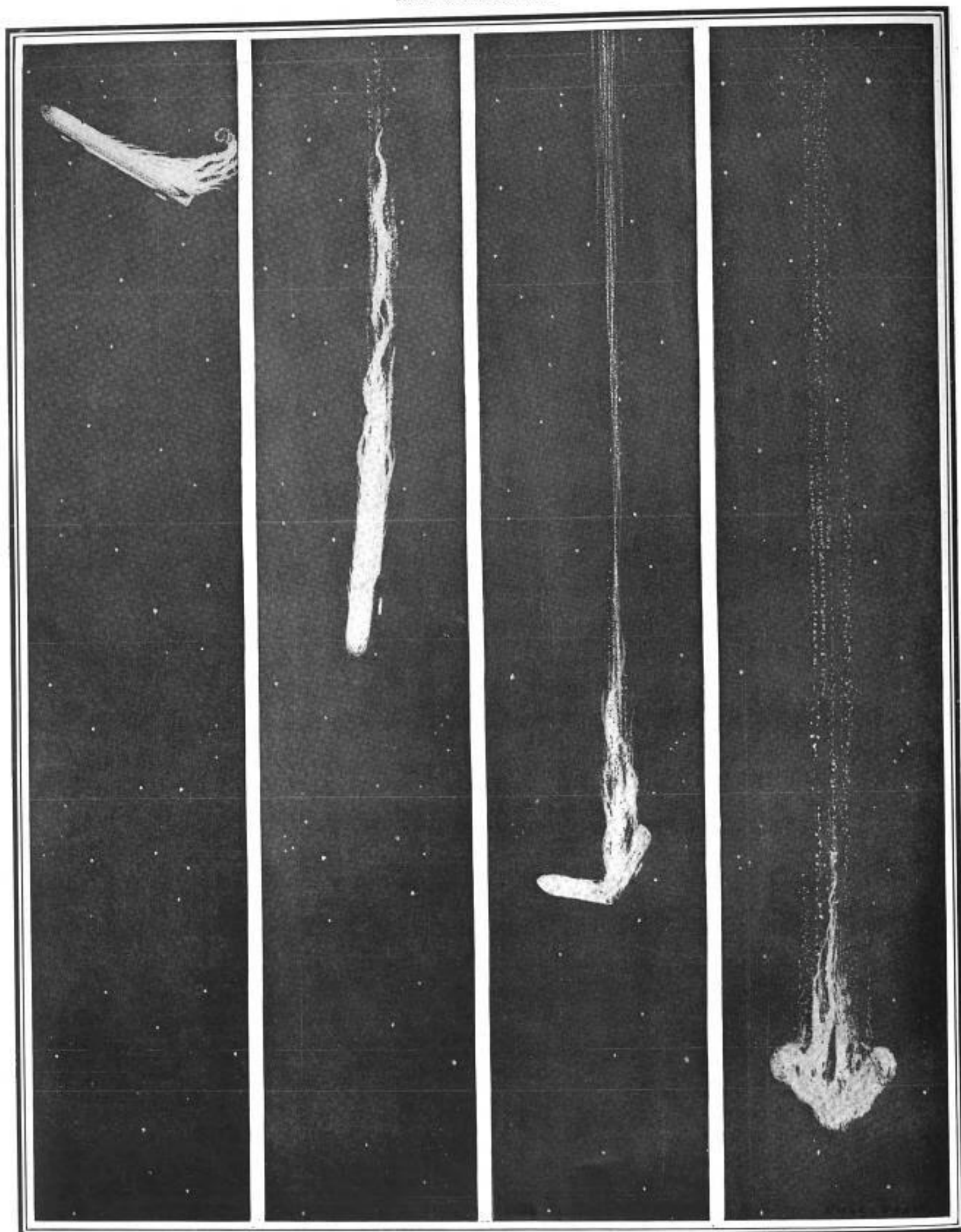
WELL TREATED AND ALLOWED TO SMOKE: GERMAN PRISONERS, TAKEN BY THE BRITISH IN THE BALKANS, ENTRAINED.

As our photographs show, the prisoners taken by the British forces in the Balkans include a number of Germans. Where and when these particular prisoners were taken is not stated, but in this connection we may recall that our troops have also captured a number of Bulgarians. An official despatch, published on October 3, from the General Officer Commanding the British Forces at Salonika stated: "The portions of the Bulgarian line on the Struma front which we captured on September 30 include the villages of Karazakoi-

Bala and Karazakoi-Zir. Repeated enemy counter-attacks against these places were entirely unsuccessful and were beaten off with heavy loss. All the ground won has now been consolidated, and there is no sign of the enemy for some distance in front of our trenches. In addition to the heavy casualties inflicted on the enemy, the number of prisoners taken has increased to 250, while our own casualties are comparatively small. Three machine-guns have been captured."

THE ZEPPELIN FALLING AT POTTER'S BAR: AN EYE-WITNESS'S VERSION.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARCE.



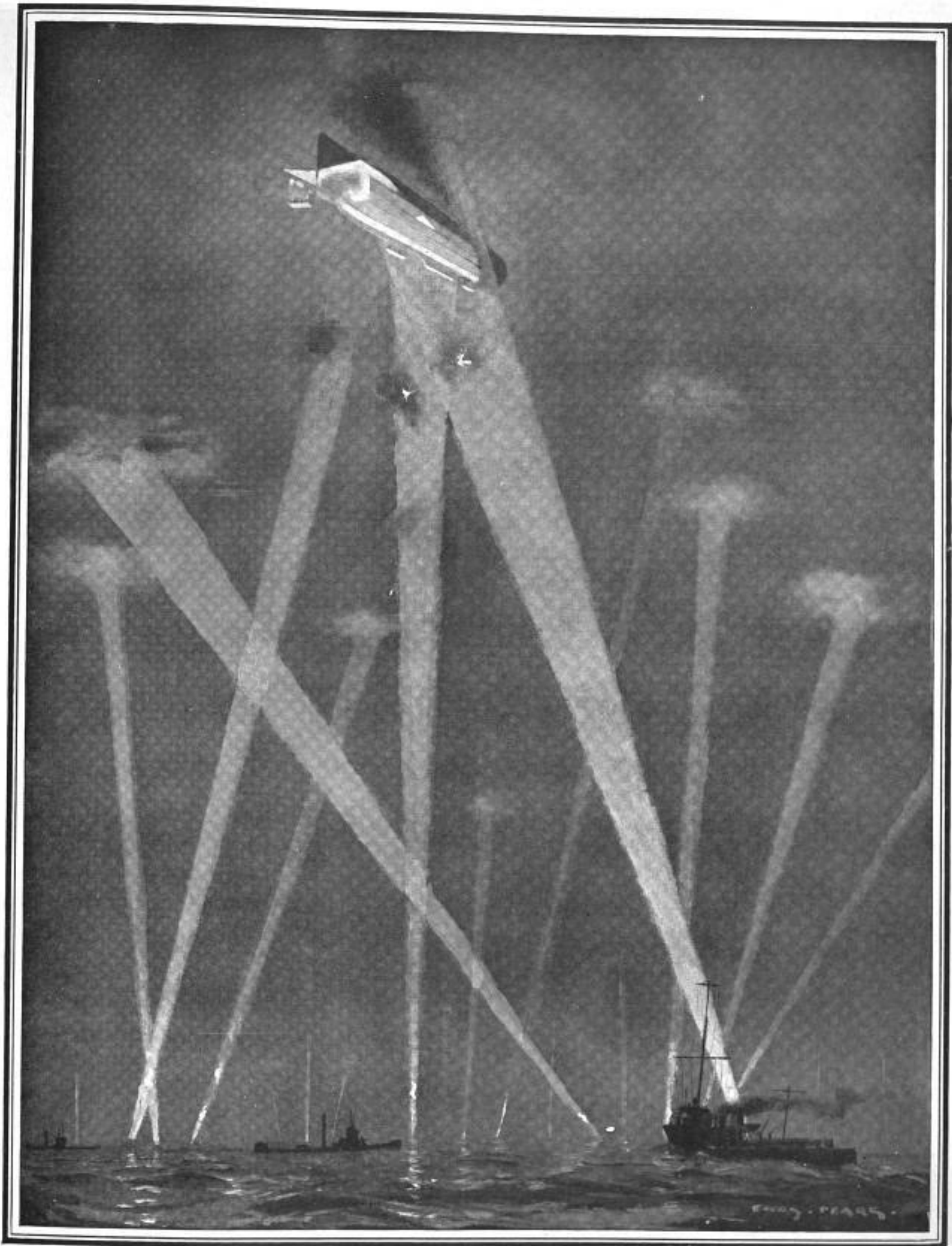
FROM THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE UNTIL SHE BROKE IN TWO AND CAME TO EARTH IN A MASS OF FLAME:
FOUR STAGES IN THE DESCENT OF THE ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN AT POTTER'S BAR.

The fall of the flaming Zeppelin brought down during the raid on the night of October 1-2 was a wonderful and awe-inspiring spectacle. These drawings represent the impressions of an eye-witness during the three or four minutes of the descent. The first shows fire breaking out at one end; in the second, the airship is seen diving almost vertically, downward, with flames pouring from the upper end; in the third the Zeppelin is resuming a horizontal position; in the fourth the flames have obtained a hold at the other end as well, and the airship breaks in two and so falls to earth doubled up in one huge

mass of flame. Among many descriptions of the scene, one, by Mr. Hugh Martin, is particularly vivid. "All the country for twenty miles round," he writes, "was lit up by that implacable glare—such a glare one thinks as Satan cast from Heaven must have made in the mind's eye of a poet. As the great ship fell fragments were torn from her, to hang in the air for some moments, and then follow her to earth in a hail of golden dust. She gyrated slowly, . . . leaning more and more over till she must have been almost vertical with the zenith."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

RISKY ENEMY TACTICS: AIR-CRAFT AND WATER-CRAFT TOGETHER.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



ZEPPELIN RAIDERS ACCOMPANIED BY SUBMARINES: A NEW—AND UNSUCCESSFUL—GERMAN PLAN.

Sending us this drawing, Mr. Charles Pears notes: "Zeppelin raiders, accompanied by submarines. The raiders have been beaten off so frequently by the British Navy before they could reach the coast that Germany is reverting to the very risky business of sending submarines to fire at the points of the searchlights of our defenders. For there at each

point, she knows there is a ship, though the 'U' boat cannot see it. As, to do this, the 'U' boat must work upon the surface, she is easily seen against the illumined sky. Doubtless, by the use of a simple formula, a lurking destroyer would soon settle the question, to the undoing of the submarine."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAYETTE, SARONY, SWAIN, PAUL LEE, ELLIOT AND FRY, WALTER HARRIS, VANDER, PHOTOGRAPH, BROOKS HUGHES, CLAUDE HARRIS, TOWN, DUBENHAM, AND BASSING



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LIEUT.-COL. JAMES
MORTIMER, C.M.G.,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of late
Mrs. Mortimer Driffeld.



LIEUT. THE HON. E.
WYNDHAM TENNANT,
Grenadier Guards. Son of
Lord and Lady Glouchester.



2ND LT. R. W. L. CRAWFORD,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. Frederick
L. Crawford, Canadian Bank
of Commerce, Victoria.



2ND LIEUT. OLLIVETT
MENDS-GIBSON,
R.F.A. Younger son of Mr. and
Mrs. Henry Mends-Gibson.



CAPT. LUCIEN EUGÈNE
OUDIN, M.C.,
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. Son
of Mrs. Eugène Oudin.



CAPT. H. STAPLETON,
Hampshire Regt. Son of
Rev. H. Stapleton, Kirby
Hill Vicarage, Broughton.



LT.-COL. A. F. TOWNSHEND,
Scottish Rifles. Son of late
Lt.-Col. H. F. T. Townshend,
of Castle Townshend.



CAPTAIN
ERIC NOEL PLAYER,
Yorkshire Regt. Killed while
 gallantly leading his men.



CAPT. S. A. R. WOODBRIDGE,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen
Woodbridge, Jun.



MAJOR T. M. D. BAILIE,
Irish Guards. Son of Major-
General and Mrs. Bailie,
Caldecott House, Abingdon.



CAPTAIN THE HON.
RICHARD P. STANHOPE,
Grenadier Guards. Brother
of Earl Stanhope.



TEMP.-LIEUT. MAURICE
CHRISTIE-MURRAY, M.C.,
Son of late David Christie-
Murray, the novelist.



CAPT. E. G. COOPER,
King's African Rifles, and
King's Liverpool Regt. Son
of Mrs. Samuel Cooper.



CAPT. F. T. BURROUGH,
King's Shropshire L.I. Son
of Mrs. Burrough, Weston-
super-Mare.



MAJOR C. CHARLES DICKENS,
London Regt. Son of Mr. Henry Fielding
Dickens, K.C., and Mrs. Dickens, Mulberry
Walk, Chelsea.



MAJOR W. NEVILLE PITT,
Lincolnshire Regt. Son of Col. William Pitt,
R.E. (retired) and Mrs. Pitt, Wrotham.
Fought in S. Africa. King's medal.



LIEUT.-COLONEL F. SHAKESPEARE
PEARSON, L.L.B.,
Army Service Corps. Only son of Mr.
Howard S. Pearson.



MAJOR GEORGE E. VAUGHAN, M.C.,
Coldstream Guards. Son of late Edmund
Mallet Vaughan, of Lapley, Staffordshire.
Fought throughout the war.

LARGER THAN FRANCE: NOW UNDER FRENCH RULE: CAMEROON.



CAMEROON CHIEFS HONOUR A FRENCH COMMANDER: THE FAREWELL TO COLONEL BRISSET AT GARUA ON JUNE 2.



RULER OF A TRIBE OF FINE TYPE IN CAMEROON: THE CHIEF OF SAMÉ, IN THE WOUTÉ COUNTRY.



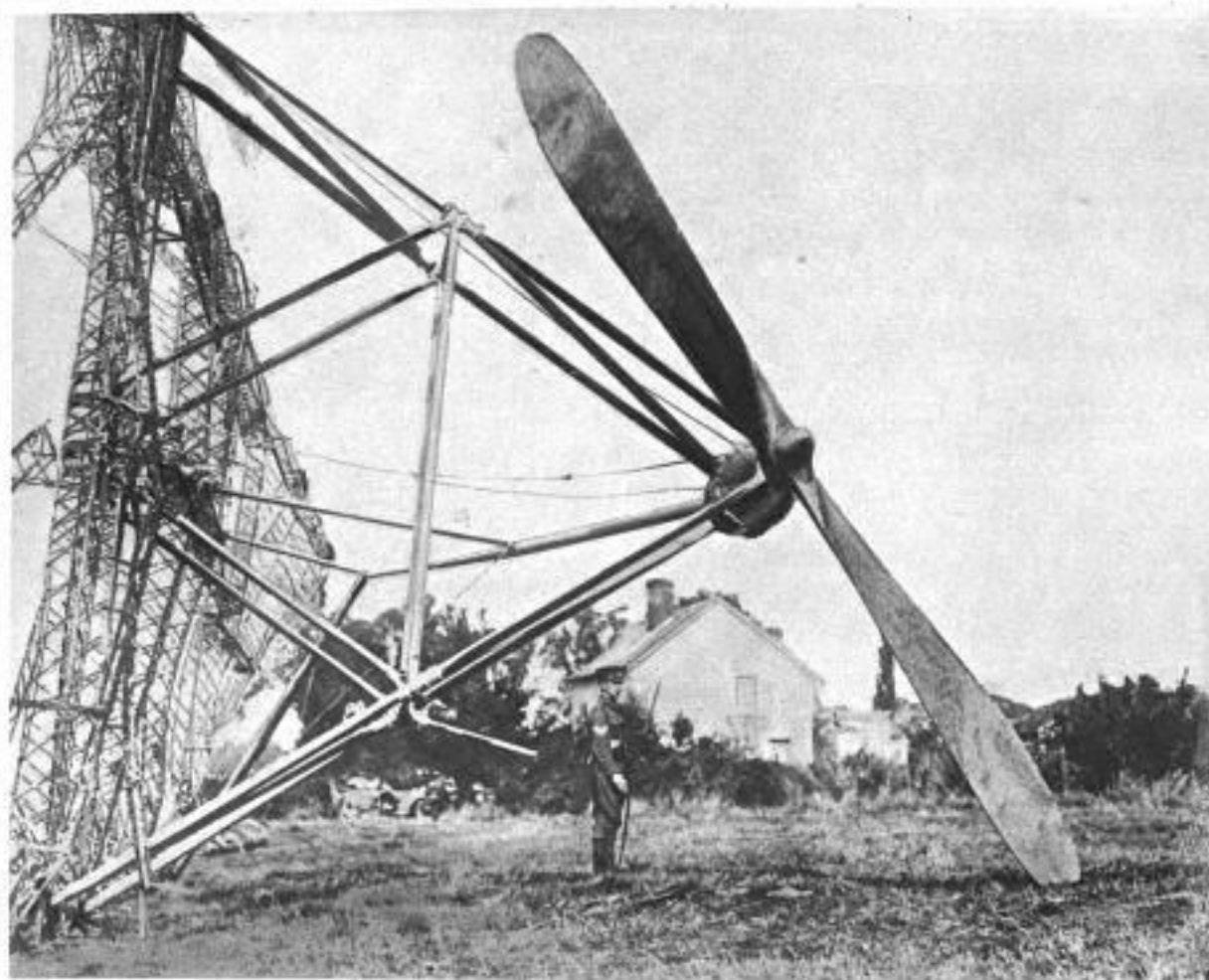
CAMEROON SHIELD-BEARERS AND MEN-AT-ARMS, WITH MEDIEVAL ACCOUTREMENTS: THE ESCORT OF REY BOUBA, THE MOST POWERFUL NATIVE RULER IN CAMEROON AND ONE OF THE BEST SUPPORTERS OF FRANCE.

The Franco-British victory over the Germans in Cameroon was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm by the native chiefs and their people, who had suffered much from German tyranny. "It is now some six months," says a French writer, M. Gustave Babin, "since the conquest of Cameroon was achieved, and a Franco-British agreement concluded in London left to us the provisional administration of the greater part of the country. . . . The area of French Cameroon is larger than that of France. . . . What all the different populations of the country have had in common during the twenty months of the

Anglo-French campaign . . . is a profound hatred of Germany and an ardent sympathy with the Allies. . . . They know that we administer with a kindness and paternal familiarity that has more than once surprised our Allies themselves. . . . When Colonel Brisset, returning to France, left Garua on June 2, 1916, the splendour of the farewells made to him by the population surpassed all expectation. Rey Bouba alone brought with him 5000 people, splendid horses, archers, lancers, and warriors arrayed in armour of the Middle Ages, passed down from father to son."

THE SECOND OF FOUR ZEPPELINS BROUGHT DOWN WITHIN

OFFICIAL



ITS GREAT SIZE INDICATED BY THE SENTRY: ONE OF THE HUGE PROPELLERS OF THE SECOND OF THE FOUR ZEPPELINS BROUGHT DOWN IN ENGLAND WITHIN A MONTH.



PART OF THE RUINS OF THE ZEPPELIN: WRECKAGE OF THE SECOND OF THE DIRIGIBLES DESTROYED ON SEPTEMBER 23-24.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DESTROYED



SHOWING THE COTTAGE BY WHICH THE END OF THE



BARRING THE WAY: PART OF THE FRAMEWORK

With regard to the two Zeppelins brought down in Essex as a result of the raid of September 23-24, it will be recalled that the earliest official report said: "One airship was brought down in flames in the southern part of Essex, and reports have been received that another fell on the Essex coast." A subsequent report said: "An attack on London was carried out by two airships from the south-east between one and two a.m., and by one airship from the east between twelve and one a.m. Aeroplanes were sent up and fire was opened from the anti-aircraft gun defences, the raiders being driven off. . . . Two of the raiders were brought down in Essex. They were both large airships of a new pattern. One of the raiders fell in flames, and was destroyed together with the crew. The crew of twenty-two officers and men of the second were captured." In our last issue we were able to illustrate the wreckage of

WITHIN A MONTH: THE END OF A LARGE NEW GERMAN AIRSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE ZEPPELIN—A MERE SKELETON.



DIRIGIBLE FELL: THE TANGLED FRAMEWORK ZEPPELIN.



OF THE WRECKED ZEPPELIN SPANNING A ROAD.



PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN—ONE OF GERMANY'S NEWEST AND BIGGEST: A GONDOLA.



WHEN THE WRECKAGE WAS BEING EXAMINED BY BRITISH EXPERTS: A GONDOLA.

the first of the two Zeppelins mentioned. Here we are able to deal with the second. There was a further raid on the night of October 1-2, when ten hostile airships crossed the East Coast. Two of these attempted to attack London. One of them was driven off. The other, attacked by guns and aeroplanes, was brought to earth in flames in the neighbourhood of Potter's Bar, shortly before midnight. She was of the latest type. The other airships wandered aimlessly over the Eastern Counties and Lincolnshire. The last-mentioned Zeppelin made the fourth destroyed in this country within a month. The first, of course, was that brought down by Lieutenant Robinson, V.C., on September 2, at Cuffley. Relics of this one were placed on exhibition in the City. Large quantities of wire from another have been cut up and made into souvenirs for sale on behalf of the Red Cross.

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: "THEY WENT FORWARD GRANDLY."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 25: WAVES OF BRITISH INFANTRY GOING UP TO THE ATTACK.



SPREADING OUT TO MINIMISE THE EFFECT OF GERMAN SHELL-FIRE: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 25.



SUPPORTS MOVING UP ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 25: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO REINFORCE THEIR COMRADES ALREADY IN ACTION

On September 25, as mentioned elsewhere, the British Army began a new and victorious stage of the great advance. Describing the opening phases of the battle, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "On the right the attack depended upon getting a short line of trench in order to make a right defensive flank. . . . The two trenches were attacked by a body of troops already sorely tried by great and successful achievements elsewhere. They were tired in body, but their spirit was alert and keen, and they went forward grandly,

with great impetus taking what they had first set out to take. . . . North of them another body of men stood fast until those on their right had come into line, and then advanced upon Morval. Again, further north, our men went away to Lesbœufs, having to cross a trench and two sunken roads on the way to the village. The whole of these operations were carried out with the greatest success, and without heavy casualties, I am told, except at one point where machine-guns . . . caused a temporary check."

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: CARRYING OUT AN ATTACK.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



A SHELL-BURST AMONG ADVANCING BRITISH INFANTRY: OUR GALLANT TROOPS GOING FORWARD UNDER FIRE DURING THE RENEWED OFFENSIVE.



BRITISH TROOPS SWEEPING ONWARD TO VICTORY: A VIEW FROM THE REAR OF OUR ATTACK SHOWING MEN ADVANCING OVER THE CREST OF A HILL.

In the light of these photographs, the upper one of which, it will be seen, was taken just as a German shell was bursting among some of the advancing British infantry, it is easy to understand the praise given to them in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of September 26, the day after a big step forward in our offensive began. "The battle," he says, "has continued violently during to-day over the whole front between the Somme and the Ancre. Our troops have been successful everywhere, carrying out their attacks most brilliantly. . . .

During the past forty-eight hours between 3000 and 4000 prisoners have been taken. On our right French and British troops have jointly occupied Combles as a result of the capture of Frégicourt and Moerval. . . . In our centre we have stormed the fortified village of Gueudecourt and driven the Germans back in disorder. On our left we have captured Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, including the Zollern Redoubt. . . . The successes gained during the last two days may be regarded as of very considerable importance."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE: THE MORNING OF THE EVENTFUL SEPTEMBER 25.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



MEN OF "ENDURING VALOUR": BRITISH TROOPS CLIMBING OVER THEIR PARAPETS AND OTHERS (IN THE BACKGROUND) GOING AHEAD, ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE BEFORE MORVAL.



RESERVES MOVING UP ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 25: MEN LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES— ONE (IN THE CENTRE) WITH A STRETCHER OVER HIS SHOULDER.

On September 25, the anniversary of the Battle of Loos, the British Army began another big step forward in the Western offensive, capturing Morval, Combles, and other strong German positions. Once more, like July 1, it was "a good day for England and France." Writing from the British Headquarters on the evening of September 25, Mr. Philip Gibbs says of the successes obtained: "Coming after nearly three months of incessant battle on the grand scale, it is an achievement which proves utterly not only

the terrible weapon we have forged in building up our armies in the field, and the reserves of strength we can now draw upon, but the enduring valour of our men . . . Some of our new reserves filling up the gaps made in the older ranks were fighting there also, under shell-fire of the Somme kind for the first time." The new troops, too, fought splendidly. "Along the line of Morval and Les Boeufs our men went through the curtain fire and the trenches and the villages in a rapid, irresistible assault."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE: COLLECTING WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



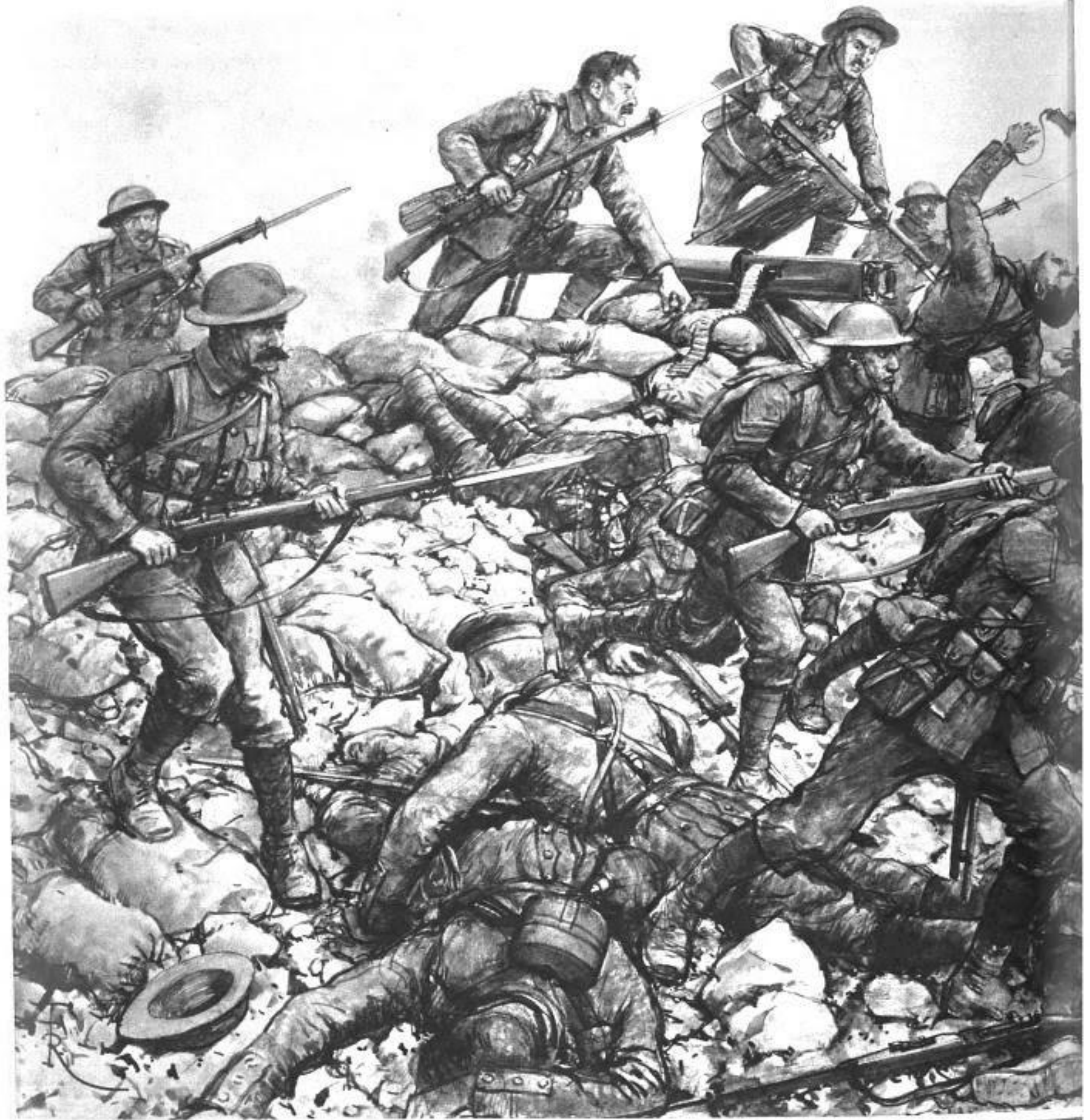
WITH A GREAT SHELL BURSTING NEAR THEM: A STRETCHER SQUAD ON NO MAN'S LAND PICKING UP A WOUNDED MAN;
AND ANOTHER (COMPOSED OF GERMAN PRISONERS) BRINGING IN ANOTHER STRETCHER CASE.

The task of the stretcher-bearers, whose work it is to collect the wounded during a battle, is extremely perilous and is performed with the utmost devotion. They have to brave the dangers of the enemy's barrage fire which falls behind our attacking troops to hinder the advance of reinforcements. In this photograph a big shell is seen bursting close to a stretcher squad engaged in picking up a wounded man, the huge smoke-cloud looking like nothing so much as a weird picture of a genie or a fiend in an "Arabian

Nights" story. The other squad to the right, who have already taken up another wounded man and are bearing him back towards a dressing-station, is composed, it may be noted, of German prisoners, many of whom are employed in emergency to help in this work. They are usually glad to do it, being thankful to have so far escaped with their lives; but it sometimes happens that German prisoners are killed by shells from their own guns before they can reach the security of our prison-camps.

"LIKE A HUMAN AVALANCHE": A FURIOUS CHARGE

DRAWN BY A. FOREST



"BAYONET, BUTT, AND FIST WERE FREELY USED": THE CAPTURE OF GUILLEMONT

The Irish regiments which took part in the capture of Guillemont," said an official despatch, "behaved with the greatest dash and gallantry and took no small share in the success gained that day." Describing the particular incident here illustrated, the sender of the sketch from which our drawing was made writes: "At one place in the trench line which had escaped to some extent the general destruction, a party of Bavarians held up the advance with a machine-gun, which was at the last moment hauled from some dug-out and placed on the parapet. But a company of Irish—tall, swarthy men—rushed the position with a yell, bayoneted the machine-gunners, and captured the trench after a tough hand-to-hand scrap, in which bayonet, butt, and fist were freely used. One of the German officers wounded two and killed one man with his

CHARGE OF IRISH TROOPS AT THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT.

W. A. GIBBS, FROM A SKETCH.



IRISH TROOPS—WHERE RESISTANCE CENTRED ROUND A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN.

Browning pistol before he was overpowered. Four officers were found in this short length of trench, which may account for the tough fight put up by the enemy. One Irish lance-corporal bayoneted three men in rapid succession and remained himself untouched. The German barrage then opened, and entrenching tools had perforce to take the place of more dangerous weapons." Mr. Philip Gibbs writes of the Irish at Guillemont: "Their charge through Guillemont . . . was one of the most astonishing feats in the war . . . They went forward with their pipes playing them on, in a wild and irresistible assault. . . . The English troops who fought with them tell me that they have never seen anything like the way in which these Irishmen dashed ahead. 'It was like a human avalanche.'"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: A WRECKED VILLAGE;

OFFICIAL



"TERRIBLY BATTERED": A STREET IN MORVAL, CAPTURED BY OUR TROOPS ON SEPTEMBER 25, AFTER A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT.



WHERE GERMAN BATTALIONS "WERE CRUSHED" IN MORVAL—A GENERAL VIEW.



AWAITING THE FATEFUL MOMENT: BRITISH INFANTRY IN THEIR TRENCHES ALL READY TO LEAP OUT ON THE SIGNAL TO ADVANCE.



GOING UP TO WIRE OUR NEWLY WON GROUND: MEN CARRYING "CORK-SCHW" ENDS TO THE FRONT.

The great British advance continues step by step, and every day fresh names of captured positions appear in the official despatches. Thus, one of October 1 stated: "The village of Eaucourt l'Abbaye is reported to be in our hands. . . . The village of Trainsloy was effectively bombarded by our artillery and an ammunition dump blown up." The results of a heavy bombardment on a village are vividly shown in two of the above photographs taken at Morval. "When our troops yesterday (September 25) took their three forward bounds," writes Mr. W. Beach Thomas, "the enemy gave in all at once. He ran out of Morval like a bolted rabbit, and it was scarcely strange. He had been terribly battered first. Battalions were crushed to powder in the mortar of pitiless shelling. We had the best of observation and the enemy had lost his deep shelters. Some particular regiments we know to have been quite annihilated as fighting forces, especially the 236th, 237th, and 238th Baden battalions. . . . During the whole war no more effective shell-fire has been

BOMBERS; INFANTRY; WIRE-FIXERS; A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

PHOTOGRAPHS



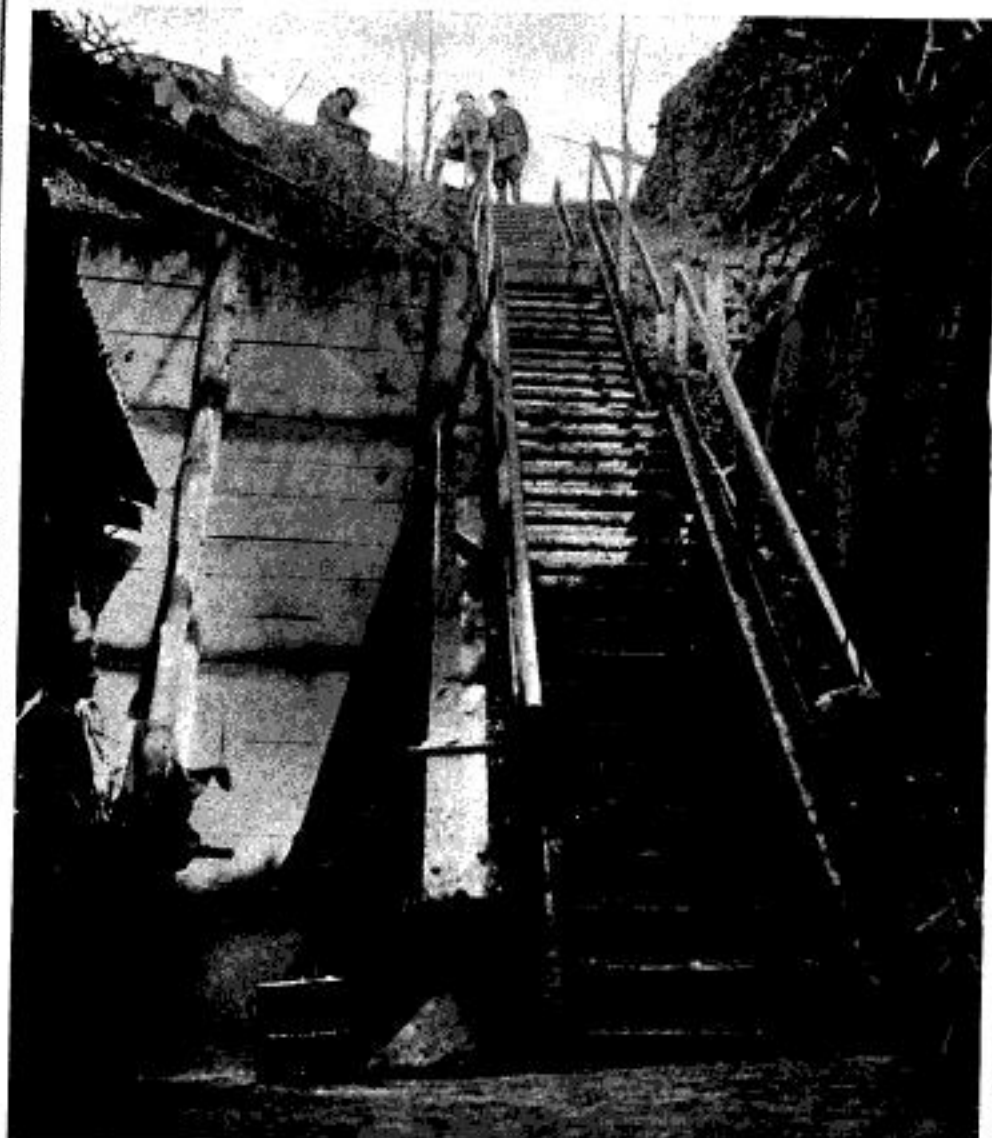
POWDER IN THE MORTAR OF PITILESS SHELLING: VIEW OF THE VILLAGE.



A BOMBING PARTY OFF TO THE ATTACK: BRITISH TROOPS ARMED WITH BOMBS CROSSING A TRENCH-BRIDGE.



METAL POSTS FOR BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, WITH FIX IN THE GROUND.



THE ENTRANCE TO A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE MORE ELABORATE KIND OF STAIRCASE LEADING TO DEEP UNDERGROUND SHELTERS.

known from our side." As regards the lower photograph on the right, we quote the following from an authoritative account of German trench-shelters published recently in the Press: "A flight of from 12 to 36 stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining frames of stout timber, with double-top rails; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron tie-rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these. At the foot of the stairs a tunnelled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to fifty yards, and from it open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dug-outs a second staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor which may be 30 ft. or 40 ft. below the trench level. All these staircases, passages, and rooms are, in the best specimens, completely lined with wood."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPRODUCED FROM THE PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT, "THE ARABIAN ALGEBRA" BY AL-KHARIZMI.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF ERODIADES.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE: ENCYCLOPEDIA ARABICA BY AL-KHARIZMI.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A MEMORABLE HOLIDAY.

AFTER having decided that this year, for me, there could be no holiday, I suddenly found myself transported to the little village of Charmouth, tucked away in a valley in the south-westernmost corner of Dorset, and amid scenery indescribably beautiful. Here, surely, one must come to realise fully the meaning of the terms "hill and dale." From my window, as I write, I can feast my eyes on "Cain's Folly," just under 500 ft. high; and beyond that rises Chardown Hill to a height of 600 ft. The former is capped with a magnificent cluster of pines, and the seaward face of the hill forms a precipice dropping sheer down to the sea.

Not a little of the charm of the landscape is due to the fact that the land is almost all under pasture; a corn-field or a turnip-field arrests the attention at once. Thus the eye falls only upon delicious and restful carpets of green, varying in tint according as one looks upon meadows, or woods, or tracts of bracken and heather which in places remind one of the moors of Scotland. The absence of arable land is due partly to the rainfall and partly to the character of the country, the steepness of the hills forbidding the use of the plough. Time and again, I am told, adventurous farmers have attempted to grow corn; but the results are not encouraging, the average yield, taking one year with another, amounting to no more than forty bushels to the acre.

Naturally fond of the sea, I have spent the greater part of my stay here on the narrow beach which fringes the base of the cliffs. But I have been tempted

a Roman encampment, though somehow it has suffered much by erosion. One of the photographs herewith reproduced will afford at least a faint

wide was the belt that they remain standing to this day.



ON GEOLOGY INTENT IN DORSET: NEARING THE TOP OF LIMESTONE CLIFFS.

idea of the splendour of the view from the ramparts overlooking the fosse on the east side.

Whenever one stands on such vantage points the question inevitably arises—What were the factors which carved out these valleys, running, for the most part, north and south. Water has undoubtedly accounted for most, but subsidences have apparently also played their part, and these on no small scale. On the coast, landslips on a grand scale have from time immemorial been tossing Dorset into the sea; and not only Dorset, but the neighbouring county of Devonshire. The most impressive illustration of this is to be found at Dowlands, within a morning's walk from Charmouth. Here a belt of some forty acres

wide has slipped down towards the beach, carrying great trees and even houses with it. So

On a smaller scale such landslips are vividly presented along the cliffs stretching between Charmouth and Lyme Regis on the one hand, and Charmouth and West Bay on the other. Here the cliffs are of Lias limestone, and not of chalk, as at Dowlands; but in both cases they rest on water-resisting foundations sloping seawards. The stretch of cliffs running east from Charmouth to the commanding heights of Golden Cap I have examined very carefully. Here three distinct subsidences can plainly be seen. Each presents a flat top and a precipitous seaward face. Much has fallen recently, since, on the talus at the base of the cliff, scarcely a green leaf has appeared to mask the desolation which these untoward happenings have caused. Near Charmouth the cliffs form a gentle slope covered with short grass, and beds of reeds such as one meets with in profusion on the Norfolk Broads. Their presence here was a great surprise to me, but it was accounted for when I came to explore the ground, for I found it permeated with springs, which further along pour down a constant stream of water in a series of tiny cascades from the very top of the cliffs 400 ft. from the beach. In one case they terminate in a clear pool producing a most luxuriant growth of watercress.

Much of the cliff is composed of Lower and Middle Lias marls, with bands of nodules containing a rich fauna of ammonites, and molluscs of various kinds, as well as encrinites, fish, and saurians. Splitting open such nodules for the treasure they contain has afforded me immense pleasure, and no less delightful



CAPPED WITH A MAGNIFICENT CLUSTER OF PINES: CAIN'S FOLLY, SHOWING THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.

inland more than once. On the last occasion I made my way to the top of Pilsdon Pen, the highest hill in Dorset, and standing 909 ft. I was tempted to make the climb for the sake of the view from the top. But I found more than I had hoped for, since, as soon as the summit had been gained, I found that I was standing on the ramparts of an old Roman encampment, and this, too, in an extraordinarily perfect state of preservation. The fosse on each side is as deep and well defined as in the days when Caesar's legions mounted guard there. At a guess, some 50 ft. wide and 20 ft. deep, its sloping sides are now clothed with a luxuriant growth of heather and gorse, which at the time of my visit were in full bloom, lending it a beauty it could hardly have possessed in those far-off days. The sites of the four gateways were no less clearly discernible, as also was the main ascent. From this vantage point the sentries could overlook no fewer than five counties. A mile or two away to the south-west stands Lambert's Castle Hill (842 ft.), affording a scarcely less impressive outlook over sea and land. This also was



WHERE LANDSLIPS HAVE LONG BEEN "TOSSED DORSET INTO THE SEA": A SECTION OF CLIFF, SHOWING A BAND OF LIMESTONE.

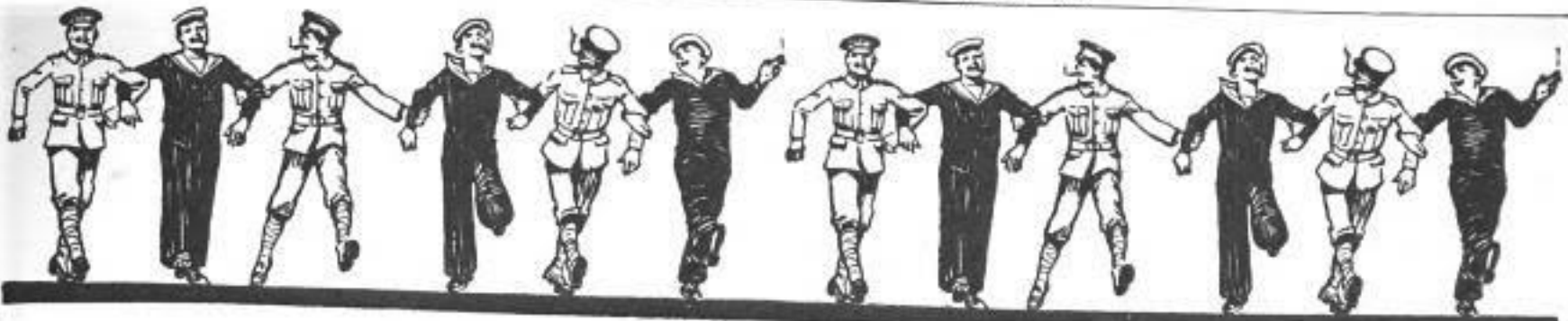


WHERE ROMAN SENTRIES SURVEYED FIVE ENGLISH COUNTIES: THE VIEW ACROSS THE FOSSE FROM THE ANCIENT CAMP ON PILSDON PEN.

is it to walk along the beach and pick up ammonites which the beating of the waves has washed out of the matrix in which they were imbedded. Many of these have been torn from the very top of the cliff, and would else have been out of my reach.

Periodically the tides are very low, and then are exposed reefs of limestone, greasy and difficult to walk on, but well repaying the effort; for here and there one comes across patches of ammonites lying one on another. But, alas! only impressions remain, which can be raised only with the most extreme care, for the rock is so soft that it can be cut like cheese. These reefs make it clear that the great bay between Lyme Regis and Golden Cap has been made by this process of erosion—the slipping of the land seawards, and its disintegration and distribution by the action of the waves.

To my great regret, my description of this aspect of a most delightful holiday must cease here, but I hope to return to the subject by and by.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



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Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

What is Motor Spirit? It is to be hoped that the present state of uncertainty regarding the definition of motor spirit under the petrol-restriction orders will not prevail much longer. The position can hardly be regarded as satisfactory from the

pretation to be placed upon it, assuming the intention to be as indicated.

Probably Not the Intention.

To my mind, although there has, up to the time of writing, been no official pronouncement, those who have placed this interpretation upon the fact that certain prosecutions for breaches of the orders are wide of the mark. These prosecutions have been for using petrol in running char-a-bancs services—which is a distinct offence against the orders, if it is proved. The defence raised has been that "substitutes" were being used. In some of the cases at least the Courts were not satisfied, and convicted. Into the merits of these I cannot enter, notice of appeal having been given, which renders them still *sub judice*. It has been too readily assumed that all motor fuels were to be forbidden to the motorist when used in excess of the quantity of petrol allowed. There is, I think, every reason to believe that the contrary is the case. In the first place, there has resulted from the restrictions an enormous amount of experiment directed towards the discovery of an alternative fuel to petrol. Now, the latter cannot be produced in this country, and clearly it would be tremendously to the national advantage could such an alternative be discovered. Equally, we

paraffin is not by any means the ideal lubricant for bearings and cylinder-walls—in fact, it is most distinctly dangerous, and may conceivably result in serious damage being done. Messrs. C. C. Wakefield inform me that they have recently carried out a road test of 2000 miles with a view to the discovery of the best lubricant for use with mixed fuels. The test was carried out on a Dodge car, and Messrs. Wakefield say they will be very pleased to advise owners of American cars in the matter of their lubrication, if they will state the proportion of substitute they employ. A similar test is now being undertaken with a car of British make.

Electric Cars. Surprise has been expressed that one result of the war on motor traction which was confidently expected has not materialised. I refer to the opinion expressed in certain quarters, in the early days of the war, that the difficulties which could be foreseen in connection with our supply of petrol would lead to a sort of boom in the hitherto neglected electric vehicle. So far as it is possible to discern, the electric car has not made the slightest headway during the past two years. I am curious to learn how this is to be



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point of view of either the motorist or the authorities who are called upon to administer the regulations. Clearly, the intention of the restrictive order is to limit the consumption of petrol by private users—using the term private to differentiate between Government and civilian service, so as to include commercial as well as pleasure users. The restriction was an eminently wise move. If any criticism can be passed, it is simply that the decision came a little late. But now the question has arisen as to whether or not the restrictions are meant to apply, not to petrol alone, but to practically any form of fuel containing hydrocarbons. If it should be held that this is the case, then it will mean a very serious thing for the transport interest of the country, since all the partly-petrol mixtures and the "substitutes" will come under the ban. That, I take it, would mean that if, for example, my official allowance of petrol is four gallons per month, and I am making it into eight gallons by adding another four of paraffin or some other hydrocarbon, I am in future only to be allowed four gallons of mixed fuel. That seems to be the logical inter-

pretation to be placed upon it, assuming the intention to be as indicated. I cannot myself see the authorities doing anything so short-sighted. But we should all like something authoritative on the subject.

Petrol Substitutes: a Warning.

A point that should not be overlooked when using any of the substitutes or mixed fuels is that of their possible effect on the lubrication of the motor. In a good many cases it will be found that combustion of the charge is not perfect, and that, while a proportion of the unburnt residue will be blown out through the exhaust-valves, some will find its way past the piston-rings and down into the oil-sump. A mixture of, for example, oil and



IN THE BOMBAY BAZAAR: A "SUNBEAM" IN THE EAST.

Our photograph is an interesting example of how East and West do meet. It was taken in the heart of the Bombay Bazaar, a centre of Indian trade, and shows a 16-h.p. "Sunbeam" car, the property of Mr. J. E. Grafton, of Bombay, which has done over 30,000 miles on Indian roads, and is running to-day as well as ever.

accounted for. It cannot be that lack of facilities for charging (the batteries, I mean) retards development. Current is cheap enough too; so it cannot be the expense which holds things back. W. W.

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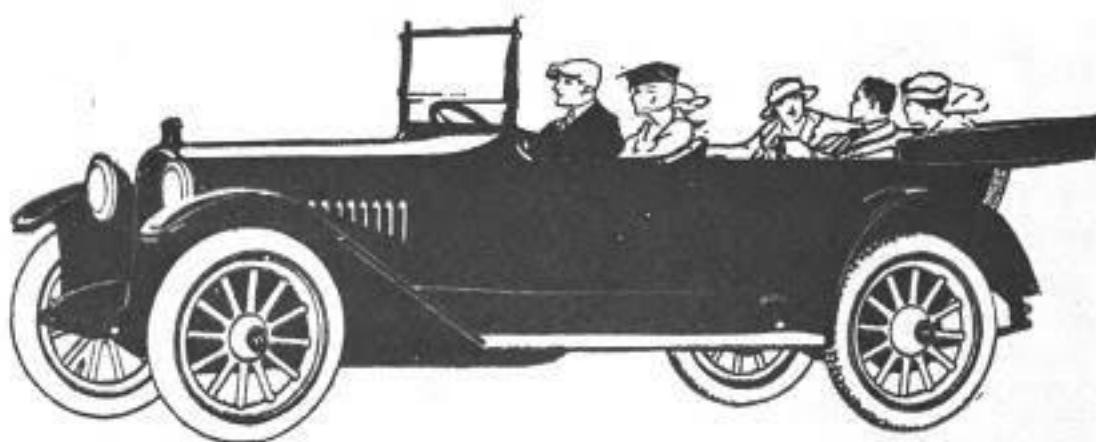
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LADIES' PAGE.

THE illustration in this Journal the other week of the funeral of the mother of the present Sultan of Egypt reminded me of a record on my notes of a party at which this same lady presided some forty years ago! It was an unusual party then, almost unheard of; and, it is to be feared, would still be found a very rare sort of event in Egypt. Yet it was merely a mixed party of young ladies and gentlemen, all nearly related, such as is to us a normal social occurrence; but in Egypt it was (and would be now) almost revolutionary. The then Khedive Ismail, whose second son is the present ruler of Egypt, made, in his day, a brave attempt to begin to enlighten the women of his country. He gave his eldest daughter an English governess, and it is she who tells how she went to visit her pupil at the house of the then Prince Hussein (now the Sultan, who was then already married, though he was only about twenty-one), and found a mixed party of young people there; and they were chaperoned in this very unusual meeting together by "the mother of Hussein Pasha"—the Princess who has just died. "She lived with her son, and was therefore the mistress of his house. She did not speak French, nor adopt European customs, but she kindly urged me to stay." Then the governess says how good an influence upon her pupil was produced by stopping with her brother and sister-in-law, the present Sultan and his wife. "She had heard her brother, Prince Hussein, express his great satisfaction that his father had bestowed upon him an educated wife, instead of a mere doll," and this aroused the emulation of the young Princess, and made her attend to her lessons. "Princess Hussein," the governess continues, "was a very amiable, agreeable person. She spoke French very well, and read a great deal." She adds that one of the party, Prince Tewfik, to show her that he understood English, "took up a copy of *The Illustrated London News* which lay on the table and read aloud a long paragraph." It is, I think, interesting to know that the Egyptian Prince now charged with the affairs of his country was so early in his life appreciative of education in women, and able to influence his conservative Mohammedan mother to aid and abet him in giving his wife a little freedom. How many changes did that Princess live to see before her funeral last month—but not much improvement in the position of her fellow-countrywomen! Her son, now the ruler of Egypt, is still only about sixty-two, and may yet reign long enough, after peace is restored, to help on in some degree the poor secluded and neglected women of Egypt—the reform which Lord Cromer, in his final report, urged as the most deeply needed now for Egypt's progress.

Wool clothing is a necessity in our climate, and it is unfortunately dear this winter. The Government, very rightly, has "commandeered" the supply of raw material, and the weaving-factories as far as necessary, to clothe every soldier in the field with wool undergarments; and to this foresight the remarkable average of good health in



A COAT-DRESS OF BOTTLE-GREEN CLOTH.
This one-piece gown made of bottle-green cloth has a collar and pockets made of a darker tone of green velvet. The row of tiny buttons down the front are made of steel.

the Army is largely attributed. The well-known Wolsey underwear has been supplied to the troops in literally millions of garments. Nevertheless, the manufacturers have managed to keep up the supply for the general public, and the rush for these admirable woven articles of wear, the most popular brand in the world, can be now met successfully everywhere. The shaping and workmanship are good, and the purity and non-shrinking of the wool is guaranteed, so it is fortunate that Wolsey garments can be still obtained at all drapers', and outfitting shops.

Millinery is delightfully simple; in fact, it was never so untrimmed. The shape of a nice hat is the most important point—I do not mean the form, but the foundation. Velour is first favourite for shapes, and is supplied in the richest and yet most refined colourings. A band of plain or corded ribbon passes round the crown, and there is almost invariably no other trimming save and except one not very large ornament, usually set at the exact front. Those ornaments are certainly, on good millinery, very handsome and original, and rather costly; it is the one feature about the hat that gives any racket and distinctiveness. Bead ornaments, made in very fine and many-coloured beads, are much liked; some are flat, resting against the hat, others formed like open roses, or other flowers. Attractive ornaments are of tiny feathers made up into rosettes or various shapes, and giving great richness of colour in small compass; others again are built of stamped or cut shiny-coloured or suede leather. Buckles of metal, copper especially, fill the need in some cases. "Toosie" and indescribable twists, bows, and ends of ribbon set narrow and high like aigrettes, adorn other shapes. Tiny beakle or ostrich-feather aigrettes or quills in bunches are used, and sometimes these are set on an angle of the felt or velour or velvet shape, standing out at one or both sides away from the head, but always strictly kept small. Then fur, the peculiar fancy of the moment as trimming on frocks, appears also in bands or pom-poms on the hats. The main point is that every trimming is small, and though, perhaps, rich in colour, still is not very obtrusive.

The hats themselves are of the most varied forms; for the tiny close-fitting shapes that we have grown accustomed to are worn in turn with much wider and larger shapes, according to what is most becoming. Big shapes generally are the more "dressy." Round crowns in velvet with pill-box brims, and other high, irregularly shaped velvet crowns, of the Tam-o'-Shanter or French *bret* type, are equally good style. Another shape much exploited is the tricorne, which suits many faces admirably, and is adequately trimmed with a stiff cockade of brush-like feathers, or a twisted, upright velvet bow and ends. Many wide sailors are also shown, and it makes for becomingness when the under-brim is lined with a different colour from the top, as, for example, a black felt or velvet crown with flesh pink or white lining to the brim. The simplicity of the one ornament redeems any touch of vividness in these contrasts.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Damaris." There is something missing, some elision in "Damaris" (Hutchinson), by Lucas Malet, which makes its story baffling to the reader. Either the writer has failed, for reasons not to be

the "unseen intelligence" in this novel; and, though finely written and interesting, it remains disconnected, and even disappointing.

"Fondie." Mr. Edward C. Booth's work in "The Cliff End" has already marked him out as a novelist who is not afraid to take the greater issues of life and handle them with a strong hand. In "Fondie" (Duckworth) his sure touch is made more plain. He is deliberate and humorous, and unflinching. This rebellion of Blanche Bellwood — for, in spite of the title, it is the figure of the fore-doomed Blanche that dominates

penalty. And there is the hesitating, gifted, gentle Fondie, who could have saved her! A weaker author would have settled it that way, and would, too, probably have eschewed all that Mr. Booth gives us of Fondie's life in detail in the early chapters of the book. Here Blanche's creator runs risks; because it is not easy to perceive that the details are not redundant until the story is half over, and there are faint-hearted people in plenty who will either skip, or give it up before Part II. begins. Compression would be a charity to them; and would, we think, enable Mr. Booth to do himself more justice than the method of Part I. of "Fondie" permits.

It is good to know that, despite the unprecedented scale upon which war is being waged, the comforts and conveniences with which an army in the field to-day may be supplied are equally unprecedented. Imagine five million letters being posted from the front every week—a record mail which is largely due to the modern invention of the fountain-pen. "Soldiers and sailors and their friends represent the biggest buyers of pens at the present time," say the makers of the "Swan" Fountain Pen; and, although the cost of manufacture has increased, the rise is more than counterbalanced by the increased demand. The



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BROKEN-DOWN AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
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known, to gather in all the threads on the psychological side, or her original intention suffered a modification while she was elaborating it. Damaris, the wise child, might have been expected to be the pivot of Mrs. Pereira's career—Damaris, wise in her innocence of evil. But was she? It rather looks as if Imogen Holiday, vulgar and malicious, were the more direct instrument of decision. The demonic power of "an intelligence at once sexless and licentious, a pander to blind instructious impulses and unholy desires" is brought into prominence now and again, only to be allowed to slip perplexingly into the background at what would appear to be the crucial moment. The spirit of the zenana, with all that implies, undoubtedly dominates Mrs. Pereira in one of her phases; but the phase leads nowhere in particular. All this makes "Damaris" an interesting problem; but not quite, we think, as Lucas Malet meant it to be. Not in this Anglo-Indian tale, in spite of all its weird potentialities, is to be found the sustained achievement of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," although it stresses the effect of invisible influences. Everyone who has been in India knows its tales of houses haunted by beings of malignant purpose, and nobody could have handled their subtlety better, we should have thought, than Lucas Malet. But she has not come to real grips with

the interest of Fondie's story—this facile descent of Blanche, by way of penny novelettes and cracker jewellery to suicide, proceeds with the measured step of tragedy. The contrast is really rather terrific, Blanche leaving the family stockings un-mended, climbing walls, eating sweets in church, sky-larking in the train on her way to day school, is not to be tamed by any evolution from maiden to wife, or youth to desiccated middle-age. Her harum-scarum defiance of law and order evokes sentence of death, the extreme



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TAKING UP BOARDING FOR THE BOTTOM OF TRENCHES.
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satisfactory result is that the price of "Swan" pens has not been raised. Those only who have seen for themselves the arrival of the post in the actual fighting area know all that it means.

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LITERATURE.

Cossack
Fairy Tales.

The Cossacks are now our Allies, fighting for the same cause as our own troops, and it is right that we should know something of their folk-lore, and that their fairy stories should find an honoured place on the shelves of British nurseries. This by way of introduction to a handsome new book, "Cossack Fairy Tales," and Folk Tales, selected, edited, and translated by R. Nisbet Bain, illustrated by Noel L. Nisbet (George G. Harrap). It is a companion volume to "Russian Fairy Tales," by the same author and illustrator, and it ought to prove equally popular. The original stories were written in Ruthenian, the dialect of the Cossacks, a Slavonic language inter-

possessed of magic powers; but the spirit and atmosphere are fresh, and there are many details and incidents peculiar to the land of their origin. These new elements will make a welcome change for little readers anxious for fresh adventures in fairyland. In one case, the story called "The Old Dog," one recognises an ancient favourite that appears in Grimm under the title of "Old Sultan and His Friends." The rest of the tales open up quite new ground. "The Origin of the Mole" recalls Hawker's legend of "The First Cornish Mole," but only by way of contrast; for in the first case a human being is turned into a mole as a punishment for avarice, in the second case for vanity. The illustrations to "Cossack Fairy Tales" include several fine colour-plates and other full-page drawings in black-and-white.

that they will do so shadows the enlivening story told in Boyd Cable's pages, in which his clever, graphic pen touches the most prosaic of home war-work with something of the enthusiasm and nobility of the battlefield. We have got a "drive" on. The old men are "doing their bit," the women (in the words of a foreman) "knock bottom out o' t' men," and every beast is impressed for the work, even "Jenkins' Galloping Horses"! It is a heartening message to the Front—and Fritz Boche, too, may read it and take warning.

"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." Mr. John F. Boyle has undoubtedly chosen the right way of writing about "The Irish Rebellion of 1916" (Constable). His volume is not criticism, controversy, or even to any great extent comment, but simply a



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A SCENE NEAR GUILLEMONT ON SEPTEMBER 15.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

mediate between Russian and Polish. Their place of origin, the editor tells us, is "that vast plain which lies between the Carpathians, the watershed of the Dnieper, and the Sea of Azov, with Lemberg and Kiev for its chief intellectual centres. Though it—i.e., the Ruthenian language—has been rigorously repressed by the Russian Government, it is still spoken by more than twenty millions of people. It possesses a noble literature, numerous folk-songs, not inferior even to those of Serbia, and . . . a copious collection of justly admired folk-tales." The present volume is believed to be the first translation ever made from Ruthenian into English. To judge by results, without the means of considering its accuracy, the work has been extremely well done, for it is given in a bright and easy style very readable for children. The tales themselves are on familiar fairyland lines, with talking animals, wonder-working objects, and strange beings

"Doing Their
Bit."

those who are still there, and to urge on war-workers at home to even greater industry and devotion. The author, Boyd Cable, has known the bitter experience of being pounded in the trenches, yet impotent to retaliate in kind for lack of a sufficiency of shells. Since then he has been permitted to tour our munition-works, and from what he has seen he sends to our gallant fellows in France (and in all our other lines) this assurance: "We are never going to be short of munitions again; spend them as fast and hot and heavy as we can, the workshops can make faster than the Front can use; and the longer the War runs the more completely we shall be armed and equipped to wage it." There is an "if," indeed—"if the war-workers continue to play up." But little or no doubt

"Doing Their
Bit." (Hodder and
Stoughton) is written by one who

record of the facts. Perhaps it would be better to say a record of the facts so far as they are known, because behind all that official documents and the descriptions of special correspondents have revealed there lies something that has not yet emerged, and that never will emerge for the reason that it is of the nature of things that vanish at the touch of precise definition. An orderly and lucid account of the sequence of events after Easter Monday morning Mr. Boyle's pages give us. He has been extremely industrious to present us with this excellent review so quickly. But this promptness really heightens the impression of unreality which the whole affair creates in our mind. Every step in it seems so inconsequent and accidental. The motives (so vaguely idealistic) and the machinery (at once well considered and ill adjusted) appear divorced. In a word, Irish—and the tragic, no less than the comical, trouble is that we can define it no more nearly than that.

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PREMATURE
OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82 %) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

A complete course of URODONAL induces the thorough elimination of uric acid, cleanses the kidneys, and removes impurities. It is for those who avail themselves of its benefits, the dawn of a period of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of URODONAL as in a magic mirror. Have confidence in URODONAL, and you will quickly reap your reward.

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NOTE.—On referring to this new method of bust development to Dr. Caisner, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.



These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

Impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for postage expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left. And this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margaretta Meakin (88) 10 Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and while they last a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell, and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BEST OF LUCK," AT DRURY LANE.

DRURY LANE is itself again with an autumn drama that outdoes former Lane dramas in sensational effects. It is the penalty Mr. Arthur Collins has to pay for past successes that he must eclipse them with every fresh enterprise, and he has gallantly risen to the occasion in "The Best of Luck." That ride for life which the heroine makes to escape her enemy's motor-car, dashing over the plank which serves in place of a broken bridge, has a culmination that is hair-raising enough to satisfy the most exacting sensation-lover. You see the lights of the motor-car as it starts its descent from the hill, you watch its rush downwards, and then comes the scene of ruin as, heading for the bridge no longer performing its office, the car plunges into the ravine. The hero has his turn too, fighting at the bottom of the sea to recover treasure, and cutting the villain's air-pipe just in time. These are the two things which will bring crowds to Drury Lane, and Miss Madge Titherage and Mr. Langhorne Burton play heroine and hero to everybody's satisfaction. But important members of the company are also Mr. Hallard and Mr. Robert Hale. The latter's vitality does wonders for the comic side of the drama; and Mr. Hallard lavishes so much art and care for detail on his portrait of an ex-President of a Latin-American State that you feel almost sorry for the rascal's fate.

"MR. JUBILEE DRAX," AT THE HAYMARKET.

If you saw "On Trial," you will readily grasp what Mr. H. A. Vachell and Mr. Walter Hackett are at in their new stage-tale of adventure, "Mr. Jubilee Drax," and may find that this second attempt at retrospective drama does not come off quite so well as the first, either as surprise or series of thrills. Authors should have their plot extremely

well in hand before they can without risk shift their scene in mid-action now to this distant place, now to that, thereby putting back the clock and adding new characters to their cast. There is the likelihood of loose ends, and playgoers who watch this exciting story of crooks and a blue diamond, and the various hiding-places in which honest Drax stowed it for safety, could easily pose Mr. Vachell and his colleague with half-a-dozen queries as to details which they could not answer. The illustrative episodes, to tell the truth, grow wearisome from their number, and are not all equally telling. There is genuine picturesqueness in the Constantinople episode, and it introduces us to a villainous old

cutting diamond. No less happy a contrast, though the persons they represent are never brought into contact, is furnished by the manner of Mr. Paul Arthur as the alert American who commissions the search for the diamond, and Mr. Swete as the Levantine. A remarkably full-blooded and clever study of the Oriental, Mr. Swete's.

There should be ready purchasers of "The March of the Anzacs," by M. Stratford-Andrews, a spirited composition dedicated to Lieut.-General Sir William R. Birdwood, D.S.O., and the Anzacs. It is published by Messrs. Weekes and Co., 14, Hanover Street, W., and all the profits will be given to the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society. It costs only 1s. 6d., and is scored for orchestra and military band.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has had under consideration the important question of the development of the egg and poultry industry in the Eastern Counties, and it has been decided to run an Egg and Poultry Demonstration Train throughout Norfolk and Suffolk, commencing on the 9th inst. The idea will be highly appreciated by all who are interested in agriculture and the development of food production at home. The educational authorities in Norfolk and Suffolk have been asked to arrange to release children from eleven years and upwards

from school for a short time in the mornings in order to view the train when it is in their district. The train will consist of demonstration vehicles of models of poultry-houses and appliances, methods of hatching and rearing, egg-production, table poultry, and packages, egg-testing and grading, equipped with modern appliances. Testing and grading eggs will be demonstrated, and specimens of the classes which command the highest prices will be shown. There will be upon the train an experienced staff of demonstrators under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., who will give lectures and information each day.



AT DINNER: A LABOUR BATTALION ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

Levantine diamond-seller not above murdering his customers, whose acquaintance we should have been sorry to miss. But the Paris cabaret scene would have been very tame but for a lightning dance of two experts. Fortunately, the two chief crooks, as played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys (so easy and incisive in the cutting epigrams which fall to her part) and by Mr. Dawson Millward in the guise of a dull and blustering M.F.H., prove consistently amusing; while Mr. H. E. Esmond has just the light touch, the insouciance, and the French-like resourcefulness needed to make the adventurous Drax seem irresistible. When Mr. Esmond's Drax meets Miss Jeffreys' Lady Angela we have diamond

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HOW TO INSTANTLY BEAUTIFY
ANY COMPLEXION.

By GARY DESLAYS, the well-known French Artist.



Photo: Abbey.

I have found a skin beautifier that is not a cream, a powder, a lotion, nor a liquid powder, but it combines the effects of all, and with it on your dressing-table you really need nothing else. It makes any complexion soft and beautiful WITH NO WAITING. I do not use liquid powders, for these are bad, and soon clog and stretch the pores so the skin looks coarse like orange peel; but ordinary refined Santonox is quite unlike anything else, because it never harms or "shows," and will always remove any blemishes, leaving the skin clear and so radiant, or what you call fine texture. Never have I used anything else half so good. C'est merveilleux, and any chemist or hairdresser can supply a very good quality, the cost being but little. Another hint: never touch the complexion with plain hard water. The line ruins any skin. Use a pinch of common Roudel Bath Salts to soften and fill the water with refreshing oxygen, and always throw a handful into the bath.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—The London house of Pigeon, the famous Parisian complexion specialist, announces that during the next fortnight they will send a large trial jar of Santonox (this is a free trial supply) to any reader sufficiently interested to send for it, to help defray postage and distribution expenses. The address of the Maison Pigeon, which will then be supplying an extra high quality of refined Santonox, is (Dept. 244), 85, 87, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, W.

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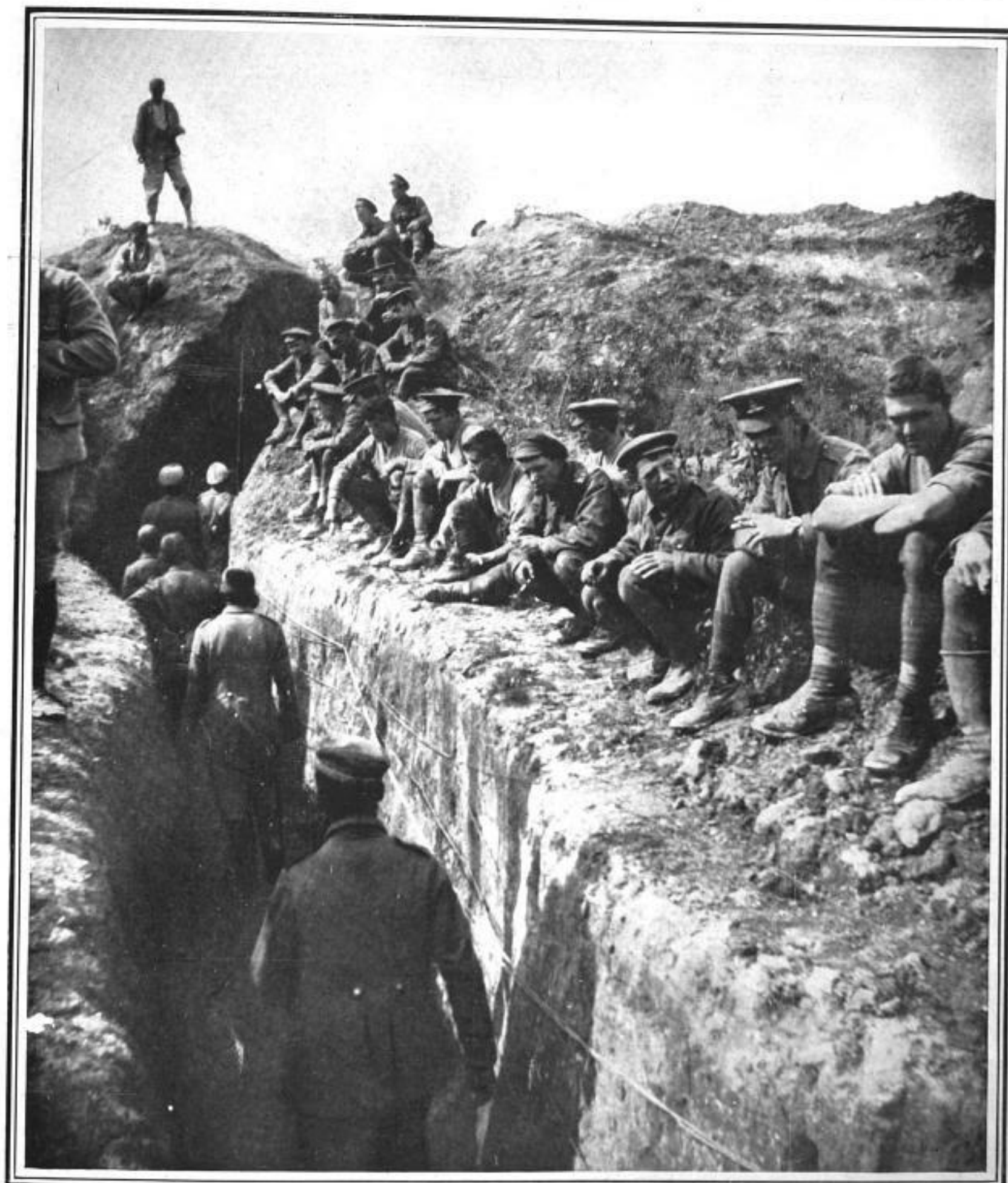
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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The International News Company, 85 & 85, Duane Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1916.

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UNDER "TOMMIES'" EYES: GERMAN PRISONERS, LED BY A FRENCH SOLDIER, MARCHING ALONG A SOMME TRENCH.

The incident shown is one that took place during a recent fight of the great Battle of the Somme, at a point in the Allied attacking line where a French wing-sector touched and connected with the British. Owing to the proximity of the French battle-line, it so happened that some of the gangs of German prisoners taken by the French had to be passed on their way to the rear along certain sections of the British

trenches, being conducted and escorted by French soldiers. One of these parties of German prisoners is seen here, threading its way in file along a British communication-trench, with a helmeted French soldier leading the procession—he can be readily recognised right ahead, passing just where the trench passage deepens to cross the trench line.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

It will be remembered that, in his last speech in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor defended himself with some heat from the charge of chivalry. He seemed almost to challenge his slanderers, with a manly emotion, to say when and where he had stained his reputation with mercy or scruple, protesting to heaven against the fantastic unlikelihood of his sparing his English victims from the perfidious motive of pity. It is true that something cloudy in the whole context, as well as a certain reputation as a moderate, has led to some doubts about his meaning in saying these things. But a certain minimum of meaning is clear, when we consider to whom the things were said. He was addressing the Germans. He was not, like the Crown Prince in that delightful interview, addressing the Americans. And, in addressing the Germans, the Chancellor did not defend himself against a charge of inhumanity: he defended himself against a charge of humanity. He himself may be, probably enough, a moderate. Domineering savagery may not be exactly what he likes; but he thinks it is what they like—or the powerful part of them like. It may be true, for all I know, that they cannot really trust him to be merciless, any more than we can really trust him to be merciful. The Prussian Government may be lying to the Germans when it professes to hold Belgium, as it lied to the Belgians when it professed to protect Belgium. It might plunge the Germans into peace as suddenly and treasonably as it plunged us all into war. That is not our business, and cannot be within our knowledge. But we can judge of what the tone of the Chancellor could tell us about the tone of the Reichstag, and even about the tone of the German Empire. And the truth is this: that it never so much as occurred to him to rebut the European and American accusations of cruelty, but only the German accusation, which was the blasting accusation of magnanimity. Charges of piracy and massacre pour upon him steadily from all quarters of the globe, from leagued nations and innumerable neutrals. So far from defending these as facts, he does not even resent them as slanders. To put our case against Germany at its mildest, it is a case. There is, at any rate, an ethical controversy going on all over the world in which the militant methods of Germany are very generally alleged to be novel and atrocious. It is not self-evident that a baby in a perambulator is a menacing man-at-arms at whom it is a military necessity to aim an explosive. It does not leap to the eyes, as the French say, that a crowd of innocuous American tourists must be condemned to be drowned like puppies, because an Austrian Prince was once assassinated by Austrian subjects. If I walk into the nearest village, kidnap the curate, the station-master, and the two churchwardens, and tell them I will cut all their throats if the cobbler, the tinker, and the village idiot do not treat me with proper respect—one cannot say that, in such a case, the clarity of my conception of justice shines like the sun at noon. But that is exactly what the German authorities did, admittedly and by public proclamation, during their occupation of Belgium. One would imagine that the chief spokesman of the German Empire would feel primarily impelled to answer this case, to take a hand in this controversy, to give his own ethical version of the doing of these things. As a fact, he is impelled simply and solely to clear himself of the charge of not

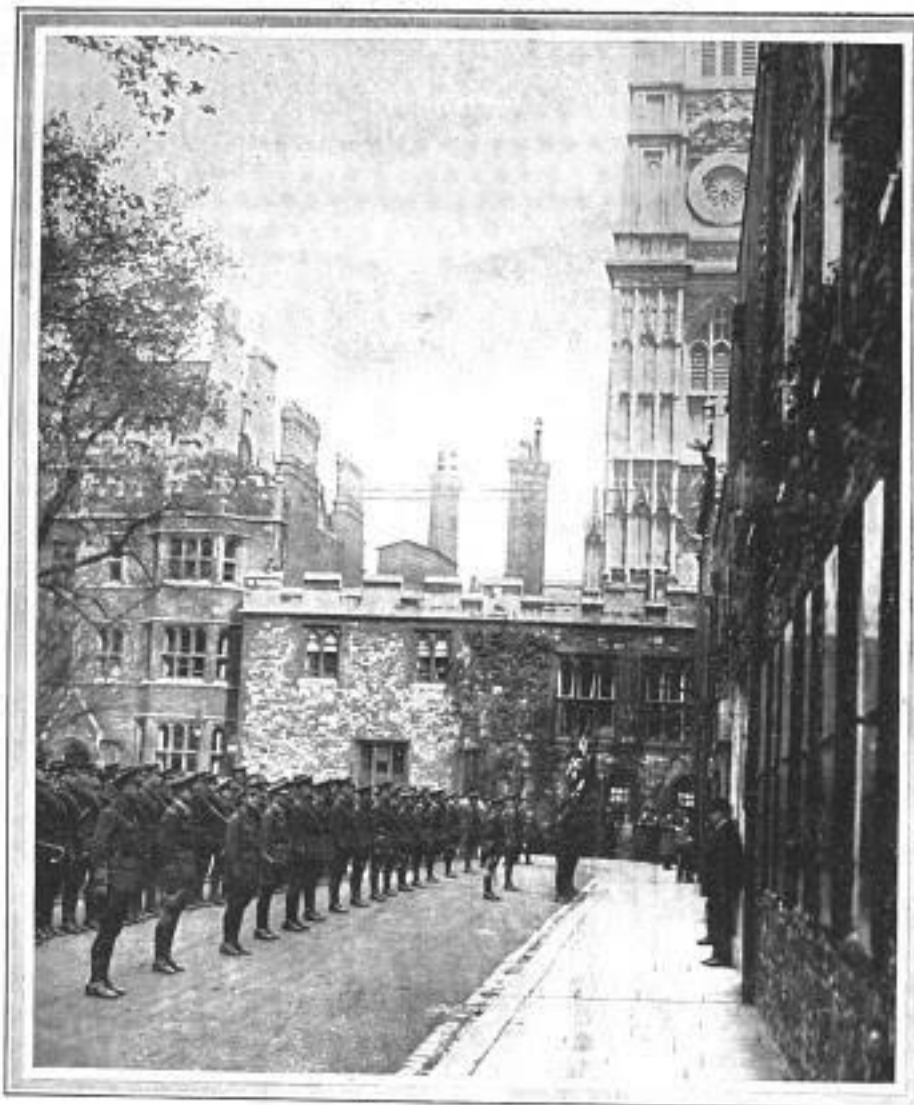
doing them enough. If that does not enlighten us, it is hard to see how anything would. We may or may not understand exactly what the German Chancellor means. But we understand what the German Empire means; and we shall not forget it.

It is unlikely that any great impression will be produced by what the German Crown Prince said to the Americans, in the very simple light of what the German Chancellor said to the Germans. The more humorous incident has a connection, however, with the other. For when the German Crown Prince figures as a humanitarian, we can somewhat rapidly reckon up the genuineness of German humanitarianism.

put to it to find even a palliation. One of the wildest, who wrote a queer little pamphlet called "The Catechism of Balaam Junior," which I reviewed in this place, could only say, in a slurring and sulky sort of impatience, that the cripple sabred by the Prussian officer was "an old cobbler" and that he was "drunk with French intrigue." It does not sound a very exhilarating beverage; nor could I gather whether it was advanced age or the profession of cobbling which deprived him of all claims of either justice or compassion. But sabre exercise in that style is the sort of thing the Crown Prince approved of, and everybody knew he approved of; nor is there the smallest reason to doubt that he approves of it still. In putting him forward to whimper about the pathos of war, the German authorities have just overdone it, as they generally do. The Emperor himself is probably a more complex as he is certainly a more intelligent man, and we might believe that some such streak of sentiment was inconsistently present in him from the beginning. But if his son has been improved at all, he has been improved by beating; and the only suggestion which seems to meet the case is that we should improve him a little more.

These two faces, the indignant visage of the Chancellor and the ingratiating countenance of the Prince, are but the two sides of the same leaden medal. There is something comic about the way in which they are at once contrary and complementary. By a paradox worthy of a pantomime, each is not only a contrast to the other, but is a contrast to itself. The politician is forced to be a militant in the Parliament; the warrior is forced to be a pacifist in the Press. The awkwardness of the pose would itself prove the clumsy and artificial compromise to which the Prussian power is reduced. It has to persuade its enemies to make peace while still assuring its subjects of its resolution to make war. It hopes that peace may be obtained before the Germans know that it is wanted. For the purpose of this manœuvre any person must be made to play any part. The most incongruous masks are fitted on the most familiar faces, the most fantastic disguises are wrapped round the most famous figures of our time. The most moderate German must talk to the Reichstag, to use Harden's phrase, with his sword in his mouth. The most notoriously despotic and dragooning German must talk to the United States with his olive-branch in his hand. Everyone knows, one would imagine, that if there is a temperate and even sceptical Prussian it is Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, and that if there is an intemperate and tyrannical Prussian it is the eldest son of the Emperor. Yet the former has to answer the questions of a modern German representative body, and the first question he must answer is whether he has the correct cast-iron Will to Victory. The latter has to answer the questions of an eager American interviewer, and the first question he must answer is whether he has a high-toned and pure-minded longing for universal peace. The answers to both questions are, of course, as Mr. Asquith would say, in the affirmative. I cannot answer for the Germans, but I think that this remarkable conspiracy is unjust to the acumen of Americans.

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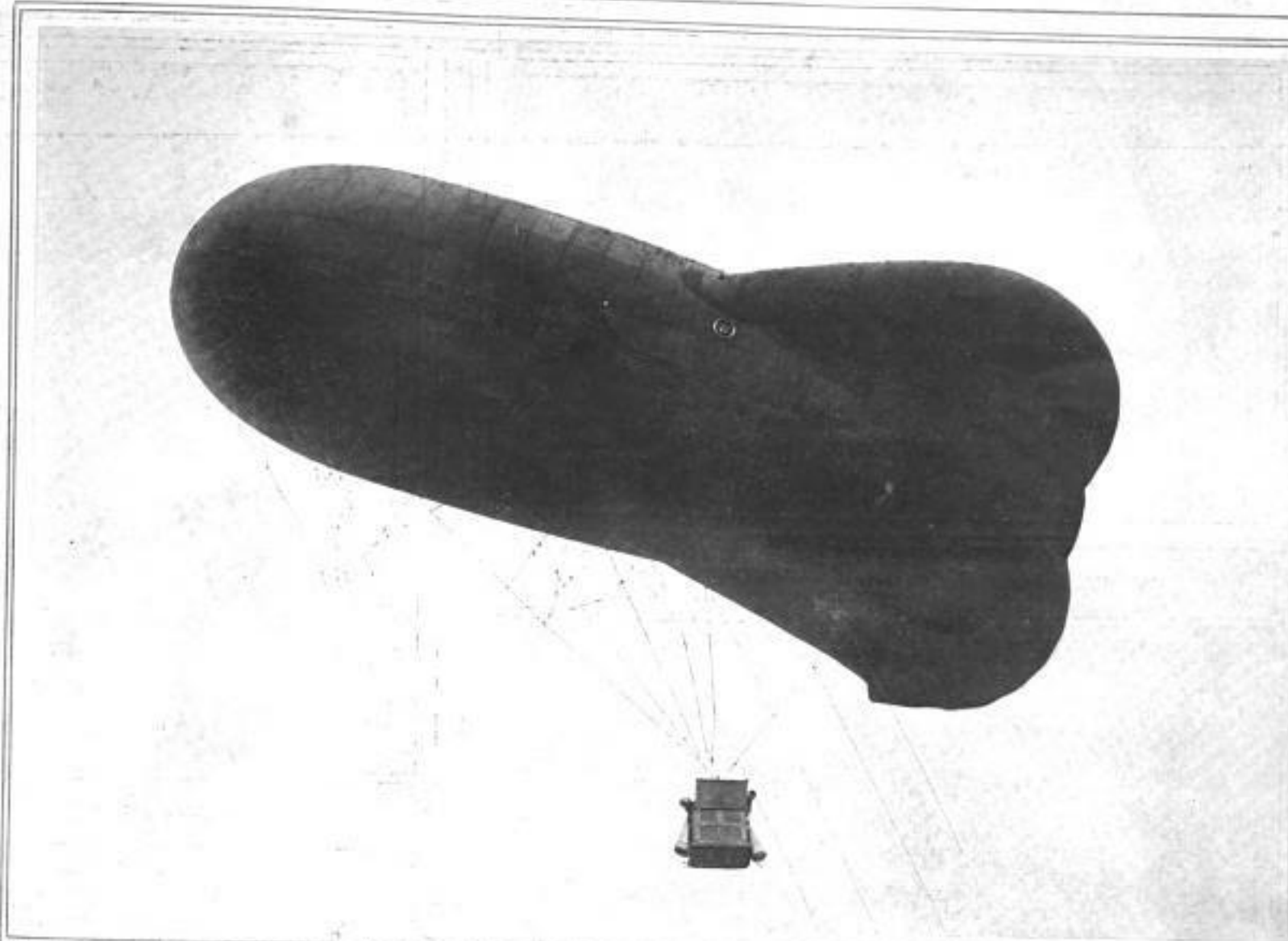
DEPOSITING THE COLOURS OF AN ONTARIO INFANTRY BATTALION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: IN DEAN'S YARD.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

About this miserable man there is not so much as a mystery—not even a mystery of iniquity. Some may suppose that the German Chancellor is not so black as he is painted—or rather, as he paints himself. For it is the only defence of him as a moderate to maintain that he is really a humbug when he implies that he is a tyrant. Some may even suppose that there is some more merciful doubt about the German Emperor. But there is no doubt whatever about the German Crown Prince. That he is *par excellence* the insolent and illiberal Prussian is proved not by the one-sided gossip and caricature of war-time, but by facts which were perfectly well known to all informed people long before the war. He at least is a member of the Junker military party, if he is the only member of it. He believed that a brutal superciliousness is the backbone of statecraft, whatever his father or his friends believed. He wantonly went out of his way, in time of profound peace, to applaud in public the dirty cruelty of Zabern, a thing so indefensible that the wildest American-Germans and pro-Germans were hard

AT THE BRITISH FRONT: THE "EYES" OF THE HEAVY GUNNERS.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



AT ITS POST OF OBSERVATION: A KITE-BALLOON IN MID-AIR, WITH THE OBSERVATION-OFFICER'S "BASKET" CAR SLUNG BENEATH THE ENVELOPE.



MAKING SURE ALL IS IN WORKING ORDER BEFORE AN ASCENT: TESTING THE TELEPHONE-COMMUNICATION APPARATUS.



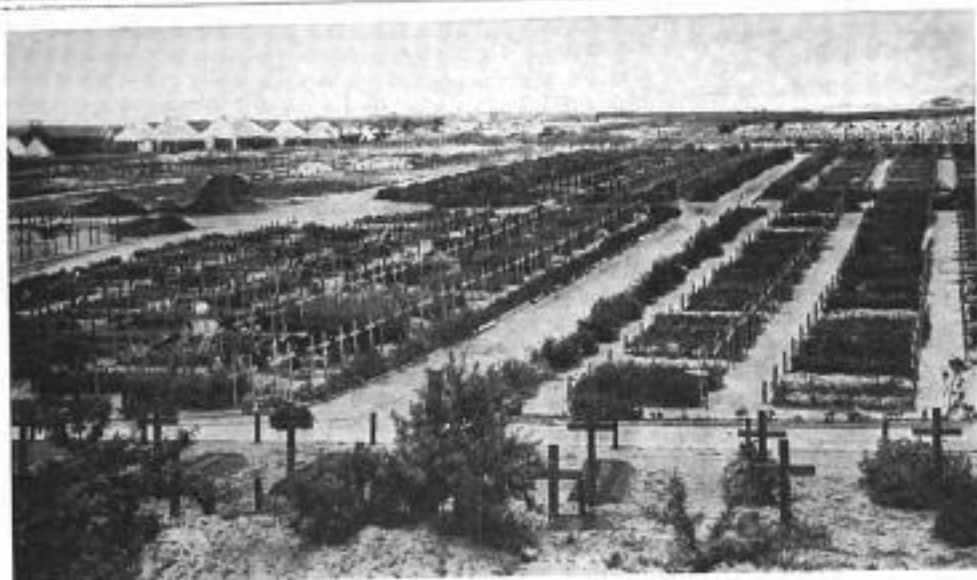
A MATTER THAT MAY MEAN LIFE OR DEATH, OR CERTAIN CAPTIVITY, TO THE OFFICER-OBSERVER: TESTING THE PARACHUTES.

Kite-balloons—the Germans, who originally invented them some years ago, call them "Drachen" balloons, and the French (from their shape), "Saucisses"—are the eyes of the heavy artillery. They are sent up near the line of howitzer and big-gun batteries, which are necessarily posted at some distance to the rear of the infantry battle-line and, in consequence, cannot see what they are firing at from ground-level. The kite-balloons, suspended at an elevation of several hundred feet, report suitable objects to fire at, "spot" for the gunners, give the ranges, and check the aim; the observer in the basket below the balloon communicating directly with the battery-commander by telephone. Wires

from the car lead down to the commander's post near his guns. Aeroplanes, necessarily, are always kept at hand, ready to beat off any hostile airmen that may appear and threaten to attack the kite-balloons, which are otherwise practically defenceless. In case a kite-balloon becomes damaged, and an accidental descent be brought about, or the mooring-cable tethering the kite-balloon be cut by a hostile shot or shell fragment, causing the balloon to be in danger of drifting over the enemy's lines, parachutes are provided for the observer and his companion, whenever a second officer is carried. By means of these a safe and immediate descent to the ground is ordinarily assured.

THE CAMERA AS WAR CORRESPONDENT: SCENES FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS—OFFICIAL, AND



SOME OF THE GRAVES OF OUR HEROES: A BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY IN FRANCE.



LIGHT RAILWAYS USED FOR BRINGING IN WOUNDED: TWO STRETCHER-CASES ON A HORSE-DRAWN TRUCK.



ANNAMITES AS FRENCH HOSPITAL ORDERLIES: A FRENCH SURGEON IN MACEDONIA DRESSING A WOUND.



THE VICISSITUDES OF DESPATCH-RIDING: A MULE.



MULE-PANNIERS FOR THE TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED: TWO WOUNDED SERBIANS BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Most of these photographs speak for themselves, but in one or two cases a few notes may be given. One photograph shows a system adopted at Southend for summoning Voluntary Aid Detachments to parade in readiness for receiving a batch of wounded expected to arrive within a few hours. White flags bearing the letter "T" in red are hung in conspicuous positions about the town.—The football match in Paris, the spectators at which are seen in another illustration, was played on a recent Sunday, under Association rules, between the Association Sportive Française and the 20th Army Corps, the former winning by 1 goal to 0. The occasion was significant of French confidence in victory, for it was the first time since the war began that the French military authorities had allowed an Army team to play in Paris. Among the 20,000 spectators was King Nicholas of Montenegro.—With regard to the photograph of a British military cemetery in France, the following extracts from a recent War Office announcement are of interest: "A branch of the Adjutant-General's Department has been created to care for and preserve the identity of the graves of British officers and men. Units were established for this purpose in France and Belgium shortly after the Battle of the Marne, in Egypt and

TWO FRONTS; FOOTBALL IN PARIS; AND A V.A.D. SIGNAL.

BY L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



A BRITISH MOTOR-CYCLIST'S MACHINE IN FRANCE.



A MILITARY FOOTBALL MATCH IN PARIS ATTENDED BY THE KING OF MONTENEGRO: PART OF THE CROWD.



AGRICULTURAL LABOUR FOR OUR TROOPS IN FRANCE: BRITISH SOLDIERS EMPLOYED IN THRASHING STRAW FOR THEIR OWN USE.



A V.A.D. SIGNAL IN SOUTHEAST: A "T" FLAG WARNING VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENTS TO PREPARE TO RECEIVE WOUNDED.



MOUNTED ALGERIAN SPAHIS IN CHARGE OF GERMAN PRISONERS: A SCENE ON THE FRENCH FRONT DURING THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

Salonica recently, and an officer has now been despatched to Mesopotamia. . . . Early in 1915 it became necessary to make definite arrangements with regard to the provision of land in France for the burial of British officers and men. Up till then, and particularly during the retreat and the subsequent advance to the Aisne, burials had often taken place in isolated graves, which were, wherever practicable, cared for with reverence and respect by the French peasants and owners of land. . . . The French Government expressed the desire to provide land for permanent resting-places for British officers and men at the cost of the French nation, and a law was passed which gave effect to this generous impulse, on December 29, 1915. Since then, in co-operation with the French Army, the Directorate has established authorised burial grounds. . . . It is not possible to arrange for the distribution of flowers or wreaths for individual graves, but the cemeteries, as a whole, are grass-sown and planted with flowers and shrubs, where military conditions allow, under the advice of the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. . . . Photographs of such graves in France and Belgium as are accessible to the photographers employed for the purpose are furnished to relatives on application, free of cost."

"PAST PANGANI RIVER": PICTURESQUE SCENES OF THE BRITISH



INTERROGATING A PRISONER: GENERAL HANNINGTON AND HIS INTELLIGENCE OFFICER EXAMINING AN ENEMY PORTER, WITH INDIAN SEPOYS ON GUARD.



AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE SOKO: A GERMAN 4.1-INCH GUN BLOWN UP BY THE ENEMY.



TRANSPORT CROSSING A BAD DRIFT: MEN WAITING ON THE BANK TO HAUL THE WAGONS.



MADE UP OF A MOTOR-CAR AND TROLLEYS: THE FIRST BRITISH TRAIN IN "GERMAN EAST."

It will be recalled that the capital of German East Africa, Dar-es-Salaam, surrendered on September 4 to British naval forces co-operating with a land column. A few days later, General Botha stated in a speech that General Smuts was by that time in occupation of three-quarters of the German colony, including the whole of the railway, but that, although the end was in view, it was necessary to keep the forces there up to full strength. Later, General Smuts said in an official despatch: "On September 15 our forces, which had fought their way since August 28 through and east and west of the central mountainous area, effected their junction near Kissaki, at the southern end of the hills, the remnants of the enemy's troops having retired to the south-east. . . . The movements of our columns in and around the hills have been conducted in circumstances of great difficulty, involving the bridging of numerous streams and the blasting of roadways through the valleys. All this had to be undertaken whilst our main body was still dependent on a lengthy line of communication and supply leading back to the Usambara Railway and Tanga." Some of the above photographs give an excellent idea of the methods whereby such difficulties were

OPERATIONS IN THE FORESTS OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA.



THE FIGHT FOR MOMBO: AN INDIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION AT THE EDGE OF A RUBBER PLANTATION.



TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES: HAULING A BRIDGE GIRDER INTO PLACE ON A MILITARY RAILWAY.



A BRIDGE OF COLLAPSIBLE BOATS OVER THE PANGANI RIVER, WITH A RAFT OF COLLAPSIBLE BOATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



ON THE ALLIGATOR-INFESTED PANGANI RIVER: AN OFFICER ON PATROL CROSSING BY A FALLEN TREE.



AT THE FIGHT FOR MOMBO ON THE TANGA-MOSHI RAILWAY: OFFICERS WATCHING THE OPERATIONS FROM THE ROOF OF A NATIVE HOUSE.

overcome. Although taken during earlier operations, they lose no interest on that account, having, in fact, only just come to hand. General Hannington, who is seen in one photograph interrogating a captured native porter, was mentioned in a despatch published by the War Office on September 1. "The pursuit by our forces," it stated, "was hampered by supply and transport difficulties and by destruction of bridges. On August 16, a fresh enveloping movement was initiated. Brigadier-General Enslin, with mounted force, passing the Wami to the west, and Brigadier-General Sheppard's Brigade passing the river wide to the west, while Brigadier-General Hannington's Brigade attacked in the centre." In the photograph showing the bridge of collapsible boats over this river, the palm leaves along the bridge are screens to prevent animals from shying at the water. A raft of collapsible boats is also seen under construction in the background. The train, composed of a motor-car and trolleys, seen at Moshi Station, ran between that place and Kahe until the Military Railway from Voi was connected, thus allowing regular rolling stock to be brought up.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEESFORD, KIRK, SWAIN, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARNETT, VANDYKE, POOLE, AND GUTENBERG.



LIEUT.-COL. FITZROY E. P. CURZON
R. Irish Regt. Son of Col. the Hon. Ernest Curzon. Fought with distinction, Khartoum and S. Africa.



MAJOR GLENDOWER G. OTTLEY,
King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.
Has been officially reported killed in action in September.



LIEUT.-COL. F. H. P. MORRIS, M.C.,
Rifle Brigade. Was recently awarded the Military Cross. Now officially reported killed in action.



LIEUT. R. B. BRANCRAM JONES, V.C.,
Loyal N. Lancs Regt. Was awarded the Victoria Cross for most conspicuous bravery.



LIEUT.-COLONEL
ARTHUR J. B. ADDISON,
York and Lancaster Regt.
Mentioned in despatches.



CAPT. C. F. HORSFALL,
D. of Wellington's W. Riding
Regt. Son of Sir John and
Lady Horsfall.



CAPT. W. HILLBROOK,
Medical Officer, Congo Carrier
Corps. Elder son of Mr. and
Mrs. J. E. Hillbrook, Sutton.



CAPT. R. C. R. BLAIR, D.S.O.,
Border Regt. Presented
with a Sword of Honour by
the Town of Whitburn.



LIEUT. JOHN GOODWIN,
Canadian Expeditionary
Force. Was born in Leth-
bridge, Alberta.



LT.-COL. F. C. B. WEST,
R.F.A. Son of late Rev.
C. F. C. West, Fellow of
St. John's, Oxford.



CAPTAIN D. W.
DRURY-LOWE, D.S.O.,
Grenadier Guards. Son of
Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe.



CAPT. C. H. S. VAUDREY,
Manchester Regt. Son of Sir
William Henry Vaudrey, The
Gables, Buxton.



CAPT. C. BYRON BROOKS,
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick
Brooks, of Manchester.



CAPTAIN
C. P. HUGHES-GIBB,
R.F.A. Officially reported
killed in action in July.



LT.-COL. H. J. WALMSLEY-DRESSER,
R. Warwick Regt. (att'd. E. Surrey).
Served with distinction in the South
African War.



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. P. MARTEN,
Has been officially reported killed in
action while commanding the King's
Royal Rifles.



LIEUT.-COL. C. G. FORSYTH, D.S.O.,
Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own Yorks
Regt. Was a Chevalier of the Legion of
Honour.



MAJOR REGINALD WALKER,
Royal Engineers. Second son of Dr. and
Mrs. Dunlop Walker, of Finsbridge Gardens,
Hampstead, W. Killed in action.



MAJOR A. B. CAIRNES,
R. Irish Regt. Master of the
Littlemore Harriers and
Hon. Sec. of the Louth Hunt.



CAPT. M. FLETCHER,
R. Munster Fusiliers. Son
of late Rev. W. H. Fletcher,
Rector of Sandcliffe, Kent.



CAPTAIN A. H. WAGER,
R.F.A. Youngest son of
Capt. and Mrs. E. B. Wager,
Wroton, Northants.

"ON RECONNAISSANCE": A REVOLUTIONARY FACTOR IN MODERN WAR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. CAMPBELL; EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"FOR EVERY ENEMY MACHINE THAT CROSSES OUR FRONT . . . 200 BRITISH MACHINES CROSS THE ENEMY'S FRONT";
A BRITISH BIPLANE ON RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPHED IN MID-AIR.

Aircraft, and more particularly scouting aeroplanes, have revolutionised warfare on land. The command of the air is thus of vital importance to an army; and the fact that we and the French now possess it on the Western front has been of immense value to the Allied offensive. A high tribute to the work of the British airmen was paid in an official survey of the Somme operations issued from General Headquarters on October 2. "Our aircraft," it said, "have shown in the highest degree the spirit of the offensive. They have patrolled regularly far behind the enemy's lines and have

fought many battles in the air with hostile machines and many with enemy troops on the ground. For every enemy machine that succeeds in crossing our front it is safe to say that two hundred British machines cross the enemy's front. A captured corps' report described our aeroplanes as 'surprisingly bold,' and their work has been as conspicuous for its skill and judgment as for its daring." The above photograph, we may add, is No. 298 in the International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in Pall Mall.

SALUTED BY BRITISH WAR-SHIPS AT JEDDA; AND ARRIVED AT

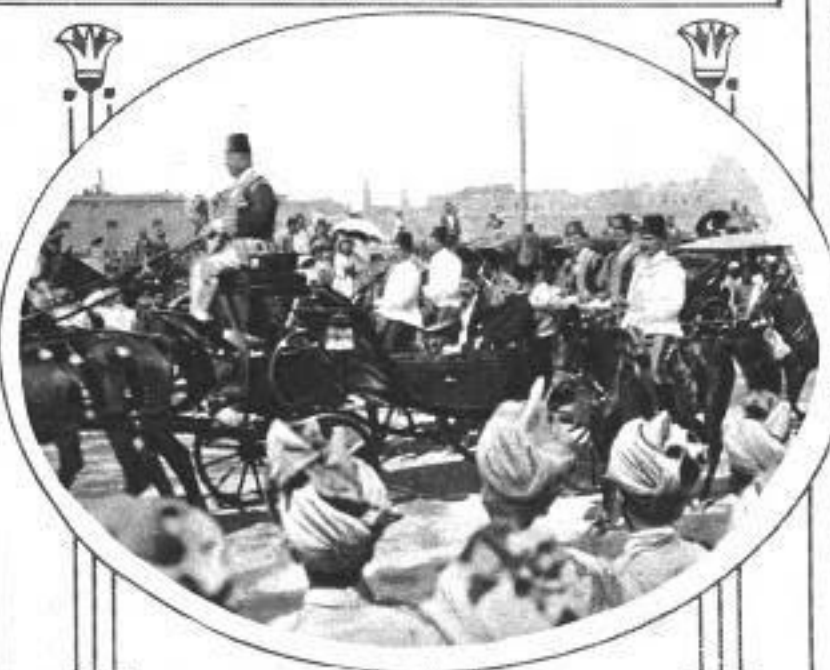
PHOTOGRAPH



BEARING DATE-BRANCHES AS SYMBOLS OF WATER (FOUND WHEREVER DATES GROW): CAMELS IN THE PROCESSION.



INTERESTED IN A GREAT MOHAMMEDAN CEREMONY: INDIAN TROOPS LINING THE ROUTE IN CAIRO.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN OF EGYPT: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING TO THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY.



PLAYING "THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF SAUD"



A MUCH-VENERATED SYMBOL: THE MAHMAL ON THE NEW SACRED CAMEL PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY.

It was announced on October 6 that the "Holy Carpet" pilgrimage, resumed this year under British protection after being in abeyance for the previous two years of the war, had safely reached Mecca after an uneventful journey from the Arabian port of Jeddah. There British war-ships rendered it full honours, and the Arabs were immensely impressed by the naval pageant. In our issue of September 30 we illustrated certain preliminary ceremonies in Cairo. The above photographs were taken on the actual setting out from that city. The Sultan of Egypt, who is seen in one of them, was present, and the route was lined partly by Indian troops. It may be well to repeat that what is called by Europeans the "Holy Carpet" is not a carpet at all, but black embroidered hangings to form a new covering for the Kaaba, or Tomb of the Prophet, at Mecca. Another common misconception is that the "Carpet" is conveyed inside the symbolic palanquin known as the Mahmal. This is not the case. A new camel, presented by the British Army, is carrying the Mahmal this year. The Mahmal itself, which is greatly

MECCA: THE "HOLY CARPET" PILGRIMAGE LEAVING CAIRO.

SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



THE BAND OF THE SULTAN OF EGYPT'S BODYGUARD.



THE PROCESSION IN CAIRO ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE "HOLY CARPET" FOR MECCA: FOLLOWERS ON A CAMEL.



ARMED PROTECTION FOR THE PILGRIMS ON THE JOURNEY TO MECCA: AN EGYPTIAN MULE BATTERY.



TAKING OFFICIAL PART IN THE CEREMONY FOR THE FIRST TIME: INDIAN TROOPS LINING THE ROUTE IN CAIRO.



PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE CEREMONY: A TYPICAL EGYPTIAN FAMILY AMONG THE SPECTATORS.



SLUNG BETWEEN TWO CAMELS: A LITTER FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF WOMEN, ON THE OCCASION OF THE PROCESSION AT CAIRO.

covered, dates from the thirteenth century, when an Egyptian queen had the first one made for her own intended pilgrimage. Ever since, one has accompanied the pilgrims as a symbol of Egypt. As to the "Holy Carpet" itself, Mr. S. H. Leeder writes in his "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt," from which we quoted before: "During the night following the celebration at the Citadel [i.e., in Cairo] all the hangings are taken down. The next morning there is a great procession, when the Holy Carpet is taken from the Citadel to the mosque of Hosein. . . . The different lengths of the Kaaba covering are stretched over wooden frames, which, being carried by a number of men, look rather like a succession of giants' biers, covered with black palls. . . . The camel, on which the Mahmal has now been fixed . . . is led up to the stand where the Khedive [this was written, of course, before the war] awaits it. . . . The guns of the Citadel are fired, and the procession starts for the plain . . . at Abbassieh, the Kaaba covering being left en route at the Mosque of Hosein for the sewing which I have described."



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE SANCTUARY METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREENS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles & ISIDORE OF Miletus.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE VULNERABILITY OF ZEPPELINS.

THERE seems some fate compelling the would-be invaders of England to publish, before they make the attempt, what Charles Kingsley called in the case of the Armada "the complete bill of the play." Besides the "hot air" thrown off by Count Zeppelin himself, with its promise of the wrecking of "the Royal Palaces" and half the public buildings of London in the next raid, we have had careful details of the construction of the "super-Zeppelins" designed for our annihilation confided to one of those convenient neutral journals which see no harm in spreading sensational rumours so long as they can get gratuitous copy.

A good many of these reports were collated in our Italian contemporary, the *Rivista Marittima*, which naturally took a professional interest in the affair; and we learn from it that the last model of German airship is equipped—or was intended to be equipped—with six machine-guns, two quick-firing guns, a tube for launching aerial torpedoes, another tube like those on torpedo-boats, and an apparatus for dropping bombs. Lest all this warlike stuff should be hit by the redoubtable "Archibald," and the engineer thus literally hoist with his own petard, the car was to be armour-plated heavily enough to keep out not only rifle-bullets and shrapnel, but also H.E. shell when fired at anything but point-blank range.

In these "kolossal" preparations, also, the danger of aeroplane attack was not lost sight of. Hearing—or perhaps finding out from sad experience—that our aviators were quite capable of getting out of the range of all the battery of machine-guns and the rest by climbing above the airship as the hawk does above the heron, the Germans, with infinite trouble, constructed a gun-platform on the top of the framework of the Zeppelin, to which the gunner could climb by a flexible ladder which must have given him all the sensations of a steeplejack. They also provided an apparatus for emitting clouds of black smoke, by which they hoped to confuse the aeroplanes as well as the land guns and searchlights, as the cuttle-fish throws off pursuit by the cloud of ink he emits. Lastly, they contrived a sort of movable observation post in the shape of a light car which was suspended by a long wire rope from one of the gondolas, and in which the observer could in suitable weather survey the land from beneath the clouds while the mother-ship soared out of sight above them. It really seemed as if German "thoroughness" had thought out and provided against every risk which a respectable airship setting out on its mission of distributing bombs and "kultur" would be expected to take.

Unfortunately for its crew, however, German "thoroughness" slipped up here, as it has done so many times during the war that it was going to win. It was the gas-bag and not the car which should have been armour-plated, for its contents were a good deal

more explosive than the cartridges, shells, and bombs stored in the gondolas, and the stupid English were not long in finding this out. Lieutenant Warneford proved this when he succeeded in passing over a Zeppelin, not then armed with a gun on the top, and dropped upon it an incendiary bomb at short range. And so on.

All this shows how thoroughly prudent our authorities were in refusing to build huge airships in deference to popular clamour. The true function of the airship in war seems to be that of a naval scout, as she can hang over an enemy's fleet and signal by wireless to her own with less risk and inconvenience than an aeroplane, which has to move at great speed if it is to keep the air. As a military weapon she is useless, unless she takes the enemy so entirely by surprise that he cannot get up guns to compel her to keep at a respectful distance above the earth. She will always be at the mercy of the daring aviator, who nowadays is armed with really powerful light guns; and anything which pierces her very sensitive envelope can be trusted to release enough hydrogen to catch fire from the next flame with which it comes in contact, and thus to bring her to grief with terrible speed and no chance of rescue. As for Zeppelins fighting Zeppelins, the fact that they cannot fire astern puts this out of the question. That the steering and speed of ascension of these monsters have been improved during the war there can be no doubt; and we may leave it at that.

F. L.



CONFIDENCE IN VICTORY, BUT MORE MEN NEEDED: GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON MAKING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH AT DALDERBY.

After unveiling a cross (seen on the right) at Dalderby, Lincolnshire, in honour of its large percentage of enlistments, Sir William Robertson said: "I think we can look forward with every confidence. . . . Notwithstanding, I would like to add a serious note of warning. The end is not yet. . . . 'Fight to a finish!' is the order. Therefore, there must be no slackening off. On the contrary, there must be a great tightening up. . . . We want men, more men. We want them now, and in due course we shall want all men who can be spared."—[Photograph by A. (fars).]

ALLIES' GIFTS TO THE TOWER ARMOURIES: AND OTHER MEMENTOS.

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INTERESTING NEW EXHIBITS IN THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER: (1) AN ITALIAN SWORD; (2) A RUSSIAN SWORD; (3) A BELGIAN SWORD; (4) A FRENCH SWORD; (5) A JAPANESE SWORD; (6) LORD WOLSELEY'S SWORD; (7) LORD KITCHENER'S SWORD; (8) LORD ROBERTS'S REVOLVER; (9) APPARATUS FOR CLEANING THE JAPANESE SWORD (WITH DIRECTIONS REPRODUCED ABOVE).

As mentioned in an article elsewhere, the Allied Governments were asked in 1914 to contribute swords to the collection in the Tower, as souvenirs of their friendship with us; and in every case the request was generously complied with. Particulars of the swords presented, which we are here enabled to illustrate, are given in the article, as also of the other three weapons included above—namely, the swords of Lord Kitchener and Lord Wolseley, and the revolver used by Lord Roberts in the Afghan War. With regard to the Japanese sword (No. 5), the Japanese armourer's directions for keeping it clean may be translated thus: "When the honourable sword is in use the blade should

be dusted with the dabber (uchiko) twice a month in summer, and once a month in winter, being finally wiped with a soft paper (boshi-gami). In the rainy season of summer and on wet days, the sword should be kept in good condition and free from rust by a thin application of pure oil of cloves (choji-abura), or camellia-seed oil (tsubaki-abura), the superfluous oil being wiped away. If the weapon is put away, a position free from damp should be chosen, if possible, and it should be well wrapped up. In an ordinary way the sword may be placed on the rack and set on the dais of the living-room (iokowana), where it will look very well."

EMPIRE MEMORIALS TO NURSE CAVELL: NATAL AND CANADIAN TRIBUTES.

SECOND PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

ASSUREDLY, the two crimes for which, above all others, the German Government is execrated throughout the civilised world, and has yet to face its day of reckoning, are the "judicial murders" of Nurse Edith Cavell and of Capt. Fryatt, of the Harwich packet "Brussels." It is with the story of the former atrocity that we deal. Appointed in 1906 as matron of the Institut Médical de Berkendael in Brussels, an institution for training women as hospital nurses, Miss Cavell, in August 1914, on the German occupation of Brussels, remained and devoted herself to nursing wounded men, Belgians, French, British, and Germans received equal care. Hearing that British prisoners had been systematically and grossly ill-treated, she evolved a plan to enable wounded British to escape the country, convinced that if they remained they would be shot. While sending convalescent Germans home through the official channels, she enabled British and French convalescents to reach their own countries by

LAWRENCE ALLEN.



Continued
means unknown to the Germans. But German spies were watching, and on August 5, 1915, Miss Cavell was arrested and placed in a military prison-cell where only her gaolers and the German military prosecutor had admittance. For a month what had happened was kept secret, contrary to the convention placing British civilians in Belgium under protection of the American Minister. News reached the latter privately early in September, but every effort to provide counsel at her trial was foiled with diabolical ingenuity. The trial, so called, took place in secret on October 5. Miss Cavell was sentenced to death at five in the afternoon, and the sentence was ordered to be carried out at two o'clock next morning—nine hours later. Again no inkling was given to the American Minister, who only heard of the sentence privately. The German authorities were pitiless to every appeal by the American Minister. At two on October 6 Nurse Cavell was shot.



1. "WE'LL NEVER FORGET—CAVELL": THE INSCRIBED BOARD AT THE RENAMED NATAL RAILWAY STATION FORMERLY KNOWN AS "HIMMELBERG."
2. CANADA'S MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL: MOUNT CAVELL IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

regard to the upper photograph, the correspondent from whom we have received it is this curiously interesting note as to how the station board came to be renamed. The name of this halt, which is on the Stuartstown line of narrow-gauge railway in al, was formerly known as Himmelberg. Some enterprising person chalked that out, substituting, 'We'll never forget and never forgive—Cavell.' Later the old board was en down and a new one, bearing the inscription on the photograph, took its place. Mount Cavell stands, away to the west of Edmonton, and in the neighbourhood of

Jasper in the region of the Yellowhead Pass, near where the Athabaska River turns its course southward from the Pass along the valley in which it joins the turbulent Whirlpool River. The magnificent peak now named Mount Cavell has hitherto been unnamed. It has been specially given the name as a national Canadian memorial by the official Geographic Board of Canada at a session held at Ottawa. Mount Cavell stands up boldly—typical of the heroic martyr-nurse—erect and dominating, and rising to 11,200 feet. It is full in view from Jasper Station on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

WHERE FRENCH AND BRITISH MET IN THE NIGHT: CAPTURED COMBLES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"HOUSES WHICH STILL STOOD AS ROOFLESS SHELLS": IN THE MAIN STREET OF COMBLÈS.



"THE GROUND WAS LITTERED WITH BROKEN BRICKS AND TWISTED IRON": A SQUARE IN COMBLÈS.



"THERE MIGHT BE DESPERATE FELLOWS IN THE CELLARS, MACHINE-GUNS BEHIND ANY OF THESE BROKEN WALLS": A GENERAL VIEW OF COMBLÈS AFTER ITS CAPTURE.



IN COMBLÈS, WHERE THE ENEMY ABANDONED 4000 SHELLS: A GERMAN GUN-EMPLACEMENT.



BUILT WITH HUGE BAULKS OF TIMBER: A CAPTURED GERMAN GUN-EMPLACEMENT AT COMBLÈS.

Comblès, a small town of about 1300 inhabitants, had been turned by the Germans into a strong and, as they thought, "impregnable" fortress. A British official despatch of September 26 said: "French and British troops have jointly occupied Comblès." The junction was effected in the middle of the night. "It was long before dawn," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "when a strong patrol of English soldiers with machine-guns advanced down a tram-line into the town of Comblès. They were tired men. . . . There might be desperate fellows in the cellars, machine-guns behind any of these broken walls. They went on slowly and cautiously until they reached the ruined streets. Dead men lay about,

with white faces turned upwards to the stars. The ground was littered with broken bricks and twisted iron and destroyed wagons. But no shot came through the gaping holes in houses which still stood as roofless shells. . . . A halt was made at the railway line, and then our tired men saw through the gloom other tired figures trudging towards them. Officers went forward. Words were spoken in French and English: 'Ce sont les Anglais.' 'Them's the French all right.' . . . The cellars were stacked with thousands of rifles and a great store of ammunition. The enemy had left behind 4000 rounds of five-point-nine shells. . . . and a mass of material and kit of every kind."



A WONDERFUL AIR-PHOTOGRAPH OF TROOPS IN ACTION: FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS A

That wonderful results are obtained by the French airmen whose duty it is to photograph positions and movements from above, our readers have frequently had pictorial proof. The example here reproduced, taken at a comparatively low altitude, is particularly fine in the amount of detail discernible, and will repay close inspection. It shows reinforcements arriving in the French trenches at 3 p.m. on September 17, during the attack on Vermand-Ovillers. An official French communiqué afterwards stated: "South of the

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO



TS ARRIVING AT VERMAND-OVILLERS, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE OVERHEAD.

Somme, our troops, passing to the attack about 2.30 p.m. . . . gained important successes. The villages of Vermand-Ovillers and Berny were conquered in the course of a brilliant assault. . . . All the ground comprised between Vermand-Ovillers and Denicourt on the one side and between Denicourt and Berny on the other, defended by several strongly organised systems of trenches, fell into our hands after a desperate struggle. . . . 700 unwounded prisoners, including 15 officers, have been counted."

PHOTOGRAPH.

A GREAT SOLDIER: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN ARMY.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.

*à son Excellence le Général Cadorna -
avec hommages respectueux
du peintre.*



*Julius M. Price
Rdine. Sept 1916.*

THE ITALIAN LEADER WHO FOUGHT FOR FRANCE IN 1870 AND THIS YEAR WON THE GREAT VICTORY OF GORIZIA:
GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA.

General Cadorna, the brilliant leader of the Italian Army, was born in 1850, and at fifteen entered the Military Academy at Turin. "This general's fighting record," wrote Lord Northcliffe after an interview with him when Gorizia fell last August, "dates from the War of 1870, when he volunteered to fight for France under Bourbaki, and was promoted officer for valour in the field." In 1875 he attained his captaincy in the Italian Army, and became known for his writings on the frontiers of Italy. In 1883, when he was a major in the infantry, he revolutionised the Italian theory of infantry

tactics and three years later became a staff officer. An observer describing his personality as simple, modest, and quiet, goes on to say: "His features and his uniform alike weather-beaten, General Count Luigi Cadorna seems to symbolise the character of the hard, undemonstrative warfare which modern conditions compel him to conduct." The portrait-drawing here reproduced was made by Mr. Julius Price when he was with the Italian forces on behalf of this paper. The original is to be presented to General Cadorna.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ROUMANIAN HEROISM: SWIMMING THE DANUBE TO SAVE THE COLOURS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH.



"THOUGH HUNDREDS OF BULLETS SPAT ROUND THEM . . . THEY SUCCEEDED IN THEIR GALLANT DEED": THREE BRAVE ROUMANIANS SAVING REGIMENTAL COLOURS BY SWIMMING THE DANUBE AT TURTUKAIA.

It will be recalled that the Germans and Bulgarians claimed an important victory over the Roumanians at Turtukaia (Tutrakan) on September 6, announcing the capture of over 20,000 men and 100 guns. The Roumanians, though faced by greatly superior numbers, inflicted very serious losses on the enemy. Our drawing illustrates a gallant deed performed on the evening of that day by two Roumanian officers and a non-commissioned officer. The correspondent who sends the sketch from which our drawing is made writes: "When it was seen that things were going against the Roumanians at Turtukaia, three soldiers of the 36th Regiment (Infantry) decided to risk swimming

the Danube in order to save the colours of the regiment. These were Second Lieutenants Aurel Mihnilescu and Dimitrie Manu, with Sergt-Major Constantine Sava. Though under a heavy fire from the banks, where the Bulgars were shooting everyone who tried to escape by this means, they put Lieut. Manu on the trunk of a tree, as he did not know how to swim. The others swam pushing the trunk with its precious load before them, and, though hundreds of bullets spat round them, not one was hit, and they succeeded in their gallant deed. The River Danube is here a quarter of a mile wide, the current extremely rapid."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BRITISH AND FRENCH PRISONERS OF THE TURKS: OUR GROUPS NAMED.



In our issue of May 27 last we were able to publish three photographic prints of British and French prisoners reproduced from a Turkish paper. Investigation has been made as to those shown in the groups, and we now give as many names as possible:—
 First Photograph: 1. W. Shanks (K.O.S.B.); 2. New; 3. G. Gunn (Wellington Inf.); 4. Planquet (French); 5. Thompson; 6. W. Poutney (4th Worcesters); 7. Bird; 8. A. Downer (1/8th Hants); 9. Sergt. Lote (Northumberland Fusiliers); 10. Morgan; 11. J. Thompson (K.O.S.B.); 12. T. Owen (Royal Welsh Fusiliers); 13. B. Greig (9th Wellingtons); 14. W. Holt (1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers); 15. L. D. Lightfoot (14th Aust.); 16. A. Nison (K.O.S.B.); 17. G. Marshall (1/7th Lancashire Fusiliers);

18. T. Oliver (1/8th Hants); 19. F. Baxter (8th Lancashire Fusiliers); 20. W. Parker (9th Royal Warwicks); 21. Prives (French); 22. Capt. Stephen White; 23. Lieut. W. G. Fawkes (Norfolks); 24. Ottavy (French); 25. Lieut. Selius Zeky; 26. H. Simpson (9th Royal Warwicks); 27. G. B. King (9th Aust.).
 Second Photograph: 1. C. Matthews (9th Aust. Batta.); 2. S. Jones (4th Worcesters); 3. Capt. Arthur Dawes (Gurkhas); 4. Bernard J. Dunne (16th Aust. Batta.); 5. Midshipman D. M. Branson (R.N.).
 Third Photograph: 1. Sub-Lieut. Guérin (of the "Turquoise"); 2. Le Guerec (First Mate of the "Turquoise"); 3. Ravenel (Captain of the "Turquoise"); 4. Lieut. Sir Robert Paul (R.F.C.); 5. Georges Trouillet (French airman).



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WEAPONS OF HONOUR IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(See illustrations elsewhere in this Number.)

WAR at the present day is being waged either with long-range weapons, which include the cross-bow, ballista, and catapult of the Dark Ages, or with very intimate weapons, such as the trench dagger and club. It is interesting to find that, with this revival of devices which had been for the last four hundred years consigned to the limbo of the storehouse and museum, the one weapon which has been in favour through all the changes in military equipment has been entirely discarded as useless. From the Bronze Age of prehistoric times up to the beginning of the present war the sword has been at once the symbol and the practical instrument of the fighting man; and it is as symbols of our great leaders and of the fighting strength of our Allies that the swords exhibited in the Armouries of the Tower must be considered, and not as examples of the type of weapon actually employed. In 1914 the Allied Governments were asked to contribute swords to the collection in the Tower as souvenirs of their friendship with us, and in every case the request was generously complied with. In addition to these, the relatives of the late Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley were asked to present gifts of a similar nature; and on the occasion of our great national disaster, the death of Lord Kitchener, his trustees, though unable under the terms of his will to make a permanent gift, deposited his sword on loan to the nation. It is an extraordinary fact that this National Collection, one of the oldest museums of arms and armour in the world, has scarcely any relics of the men who made the nation. There are the coat worn by the Duke of Wellington as Constable, the cloak on which General Wolfe died at Quebec, and the pinchbeck collar that was used on the coffin of the Duke of Marlborough; but beyond these there are no memorials of our Sovereigns or Generals subsequent to William III. Considered separately, the new additions to the Armouries are as follows (the numbering is that of the illustrations on another page):—

SWORDS OF THE ALLIES, 1914-1915.

1. Infantry Officer's Sword (twentieth century), with ebony fingered grip, three-bar hand-guard, and single-edged blade, slightly curved, inscribed "Union Militaire" and

marked with a lion rampant. Acquired from the Italian Government, August 1915.

2. Infantry Officer's Sword (twentieth century), with wood grip, gilt hand-guard bearing the Imperial Cypher "H. 2" (the Russian letter N, for Nicholas II.) under a crown, black leather scabbard, and gilt mounts. Presented by the Imperial Russian Government, May 1916.

3. Infantry Officer's Sword (twentieth century), with three-bar hand-guard and steel scabbard. Presented by the Belgian Government, March 1916.



THE PET OF A FRENCH REST-CAMP: A TAME STAG.

Photograph by Photopress

4. Infantry Officer's Sword (French, nineteenth-twentieth century), with leather grip bound with silver wire, four-bar hand-guard, and straight two-edged blade of oval section grooved on opposite edges, and inscribed "Manufacture Nationale d'Armes de Chatelleraulx Mai 1915 Off. d'Inf. Mle. 1882." Presented by the French Government, August 1915.

5. Infantry Officer's Sword (Japanese, twentieth century), with black fingered grip, chased brass knuckle-guard heavily gilt, single-edged blade slightly curved, and steel

scabbard with two rings. With the sword are included the following: Belt and slings of black leather lined blue, with gilt mounts and buckle bearing the Royal Badge of the Chrysanthemum. Sword-knot of black silk, wooden case for blade and tang when not in use, sword-rest for the above, yellow silk sword-bag, bottle of oil, and parcel containing pad and roll of lint for keeping the blade in proper condition. This sword, with the items which accompany it, is a noteworthy example of the respect paid to such weapons in Japan as keeping alive the ancient Samurai traditions. Grip, 6½ inches; blade, 27 inches.

Presented by the Imperial Government of Japan, Nov. 13, 1915. The following is a translation of the instructions for cleaning—

"Japanese sword: Directions for cleaning.—When the honourable sword is in case the blade should be dusted with the dabbler (uchiko) twice a month in summer and once a month in winter, being finally wiped with a soft paper (koshi-gami). In the rainy season of summer and on wet days the sword should be kept in good condition and free from rust by a thin application of pure oil of cloves (choji-abura) or camellia-seed oil (tsubaki-abura), the superfluous oil being wiped away. If the weapon is put away, a position free from damp should be chosen if possible, and it should be well wrapped up. In an ordinary way the sword may be placed on the rack and set on the dais of the living-room (kokonoma), where it will look very well.—Komatsuzaki Mosuke, Armourer, Tokio."

6. Regimental Sword of Lord Wolseley, worn by him during the short period during which he was an officer in the 90th Regiment in the Crimea. Presented by the Dowager Viscountess Wolseley in 1915.

7. Sword of Lord Kitchener. The hilt and scabbard are plain, of the usual Service type. The blade is etched with designs showing "V. R." under a crown and the crossed baton and sword of a General, showing that the sword was acquired by Lord Kitchener, probably at the end of the South African War, when he was raised to General's rank. His sword as Field-Marshal was with him at the time of his death. Lent by the Trustees under Lord Kitchener's will.

8. Revolver of Lord Roberts carried by him in the Afghan Campaign of 1878. Presented by the Dowager Countess Roberts in 1916.



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The surfeit of sentiment in "Butterfly Wings" (Hurst and Blackett) is prejudicial to its favour. The thin-looking, delicate boy with the sweetest smile imaginable, who develops into filly on the battlefield, is the hero of the tale; and neither in his story nor in that of the innocent and ill-used Peggy are we conscious of restraint or of an inclination towards what would have been a welcome austerity. This is a pity, because Mrs. Margaret Peterson has her moral very pat, and she is obviously on the side of the angels. It does not seem to have occurred to her that sentiment, freely used by a pen as clever and as facile as her own, can produce an enervating atmosphere, and that just now—or, indeed, at any time—it is more wholesome to be braced. She has made, of course, a very wistful and touching love-story, which includes the marriage of Peggy to a libertine, and her subsequent reunion with Billy on one of the battlefields of France. Material is not lacking for anyone who will handle the heroism of the young

holly ground. "Butterfly Wings" is very pretty—pretty as its title; and perhaps, since butterflies should not be broken on the wheel, adverse criticism is over-harsh. Let us make haste to acknowledge that Mrs. Peterson has a very charming way with her, and a proper delight in the beauty and courage of youth.

"The War Wedding."

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, with a long line of successful novels to their credit, continue brilliantly to retain their freshness and ingenuity. "The War Wedding" (Methuen) is a capital story, noteworthy even among the Williamson stories for its vivid atmosphere, its action, its happy human ending. It is, when you come to think of it, a rare good record to have written a score or so of novels all equally wholesome and equally entertaining. The title of the present book is, if anything, rather against it. Many people have a prejudice against war novels, as putting to the vulgar use incidents and events too sacred for purposes of light amusement. But "The War Wedding" does not offend. It begins with the war, and

works backward to the love interest and the success of an author—an achievement that, in itself, it is not for us to give the plot away: a Williamson plot should never be revealed by the reviewer. Nothing, in fact, remains for us to say but the usual recommendation. Buy "The War Wedding," and, taking a quiet hour, give yourself up to the pleasure of reading it; and, when you have turned the last page, hand it on to one of the boys in hospital.

"The Long Divorce."

"The Long Divorce" (George Allen and Unwin) is one of the class of contemporary American novels, all too numerous, that are unbearably saccharine in their treatment of modern society. They are, we would believe, nothing more than a passing mildew, easily brushed away, on the sound fruit of Transatlantic fiction. Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain is evidently pleased with his characters, and convinced, to his own satisfaction, that John is a figure of fine promise and true virility. The Tupper



WITH RIFLE, CROSS, AND CHRISTUS: A SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN A SHELL-HOLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: DÉBRIS OF A BATTLE COLLECTED AFTER AN ADVANCE.

Official Photograph.

Englishman, or the devotion of his womankind. And just because it is near to us, so ready to our hand, it behoves us to use it with reserve and judgment. Better, perhaps, not to make a pretty story of it. Those are wiser, we think, who stand aloof, or who unloose their shoes as they meet it, knowing that the place whereon they stand is

charine in their treatment of modern society. They are, we would believe, nothing more than a passing mildew, easily brushed away, on the sound fruit of Transatlantic fiction. Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain is evidently pleased with his characters, and convinced, to his own satisfaction, that John is a figure of fine promise and true virility. The Tupper

girl, who is to our eyes a spoilt and selfish piece of goods, is to him overflowing with the charm of the American maiden. When John has had his wander-year, and fetched up in San Francisco, he meets a doctor who talks copiously after the manner of Kipling's Wax Moth in the Hive about "humanism, that has lately become a pre-occupation, a life force, and an atmosphere, the only atmosphere that you and I can breathe with any comfort to the soul." And we know what happened to the Hive after the Wax Moth had had her innings. . . . We are not surprised to discover, a little later, that the European war "burst upon John in one big mouthful of news from the grocery-boy," and that when he also had wax-mothed in commune with himself on the thought of "ten million common men," he sat down, and, "as though in a trance, wrote the first of his essays on 'The New Crucifixion.'" May none of the ten million common men be moved to read the high thoughts of John Bogardus and his kind! But, mercifully, there is no fear of that. The men of Europe are otherwise engaged.

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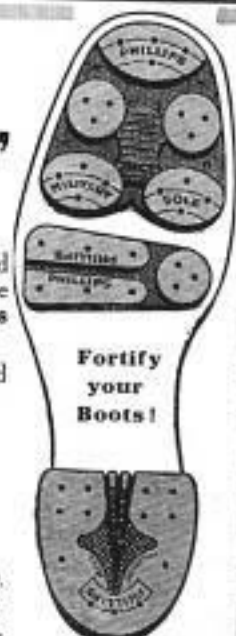
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LITERATURE.

General Botha. Mr. Harold Spender is a singularly able journalist—even those to whom his politics are anathema will admit as much—but it may be doubted whether he has ever written anything as clever as his new book, "General Botha" (Constable). Apparently the author's personal acquaintance with South Africa's Premier is of the slightest; he has had to rely upon the help of Mrs. R. C. Hawkin, a sister of General Botha; of Lord Selborne, Viscount Gladstone, and of Viscount Milner; of Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, and others; while every book that promised to throw light upon the subject would appear to have been consulted. Naturally enough, it does not suffice to collect the ingredients that make up a book; it is in the mixing and the serving that the real skill is shown, and here Mr. Spender is at his very best. He has the capacity for seeing the romance associated with the stern and difficult life of the old Boer farmers. The ink used in these pages is not black, it is *confuseur de rose*. The last Boer War is so described as to do the greatest possible justice to the Boer cause and to Botha's magnificent leadership, and yet description stays ever on the hither side of a border line laid down by patriotism. Many important facts are duly emphasised. In the first place, General Botha was one of the minority of seven who voted in the Volksraad against President Kruger's ultimatum; in the late stages of the campaign, at the Volksraad's last sitting, he threatened to resign his command if the proposal to blow up the gold-mines were accepted. It is interesting to be reminded that the Boer War saw the first use of trenches, and that after the war the Germans sent out a commission to study the Boer method. Due tribute is paid to Mrs. Louis Botha's work as a peacemaker, and to the timely intervention of Mr. Francis Fox, of the Society of Friends; and perhaps Mr. Spender is at his very best in the description of the Vereeniging Conference that brought the war to a close. The references to Lord Kitchener's splendid statesmanship

are timely, cordial, and sincere, not the less welcome because they remind us of the magnitude of the nation's recent loss; but it is fair to say that General Botha showed himself no less a statesman in circumstances far more difficult. How Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cut the Gordian knot in 1906 by conferring responsible self-government upon Transvaal and Orange Colony; how difficulties associated with nationalism, union and federation, labour, and the rest crowded thick upon the first

bitterly opposed during the Boer War and after it. Lord Milner comes in for most criticism—not that he does not do things very thoroughly and conscientiously, but rather because the things he does are considered wrong.

English Lakes.

Canon Rawnsley, in "Past and Present at the English Lakes" (Maclehose and Sons), writes for those who know Wordsworth and are on some terms with S. T. Coleridge, his son Hartley, Southey, de Quincey, and others who have helped to make the land of the lakes the most fascinating country in England. His pleasant little book is made up of twelve chapters, and it is good in seasons like these to be reminded of the English lakes and of those who lived and worked there in the years when Napoleon was making a bid for the control of Europe. Some little stress is laid upon the work of Hartley Coleridge; and this is well, for he had inherited something of the talent and the weakness of his father, and the Dalesmen thought more of "little Hartley" than they did of Wordsworth himself. Many people will learn for the first time that Herren Haug and Langnauer, whom Canon Rawnsley describes as "the Whiteleys of mediæval Europe," exploited the ores of Keswick in the sixteenth century; and in 1581 a certain Joachim Gans came to Keswick to improve the smelting methods then in vogue. The chief agent of the "mediæval Whiteleys" was one Daniel Hechstetter, who formed a company in 1565 to finance a mining venture in this country, and "gave shares to Sir William Cecil and the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester." The Hechstetters settled in Keswick, and descendants married into English families; Canon Rawnsley suggests that Ransley Calvert, who left the small legacy that enabled Wordsworth to write his earlier work in peace, was descended from the German miners. When this news travels past the Rhine, the Germans will undoubtedly claim Wordsworth as their own, on the ground that without the German-descended Calvert the greatest poet of Lakeland would have been driven to some form of wage-earning that must have stayed his pen.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S FONDNESS FOR ANIMALS: A VARIETY OF CAMP PETS AT A BRITISH POSITION IN MACEDONIA. French Official Photograph.

Premier of United South Africa; how world war was ushered in by way of armed rebellion against the Crown; Botha's triumphant campaign in South-West Africa; and, finally, what manner of man it is that has laid South Africa and the whole Empire under a tribute of gratitude—all these matters are explained by Mr. Spender. He writes throughout the book as though conscious that he is at last able to do full justice to a figure he has long regarded as heroic. His fine enthusiasm enables him to deal kindly, almost generously, with men to whom Liberalism was

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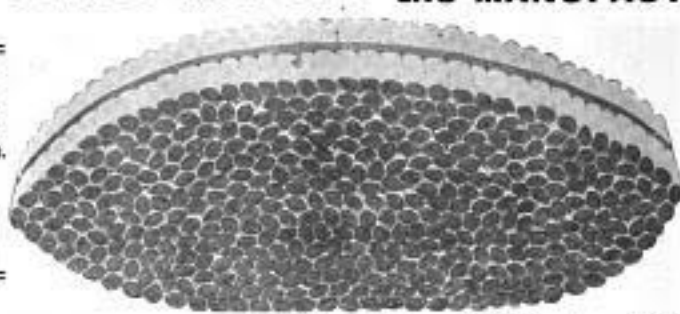
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CLOCK GOES ROUND." AT THE GLOBE.

MANAGERS it is, with their sheep-like rush for the author of a success, who spoil for us our dramatists. No sooner does a man secure a run for a play than he is beset with competing commissions, and, as a consequence, either disinters early work from his desk or dashes off something in a hurry—in either case is tempted to disregard his sense of artistic responsibility. We have had cases innumerable of this killing with kindness: the latest example of a playwright's following up good drama with what he would have done better to have reconsidered is Mr. Harold Brighouse, to whom we owe "Hobson's Choice." It is easy to understand what Mr. Brighouse aimed at in "The Clock Goes Round." His travelling Pierrots and his stockbroker's uncle were to show us fantasy and realism in piquant juxtaposition. Pierrot was to be pictured seeking love among the daughters of Philistia, when all the while, in his Bohemian world, Pierrette was waiting to teach him the poetic meaning of love; and so the idyllic and the humorous matter-of-fact were each to have their turn. It is not a new idea, but that would not matter if its newest manipulator had the poetic imagination

only, the author strikes a false note—lets realism come in in the wrong place. Since he has not carried out his own notion of his Pierrot, Mr. Joseph Coyne is not to be blamed for making the character quaint, and perhaps whimsical, rather than a wanderer from fairyland. Miss Mary Glynn as pathetic Pierrette, and Miss Iris Hoey as her worldly-wise rival, make pretty fools, but have slight matter to work upon.

"THE HAPPY DAY" HAPPIER AT DALY'S.

The best way to make a delightful entertainment seem still more delightful when its triumph is already assured is to be betimes with changes and novelties. They have learnt that secret at Daly's, where the persistent popularity of "The Happy Day" has compelled a certain amount of variation in the cast, involving notably the engagement of Miss Isobel Elsom, who makes as winsome a Princess as even so gallant a Prince as Mr. Arthur Wontner's could hope to deserve. Miss Elsom's appearance was made to synchronise last week with the introduction of several fresh numbers. Among these is a patriotic song of Mr. Paul Rubens' composition, "England," with which as vocalist Mr. Thorpe Bates has no difficulty in stirring his audience to enthusiasm. There is also a new waltz ditty for the dashing and vivacious Miss Jose Collins. Meantime, Miss Unity More's singing and dancing remain as much in request as ever; and that happily contrasted pair of comedians, Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Lauri de Frece, have augmented their stock of jests.

BATIFFOL'S "RENAISSANCE."

A TRANSLATION of Louis Batiffol's "Century of the Renaissance" will extend the usefulness of an already famous book, and it is being reinforced by its companion volumes in the National History of France, edited by Funck-Brentano, which Mr. Heinemann is now giving to English readers. It is not so much, however, with the purely intellectual and educational Renaissance that M. Batiffol has to do, as with French history generally during the period that was rightly or wrongly

called "Renaissance." He notes that, right or wrong, the term must now remain, as everybody knows what is meant by it. That is very true, and affords, perhaps, one more proof that the Renaissance is indefinable in so many words, however well the student may understand the elusive historical fact. "The Century of the Renaissance" in M. Batiffol's hands appears as



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT: A GERMAN BOMB BURSTING OUTSIDE THE TRENCHES.

to render it once more attractive. His Pierrot was, no doubt, intended for a dreamer; we find him saying that he had often sung of love, but in presence of love discovered "the sloppiest stuff" to be true. There, and not there

English readers. It is not so much, however, with the purely intellectual and educational Renaissance that M. Batiffol has to do, as with French history generally during the period that was rightly or wrongly



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT: HELMETED MEN OF THE RE-FITTED ARMY IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH.

a many-sided romance, and thereby is presented in its true historical character. For no period has equalled this in its adventure or the wonder of its men and women. On the purely intellectual side, it may have less glamour than the previous century in Italy, but it was the opening of a new and separate later intellectuality, and for itself it produced Rabelais, by himself sufficient credential for any age. But this volume is only incidentally concerned with the writers and the scholars. It is a record of political and ecclesiastical struggle, together with an admirable survey of social conditions in France up to 1600. Richly nourished on authorities, the French historian never allows himself to become a dry compiler. His sense of the living reality behind his materials has enabled him to weave his chapters into what Rabelais called "lively and vocal documents." To do that, and at the same time to remain faithful to truth, is to write history as it should be written. In that respect, of late years, our friends in France have beaten us. The translation is by Elsie Finimore Buckley. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley contributes an Introduction.

URODONAL RENEWS YOUTH.

Every woman will welcome the advice to retain her beauty, youth, and fresh complexion, but the majority will merely shrug their shoulders and protest that, much as they would like to be endowed with eternal youth, nothing can prevent the ravages of time. **Much, however, can be done,** as it is not at all a struggle against time, but against their own apathy and inertia, and unfortunately, in many cases against ignorance.

Why is it that so many women look old before their time? The trouble is not due to superficial causes only, for grey hair, flaccid tissues, increasing stoutness, discolouration of the skin, blemishes, wrinkles, etc., etc., are all caused through poisoning of the blood, especially with uric acid, seeing that 82 per cent. of men and women who have attained middle age suffer from excess of this poison, which is the cause of premature old age and arterio-sclerosis, the numerous symptoms of which commence to appear, viz.: shortness of breath, drowsiness after meals, headache, giddiness, loss of memory, impaired eyesight, palpitation, etc.

Even as early as at 30 years the symptoms of arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) sometimes occur. The necessary measures should immediately be taken in order to dissolve and eliminate the uric acid, otherwise continual ill-health ensues, degenerating into chronic disease, premature old age, and untimely death.

Science, however, which has discovered the origin of arterio-sclerosis, has also found the remedy: URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar. It has been said that people need not die before they wish; they need not grow old either unless they wish it, for URODONAL is at their disposal for destroying the cause of premature old age, so that if care is taken to eliminate the uric acid as fast as it is formed, by the regular use of URODONAL, instead of the arteries being brittle and hard, they will remain soft and pliable as india-rubber, and perfect health will be the result.

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To Readers of "ILLUS. LONDON NEWS"—At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.



A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed. Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papilla may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate, feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Illustrated London News* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope, full particulars, without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential. K. B. FIRMIN (Suite 18A), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Springing of Cars.

There is nothing like war service for finding out the weak points of car design. Cars that have made for themselves a reputation of being among the very best develop the most surprising weaknesses—not weaknesses

these will suffice to point the moral that the heavy strains incidental to war service are teaching the motor-car designer many unexpected lessons. Not the least valuable are those that will manifest their results in the direction of improved suspension springs when the time comes—rather, I should say, in an improved system of dealing with the springing of the

car than in the springs themselves. Experience seems to indicate that the cantilever spring gives better results all round than the semi or three-quarter elliptic type, and I look to see the cantilever come into much favour in the post-war designs. A point in this connection is that the need of some provision for spring lubrication has been shown to be desirable, rather than to leave things to chance as hitherto. I hear talk of suspension springs being entirely enclosed in a combination radius-torque member, which shall also serve as an oil-bath and thus guarantee the perpetual lubrication of the springs. That may be striving after perfection which is scarcely attainable, except in the most costly of cars, but something of the sort is undoubtedly desirable. The suspension of the car has hardly kept pace with the development of the rest. Designers have been content, generally speaking, to follow the coach-

dealing with several months ahead. All the same, it will not be wise to consider that we are altogether out of the wood. The needs of the Services are growing every day, and new situations may quite conceivably arise to restrict the supplies available for private users. So, when we get our licenses, all we can really say is that we are entitled to sixteen gallons—or whatever the quantity—monthly, if we can get it.

-A Straker-Squire Note.

It is good to realise that some at least of the old-established firms in the motor trade do not look upon the war as something that will always be with us, and, accordingly, are making plans for the future. I have a communication from Messrs. Straker-Squire the purport of which is that, while their works are being entirely devoted to Government work at present, they are getting ready for the future, and intend to adhere to their old policy of specialising in one model only, and will proceed with the production of their 15-20-h.p. chassis when times are more propitious.

The Late Mr. Thomas Long.

It was with the most sincere sorrow that the motoring community heard last week of the death of Mr. T. Long, who for many years has been identified with the fortunes of Talbots. In him motoring loses a charming personality, and Talbots one of the most capable of business men. Personally, I mourn him as one of my closest friends.

W. W.



IN PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS: A "TALBOT" NEAR KIDDERMINSTER.

Our photograph shows a 1913 12-h.p. Talbot car climbing the hill out of Kidderminster skirting the Habberley Valley. The beautiful view from this road across the valley of the Severn extends to the Malvern Hills, twenty-five miles away. The works' output of this model has since been devoted exclusively to war service.

which are a result of extraordinary stresses and bad usage, but weaknesses due to faults in design, which, when they manifest themselves, make one marvel that they passed so long undiscovered and unsuspected in ordinary usage. I have in mind one really famous make of car, whose name before the war was synonymous with reliability, and which on active service manifested a peculiar penchant for trouble, which took the shape of stripping the driving dogs on the rear hubs. These, so far as I know, had never given trouble before; but, when one came to examine them, the wonder was that they had ever stood up at all. I dare wager that that make of car will never manifest that particular brand of trouble again. Another and equally famous car showed in its transmission that engine efficiency had been developed to a point at which, had it gone the least bit farther, it would have probably resulted in a general break-up of the transmission. Yet I have never heard of that make of car giving trouble in that direction. The alteration of two or three details has completely eliminated the trouble, and the car is now about as perfect as need be. I could quote not one but many similar examples which have come directly under my notice, but

the weaknesses in detail which I have already mentioned in passing, what has struck me most has been the enormous amount of trouble given by springs. Probably more trouble has been encountered in this direction than in the rest of the car together. That being so, it will be strange if marked improvements do not result.

Petrol.

It does not look, to judge from the announcement made last week by the Petrol Committee, as though any fresh restrictions were in contemplation. On the contrary, as motorists who asked for sixteen gallons per month and were given a less quantity are now to be allotted an amount not exceeding that, it looks as though the situation were really to be relieved, which is welcome news indeed, the more so as the Committee is



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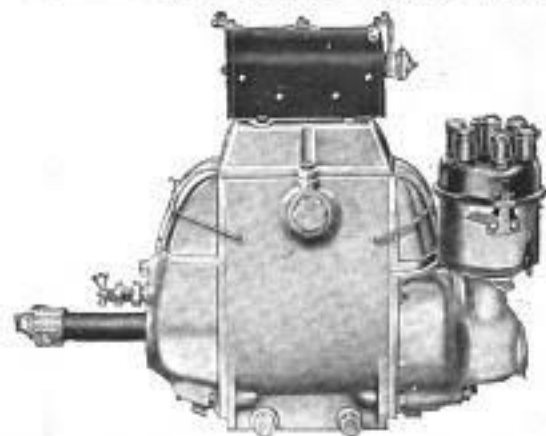


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To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Midford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Buffalo in the Championship Tourney of the New York State Meeting.

(Continued from p. 463.)

WHITE (Mr. G. N. Cheney.)

BLACK (Mr. D. W. Walker.)

1. P to K 4th
2. P takes P
3. Kt to Q 3rd
4. P to Q 4th
5. B to Q 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd
7. K Kt to K and P to K 2nd
8. Castles
9. Kt to K 4th

Taking into account the state of Black's development, B to K and seems the better reply.

10. B takes Kt
11. P to Q 4th
12. B to Q 3rd
13. B to Q 2nd
14. R to B sq
15. Kt to B 3rd
16. Q to K 2nd
17. B to K 3rd

White will accept the exchange on his own terms, which his opponent seems disinclined to give.

17. B to Q 3rd
18. P to R 3rd
19. P to Q Kt 4th
20. P to B 5th
21. Q P takes P

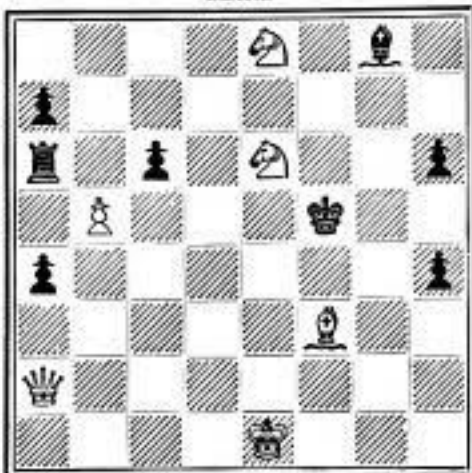
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3736 received from E. G. Poole (Houston, Texas, U.S.A.); of No. 3737 from E. G. Poole, C. A. M. (Pomona, and Y. Koutinimi (Rush); of No. 3738 from E. G. Poole, P. J. Mistri (Bombay), and Ethel W. Corbett (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.); of No. 3739 from E. W. Allan, O. P. Blankenship (Richmond, U.S.A.), H. B. Leadley (Guelph, Canada); of No. 3740 from C. Field, B. Antap, Captain Challice (Great

Yarmouth), E. W. Allan, and Marco Salem; of No. 3741 from G. Sorrie (Stonhaven), E. Bygott (Liverpool), F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield), Marco Salem, J. Fowler, J. Dixon (Colchester), and J. L. Brown (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3742 received from E. J. Winter-Wood (Paisley), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), P. L. Bishop (Southampton), H. Grisset Baldwin (Farnham), J. R. Jamieson (Ferryhill), J. R. Stopford (Torquay), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), A. H. Arthur (Bath), J. Fowler, R. C. Duvel (Wantage), M. E. Orskow (Bournemouth), G. Sorrie, W. Wilkinson, V. S. Bayles, Major W. R. Deykin (Edgbaston), and J. L. Brown.

PROBLEM No. 3743.—By E. J. Winter-Wood.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3740.—By J. T. Andrews.

WHITE.

1. P to R 3rd
2. Q to K 4th
3. Q or R mates.

If Black play 1. P to B 4th, then 2. R to B 6th, and B mates next move.

The sixty-fourth winter season of the City of London Chess Club will commence on Saturday, Nov. 4. The Club will shortly remove to more comfortable premises situated on the first floor at No. 2, Wardrobe Court, Doctors Commons, E.C. Entries are invited for the following tournaments: The Galtier Cup (Championship) Tournament for players of the 1st Class—entrance fee, 10s.; The Mott Cup Tournament for players of the 2nd Class—entrance fee, 5s.; The Russell Cup Tournament for players of the 3rd Class—entrance fee, 5s.; The Barrett Cup Tournament for players of the 4th and lower Classes—entrance fee, 5s. The first rounds will be played on Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2.30 p.m., and at this time clocks must be started. Intending competitors should send their names to the Secretary, with entrance fees, not later than Oct. 21. There will be several prizes in each tournament, and non-prize-winners will receive back one-fifth of their entrance fee for every game won, provided no game be scored against them by default. In the event of the entries being sufficiently numerous, the tournaments may be played in sections. A "go-as-you-please" quick-time continuous tournament will commence shortly for which entries should be sent at once—entrance fee, 1s. The Marton Cup Handicap Tournament will commence in February.

The Autumn Season of the Imperial Chess Club, 22, Albemarle Street, W., commenced on Sept. 1 with a good attendance. The playing strength of the Club has been considerably increased by the acquisition of two former Presidents of the Oxford University Chess Club, Captain R. W. Barnett and Mr. W. Stoney, the latter being the fifth Oxford ex-President to become a member of the Imperial Chess Club. The usual level and handicap tournaments begin in October. Both the new recruits have already taken to Four-Handed Chess, which is played regularly on Thursday afternoons (Victors' Day), not, of course, to the exclusion of the ordinary game. Chess will be played on Tuesday evenings from 8 p.m., if sufficient members desire it.

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FICTION.

- God's Child. Captain Oswald Dallas. 6s. net.
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An Australian Wooing. Sophie Ormond. 6s. net.
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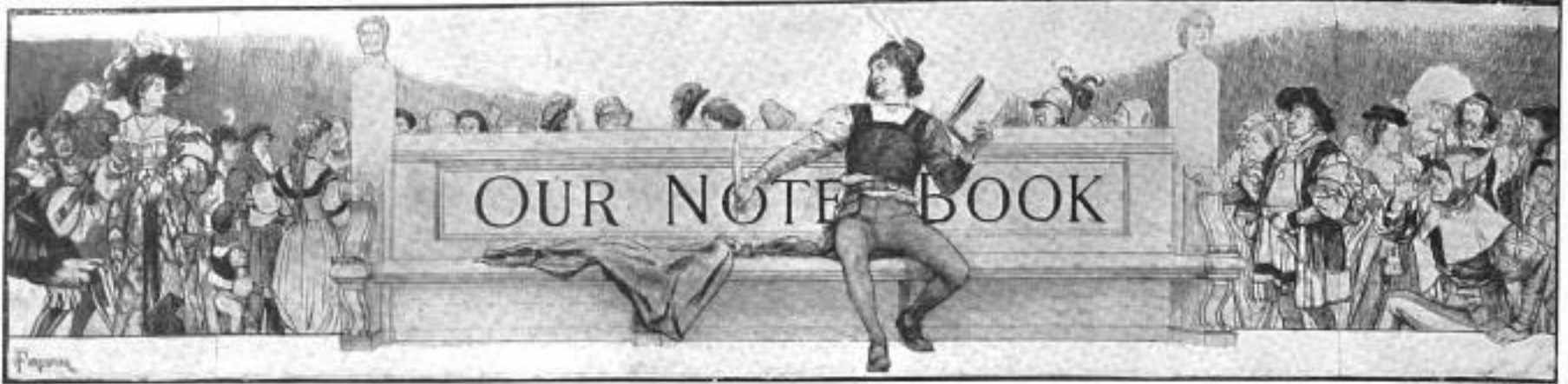
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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE facts as they filtered through about the Roumanian affair in the Red Tower Pass made a curiously complete formula of Prussia. First of all, it is sharply instructive to note exactly what it is which this Prussian spirit considers a disgrace and what it considers a rehabilitation. Apparently the German Emperor claimed a complete encirclement and decisive victory; which might in the circumstances have been a real fact; and which might in any case have been a perfectly innocent error. The Roumanian force certainly escaped very narrowly; and while this covered the Roumanian command with great honour, it might clear the German command of mere stupidity. But when the details began to be filled up, the number of Roumanian prisoners was so small that it was quite self-evident that nothing like a complete encirclement or decisive victory could have happened at all. The German reply to this was not to say it was an innocent error, or to say nothing and try again. The German reply was, almost in so many words, that there were very few prisoners left because the Germans murdered most of them out of personal disapproval of the Roumanian character and policy. That is the only possible sense that can be made out of their remark about not taking prisoners. And it did, as I say, really represent the modern German scale of honour and dishonour. Rather than admit that they did not effect a triumph, they cheerfully admitted that they did effect a massacre. Rather than face the idea of having disarmed fewer men than they fancied, they eagerly explained that they killed men when they were disarmed. As a matter of fact, a shrewd reader will probably convict them in this case rather of a lie than the crime. Their haul was a comparatively small one, not only of men but of guns. And it will hardly be maintained that the mere sight and touch of a Roumanian gun filled them with a paralysing disgust. But this boasted butchery of captives was nevertheless an important incident in the war. If it was a fiction, it had the practical value of a fact. It pierced to the primary root of the world's war; which does not even lie in what we or the world think of the Prussian. It lies in what the Prussian really wishes us to think of him.

In this respect the special attack on Roumania is a repetition of the special attack on Serbia. In smiting hardest at the kingdoms of the Balkans, Prussia performs an action proper to her whole historical character, and in no small degree symbolic of what she really wishes us to understand. And she is to be judged, as I say, not by the evil she admits even, but rather by the evil she claims.

What was the meaning of that "feeling against the Roumanians" which Germany thus bragged of satisfying in the most barbaric fashion? Why were Germans so ready to admit having made a great and even monstrous example of this relatively small case? If the German Empire was really the victim of an aggressive conspiracy, it was one which had begun to succeed long before Roumania joined it, and would go on succeeding to-morrow if Roumania were knocked out of it. The deepest answer, I think, is in the depths of that strange thing, the Prussian pride, which is not a human weakness but an inhuman weakness. The North German warrior does not conceive himself as a hero fighting giants. He does, ultimately and ideally, conceive himself as a giant devouring men, or even devouring heroes. When he is no longer a giant and can no longer devour men—then he will devour

pigmies, that he may still feel like a giant. Gigantesque imagery runs riot through all his most responsible official utterances. They are full of clubs and hammers and the colossal bludgeons of Blunderbore and Polyphemus. They are full of phrases about smashing and shattering, about "the hammer-blows of an unconquerable race"; just as long ago in time of peace the German Emperor himself exclaimed "Whatever opposes me I will break in pieces." This choice of words is not an accident, for there are few things so self-revealing as a literary style. Style is

but of the ideal. And the ideal of the North German is not war; it is destruction. In his vision of himself he is not fighting with an enemy; any more than a crow-bar can be said to have a stand-up fight with a safe; any more than a barrel of gun-powder wrestles with a slate quarry. He would like to drive his foes before him, not only as things doomed to death, but as if they were things already dead. In this sense, another than that commonly meant, it is true that the German ideal is thoroughness—in the old and literal sense of thoroughness. The ideal is to break through; but it is most ideal if it is instantaneous.

And all this titanic nightmare, as is typical of the dreams of barbarians, is ultimately a colossal piece of commonplace; for it comes back to the same onesided energy as breaking stones or tearing-up paper. And I suppose that German generals have by this time broken nearly enough stone buildings to cobble the roads of a continent; as the German diplomatists have torn up enough paper to equip a paper chase.

As I noted in the professor of sophistry, this solemn violence may be merely a frivolity in the wrong place. Every healthy man has had an abstract fancy for smashing a window or putting his foot through the panel of a door. When the great blunder of barbarian dominion is abolished, Germany may some day become what it would be at its best; an enormous nursery, a land of nonsense. A love of plunging and kicking things to pieces could, I suppose, be satisfied in comparative innocence, as it is in schoolboys. The Germans might build their own churches and knock them down again with commendable rapidity. They might even have stuffed dolls to sabre and bayonet; a dummy Nurse to be shot at, or a dummy Cardinal to be insulted and threatened with imprisonment. But as applied to serious things this infantile appetite for destruction is inconsistent with life itself; and that not merely because serious things require delicacy. It is not merely because any stone will

break a pane of glass, while it needs a precious stone to cut it. It is also because a mere love of breaking must always mean breaking things like glass—that is, things that are breakable. Such brutality ends in cowardice and a kind of caution. Wishing to show its strength, its first impulse is to show it on something that is not strong. To the last it will try to impress the great nations by showing how swiftly it can shatter a small nation.

Whatever opposes me I will break in pieces." The end of that philosophy is a carefully selected opposition to something that you *can* break in pieces. For there is a spirit in it that can only feel success to be real when it is rapid. This spirit will, of course, mingle with many other elements wise and foolish; but it will be present to the end, as it has been present from the beginning. Anybody who can smell a spiritual atmosphere must have felt, in the first days of fighting, that what the Prussians really enjoyed was the rush through Belgium. I do not mean that they merely enjoyed the atrocities. Murder and sacrilege, to do them strict justice, were merely the signs of their happiness; rape and infanticide were the garlands and the ribbons of their hilarity. What they enjoyed was what an avalanche or a cataract might enjoy, if its own speed could kindle in it something like the beginning of a soul.

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Speaking in the House on the subject of the famous Tanks, Mr. Lloyd George said recently: "Mr. d'Eyncourt, who is the Chief Naval Constructor of the Admiralty, had probably the greatest share in the matter of designing this formidable weapon. Then I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary of the War Committee, to whom we are very considerably indebted for the first suggestion . . . but these suggestions would never have fructified had it not been for . . . my right hon. friend (Mr. Churchill). . . Col. Swinton has been an enthusiastic promoter of the idea. . . The same thing applies to Col. Stern."



PRINCIPAL DESIGNER OF THE TANKS: MR. E. H. W. TENNISON-D'ENCOURT, DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

anything but a superficial thing; and a man often betrays in the sound of his words what he is trying to conceal in the sense of them. And the feeling behind all this phraseology is really this: that the victory of a giant is glorious because it is easy. It is magnificent because it is not war. I do not mean, of course, that men born in the Germanies cannot endure the doubt and equality of real war, as do other white men; I am not speaking of the reality,

VENIZELOS LANDS IN CRETE: TWO OF THE GREEK TRIUMVIRS.



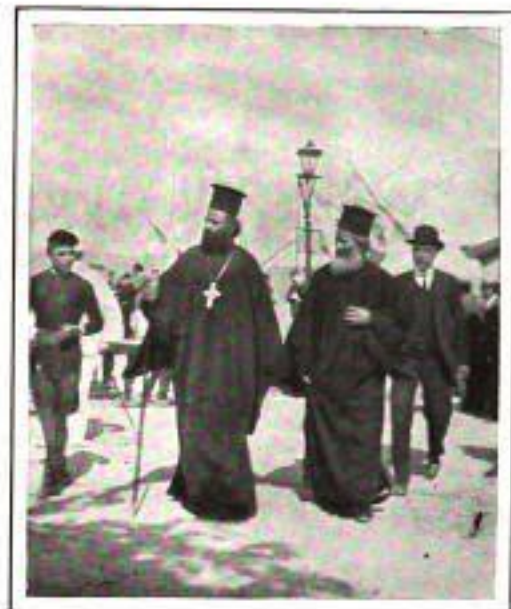
WAITING TO WELCOME THE LEADERS OF THE NEW GREEK PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: ON THE PIER AT SUDA JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF M. VENIZELOS AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS.



"TURBULENT WARRIORS" DEVOTED TO M. VENIZELOS: A CRETAN CHIEFTAIN (IN CENTRE) AND PEASANTS.



LEAVING SUDA FOR CANEA: M. VENIZELOS (IN SOFT HAT) AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS IN THEIR CAR.



RETURNING FROM WELCOMING M. VENIZELOS TO CRETE: THE BISHOP OF CANEA, WITH ANOTHER PRIEST.



LANDING IN CRETE, WHERE THEY WERE RECEIVED WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM: M. VENIZELOS AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS WALKING PAST THE BANNER-BEARERS ON THE PIER AT SUDA.

The landing in Crete of M. Venizelos and Admiral Coundouriotis, two members of the "triumvirate" of the new Greek provisional Government (the third being General Danglis, ex-Minister of War), was a memorable occasion in the history of Greece. They left Athens by night, and arrived off Suda, in Crete, on September 25, in the s.s. "Hesperia." The landing was delayed for a time by bad weather. Admiral Coundouriotis, who before leaving resigned his post as A.D.C. General to King Constantine, was accompanied by five senior officers of the Greek Navy. Writing on board the "Hesperia" in Suda Bay, just before the landing, Mr. G. J. Stevens says: "The heads of this dissenting

Administration are the two outstanding figures of Greece, M. Venizelos and Admiral Coundouriotis. . . . King Constantine . . . described the Salonika revolutionaries as 'scoundrels of patriotism.' Will he go to the extent of applying the same epithet to Admiral Coundouriotis, who shares with him in an equal degree in the public estimation the glory of beating the Turks? The one led the fleet while the other commanded the Army." In a later message from Canea Mr. Stevens writes: "An inaugural religious service was held in the Cathedral to-day in honour of the new Government. . . . The Bishop of Crete officiated." M. Venizelos afterwards went to Salonika.

BALKAN SCENES AND PERSONALITIES—ALBANIAN; GREEK; AND SERBIAN.

FRENCH AND BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE ALBANIAN LEADER WHOM THE TURKS HAVE SENTENCED TO DEATH: ESSAD PASHA—WITH GENERAL SARRAIL, AT SALONIKA.



THE GREEK OFFICER WHO DEFENDED SERES: COLONEL CHRISTODOULOS (THE CENTRAL FIGURE) ARRIVING AT SALONIKA.



A RESULT OF THE NEW SERBIAN VICTORIES: REFUGEES RETURNING TO VILLAGES CAPTURED BY THE SERBIANS.



REWARDED FOR BEING GOOD, BY AN AMUSING LECTURE FROM AN INTERPRETER: A FRENCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG REFUGEES AT SALONIKA.



RESTING BEHIND THE LINE: SOME OF THE SERBIAN TROOPS WHO HAVE BEEN FIGHTING SO WELL AND SUCCESSFULLY.

It was reported recently that Essad Pasha had (in his absence) been condemned to death by the Turkish Government. Writing from Salonika regarding the occasion illustrated in our first photograph, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "Essad Pasha, the Albanian chieftain, arrived to-day from France. General Sarrail met him. He is a sturdily built, tall, dark man, about fifty. He wore a khaki uniform with a Sam Browne belt, and a round Montenegrin astrakhan cap with a red top. Through the ranks of the guards of honour of English and French they walked side by side to Essad's hotel on the quay. Essad Pasha has a considerable suite, including M. Delontenay, the French Minister to

Albania." Regarding Colonel Christodoulos, the famous defender of Seres, whose heroic action there did so much to influence Greek feeling, Mr. Ward Price wrote later: "Colonel Christodoulos has reached Kavalla after marching through country overrun by enemy detachments. He got through with two regiments." . . . When the Bulgarians returned in overwhelming numbers to drive him out, at the time when the Fourth Greek Army Corps was "kidnapped," Colonel Christodoulos sent a message to the French naval force at Thasos. Boats were at once sent to Kavalla and took aboard the Colonel, with 200 officers and 1200 men, and some of their material, machine-guns, etc.

THE RUSSIANS AT SALONIKA: COLUMNS ADVANCING TO THE FRONT.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



RUSSIA'S FINE CONTRIBUTION TO THE ALLIED FORCE IN THE BALKANS: RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO THE FIGHTING LINE.



ALL PROVIDED WITH THE NEW STEEL HELMETS—SOME WEARING, OTHERS CARRYING THEM: RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO THE BALKAN FRONT.

The Russian troops at Salonika, it will be seen from our photographs, are now provided with the new steel helmets. On the march, when not under fire, the men find it more convenient to carry them slung over their shoulder: among their other equipment. A Reuter message of October 9 from Salonika stated: "A strong detachment of Russian infantry landed here to-day, and marched through the town, accompanied by the band

of the French Zouaves. The men presented a fine appearance, and were splendidly equipped. They were warmly cheered by the crowds in the streets, which, moreover, assumed a festive character owing to the decorations and display of bunting, of which the flags of the Allies formed part." The first contingent of Russian troops sent to Salonika arrived there in August, and an Italian force landed shortly afterwards.

OUR FIGHTERS IN FRANCE: ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF YESTERDAY.

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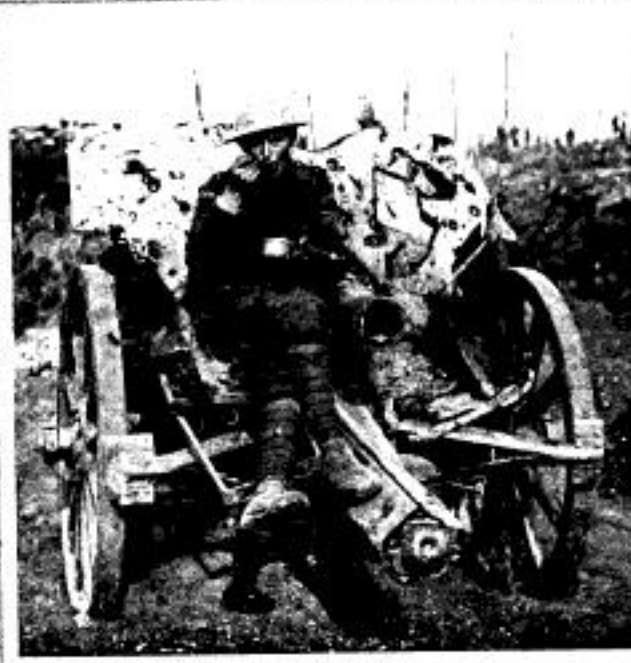
HOW FIELD AMBULANCES CLOSE TO THE BATTLE-LINE ARE SUPPLIED: RUNNING UP MEDICAL STORES BY TROLLEY ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.



TURNING TO ACCOUNT THE REMAINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH, SCREENED WITH BROKEN STAKES: AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION OFFICER'S POST.



AN EMERGENCY EXPEDIENT: LAYING A TELEPHONE LINE ACROSS "NO MAN'S LAND."



AS SATISFACTORY AS THE SERGEANTS' MESS: AN N.C.O. AT DINNER, SEATED ON THE WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN GUN.



UNDER A BETTER FLAG: "FRITZ" FOUND BY THE CANADIANS IN COURCELETTE AND ADOPTED.



ROUGH GROUND MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO OUR GUNNERS: HAULING A BIG GUN FORWARD WITH A 12 HORSE TEAM AND GUNNERS WITH DRAG-ROPE.



A NEAR THING IN TAKING A LINE ACROSS COUNTRY: AN AMMUNITION-CART IN DIFFICULTIES AT THE EDGE OF A FORMER GERMAN TRENCH.

The above illustrations show scenes on one of the battlefields in the Somme area where the British are now fighting. They represent, so to speak, daily-life incidents of war, immediately after the tide of battle has rolled forward from the immediate neighbourhood—a day or two after the enemy, formerly in possession of the ground, has been forced back. For that reason, among others, the present set of illustrations are really as interesting and valuable almost as the pictures of actual fighting, photographed while an action is in progress. Further, they are no less informing in their representation of

what goes on, day after day, in the immediate rear of every battle-zone. They give one a glimpse of the continuous variety and incessant hard toil that goes on, which also goes to make up and constitute the process that the Official Despatches from Army Headquarters term "consolidating our position." In that manner and by such means it is that the troops in the firing-line are enabled between their battles to make good their gains of ground, and at the same time make good also the wastage of their last battlefield in material and the inevitable expenditure of war stores of every kind.

A MODERN "HORSE OF TROY": A ROUMANIAN RUSE DE GUERRE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOBKKOEK FROM A SKETCH SENT FROM ROUMANIA.



MEN INSTEAD OF GRAIN: ROUMANIAN SOLDIERS SURPRISING THE ENEMY AT GHEMESH STATION.

After the declaration of war between Roumania and Austria-Hungary—on the first day of hostilities—the Roumanians sprang a surprise on the enemy at Ghemesh Station. The Roumanians asked that a Hungarian train might be fetched back from the Roumanian side of the frontier, and the enemy, thinking to find it full of grain, agreed, and sent

an engine. On its arrival at the station, there poured forth, not grain, but Roumanian soldiers. The Hungarians in the station were so surprised that hardly a shot was fired except by men at a distance. The incident is a modern variant of the classic legend.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, HASSANO, LAFAYETTE, HARNETT, STUART, AND NAUDEN.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM DRYSDALE,
D.S.O.,
Royal Scots. Youngest son of late Mr.
William Drysdale, of Kilmie, Fife, N.B.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM LYLE,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Only son of
Mr. William Park Lyle, of Haslemere,
Surrey.



LIEUT.-COL. C. EDWARD FISHBOURNE,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of late Mr.
Joseph Fishbourne, of Ashfield Hall, Balfour,
County, Queen's County.



LIEUT.-COL. H. BRUGES FISHER,
Wiltshire Regt. Eldest son of the late Col.
Fisher and of Mrs. Fisher, Ty Mynydd,
Cardiff.



MAJOR GUY B. OLIVER,
R.F.A. Fought with great
gallantry from Mone to Nevea
Chapelle. Died of wounds.



CAPT. C. E. TUFNELL,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
late Lieut.-Col. E. Tufnell,
Royal Bodyguard.



2ND LIEUT. W. H. L.
VESEY FITZGERALD,
Devonshire Regt. Son of
Mr. G. Vesey Fitzgerald.



LIEUT. ROBERT H.
FLETCHER,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Fletcher, of Kew.



LT. A. S. RICHARDSON,
Canadian Infantry. Son of
Mr. Charles S. Richardson,
of Winnipeg, Canada.



CAPTAIN R. VAUGHAN
THOMPSON,
R. Fusiliers. Son of late
Col. E. V. Thompson, V.D.



LIEUT. VISCOUNT CLIVE,
Welsh Guards. Heir to the
Earl of Powis. Fought gal-
lantly on the Somme.



2ND LT. R. L. SANDELL,
Lancs Fusiliers (attached to a
Machine-Gun Company). Son
of Mr. O. J. Sandell, Finchley.



LIEUT. W. B. DUNCAN,
Black Watch. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Bethune Duncan,
Grayrosg, Dundee.



MAJ. B. WALTER, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Son of late Mr. J.
Walter, Hong Kong and
Shanghai Banking Corp.



CAPTAIN R. W. P. BELL,
R. Irish Regt. Son of Mr.
Robert Popham Bell, J.P.,
Pegbarn, Tipperary.



CAPTAIN T. H. IRVING,
Liverpool Regt. Son of
Canon and Mrs. Irving,
Hawthorn Vicarage.



2ND LIEUT. LIONEL
PHILIP NIXON,
Middlesex Regt. Officially
reported killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. G. M. POPPLE,
Northumberland Fusiliers.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Popple,
of Castlethorpe, Brigg.



MAJOR A. C. WILLIAMS,
Canadian Infantry, Overseas Forces. Has
been officially reported as having been killed
in action.



MAJOR GUY EGERTON KIDD,
R.F.A. Son of Dr. Percy Kidd, M.A.,
of No. 60, Brook Street, Grosvenor
Square, W.



MAJOR A. CYRIL HUDSON,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Lieut.-Col. A. H.
Hudson and Mrs. Hudson, Wick House,
Petersham.



MAJOR A. HUGH BENSON,
R.A.M.C. Son of late Mr. Richard Benson
and of Mrs. Benson, Philbeach Gardens.
Served in South African War; both medals.

"OVER THE TOP": THE MEANING OF A PHRASE NOW FAMILIAR.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



THE CANADIANS MAKING ONE OF THEIR BRILLIANT ATTACKS: MEN LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES ON THE SOMME IN HIGH SPIRITS.



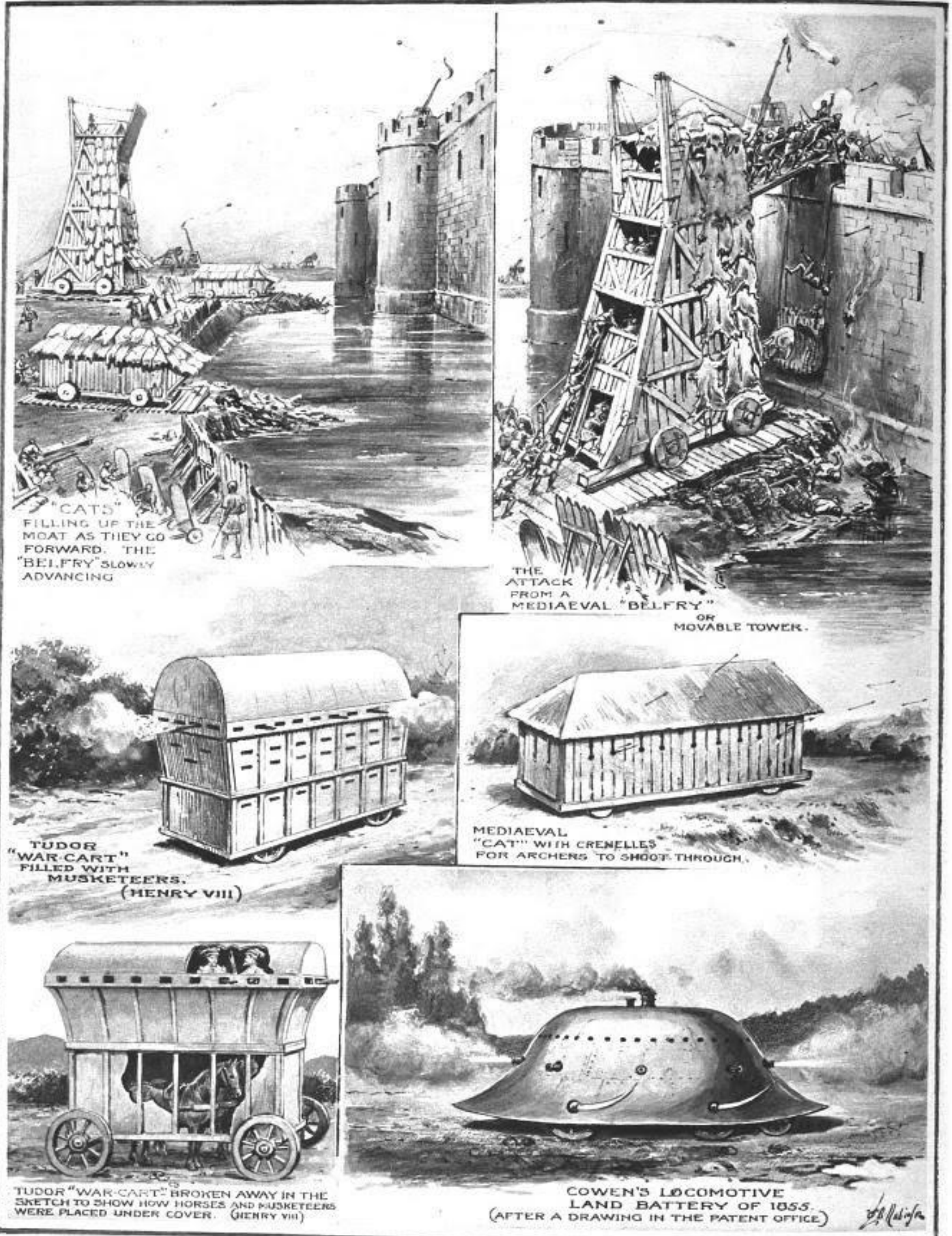
THE LAST "OVER THE TOP": THE START OF A CANADIAN BATTALION ON A BAYONET CHARGE DURING A BATTLE ON THE SOMME.

"Over the top" has been a familiar phrase at the front ever since the long period of defensive operations on the Western Front ended and the great advance began. It means, of course, climbing over the trench-parapet to attack the enemy. These particular examples of going "over the top" were taken on the Canadian section of the Somme front. An official communiqué said of one such occasion recently: "The Canadian troops, in a series of brilliant attacks, forced the Germans back for over a mile beyond their original line. . . . They have taken over 1200 prisoners. . . . Men from Toronto and London and Kingston fought side by side with men from Winnipeg, Regina, and

Vancouver, and with men of the Mounted Rifles from Eastern Canada. . . . On the right a famous French-Canadian battalion, having as its objective the larger part of Courcellette, behaved with the greatest skill and gallantry. . . . On their left a Halifax battalion co-operated brilliantly in the capture of the rest of the village. A Canadian Light Infantry Regiment, which has already seen long service, together with a Montreal battalion, at the same time captured the line of trenches to the west and established a strong position. Thus, within little more than twelve hours, the Canadians had captured the whole of the German defensive positions on a wide front."

"TANKS" OF OTHER DAYS: OLD-TIME "FORTS" ON WHEELS.

DRAWINGS BY W. R. ROBINSON.



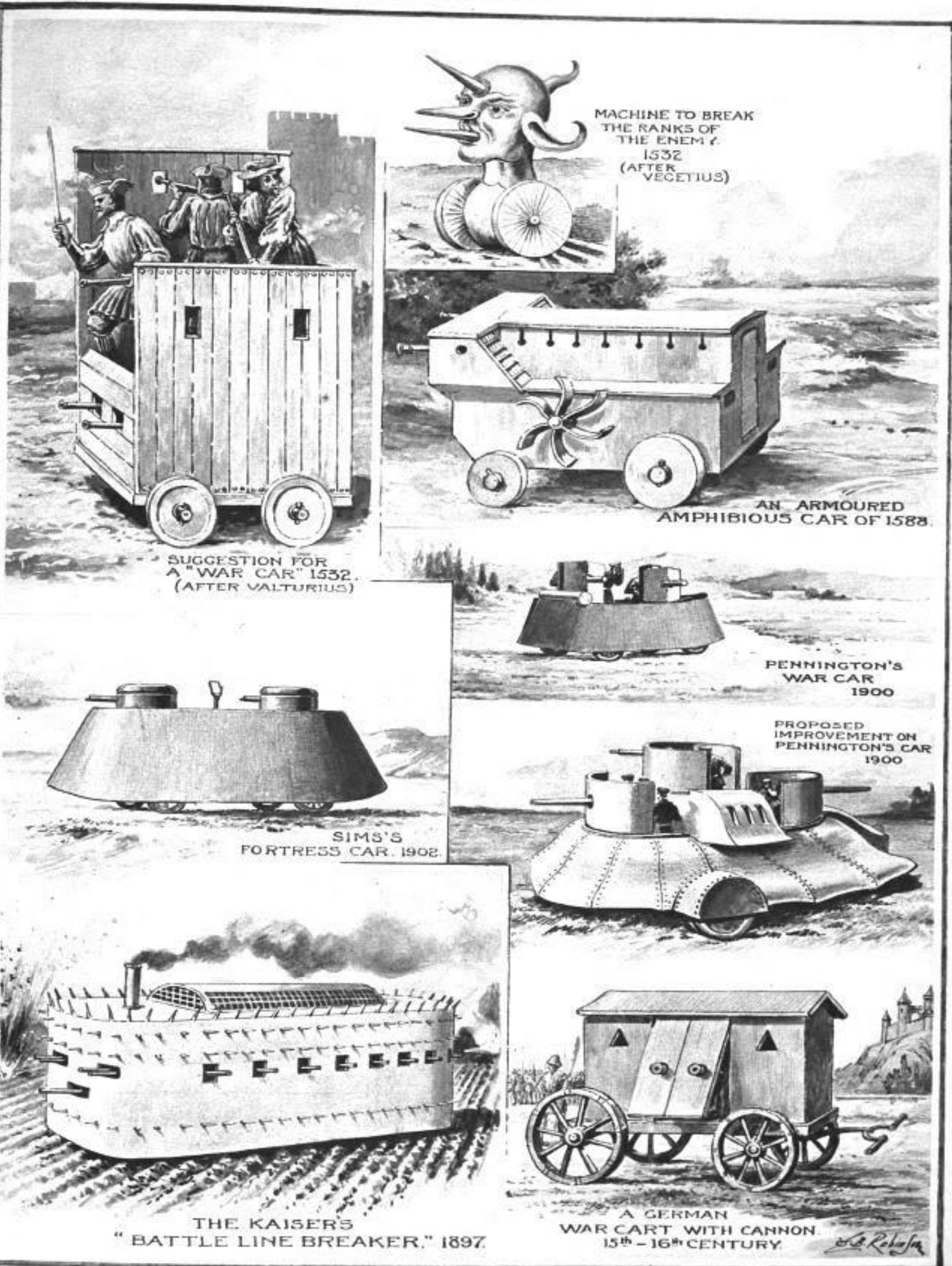
FORERUNNERS OF THE NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE WHICH HAS PROVED SO USEFUL DURING THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: FROM THE "CAT" TO THE LOCOMOTIVE LAND-BATTERY.

With regard to the two upper drawings, in particular, these notes will be of interest. The "Belfry" was the name commonly given—by reason of its general appearance and shape—to the movable tower which formed part of mediaeval siege-equipments. This was usually three or four storeys high at most, and was pushed forward by gangs of men, or hauled with capstans and cables. A battering-ram was sometimes fitted on the lower floor; while archers and slingers, etc., occupied the upper stages. The

structure was coated with raw hides, as safeguard against incendiary missiles. The upper storey was fitted with drawbridge-gangways, to enable stormers to cross to the ramparts of the attacked castle.—The "Cat," a low, shed-like structure on wheels, also known as the "Sow," accompanied the "Belfry" to give cover to men told off to fill the moat to allow the Belfry to reach the walls. Sometimes a battering-ram was fitted inside, or the "Cat" was loopholed for bowmen.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"TANKS" OF OTHER DAYS: OLD-TIME "FORTS" ON WHEELS.

DRAWINGS BY W. R. ROBINSON.



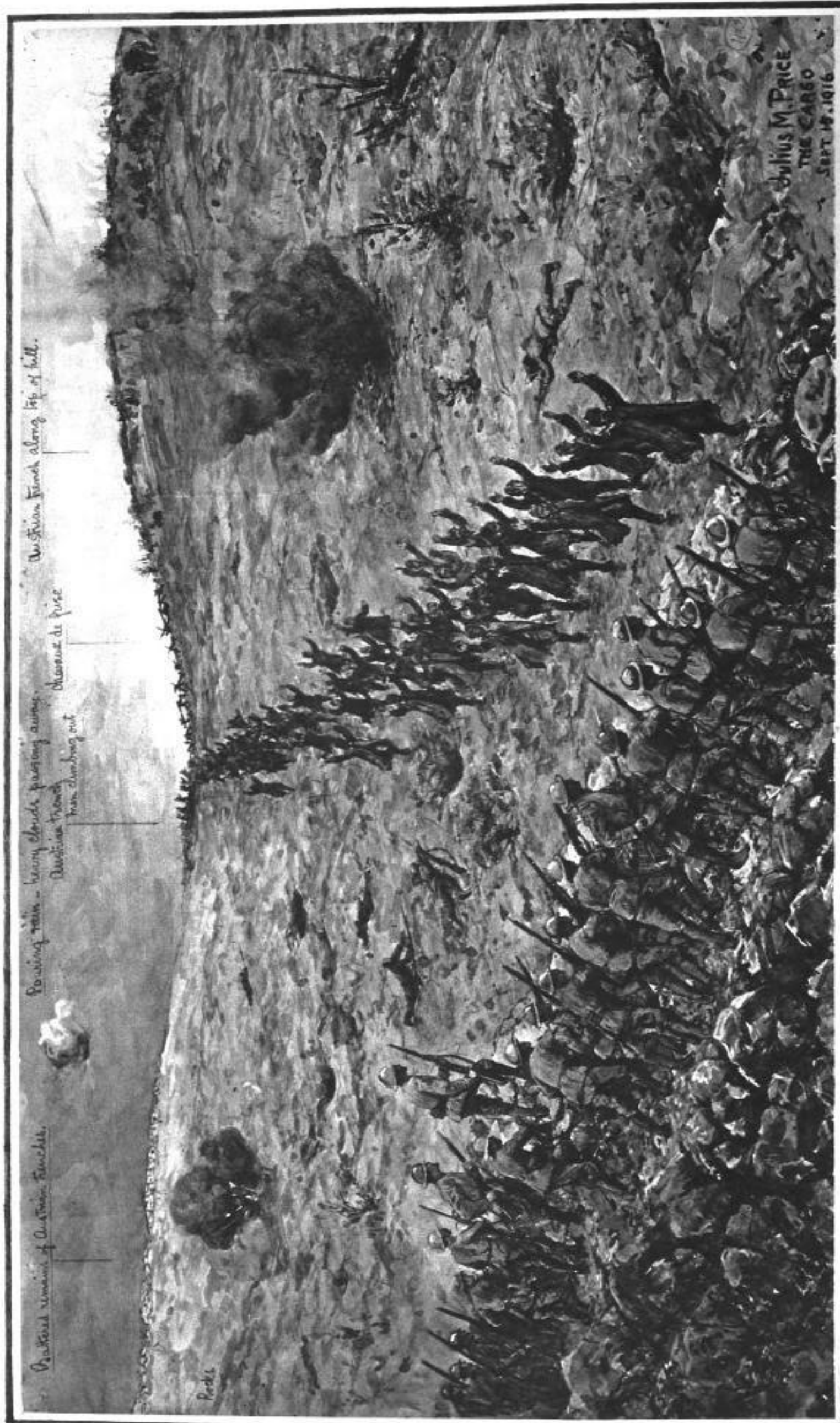
FORERUNNERS OF THE NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE WHICH HAS PROVED SO USEFUL DURING THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: FROM SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MACHINES TO THE KAISER'S "BATTLE-LINE BREAKER."

The Cowen "Locomotive Land Battery" (which is figured at the foot of the facing page) was a suggestion made at the time of the Crimean War, specifications of which are filed in the Patent Office in London. It had four wheels, underneath the iron plate turtle-back armour shield, together with a fifth wheel at the fore-end, for steering. In 1860, at the time of Napoleon the Third's threat to invade England, a French engineer, M. Balbi, designed a similar machine of smaller dimensions. The Emperor approved

the idea, but it went no further. The Kaiser's "Battle-line Breaker," to quote the characteristically grandiloquent designation given to the suggested battle-car shown at the foot of this page, is stated to have been designed by the German Emperor himself. It was to be practically a land armour-clad battle-ship, and was to be as big as a Pullman sleeping-car, and be covered with steel armour bristling with spikes. The idea, however, did not materialise.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A DRAMATIC PRELUDE TO THE ITALIAN CARSO VICTORY: AN AMAZING ENEMY SURRENDER.

FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR ARTIST ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.



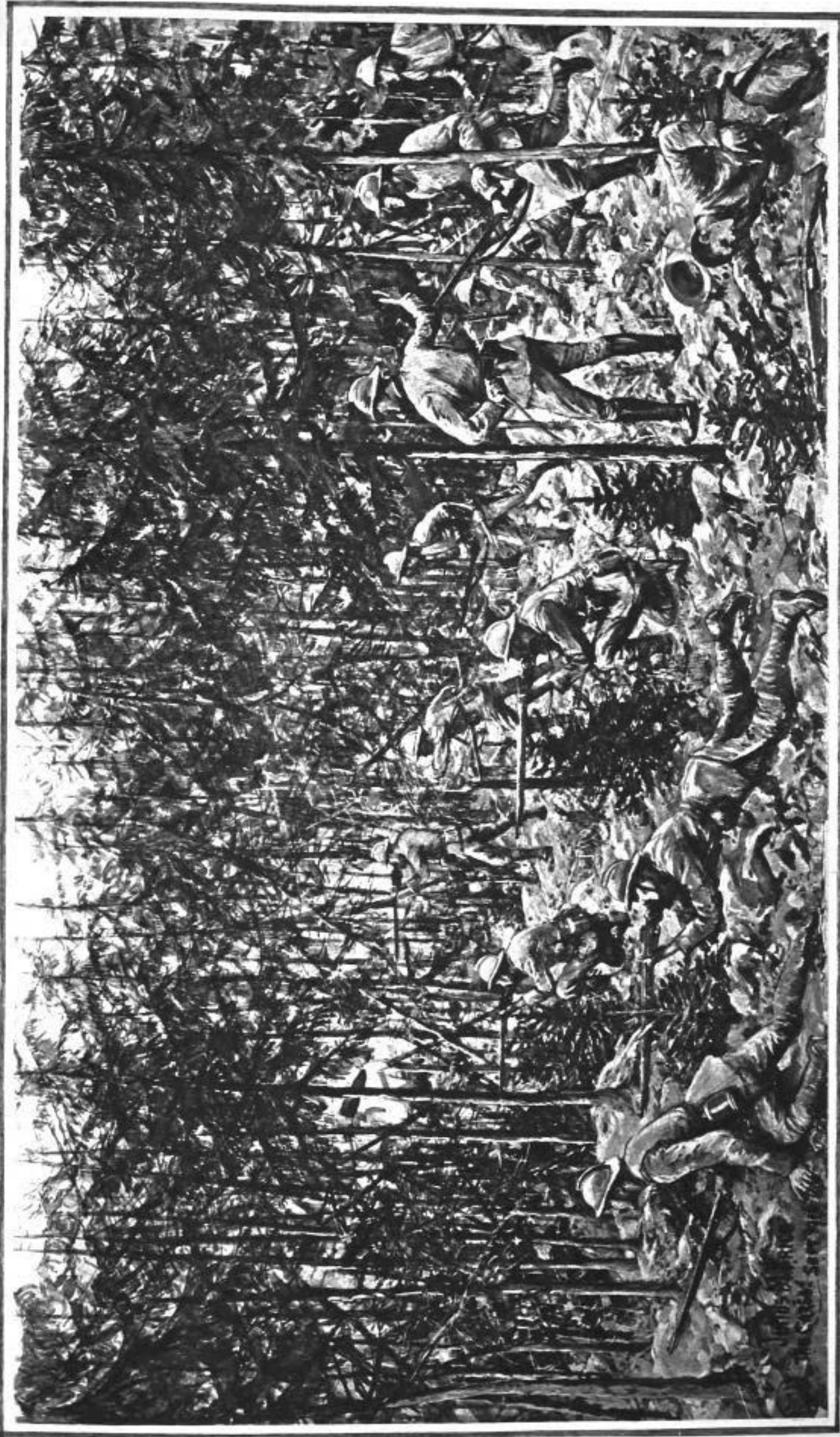
ABANDONING THEIR TRENCHES AND RACING ACROSS TO THE ITALIAN LINES WITH SHOUTS OF "KAMERAD!" HOW THE AUSTRIANS CAME OVER AT NOVA VAS.

This amazing occurrence at Nova Vas, on the Italian battle-front on the Carso on September 18—sketched by our artist on the spot—was in effect, in the language of the theatre, a "curtain-raiser" to the main piece, to the great Italian victory of October in the same district, details of which are now reaching London. "The fighting for the position at Nova Vas," writes Mr. Price, "ended in so dramatic a fashion that it will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. After a furious preparatory bombardment for hours by the Italian heavy guns, to which the Austrians replied vigorously, there was a sudden cessation of the Italian fire. The crisis had come; the infantry were to attack. But, while awaiting word from elsewhere, there was a brief pause. Next, suddenly, in the general amazement, within six minutes of the guns ceasing, one saw hundreds of men abandoning

the Austrian front trenches, a kilometre off. They held up their hands and waved handkerchiefs wildly in token of surrender. Out they poured, like driven rats stampeded by barriers from a barn. They came racing across the stretch of 'No Man's Land' between the opposing trenches straight for the Italians, taking their chance amidst the Austrian shells, still falling briskly. The spectacular effect of the grey-coated fugitives, without arms or accoutrements, running towards them, hands up and frantically shouting 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' was startlingly dramatic. The Italian soldiers were so amazed at the sight that, regardless of the risk of exposing themselves, they showed themselves over their own parapets and stood gazing at what was taking place. In all, 317 Austrian prisoners were made that day, including 71 officers."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ITALIAN FRONT—FIGHTING THROUGH THE FOREST BELT ON THE CARSO: A BATTLE IN A WOOD.

FROM A DRAWING BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMIES.



ADVANCING AMIDST TREES, WITH ONLY A FEW YARDS TO THE FRONT VISIBLE AT A TIME, UNDER FIRE FROM HIDDEN FOES: A TASK NEEDING COOL, DISCIPLINED COURAGE.

Forest fighting, the carrying forward of a wide-fronted offensive through close-growing woodland, is one of the most difficult of military operations. Where the ground, in addition to being densely wooded, is rocky and seamed with ravines, and the defending enemy numerous, the difficulties for the attack are increased tenfold. An important sector of the Carso district to the north of Trieste consists of wooded country of the most difficult kind, and directly bars the Italian advance in that region. As our artist notes, the ground in question was artificially planted by the Austrian Government some years ago, under a scheme to reclaim the barren and rocky coasts of the Carso and convert it into forest tracts. Plantations of fir-trees were laid out over a wide area, and these have now grown into the woods which present a very serious obstacle to the Italian advance. Sheltered by the almost

impenetrable cover that the dense woodland offers, the Austrians have constructed Torres-Vedras-like series of fortified positions among the trees along the ridges that intersect the district. In the Valika Mribach stretch of woods alone—to take only one section of the enemy's defence line—no fewer than eleven formidable lines of trenches extended. They were all taken during September by the Italians. The illustration vividly depicts the nature of the contest. The trees render it impossible to make out anything at more than a few yards ahead; the ground is broken, making it difficult to keep touch. The trees are of too young growth to stop bullets. Hidden in their trenches, the Austrians can sweep the approaches at ground level, lying low behind abatis, and a mass of wire entanglements at close quarters. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

COLONIAL MAN-POWER: A WAY IN WHICH FRANCE USES HERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



FAR-EASTERN NATIVES AT WORK IN A FRENCH MUNITION-FACTORY: ANNAMITES SMOOTHING OFF AND ADJUSTING THE FUZE-ORIFICES OF SHELLS.



FAR-EASTERN NATIVES AT WORK IN A FRENCH MUNITION-FACTORY: COCHIN CHINA LABOURERS HAULING A TRUCK-LOAD OF STEEL INGOTS FOR SHELL-MAKING.



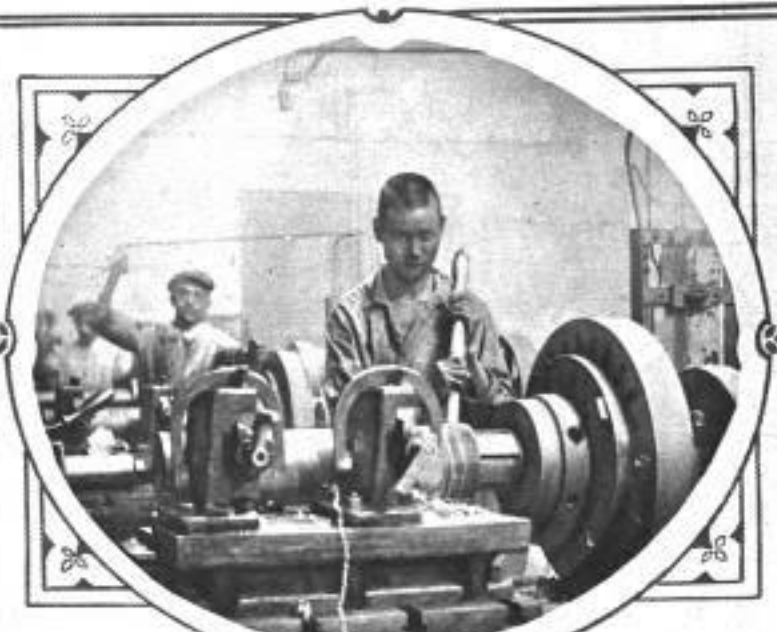
SENEGALISE NATIVES ENGAGED AT A FRENCH AMMUNITION-FACTORY: ADJUSTING SHELL CHARGES WITH WOODEN MALLETS AND RAMMERS.



SENEGALISE COOLIES IN FRANCE EMPLOYED ON ARSENAL WORK: CARRYING LOADED SHELLS TO THE SENDING-OFF DEPARTMENT.



ALGERIAN KABYLES FROM THE ATLAS DISTRICT WORKING IN A FRENCH HIGH-EXPLOSIVES FACTORY: LOADING SHELLS WITH MÉLINITE.

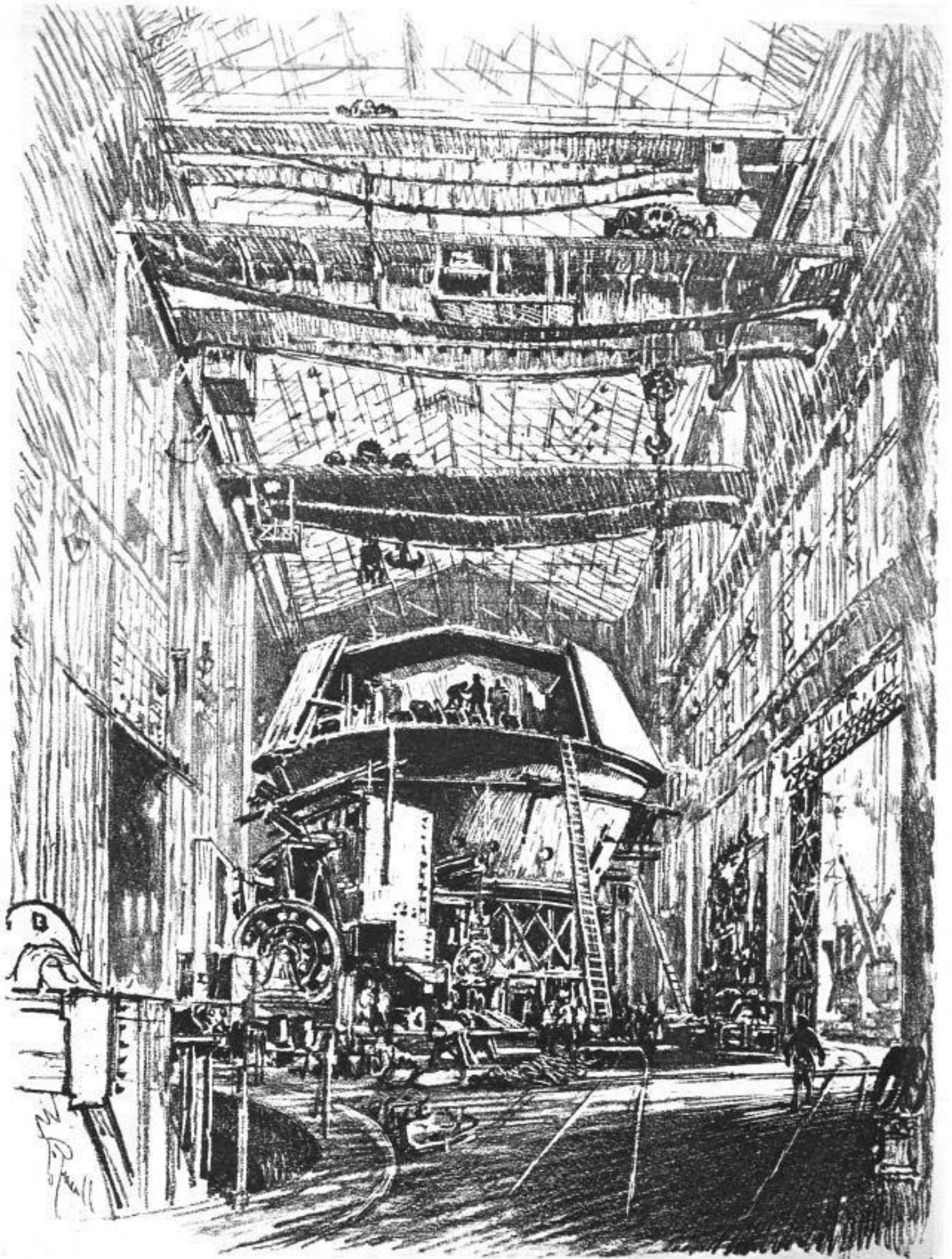


A TONKINESE CHINAMAN AT HIS MACHINE IN A FRENCH SHELL-MAKING WORK-SHOP: TURNING SHELLS TO GAUGE WITH A LATHE.

The question of utilising in war-work of one form or another (including, of course, for fighting) the full and vast man-power of our Crown Colonies and Dependencies all over the world has been raised in Parliament on several occasions, and more is likely to be heard of it. There are millions of men of the black and coloured races owing allegiance to the King, who constitute an as yet untapped source of reserve power available in connection with the war. There is no question of their ardent loyalty to the Flag, and readiness to take their part in helping to win the war in whatever form the authorities

may ask their services. The generous contributions and gifts, either in money or kind, already made by them to war funds—by native rulers and people alike—down to unknown tribes in South and Central Africa—sufficiently testify to their spirit. It rests, of course, with Parliament in the first place to say in what manner this reservoir of national power shall be drawn upon. In the above illustrations we see depicted one of the ways—in connection with munition work—in which our ally France is turning to profitable account the loyal services of her colonial coloured populations.

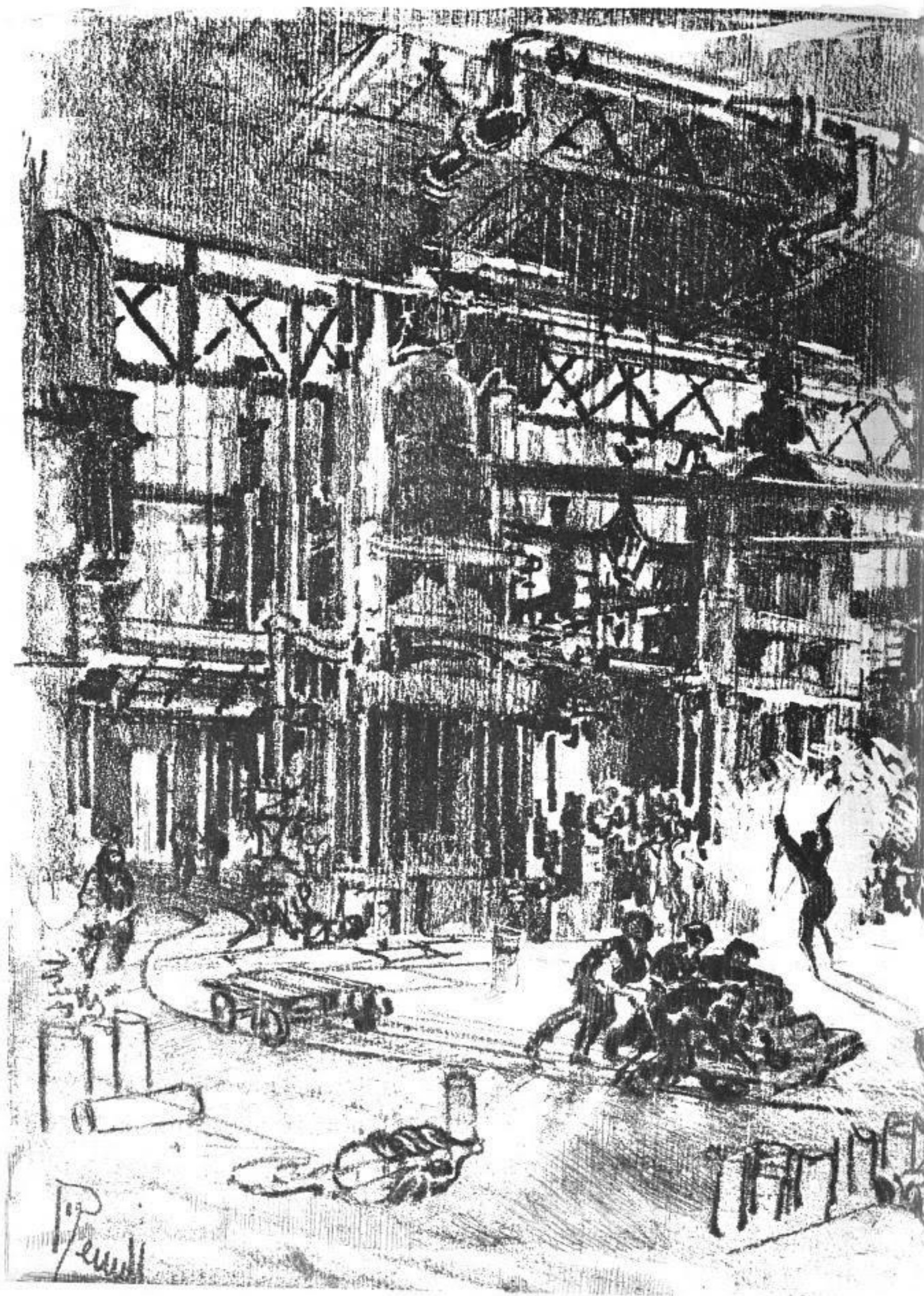
OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"BUILDING THE BIG TURRET": THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF THE GREAT FACTORIES FOR MAKING WAR MATERIAL.

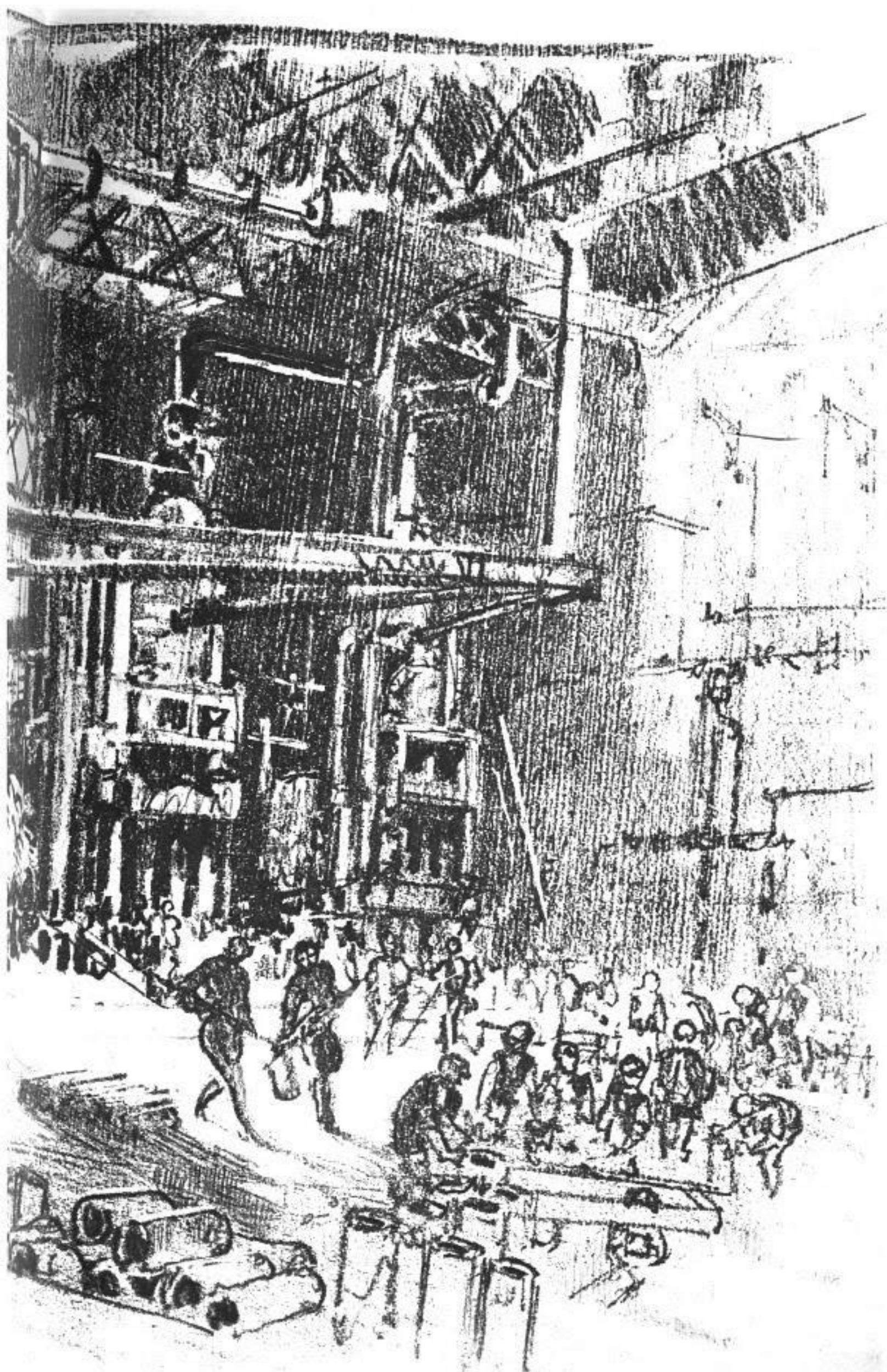
Mr. Joseph Pennell's work needs no introduction to our readers, who have had many opportunities of appreciating it from time to time in these pages. They will remember, for example, his drawings of the engineering wonders of the Panama Canal, and the architectural wonders of New York. Mr. Pennell is quick to see the artistic aspect of any great building or mechanical operations on a colossal scale, and brings out

their imposing and impressive character with mastery skill. It was natural that he should be attracted by the work of our great war factories. To the artist's eye there is grandeur in the titanic machinery by which masses of molten steel are welded into the mighty implements of modern war. Some further examples of Mr. Pennell's work, we may add, will be given in future numbers.



MUNITION-MAKERS OF BRITAIN: "CASTING SHELLS—THE PRESSES": A DE

Other examples of Mr. Joseph Pennell's well-known work in lithography, illustrating the picturesque



PENNELL IMPRESSION OF A GREAT BRITISH WAR FACTORY.

side of our great munition-factories, are given on pages preceding and following.



LEARNING AT DUNDEE: THE PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL OF THE FISHES (19th CENTURY).



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: THE PUPILS OF A CATHEDRAL SCHOOL (13th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR FISHERIES—AFTER THE WAR.

THE number of innovations and reforms which are to come into being "after the war" is already so formidable that I hesitate to add to their number. But there are two which somehow seem to have escaped attention. Both of these concern our fisheries—the one our whale fisheries, the other our food fisheries. They must be treated separately.

Let me begin with the latter. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, which is the body actually concerned with the welfare of these, will, it is to be hoped, demand—and receive—more generous assistance from the Government than it has so far obtained. And, since much of the money to be asked for is to be spent in work such as will afford permanent employment to a large number of men and women who will be thrown upon the labour market after the war, there should be no difficulty about the necessary grants. They are to be applied, indeed, to secure increased revenue, and not for the purposes of experiment, or merely for the sake of providing work. The experimental work has all been done for us, and has been amply proved by the Board of Fisheries of the United States. This body, for years past, has set us an example in all its activities, and the time has now come when, in the interests of our national welfare, we should follow their excellent lead. In America, as with us, many rivers have ceased to be habitable by fish, either owing to pollution by factories or city refuse. Where this has happened in America, other streams have been stocked from one or another of their many fish-hatcheries; and thus the loss to industry, and to the consumer, has been made good. But so great is the need for a further increase in this direction that the inauguration of private fish-farms is advocated, to be conducted incidentally to the various branches of agriculture and animal industry.

To this end, the Bureau of Fisheries has supplied hundreds of millions of artificially hatched food-fishes for private waters. The State officials have endorsed the contention of private fish-culturists that, under given conditions, aquaculture may be more profitable than agriculture; that an acre of the best water may yield larger returns than an acre of the best land; and that food supplies of untold volume and value may be expected from what are now unused waters. These fish include not merely salmon and trout, but a number of other fresh-water species. Some of these could profitably be introduced into our waters; while we might make much more of our own fresh-water species, as I have already suggested in this column—species

which are readily eaten on the Continent. We are the slaves of prejudice.

But not merely food-fishes are cultivated. There are several species of fresh-water mussel in American rivers whose shells are thick, and heavily coated inside with "mother-of-pearl." These shells support a great button-making industry. But, as with our own fresh-water mussel, the young, when released from the parent, become for a time parasitic on fishes. Each species of mussel has its own fish. These "hosts"

bottom to grow buttonwards. During 1913 about 250,000,000 young mussels were thus liberated from one station alone.

Recently the lobster-fishery has engaged the attention of the Bureau. This supports a fishery from Maine to Delaware, and is the principal means of livelihood in many New England communities. But for many years the fishery has presented the striking anomaly of an annually decreasing output and an annually increasing income to the fishermen. In the past quarter of a century the catch has decreased 60 per cent., while the receipts of the fishermen have increased 200 per cent. The lobster has become a luxury. But, because of its nutritious character, it is held that this state of affairs should be remedied.

Hence all lobsters with "berry" attached are first taken over by the State officials, who remove the eggs and place them in "hatcheries." As many as two hundred million eggs may be seen at one time in the automatic hatching-jars at a New England lobster station of the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries. The lobster, it may be remarked, carries its eggs for ten months, and each female carries from ten to fifteen thousand eggs. In this country the eggs are sold with the lobster—a most wasteful proceeding.

Another fish which has just been taken under the protecting wing of the Bureau is the menhaden. This is a near relation of the herring, but, lacking its palatability, is used for conversion into oil and fertiliser. It is also of inestimable value in another way, since it serves as the prey of numerous valuable food-fishes; hence its capture for commercial purposes is to be regulated.

Some idea of the abundance of this fish and the magnitude of the fishery may be gathered from the fact that in 1913 more than one billion fish were caught, and converted into six and a half million gallons of oil and nearly ninety thousand tons of fertiliser.

Perhaps one should be thankful to find that the general public in America is no more intelligent or far-seeing than that of Great Britain where scientific work of this character is concerned; hence the financial support necessary for the inauguration of scientific investigations, or their continuance, is often imperilled. But, in spite of this, the Bureau of Fisheries contrives to find supporters in Congress. May our own legislative authorities do as much! The work is needed.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



AMERICA'S FINE CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS: PICKING UP A WOUNDED SOLDIER IN LORRAINE.

French Official Photograph.

have now been discovered, and it is the province of the Fishery Department to provide those fishes and have them inoculate themselves by putting them in tanks, or ponds, in which the spawning mussels have been placed. When a fish is sufficiently infected it is



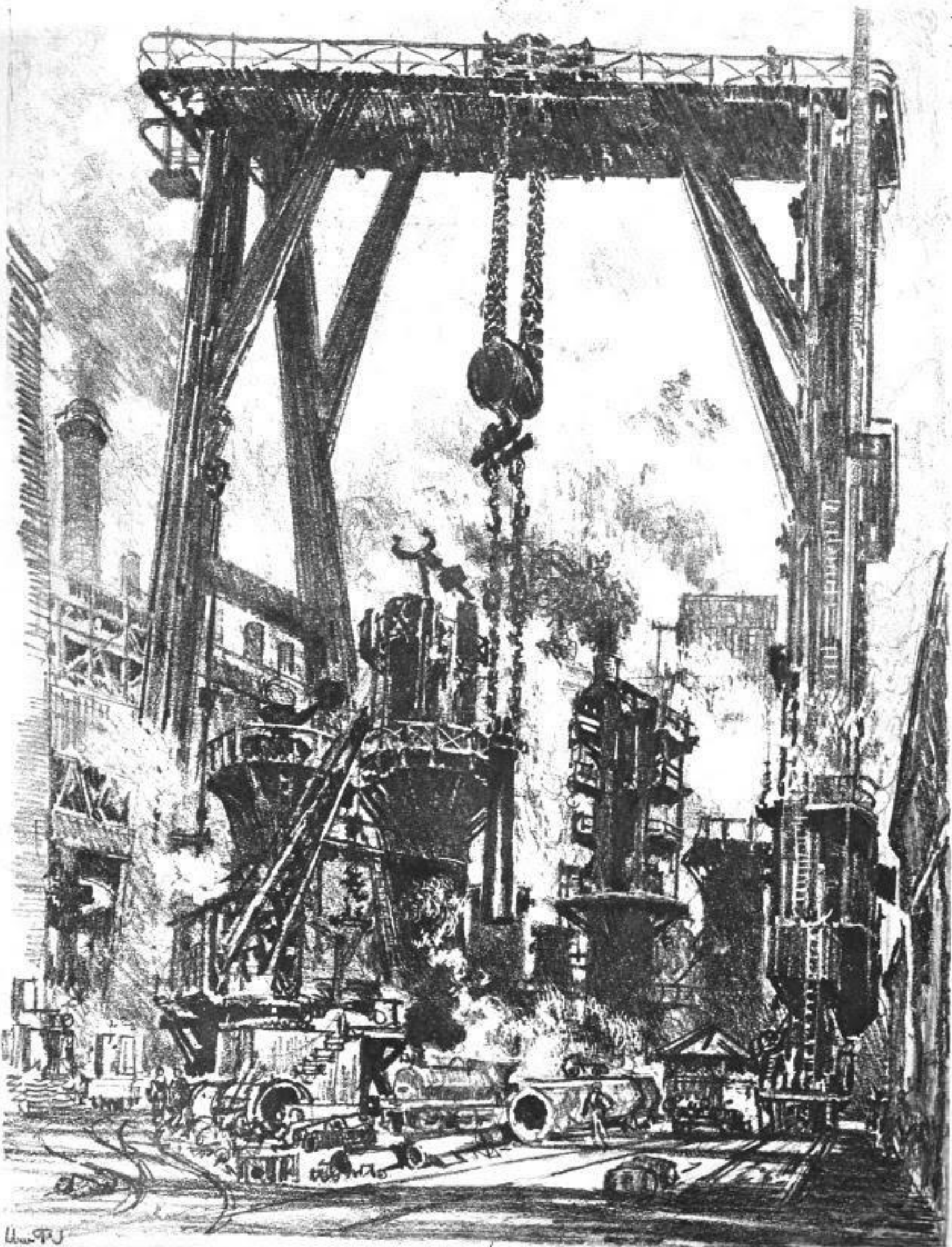
THE SPLENDID WAR WORK OF THE AMERICAN AMBULANCES: A RED CROSS CAR IN A RUINED STREET OF VERDUN.

French Official Photograph.

turned loose in the river, and in a week or two the young mussels, having completed this assisted portion of their existence, detach themselves and fall to the

needed.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"THE GUN DIP": THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF A GREAT BRITISH ORDNANCE FACTORY.

In this drawing, as in those reproduced on the preceding pages, Mr. Joseph Pennell illustrates what may be called the spectacular side of a great ordnance factory. The particular process shown in the picture is a certain stage in the making of a big gun, the tube of which is seen suspended near the centre. After being heated in one of the furnaces consisting of vertical metal towers lined with brick, the gun-tube

is then picked up at the muzzle end by a crane and lowered into a tank of oil, in order to be hardened. Directly the tube touches the oil, the latter bursts into flame, but this stops as soon as the tube is completely immersed. The tube is then left in the oil to cool. Some of the big travelling cranes used in ordnance factories for moving gun-tubes are capable of lifting a hundred tons.

TOGOLAND UNDER THE UNION JACK: BRITISH AND NATIVE CEREMONIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWEDENSTROM.



HONOUR FOR A WEST AFRICAN NATIVE RULER: THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST PRESENTING A SWORD TO THE FIA OF THE AWUMAS.



IN DURBAR AT QUITAH: SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST, ADDRESSING AWUMA CHIEFS.



A NATIVE DANCE IN HONOUR OF SIR HUGH CLIFFORD'S VISIT TO AWUMA-GA: IN THE GROUNDS OF A REST-HOUSE FOR EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS GIVEN BY THE FIA OF THE AWUMAS, WITH A FETTER WOOD IN THE BACKGROUND.



LISTENING TO THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH: THE FIA, CHIEFS, AND RETAINERS OF THE AWUMA NATION IN DURBAR.



THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST AT AWUMA-GA: (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN FRASER, A.D.C., MR. FURLEY, SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, AND THE FIA, SRI II.

These photographs show an interesting ceremony in West Africa, of which our correspondent who sends them supplies the following account: "The second anniversary of the British occupation of Togoland, the first German colony to fall into the hands of the Allies, was marked at a durbar, held by the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir H. Clifford, K.C.M.G., at Quitah, close to the Togoland border, on August 29. The speedy conquest of Togoland was helped, in no small degree by the native tribes in the bordering colony of the Gold Coast (and some of those in Togoland itself) at once offering to the British Government to send levies of fighting men to help against the Germans. They were not required,

but nevertheless were mobilised. Prominent among these tribes are the Awuma and Addah nations, both of whom have shown constant loyalty to the British Government, under whose flag they have found the liberty and fair dealing which other tribes have desired in vain from their German masters. 'Fia' (King) Sri II., of the Awumas, on behalf of his nation, was presented with a sword of honour and a silver medallion. Fia Sri II. is a most intelligent ruler, and has laid every European who travels from the Volta River to Togoland under obligation to him, by providing at his own expense a Rest-House Bungalow for their use." Mr. Furley is Provincial Commissioner for the Eastern Province.

A Gift from you of £18 will maintain one lad or girl for a year.

At the present time, 1200 lads and girls are being fed, clothed and trained into useful British citizens at the homes of the

NATIONAL REFUGES

and in the Training Ships

"ARETHUSA" and "CHICHESTER."

Old boys from the Society are now serving in nearly every vessel of the British Navy and in 100 British regiments. Nine were in the East Surreys, the famous regiment that dribbled the football to the German trenches. Many old boys have been wounded, and several have already given their lives for their country.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

The Society is in great need of funds. There is a deficit of £6000 in the maintenance account and about £3,000 of investments have had to be sold to meet expenses.

Please help to the best of your ability, and without delay. Amounts large or small will be gratefully received by the SECRETARIES, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.



INSOMNIA.

Many people spend half the night, not in sleeping, but in worrying over their affairs, and consequently arise feeling more tired than when they go to bed.

The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than Indigestion, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

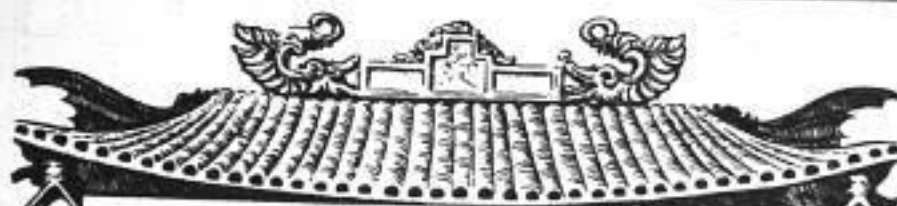
TESTIMONY.—"I have been compelled to abstain from taking tea, coffee, and cocoa for over eight months. I can truly say that your Cocoa and Milk has simply worked wonders with me. I have always been able to retain it, and have found it most soothing and satisfying, and of the greatest assistance in promoting sleep."

Tins, 2/6 and 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return post free, for 3d. Mention *The Illustrated London News*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 147, New Bond St., London.

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA AND MILK



In China



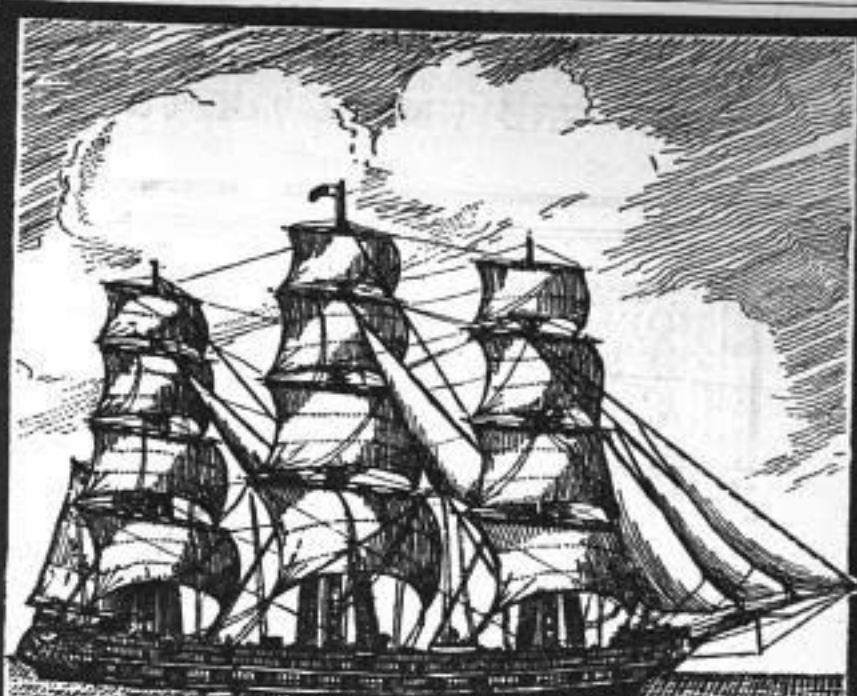
the continued appreciation of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is indicated by the ever-increasing imports of the original Worcestershire Sauce into that ancient and exclusive country.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is economical in use because a little goes such a long way. A far larger quantity of a cheap imitation fails to give the same satisfaction.

Observe the signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in white across the red label on every bottle.



THE fine old wooden merchantmen of our great grandfathers' days, and the steel ships of to-day, have both outsailed and beaten off enemy ships in their race home with the finest tobacco out of Virginia.

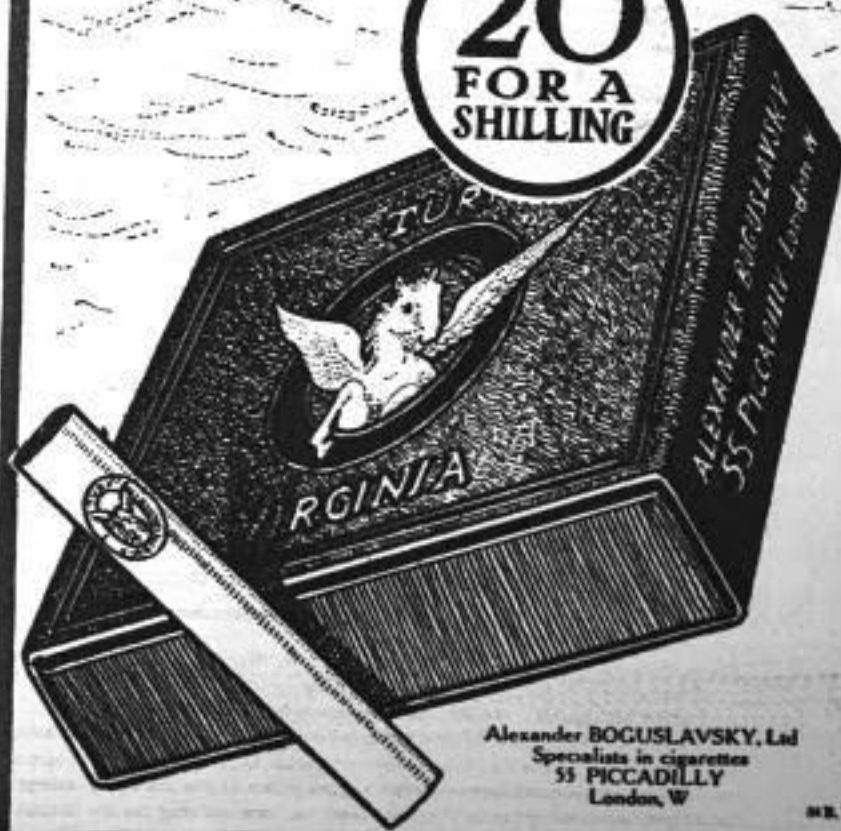
TURF Virginia Cigarettes are just this "finest tobacco out of Virginia." Perfectly made, they smoke perfectly, and there is no other Cigarette on the market that has the same aroma and softness as TURF VIRGINIA.

20 for a shilling, they are irresistible to the man of taste.

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VIRGINIA
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NEW NOVELS.

"—And What Happened." There is a touch of Murger in "—And What Happened" (Mills and Boon). Its Bohemia is the journalists' London, inhabited in this instance by cheerful and witty young women, and by clever and shaggy young men, sturdy

of this, for nobody can be quite as old or as gloomy on occasion as the clever young person under five-and-twenty; but at least Miss Stevens has written an excellent novel to establish her own conviction. The restaurant meals, the ridiculous expedition of Letty and Dicky Matravers to the country with Henry Mutton, the charwoman's baby, in a perambulator, are all described in the same spirit of happy entertainment. It is a long time since we read a more joyous and engaging book.

"God's Child." A novelist who persists in describing a clergyman as "the Reverend Arthur" has only himself to blame if he arouses prejudice against his story and everybody in it. He might as well call Lethbridge "the gallant Captain" each time he mentions him. This blemish, and an absurd conventionality in the delineation of Arthur Leedes, apart, "God's Child" (Cassell) is not a bad novel. Indeed, parts of it, egg-like, are excellent. Military life in Malta is well handled; and Primrose Dangerfield, whose lapse from the paths of virtue has such disastrous consequences for herself and for other people concerned, is a clear-cut, vigorous figure. Captain Oswald Dallas is not an original writer in his cut-and-dried characterisation of cathedral ladies, and in his selection of a Maltese for the villain of the piece. He shows timidity in his careful perambulation of the

hackneyed highways of fiction. Yet this weakness has its compensations, for at all events he is unaffected—and how many times has it not been our weary fate to observe the posturing of the young men who try to attract attention by self-consciously practising the art not of the novelist, but of the literary mountebank! Here is at least a straightforward person who has worked up a respectable plot—none of your kick-shaws—and who is not to be debarred from conscientiously presenting it to the reader. There is no inspiration in "God's Child"; but, on the other hand, there is no insincerity.

"Backwater." "Backwater" (Duckworth) is written in a sort of shorthand, or a dialect—as you please. It expresses the manner and method of the young women of Barnes, no doubt; but the mannerisms of Barnes are not as vital to the story of Miriam as Miss

Dorothy Richardson would like us to believe. She has a trick of snapping out a piece of suburban slang with a nod and a wink, as if it enclosed tremendous feminine mysteries, and she is so uncommonly clever with it that she almost carries it off. "Sarah knows all sorts of things," said Miriam excitedly. . . . "She says she knows why the Pooles look down and smirk; their dimples and the line of their chins; that men admire them looking down like that. Isn't it frightful? Disgusting! And men don't seem to see through them." "It's those kind of girls get on best." . . . "Sarah says there are much more awful reasons. I can't think how she finds them all out. Sober Sally, I know she's right. It's too utterly sickening, somehow, for words." It is quite an imposing trick; but Miss Richardson does not convince us, after the first onslaught, that there is anything epoch-making behind it. "Backwater" is more a series of notes—these shorthand notes, and others—than a connected novel. Its realism is jerky, snatches and glimpses of the truth—and, be it noted, not always the truth best worth looking for. And yet that chapter which describes Miriam's attitude towards the children she has been teaching is almost all pure gold. So,



TROOPS ON THE MARCH WATCHED BY TROOPS RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE: A SCENE ON THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

Official Photograph.

adventurers who have rebelled against the dulness of their middle-class homes. They are all alive, and, since the book is sub-titled "Being an Account of Some Romantic Meals," their staccato manner of living is delightfully revealed by Miss E. S. Stevens, who is to be congratulated on the gaiety of their story. She begins with the arrival of Letty Ross at the Cradock School of Journalism—fee, forty guineas—where the editorial secrets of imaginary "family" and fashion papers are exposed to the gaze of the novice. Miss Briscoe's first aid to journalism is a very happy piece of writing, and so is Letty's instruction by Nicolette Preston in the psychology of the unsuccessful newspaper woman. Letty is straightway bidden to have tea at the school, because "to-day tea will be worth having. Someone had the bright idea of having a cake competition in the 'family' paper, and we've been eating those cakes now for nearly a week." Letty Ross, we are told, aged twenty, emerging into freedom for the first time, was still in the golden time when adventure is eagerly chased for its own sake and the heart has never been filled with anything but laughter. We are not quite sure of the truth



A WAR-TIME DAUGHTER OF THE PLOUGH: THE FIRST-PRIZE WINNER AT A DEMONSTRATION OF WOMEN'S FARM-WORK IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A demonstration of women's work in agriculture was held recently at Firs Farm, Poolton, Gloucestershire. The first prize for ploughing was won by Miss G. Mitchell, of Buckland, Berkshire.—[Photo, C.N.]

no matter how little there may be inside the suburban young women, it is impossible not to come to the conviction that there are possibilities as yet unfolded, and a promise still to be made good, in Miss Dorothy Richardson.

FINE QUALITY FURNITURE

inexpensively priced at Waring & Gillow's.



A pair of well-designed Chairs in oak, handsomely decorated backs, upholstered in hide. Very strongly made of finest quality wood. The price of the Arm Chair is £2 : 17 : 6 and of the small Chair £1 : 18 : 6



The Hailsham Sideboard, in very handsome Inlaid Mahogany, 6 ft. wide. Fitted with large drawer and double cupboard underneath. A magnificent example of value. £16 : 16 : 0

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I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

The Cynic: I think patriotism carries very little weight with most motorists when it comes to the purchase of a tyre.

Dunlop: I don't believe it! Anyway, not in present circumstances.

The Cynic: Oh, I don't know. I am almost convinced it's a question of selfish interest, based on the merits of the tyre, supposed or otherwise.

Dunlop: To take it on those grounds, then, what better tyre than a Dunlop can the most selfish motorist want? Look at my unique manufacturing facilities. And even if there were nothing to choose between Dunlops and foreign tyres, I am sure that patriotism would be sufficient to turn the scale in favour of Dunlops.



DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, BIRMINGHAM.
OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.
Dunlop Solid Tyres for Heavy Commercial Vehicles.



LADIES' PAGE.

THE Government-appointed "Conference" on Electoral Reform is not to settle anything, but merely to consider and suggest upon any necessary alterations in our representative system. Upon it, men of every shade of party opinion are placed, but not a single woman. The air is thick with appeals to women to undertake this task and that, with advice to employers to put women everywhere in the place of men, with assurances from those already employing women that they have proved to be extraordinarily capable, and are doing not only what would be called "men's work" in ordinary times, but the work of specially skilful and highly trained men—of the male élite of the artisan classes, in fact. Women members are placed on Parliamentary Committees often enough, in some cases on Committees where it must be really painful and difficult for them to assist in hearing evidence and deliberating on conclusions. But when it is a question of considering who shall be represented in the Government of the country, not one woman is invited to participate in this inquiry—not even an "anti" has been included!

The Queen gave the honour of her presence to the opening of the new buildings of the Women's Medical School connected with the London Royal Free Hospital. This royal patronage has been well deserved by the excellent work done by women as Army doctors. A large hospital for soldiers in London is run entirely by women surgeons, to the perfect satisfaction of the patients and with excellent statistical results. Women in this branch of work have beyond question "made good," though it was at first difficult to get the authorities to allow them to use their skill. The French Army first took advantage of the skill of our English women as army doctors in this war. The Queens of England will always be associated with the successful entrance of women into the regular practice of medicine and surgery. Queen Victoria received personally an American lady doctor, who brought to England a message from an Indian Princess, asking the great mother Queen to send medical women to treat their sisters in the Indian zenanas. The message was written on a scrap of paper put in a beautiful locket which the Maharanee took from her own neck. "Write small, doctor Sahib," she said, "so as to put it in this case for the great Queen." After receiving it, Queen Victoria gave her patronage to the movement for lady doctors for India, which involved their medical training here. Queen Alexandra, in her turn, opened a hospital to be staffed by women only; and now Queen Mary has added her patronage.

Of course, we are all delighted to know that women are working so well, for one's experience with them as domestic workers is only too often much the reverse. I used to think that this incapacity and unwillingness to improve was partly in consequence of the utter lack of systematic training for the duties required of domestic workers, and partly the result of the unpopularity of the conditions of domestic service, which makes most clever and ambitious



A USEFUL AND COSY TRAVELLING COAT.

It is made of check tweed with a comfortable skunk collar and pockets outlined with the fur.

girls choose other occupations. But alas! when I had a newspaper of my own I found my women clerks no more reliable. Probably women work better under men; we all know how the housemaid who is neglectful of her duties and impertinent to her mistress will wait upon her master so well and so devotedly that he, dear man, cannot understand why his wife cannot "get on" with the treasure! The women who do "get on" with their servants at the present time too often must be those who take the advice of the old Roman stoic, Epictetus. He says: "Lay aside such reasonings as this: 'If I do not correct my servant, he will be good for nothing.' . . . It is better that your servant should be bad than you unhappy. Is a little oil spilt, a little wine stolen? Say to yourself, 'This is the purchase paid for my apathy and tranquillity.' It is possible he may not come at your call, or, if he come, that he may not do what you would have him do. But he is by no means of such importance that it should be in his power to give you any disturbance."

This easy-going, lazy philosophy, this shunting of responsibility, this neglect of the clear and bounden duty of the ruler, is the condition almost forced upon mistresses at the present juncture, when all strong young women are not merely called, but imperatively urged, to do something other than the quiet domestic tasks of cooking and cleaning house. But economy, hygiene, good order, so necessary in the ship of home where we are supposed to guide the helm, necessarily become sadly to seek. Nevertheless, we must possess our souls in patience at this crisis as far as possible, for, as Epictetus goes on to say, "He is the master of another person who is able to confer or remove what the other person wishes either to have or avoid; who would be free, then, must wish for nothing that depends on others, else he will necessarily be a slave." We must certainly to some extent "let things go" at present in our homes. After all, we shall have no homes to care for if the foe be not checked—that is the one point. So our strong and capable girls must be done without at home for defensive work.

Paris dress designers, finding the attempt a failure to force on women for actual wear the freakish frocks that the tradespeople devised, and that we have seen in fashion-plates, but that have not been worn (except by the very small minority who rush to order and put on any absurdity for the express purpose of being uncommon and getting noticed), have suddenly abandoned the attempt, and are contenting themselves with supreme simplicity. Straight lines, moderate fulness, abundant room for the figure and for movement, mark the newest models. The frock-coat is the real success of the autumn season, and its straight and sensible outline is admirable. The latest Paris notion, and one that is being eagerly adopted, is the very extreme of simplicity. Entitled the "robe-chemise," it is exactly like what it is called: a straight-lined, rather narrow, one-piece robe, indicating rather than defining the waist, and hung from a square yoke-piece, above which may appear a guimpe of lawn or tucked net for day wear, but the throat in unveiled beauty in the evening.—FLORENA.

Keep on sending me OXO

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement from officers and men during the War.

OXO exactly meets their needs. It aids and increases nutrition and stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

A Captain in the R.A.M.C. writes to his father:

"I can buy most things here except cigarettes, OXO and soups. If you could send me OXO occasionally it would be very useful, and would be a great comfort to some of my fellows in hospital and expedite recovery."

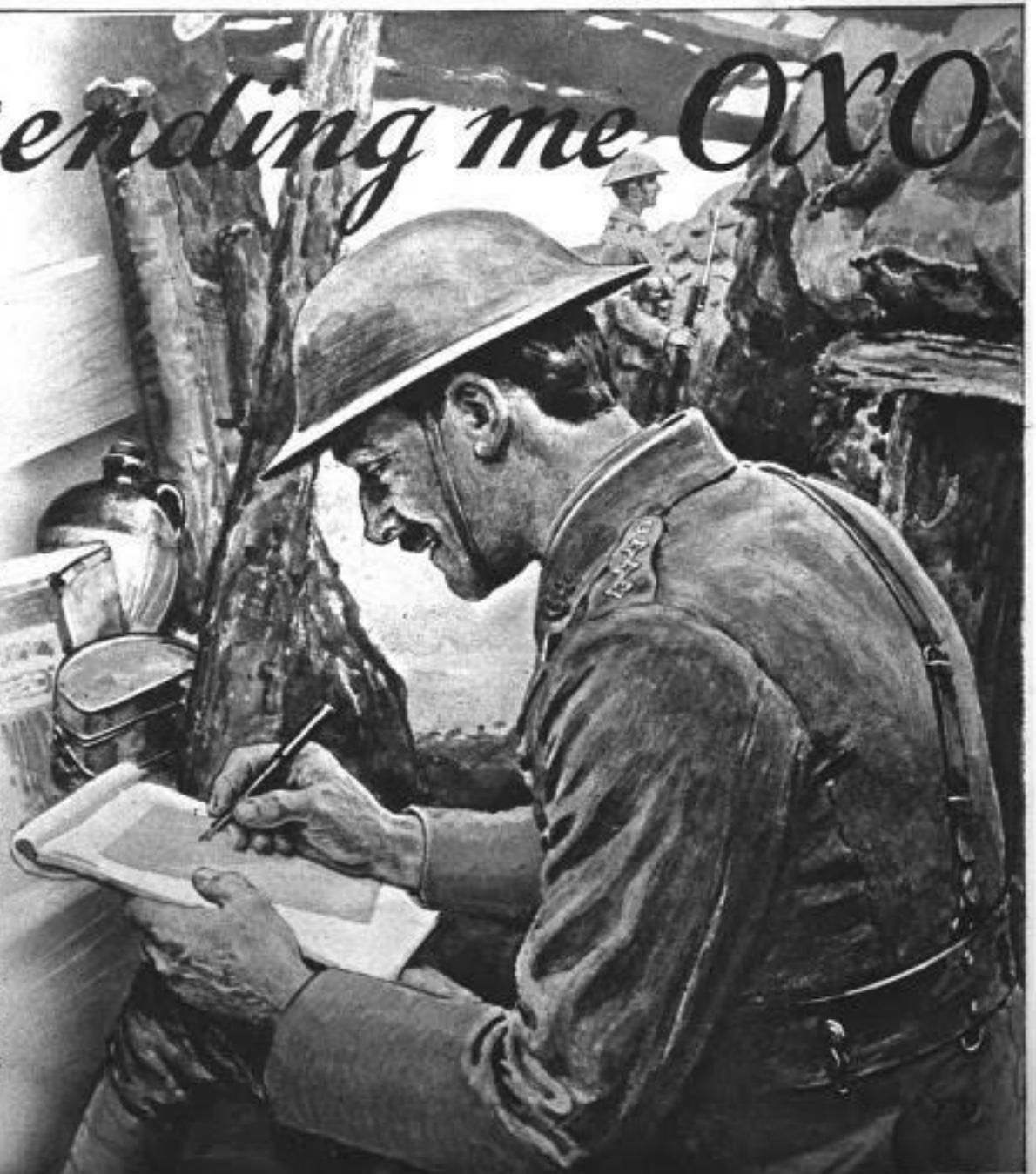
Oxo in Mesopotamia.

"It was with some doubt and misgiving that I sent some OXO to my son in Mesopotamia,

feeling it might not reach him in good condition; but he writes home to us that he uses OXO to fortify the soup they have, and asks for more to be sent each week, as OXO is very sustaining and helpful to buck one up in such a trying climate."

From a Mine-sweeper:

"OXO has kept warmth in us all these perishing nights. There was a terrific rush on it as soon as our chaps found out it was aboard. I can tell you it has proved one of the best gifts we have received."





FITTED BAGS



Every fitted bag we sell is of the same high standard that much-travelled people have praised for many years past.

Only selected leather is used in the manufacture, therefore they stand the hardest wear. All fittings are of the finest quality.

Pictured here is a Lady's 18-inch Finest Morocco Fitted Travelling Case, containing a complete Service of Solid Silver Toilet requisites, an Eight-Day Timepiece and writing materials.

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BOUDOIR SECRETS

BY
"Jeannette"

Author of "The Book of Beauty," etc.

WRINKLES.

"Margot," "Only Thirty," and "Not Too Old At Forty" have all written me this morning on the subject of wrinkles. Now it is not often that I have three readers asking the same question by the same post, so my chat this week will be all about these arch enemies of woman. I know that I can help every reader who suffers from these afflictions, for I have given three whole years to the study, and have at last reached the result—how to remove all lines and wrinkles entirely and permanently by a safe and sure method, which only involves a few minutes of night devoted to the cure.

It is a perfectly new and novel method, introduced from the Land of the Rising Sun, and has nothing in common with the old-fashioned and perfectly useless "treatments" to which our beauty doctors here have pinned their faith for so long. These, as we all know, were massage, which stretched the skin and made the trouble worse; skin foods, which often induced the growth of superfluous hair; lotions, which dried and made the skin look withered and old; and the worthless old-fashioned plasters. Science does not permit a fuller description of the Miyako Japanese method here, so I am sending all particulars privately to my three correspondents, and if any other reader would like the same, please write, enclosing stamp for reply, to "Jeannette," (Suite 106), St. George's House, Regent Street, London, W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Stamps must be enclosed for reply through post.)

D. M. (Manchester).—If your eyes are dull with dark rings beneath, your liver is out of order. Avoid the calomel (mercury) pills. Instead, try a teaspoonful of common Alka Seltzer in water for a few mornings.

OLD MAID.—There is only one safe, painless way to permanently destroy superfluous hair, and it is not by electricity. Write me privately, and I will explain it; also how to get rid of your double chin.

MYO-TES.—But why use face powder at all? Get some ordinary Santonox from your chemist, and use this instead. It will not show or "give."

DORIS.—Yes, you can easily develop your bust, neck, and shoulders after thirty. Write, and I will give you full particulars of a simple but sure and harmless way.

BLANCHE and L. K.—Falling hair, excessive fat, and foot trouble have been the subjects of previous articles, to which please refer, or write me privately for reprints of the formulas and directions given.



Snake Charmer Cigarettes

for Connoisseurs

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d.

SIZE

QUEEN 10½d.

SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St. Luke's, London, E.C.

FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.

THE "BURLINGTON."




AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sizes open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use slides under the seat.

Catalogue of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

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These English!

THE stuff that Englishmen are made of has given our enemy the surprise of his life.

Akin, in a sense, are England's Manufactures; they have Character. Wolsey has Character. There is the pure wool, there is the excellence of fit and finish, there is the guarantee against shrinkage over all and crowning all, there is that character which has made Wolsey the foremost underwear in the world. And Wolsey is made entirely by "These English."

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

It is noteworthy that every British Fighting Man wears, by order, pure wool next his skin. Millions of these garments were made by the makers of Wolsey. Wolsey is offered in all garments for men, women, and children.

Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.

LITERATURE.

Political Frontiers and Boundaries.

Political Frontiers and Boundaries. There could not be a more fascinating or timely subject than that discussed by Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich in "Political Frontiers and Boundary Making" (Macmillans). Sir Thomas writes out of the fulness of experience, and his volume bears the stamp of authority. Whether it did not present an opportunity for illuminating maps is open to doubt, since these might have directed attention to particular geographical and political problems, and away from the generalisations—the philosophy of the matter—in which the reader ought to find its chief value. But there can be no question that its usefulness, even on the broad issue is very considerably lessened through the absence of an index. With this exception, we have nothing but praise for Sir Thomas Holdich's work. He gets early to what a little reflection will show to be the root of the matter when he discusses the constitution of a nationality, and his conclusions thereon, which by no means always chime with those of popular sentiment, deserve the most careful study now that we are approaching a task of so great complexity and intense international interest as European re-settlement. As the essential conditions of a scientific frontier he lays it down that it shall be, first of all, a barrier, and, next, that as far as possible, this barrier shall be selected with due reference to the wills of the peoples whom it separates. The order in which he places these conditions, and his use of the term "selected," rather than that of "erected," in regard to the second of them, are significant. For they recognise the difficulty which the variety of factors in national wills immediately raises, and the importance of natural geographical features if the barrier is really to be effective, and not a prospective excuse for a battle such as these various factors are ever ready to inspire. Such a scientific frontier, it is pointed out, is rare in Europe, and, speaking generally, is more easily realised in wide territories occupied by primitive and

barbarous peoples, than in realms of civilisation where sub-divisions of national wills are more complex, and have also more particularly to be taken into account. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Holdich seems to perceive in the dispositions of geography in Europe the possibility of natural frontiers satisfactory to the solution of its problems, and he advocates their selection even although the disappointment and suffering of minorities should be incident to it. Here, however, we are limiting our comment—as in the circumstances, there is great temptation to do—to

~~boundaries~~ that we have to be especially grateful to Sir Thomas Holdich.

"An Eastern Backwater."

ably entertaining. Many of its readers, even some who have not voyaged beyond Suez, will make a good guess as to the precise whereabouts of the Backwater, of which the publishers disclaim knowledge. A few with still more intimate local knowledge will speculate as to who

"Boxwallah" is, and probably hit the mark: for it is difficult to believe that a pen-name can long preserve the anonymity of an author who is so circumstantial in his anecdote. Fortunately the identity of neither the Backwater nor its rather severe chronicler is necessary for the enjoyment of these pages. One does not require to believe their stories (nor, be it added, to hear them for the first time) to chortle over them, and it is possible to disagree with their conclusions and yet recognise that a great deal of good sense frequently marks the arguments supporting them. The author's gibes begin with the I.C.S., a recurring target for them throughout his book. As, however, their point generally is how securely and complacently the "Heaven-born" is entrenched, they will probably leave their object unabashed. The *hidalgo* (*hidalgo* derived from *filius alieuius*—"a man with a father") of the B.S.R., or Backwater State Railway, might squirm more under "Boxwallah's" shafts, but one gathers that few, if any such, are left; and the various Flotilla skippers upon the River Pactolus (itself a clue to one of the veiled identities), introduced

into the pillory of this narrative, are admittedly types of the past. It may be said, indeed, of the whole picture that there is more than a suspicion of reminiscence about it, and that its somewhat stylised colours are meant to represent bygone, rather than present social effects. On the other hand, one or two chapters upon immediate questions of interest are written in ink from which the carping juices have been considerably



A FRENCH-CANADIAN TROPHY AT COURCELETTE: A CAPTURED GERMAN FIELD-GUN.

Describing the capture of Courcellette by the French-Canadian Battalion, the Canadian War Records Office says: "There was also a German 4 1/2 inch gun which they could claim, with 1000 rounds of ammunition, several machine-guns, and a large quantity of German hand-grenades."

Official Photograph—Canadian War Records.

questions coming directly within the author's concluding chapter on the "International Boundaries of Europe." These recur throughout the volume, but chief as illustrations of the main theme, on which the international boundaries in Asia, those of Africa, and particularly the North-West frontier of India, are also made to cast a light. And, we would repeat, it is for his broad survey of the question of international

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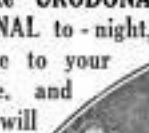
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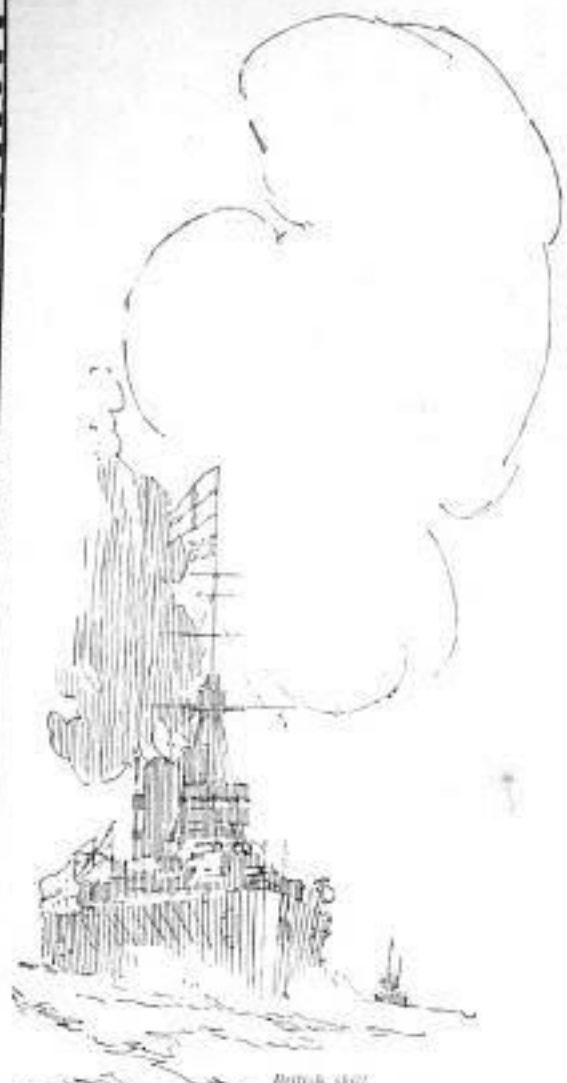
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eliminated. "My Friend the Eurasian" is full of sympathy as well as sense, although still later pages, on the effect of war upon the Backwater, have to lament that the Anglo-Indians—as the Scots-Burmans, Hiberno-Pathans, and others of mixed blood now seek to call themselves—did not by corporate action, at the end of 1914, seize the opportunity of offering themselves for service at the front. On the subject of "Missions," as may perhaps be gathered, "Boxwallah" is not conciliatory. The Christian clergyman, he says, whose ministrations are confined to the European population, and who stands aloof from mission work, sees much to admire in the type of man produced by native creeds, and much to deplore in the products of conversion; and his further comment that "Even in the missionary's household native Christian servants are comparatively rare" is characteristic. The whole chapter states lucidly one point of view, but with considerable lack of humour misses another. And, indeed, though amusing in detail, "An Eastern Backwater" lacks throughout the sense of humour by which a sense of proportion also is maintained.

The Works of O. Henry.

It is possible that many British readers, on learning that a uniform edition, in twelve volumes, of the works of O. Henry has just been published (by the Eveleigh Nash Co.), will ask—Who is O. Henry? In the first place, he is no longer—he died in 1910 in New York—and his real name was William Sydney Porter. Under his unattractive pseudonym, characteristic of his aversion from personal notoriety, he wrote about 250 short stories, dealing mainly with life in New York and in Central America. Towards the end of his career his work became well known and widely popular, yet he himself remained comparatively obscure. A tragic experience in youth had made him reserved, and in his later years he suffered from ill-health. But he was highly esteemed by those who knew him, and his stories are delightful. Mr. Stephen Leacock, the Canadian writer, says of him in one of his new "Essays and Literary Studies": "Here (i.e., in New York) O. Henry's finest work was done—inimitable, unsurpassable stories that make up the volumes entitled 'The Four Million,' 'The Trimmed Lamp,' and 'The Voice of the City.' . . . What O. Henry did for Central America he does again for New York. It is transformed by the magic of his imagination. . . . A novel he never wrote . . . but . . . his canvas is vast.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TAKING SAND-BAGS TO THE TRENCHES.
Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ONE OF THE MANY BRITISH LIGHT RAILWAYS.
Official Photograph.

His New York stories, like those of Central America or of the West, form one great picture as gloriously comprehensive in its scope as the lengthiest novels of a Dickens.

O. Henry was born in 1867, in North Carolina, and his early vicissitudes resemble somewhat those of Mark Twain. As a boy he worked on a ranch in Texas, and later on a banana farm in Central America. Then he became a chemist, and, after various wanderings, turned newspaper reporter and began to write. Thus, like Mark Twain and Dickens, he had a rough training in the school of life, and a wide experience of men. He was eminently qualified to describe the average American as he lives and moves in his native land. The picture is one of great interest to us British readers, who mostly know the American only as a visitor, and there should be a great demand for the new edition of Henry's works. One volume, "Rolling Stones," contains some portraits of him, and some of his early humorous drawings and stories written for a paper called the *Rolling Stone*, which he started and edited in Austin, Texas, in 1894. A preface mentions that "a biographical volume will be issued within the next two or three years." It is an interesting detail that the slang phrase "I don't think," which recently captured the British public via the music-halls, occurs in this 1894 volume of O. Henry's work, under one of his caricature drawings. Perhaps he invented it. The other volumes, besides those mentioned, are "Whirligigs," "Sixes and Sevens," "The Gentle Grafter," "Strictly Business," "Options," "Heart of the West," "Roads of Destiny," and "Cabbages and Kings." The price is 3s. 6d. net per volume.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Heavy-Oil Carburetters.

Much attention is being given in America to the development of carburetters for use with the heavier distillates of petroleum. It is almost impossible to open an American motoring periodical without finding a description of some new device for the attainment of the ideal

but had obvious drawbacks. So pronounced were these drawbacks that the lamp has long since been discarded, and the later heavy-oil carburetters have necessitated the engine being started and run for a greater or less length of time on petrol, in order to provide the necessary heat for vaporisation of the paraffin. The latest American carburetters attempt to get over this difficulty of obtaining initial heat in a most interesting manner. Almost every

American car is furnished with an electric installation for lighting and engine-starting, and this is impressed into the service of providing the needful heat. It may be remembered that the Cadillac cars exhibited at Olympia in 1913 were fitted with a hot wire to the carburettor to give ease in starting, by facilitating vaporisation, in cold weather. It is this principle which is being employed, in an advanced form, in the heavy-oil carburetters referred to.

An Interesting Example.

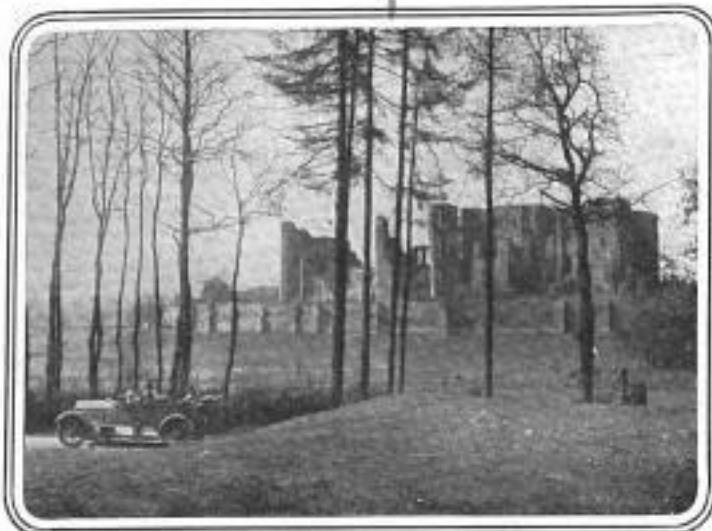
One of the latest to be described, and one of the most interesting, is a carburettor known as the Eynon. The heating arrangement consists of an ordinary sparking-plug inserted in the upper part of the mixing-chamber. This plug, which takes current from the lighting battery, heats an electrical resistance-wire wrapped round an asbestos wick saturated with paraffin. The resultant vapour is lighted immediately, when the

current is passed through the plug. When the engine has been started the electrical heating is discontinued, but combustion in the mixing-chamber continues. A series of gauze baffle-plates prevents the flame in the mixing-chamber from passing into the engine. Now comes the most interesting part. It is claimed that, owing to the limited supply of oxygen in the chamber and the high velocity of the gas, only four per cent. of the vapour is thus consumed in heating the remainder—that is, the paraffin vapour is actually made to pass through the flame, only losing the percentage named on its way to the motor. After passing through the baffles, the heated gas is mixed with air drawn through an auxiliary valve, and is then passed to the cylinders. It is said that the device functions very well indeed. If that is so, then

it seems to mark a notable advance in the carburetting of the heavy oils. It is much to be feared that when the war is over we shall find that we have fallen a long way behind our American competitors in the refinements of automobile engineering. Unfortunately, our preoccupation with the serious business of war has meant actual stagnation with us.

Dunlops.

I have just received the new price-list of Dunlop tyres, and note with satisfaction that prices remain exactly as they were before the war. I don't profess to know how it is done, in view of the largely increased cost of raw materials and labour. If it were not for the figures of the Dunlop balance-sheet, one might imagine that the case was on all fours with that of the historic lady who sold bread at a loss, and was only



NEAR THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE: THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Our photograph shows a 14-h.p. Humber car of the most modern kind in the foreground, while in the rear are seen the paddock and picturesque ruins of Kenilworth Castle, a historic building which dates back nearly eight hundred years, and was the scene of the splendid entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, in the sixteenth century.

of a carburettor which will render the motorist entirely independent of the lighter grades of fuel which go under the generic description of "petrol" or "gasolene." Some of these devices are auxiliary to the existing carburettor. Other inventors go the whole hog, and favour something designed for the use of heavy oil without extraneous modifications. Some of these are more than a little interesting, though I fear we shall not be able to make their actual acquaintance for some time to come—unless, indeed, the powers that be see fit, in view of the fuel situation, to relax the import restrictions in favour of inventions that are calculated to ease that situation. In most of the devices referred to, the inventors appear to attach much importance to the pre-heating of the fuel and its proper atomisation on its way through the mixing-chamber. It follows that, if the motor is to start from cold on the heavier fuels, there must be some sort of heating arrangement embodied in the design. In the older paraffin carburetters—or rather, vapourisers—the heating arrangement was often a blow-lamp, which was effective enough,



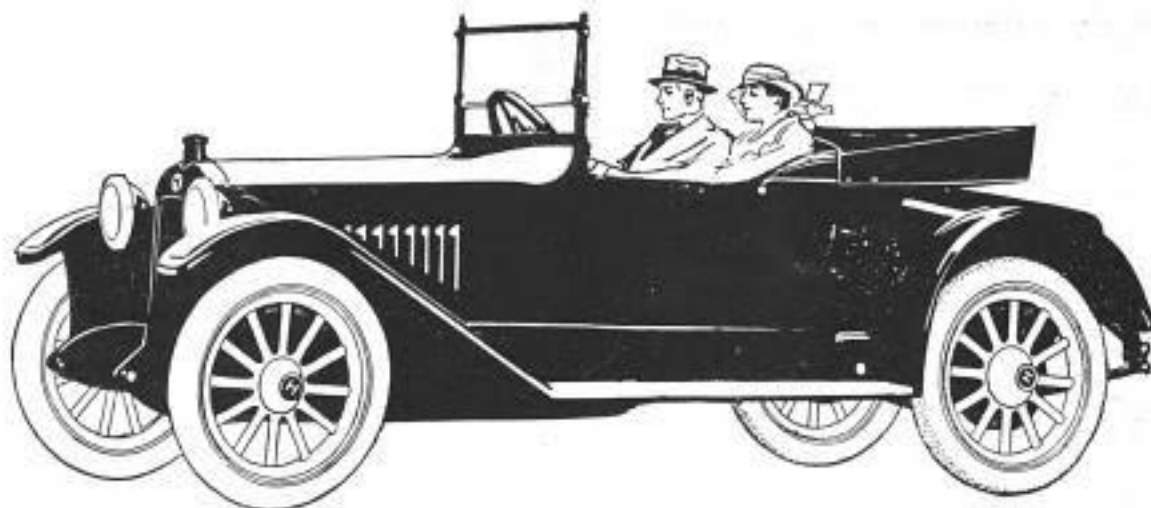
A SPECIALLY INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH: HIS MAJESTY MOTORING.

This photograph was taken recently, and is extremely successful in showing the King passing through the countryside. The officers with his Majesty are General Sir Arthur Paget, K.C.B., and General Stephenson. The car is the standard 25-h.p. model supplied by Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., to the War Office.—[Photograph by Fred. Spalding, Chislehurst.]

able to keep going by reason of the quantity she sold. Anyway, it is good to know that something has not gone up in price. W. W.



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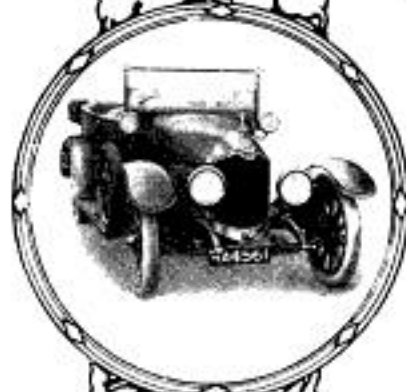
"The combustion head is amply water-jacketed, the water-space being self-contained and not dependent on a joint."

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The Lady's Field, August 26, 16

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MAETERLINCK'S WAR ESSAYS.

AT this hour of the war, when the wings of Nemesis are beginning to beat over the drooping German eagle, it is well to remember that the demand for vengeance does not come only from the more violent spirits. It is heard emphatically in the newly published collection of war essays by that gentlest and calmest of philosophers, Maurice Maeterlinck. All his articles and speeches written and delivered during the war are contained in this new volume, "The Wrack of the Storm" (Methuen), translated by M. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, except in the case of the first essay, "After the Victory," the English version of which is by Mr. Alfred Sutro. It is here that Maeterlinck voices his call for punishment: "After the final victory, when the enemy is crushed—as crushed he will be—efforts will be made to enlist our sympathy, to move us to pity. We shall be told that the unfortunate German people were merely the victims of their monarch and their feudal caste, that no blame attaches to the Germany we know . . . but only to Prussia—hateful, arrogant Prussia. . . . We are face to face with reality now; let us look about well and pronounce our sentence. . . . It is not true that in this gigantic crime there are innocent and guilty, or degrees of guilt. They stand on one level." The whole essay should be taken to heart by all who may have a voice in framing Allied policy. In the other twenty-two essays Maeterlinck treats many aspects of the war in a vein at once practical and mystical. There are eulogies of King Albert, of Edith Cavell, and of all the heroic dead; eloquent appeals on behalf of Belgium and Poland; addresses delivered in Italy, which had their share in

bringing her into the war; and other more abstract discussions on immortality, prophecies, and spiritual communication. Another paper, "On Re-reading Thucydides," compares the present conflict with the Peloponnesian War, and finds consolation for the mourners of to-day in the speech of Pericles over the Athenian dead.

At the end is reprinted Maeterlinck's first published work (written in 1886), "The Massacre of the Innocents," a story based on a sixteenth-century picture of Spanish atrocities in Flanders, prophetic of the even more hideous atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in 1914.



MARKING THE GRAVE OF AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS: A MEMORIAL WITH RIFLE AND BAYONET, SHELLS AND SHELL-CASES.

ponnesian War, and finds consolation for the mourners of to-day in the speech of Pericles over the Athenian dead.

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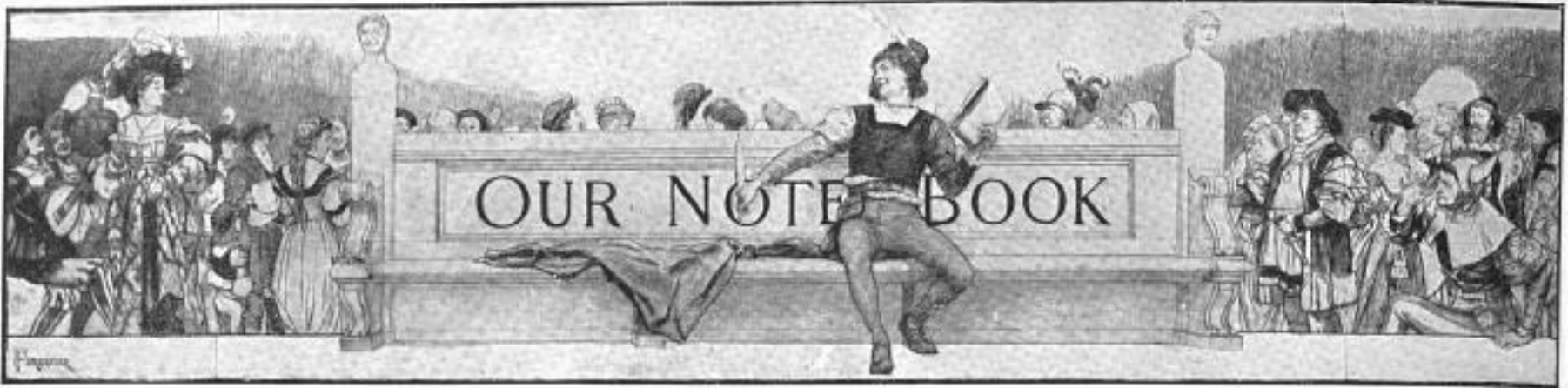


WEARING GAS-MASKS UNDER THEIR STEEL HELMETS, AGAINST BULGAR GAS-SHELLS: BRITISH MOTOR-CYCLIST
DESPATCH-RIDERS AT SALONIKA.

At one of the villages on the British front near Salonika, it is stated in connection with this photograph, all despatch-riders wear gas-masks to protect them against the fumes from Bulgarian gas shells. Two R.E. cyclists are here seen conferring, with the aid of a map, over the question of the safest road to the Brigade Headquarters. The Cyclist Section at Salonika has had some very rough and arduous work. One, writing home

during the summer, said: "The first night we felt we expected an easy fifteen miles, mostly downhill. Instead we climbed straight off 1000 ft., making us 3000 ft. up. The road was a mere ribbon of deep sand, out of which rocks peeped viciously. . . . Yesterday I biked thirty miles on a reconnaissance. . . . A hardened tough, who went with me, said it was the stiffest day of his life."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THOSE in an extreme revolt against war seem to have a war in their own minds; a war between two quite contrary ideas. One is the urgent necessity of international justice; and the other is the complete impossibility of it. Pacifists and Semi-Pacifists are perpetually telling us that Europe must have an international tribunal, which, if it be a tribunal at all, must be able to judge and presumably able to punish. Yet the same people are perpetually telling us that it is impossible to punish Germany, and apparently impossible to judge anybody or anything. They say it is in the power of negotiation to trace the tangles of the most elaborate knot. But when the Prussian in broad daylight cuts the Gordian knot with his sabre, they can only treat the incident as a new, delicate, and more or less hopeless entanglement. What would be a plain provocation, if the ultimatum to Serbia and the invasion of Belgium were not plain? According to this Pacifist theory, a criminal can be read like an open book while he is merely meditating his crime. He only becomes a sacred mystery when he has committed it. The advocate of negotiation offers himself to the world as a Sherlock Holmes who can deduce and balance the most elaborate legal niceties; and then sits down with a knitted brow to the inexhaustible problem of whether Serbia is in Austria or Belgium in Germany.

But not all who specialise in the sentiment of peace are so silly as this. There are a number of genuine idealists who escape this contradiction by concentrating consistently on the ideal of an international tribunal. The other and more muddle-headed Pacifists are now eagerly and openly at work, calling for that premature and patchwork peace which is a flat contradiction to their own theory of the future. We are more and more loudly assured that the malefactor cannot be punished for what he has done; by the very same people who tell us, equally loudly, that he will never do it again for fear of punishment. We are more and more openly told that the enemy must be treated on a basis of give and take; which means that the enemy cannot give anything except what he has himself taken. These things, whatever they are consistent with—and they are not always consistent with each other or themselves—are at least quite inconsistent with the ideal of an international tribunal, and a justice of Europe bearing not the sword in vain. And the time, as I have said, is most emphatically come to call on all those who honestly entertain that international ideal to accept the conclusion of their principles. The only possible conclusion of their principles is the punishment of Prussia.

Some members of this school, of which Mr. H. G. Wells may be considered the most brilliant doctor, seem to hold this international ideal in a more absolute sense than I can. Some of them accept literally the definition of "The War That Will End War," or, as Mr. Britling expressed it, "And Now War Ends." I cannot see how we can literally end War unless we can end Will. Vegetables are very commonly Pacifists; but becoming a vegetable is not a price that I am ready—or, indeed, able—to pay. I cannot think that war will ever be utterly impossible; and I say so not because I am what these people call a militarist, but rather because I am a revolutionist. Absolutely to forbid fighting is to forbid what our fathers called "the sacred right of insurrection." Against some decisions no self-respecting men can be prevented from appealing to fortune and to death. To call the world "a World-State" is simply to call the war a

civil war, which is hardly even calling it a bad name. But whether or no the peace this school desires can be as perfect as it expects, this is certainly the peace it does desire—a peace imposed by international law. And we have a right to ask those who honestly desire it to separate themselves definitely from the other Pacifists, who desire the precise opposite. For the other sort of Pacifism will render this peace not imperfect, but impossible.

In so far as this simple dilemma is dealt with at all, it is answered that the Allies are only parties to the suit; that the decision should be general—that

kind cannot be settled by the United States, any more than the whole destiny of the United States could be settled by South Carolina.

Now, what we really reach, by all this inevitable elimination, is precisely the truth in the revolutionary idea. It is sometimes necessary to have a civil war, if it be the civil war of civilisation. It is sometimes necessary to set up a revolutionary tribunal, when it is the only way of setting up any tribunal. To come to the core of the matter, it is possible for something to grow strong in human society which is sufficiently widely hated to be called a crime, and yet is sufficiently widely obeyed to be called a tyranny. What is lawless can really become law. The Internationalist complains that great and powerful provinces of Europe like Germany and Austria should be judged without their own consent. But, if they were not great and powerful, they would not need to be judged at all. It can only be a considerable section of Christendom that can make a mutiny in Christendom. If Christendom cannot condemn so large a secession, Christendom can never survive any really large peril. What will be the good of an international tribunal that can only save us from the world-wide ambitions of the Republic of Andorra, or the sombre militarism of the Prince of Monaco?

We have dropped into the despicable habit of thinking of the foe of society as a fugitive. We have forgotten that the criminal class can sometimes be as powerful as the police. When this happens, we too often discover the simple solution of never calling it the criminal class. In that paralysis of the commonwealth which is called plutocracy, we allow powers intrinsically anti-social not to attack society, but rather to control it. This truth is seen in commerce in the shocking irony of the very word Trust. It is exactly when the lawless *parvenu* is, in this sense, trusted that he ought to be most distrusted. That many work with him is not a point in the defence, but rather a part of the indictment. The Prussian, the *parvenu* of our history, has created not a nation, or even an empire, but an Armament Trust. What he holds to-day is in a moral as well as a military sense a ring. Like the anti-social commercial combine, the thing is a drilled anarchy. When the upstart hostile to society thus copies for his own ends the discipline and instruction of society, we cannot trust everything to those he has himself disciplined and instructed. We cannot count the votes of his lackeys, or let him be acquitted by the verdict of his slaves. We ought never to have let it reach this point; but when it has reached this point it is war, war in some shape or form, between those who will not accept the *parvenu* power and those who have already accepted it. This is the only sane root of revolution, which is the last shape of law and punishment. For high and human revolution has never been a mere innovation; it has much more often been a resistance to innovation. We have allowed a situation to arise in which, unless punishment is possible, nothing human is possible. We have allowed a type to rise from squire to king, and from king to emperor; and with every rise in rank he has grown more of a cad. Now that his horseplay has filled the heavens and the seven seas, and his infamous practical jokes are as plain as the sun and moon—now, if he really cannot be punished, the dreams of international justice have become a part of his own jest, and the laws he has broken will never be mended by men.



SHOT DEAD IN A VIENNA HOTEL: THE LATE COUNT KARL STÜRGKH, THE AUSTRIAN PREMIER.

Count Stürgkh, the Austrian Premier, was shot dead on Saturday, October 27, while sitting in the dining-room of an hotel with Baron Asherthal, brother of the late Foreign Minister. The assassin was Dr. Friedrich Adler, a Socialist, son of Dr. Victor Adler, founder of the Austrian Socialist Party. Count Stürgkh entered the Austrian Parliament about thirty years ago, and first came into prominence in 1900. In 1910 he became Minister of Public Instruction, and in the next year Premier, a position he had retained ever since. The Austrian Reichsrath has not sat during the war, and Count Stürgkh opposed a demand for its convocation.

is, that it should be partly German. It is argued that the prosecutors ought not to sit upon the bench. But surely it is much more outrageous that the prisoner should sit upon the bench. As another escape from the dilemma, it is suggested that it is rather the neutral opinion of Europe that should speak. But what sort of "opinion of Europe" is it that speaks when France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Britain are silent? It is sometimes proposed that the whole matter should be referred to the opinion of America, which is not the opinion of Europe at all. But, speaking as one who has always protested against the current sneers at America, I may surely say that no single nation, however great, can be put in this almost cosmic position. The whole destiny of man-

PREPARING FOR THE DAY OF "REVANCHE": THE BELGIAN ARMY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.



FIELD-TRAINING FOR YOUNG BELGIAN CAVALRY OFFICERS: EXERCISES IN JUMPING.



YOUNG BELGIAN CAVALRY OFFICERS IN TRAINING: JUMPING BACK INTO THE FIELD.



AT A BELGIAN TRAINING SCHOOL AT PETIT FORT PHILIPPE: TRENCH-MORTARS TAKING POSITION.



A TYPE OF WEAPON INVENTED BY A BELGIAN OFFICER: LOADING A TRENCH-MORTAR.



AT THE ARTILLERY TRAINING SCHOOL AT EU: BELGIAN GUNNERS BEING TAUGHT TO AIM.



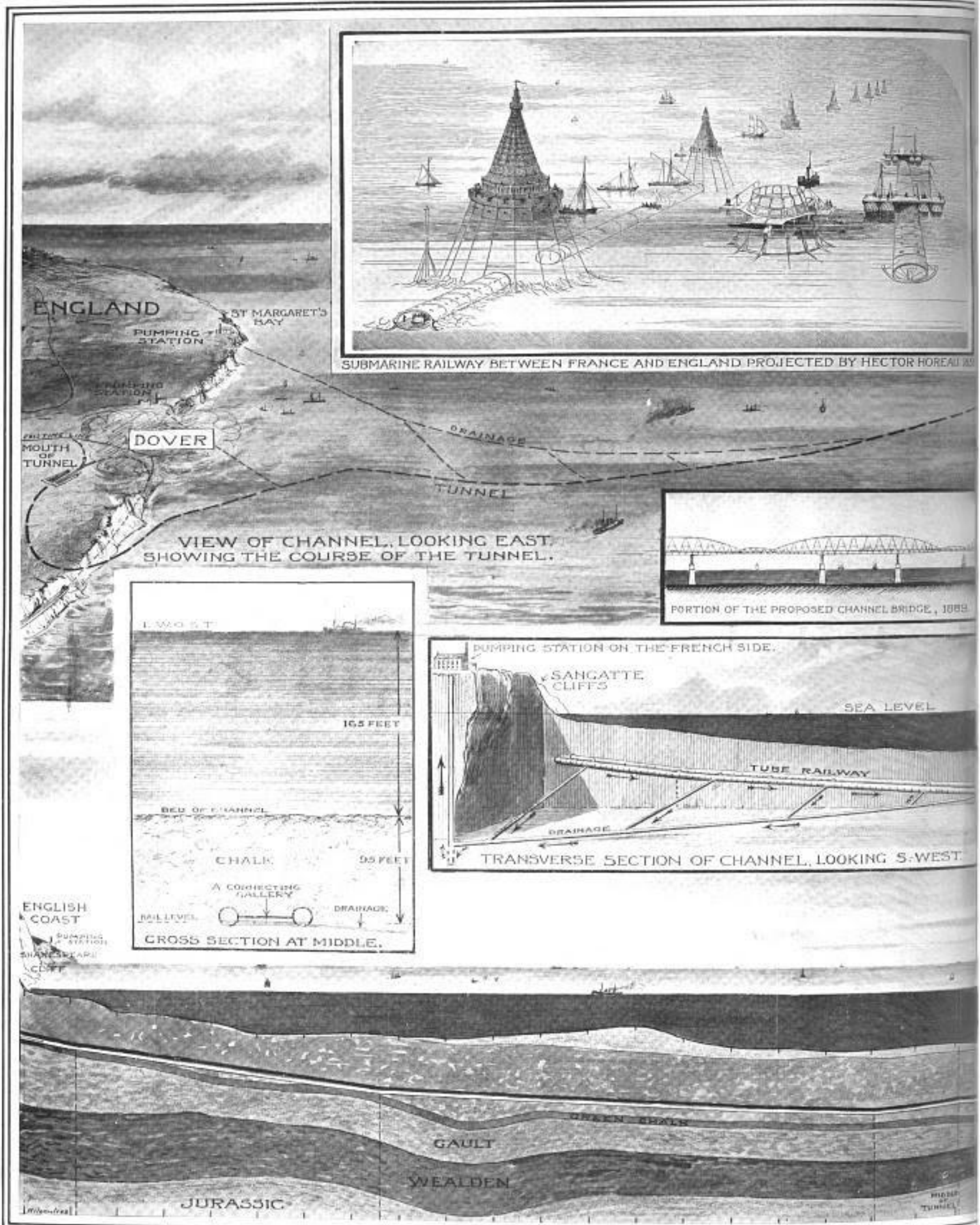
LEARNING TO "DIG THEMSELVES IN": YOUNG BELGIAN INFANTRY OFFICERS AT THE GAILLON TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Belgian Army, though not now, perhaps, as much discussed as it has been, is doing excellent work, holding back the enemy on a vital part of the front, and helping to defend Calais and the north-west corner of France. Its numbers are double what they were at the time of the battle of the Yser, and its efficiency is greatly increased. It is continually receiving additions to its strength, and behind the lines has many men in reserve. At various places in France there are training schools for different branches

of the Belgian service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and so on. "On my visit to one depot," wrote a "Chronicle" correspondent recently, "young soldiers were being trained to command batteries of trench-mortars. The trench-mortar was the invention of a Belgian officer, and it has been adopted by the French Army. At one place not far from the sea, I found Captain B. training horses for the Belgian cavalry and for the artillery. . . . The Belgians do things well in every branch of army organisation."

THE REVIVAL OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL PROJECT: THE

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL

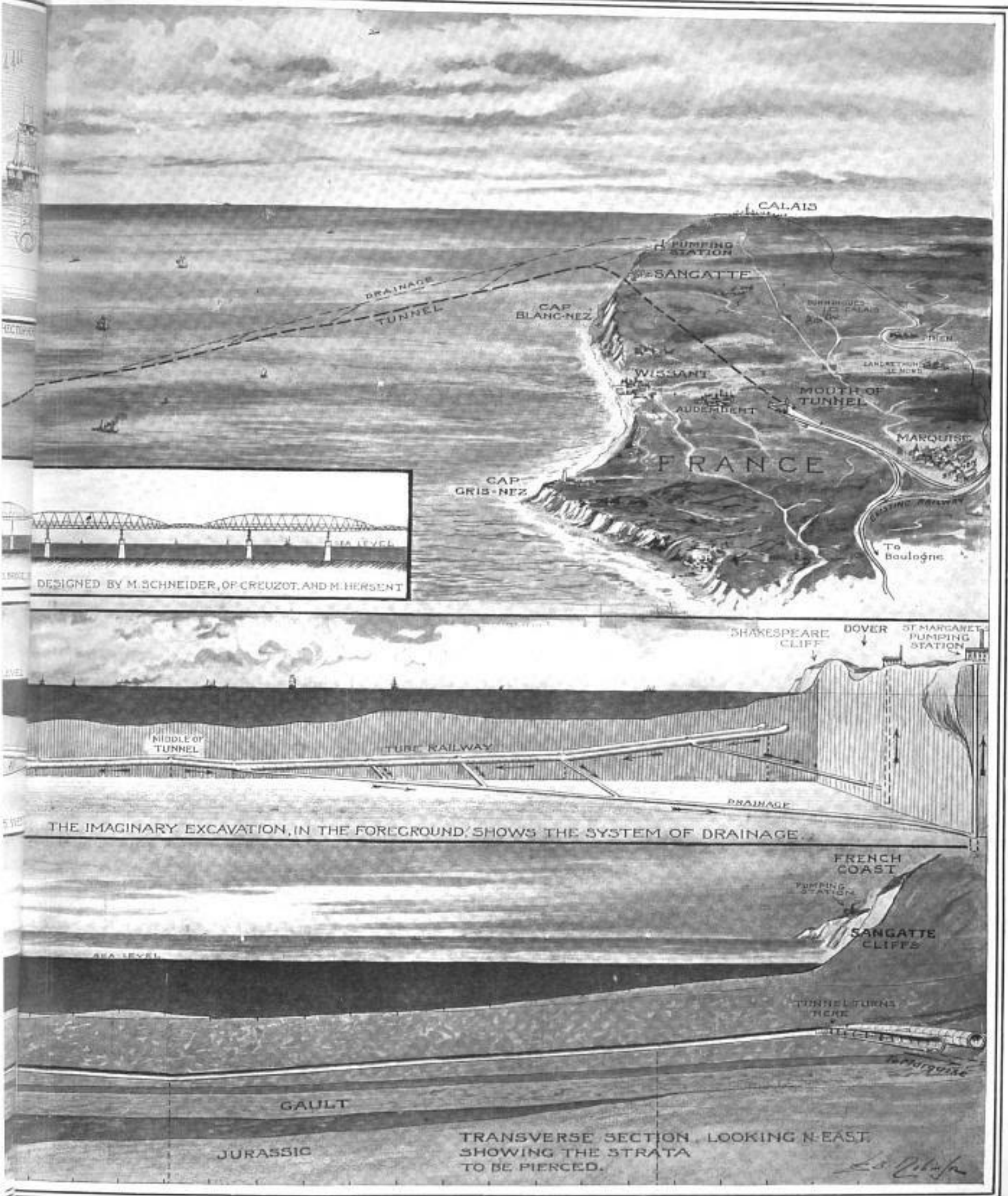


THE PROPOSED TUNNEL UNDER THE CHANNEL FROM DOVER TO SANGATTE: DIAGRAMS OF ITS

The long-discussed scheme for a Channel Tunnel has assumed a new aspect in the light of the war, and there has been a strong revival of public interest in it both here and in France. Mr. Arthur Fell, M.P. (Chairman of the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee), whose courtesy we are enabled to give some of the above illustrations, asked the Prime Minister recently to appoint a day for receiving a deputation in support of the project. Mr. Asquith arranged to receive a deputation on Thursday, October 26. In the past there has, of course, been considerable opposition to the Channel Tunnel scheme, notably on the part of the late Lord Wolseley, but, although his views still command adherents, opinion is now largely favourable. A prominent advocate of the scheme to-day is Lord Sydenham, who considers that a Channel Tunnel would have been of immense value in the war. The pros and cons of the case, as expressed by many leading public men, are given fully in a booklet entitled "By Tube to France," published by Messrs. Horace Marshall. Perhaps the most interesting passages, at any rate in connection with these illustrations, are two speeches by the well-known engineer, Sir Francis Fox, delivered in 1914, a few months before

LATEST PLAN; AND TWO SUGGESTIONS OF LAST CENTURY.

SUPPLIED BY MR. ARTHUR FELL, M.P.



COURSE, GEOLOGICAL STRATA, AND DRAINAGE; WITH DRAWINGS OF TWO FORMER SCHEMES.

the war. He estimated the total cost at £16,000,000 (to be divided between England and France) and the time required to make the Tunnel at about seven years. Giving some engineering details, he said: "In consequence of the tunnel being proposed to be worked, as it would be worked, only by electricity, the ventilation is a very trifling matter. . . . We have the most perfect bed of grey chalk, which is impervious. There is no water in it and there are no flints, and it cuts like cheese; and we know from the borings . . . that we have a simple problem to solve. It is no more difficult to make the Channel Tunnel than it is to make tube railways in London, of which I have made some twelve miles. It is proposed to make two tunnels, 18 ft. 6 in. in diameter, running parallel to one another, and about every 200 or 300 yards there would be a connecting-passages. The greater depth of the water of the Channel varies from 160 to 190 feet. The total length of the tunnel under the water will be 22 miles, with about two or three miles of approach at each end." Preliminary workings have existed near Dover and Sangatte some years. The drawing of Hector Horeau's scheme is from "The Illustrated London News" of Nov. 22, 1851. [Copyright in the United States and Canada.]

The East African Campaign: With General Northey's Rhodesian Column.



1. TANGIBLE PROOF OF VICTORY: RHODESIANS WHEELING IN A CAPTURED GERMAN FIELD-GUN.

3. A NOTORIOUS GERMAN FIELD-GUN IN CAMP: "GREASY KATE" CAPTURED BY RHODESIANS AND USED AGAINST HER FORMER OWNERS.

Brigadier Northey's column, consisting mainly of the North-Eastern Rhodesia Field Force, invaded German East Africa from the south-west, striking across the Zambesi, and between the two southernmost of the great lakes, Tanganyika and Nyasa. Its progress has been

2. CUT OFF AND TAKEN IN THE BUSH: LANDING GERMAN PRISONERS ACROSS THE ZAMBESI, 150 MILES FROM ABERCORN, IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

4. THE MOST POPULAR DAY WITH TROOPS IN THE FIELD: THE ARRIVAL IN CAMP OF THE HOME MAIL.

uniformly successful from the start. It has had a notable part in clearing out the enemy over a wide area and then "shepherding" them into a tract of country to the east of the German colony, where other columns have cornered them.—[Photographs by Topical.]

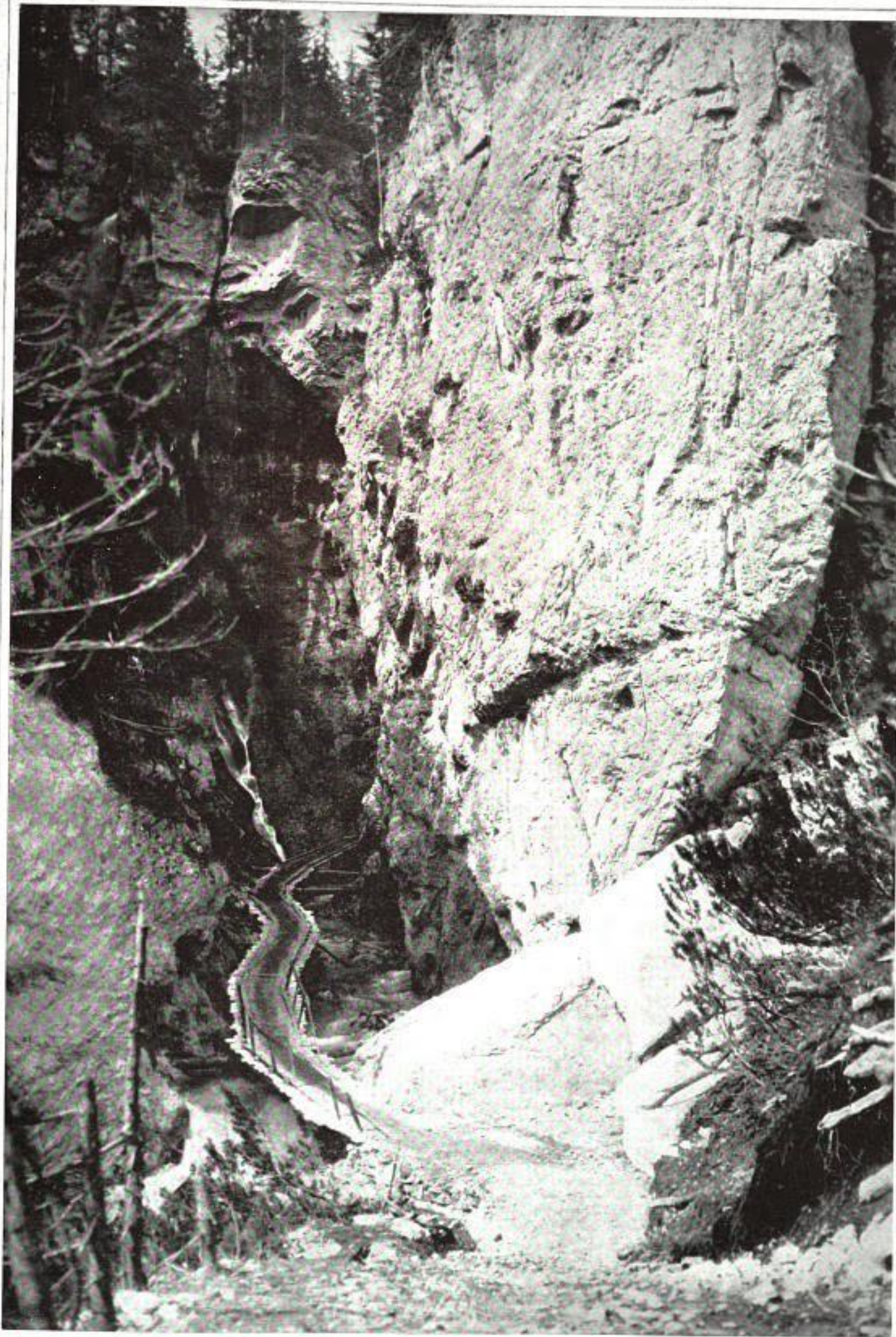
The Fighting on the Western Balkan Front: A Snapshot from the Air.



MONASTIR AS SEEN DURING A FRENCH AIR-RAID: THE TOWN AND ADJACENT MOUNTAINS VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET. During the air-raid in question, the airmen dropped their bombs only on the Bulgarian barracks and on buildings used for military purposes. Care was taken to avoid damaging the residential parts of the town. The pictorial effect of the photograph, in which the town looks like a clustering mass of water-insect larvae in spring, and the mountains and valleys seem as if moulded on a small-scale relief-map, is curious. The air-raid proved successful. Next day the enemy removed their magazines.—[French Official Photograph.]

THE MOUNTAIN WARFARE OF ITALY: A ROAD BUILT OVER A TORRENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ITALIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS' PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.



DIFFICULTIES SURMOUNTED BY THE ITALIAN ENGINEERS: A ROAD IN A DEFILE OF THE UPPER CORDEVOLE.

"The mountain warfare of Italy," writes Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his recent articles from the Italian theatre, "is extraordinarily unlike that upon any other front. . . . We are dealing with high mountains, cut by deep valleys, between which there are usually no practicable lateral communications. Each advance must have the nature of an unsupported shove along a narrow channel. . . . An engineered road or railway in an

Alpine valley is the most vulnerable of things; its curves and viaducts may be practically demolished by shell-fire or swept by shrapnel. . . . The fighting in the Dolomites has been, perhaps, the most wonderful. . . . The aspect of these mountains is particularly grim and wicked; they are worn old mountains; they tower overhead in enormous vertical cliffs of sallow grey. . . . their summits are toothed and jagged."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BERNARD, LANGFORD, AND HARRING.



BRIG.-GENERAL H. W. CRIPPEN, M.C.,
R. Artillery. Mentioned in despatches. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. Crippen, The Red Cottage,
Ramsey.



CAPTAIN W. D. McL. STEWART,
Black Watch. Eldest son of Major W.
Stewart, Ardarauch, Perthshire. Killed in
action.



CAPTAIN E. C. G. BUCKLEY,
King's Liverpool Regt. Elder son of Mr.
and Mrs. Charlotte Buckley, of Eaton Park,
Liverpool.



MAJOR HENRY D. BENTINCK,
Coldstream Guards. Son of late Lieut.-Col.
Bentinck, and of Countess A. Bentinck,
Green Street, Mayfair.



MAJOR U. S. NAYLOR,
Durham L.I. A fine polo
player. Son of late Mr. F. A.
Naylor, Indian Police.



2ND LT. H. P. E. M. MELLY,
K.O. Royal Lancaster Regt.
Son of Lt.-Col. and Hon. Col.
H. M. Melly, V.D., Liverpool.



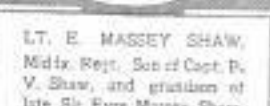
LIEUT. C. G. E. FARMER,
King's Royal Rifles. Secretary
of Eton Rifles, 1902
until he entered the Army.



2ND LIEUT.
STANLEY R. MILWARD,
Machine Gun Corps. Has
been officially reported killed.



LIEUT. NOEL MCSHANE,
Australian Exped. Force.
Son of Mr. J. E. McShane,
Comd. Waverley, Sydney.



LT. E. MASSEY SHAW,
Midx. Regt. Son of Capt. P.
V. Shaw, and grandson of
late Sir Eyre Massey Shaw.



2ND LT. H. P. E. M. MELLY,
K.O. Royal Lancaster Regt.
Son of Lt.-Col. and Hon. Col.
H. M. Melly, V.D., Liverpool.



MAJOR H. J. HALL,
Canadian Infantry. Only son
of Mrs. Harry Hall, of Ted-
worth Square, Chelsea, S.W.



2ND LT. M. L. ROBINSON,
Royal Scots. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Max Robinson,
Fitzjohn's Avenue.



LT. FITZROY SOMERS,
Cheshire Regt. Son of Mr.
Arthur Fitzroy Somers,
Castle Oving, Essex.



2ND LT. A. W. E. LONG,
Queen's (Royal West Surrey
Regt.). Eldest son of Mr.
and Mrs. Long, of Edgbaston.



CAPT. GEORGE WOODS,
London Regt. (Q. Victoria's
Rifles). Only son of Mr.
John Woods, Walton-le-Dale.



2ND LIEUT.
BERTRAM EGERTON,
Sherwood Foresters. Fought
in S. African War.



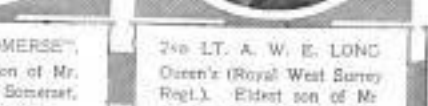
2ND LT. A. G. CAHILL,
Royal Fusiliers. Only son of
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cahill,
South Norwiche.



LT. J. ROBERT LANDON,
Royal Warwickshire Regt.
Grandson of Mr. Harcourt
Palmer Landon, Sheffield.



2ND LT. A. W. E. LONG,
Queen's (Royal West Surrey
Regt.). Eldest son of Mr.
and Mrs. Long, of Edgbaston.



MAJOR WILFRID N. TENPEST,
King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry). Son
of Mr. Wilfrid Tenpest, Chairman of the
Postoffice West Riding Bench.



COLONEL G. EUSTACE RIPLEY,
Northampton Regt. Served in S. Africa;
mentioned in despatches; Queen's and
King's medals with clasps.



CAPTAIN E. POLLOCK HENDERSON,
Harara Pioneers, I.A. Was a Graduate of
the R. Military College, Kingston, Canada.
Killed in action.



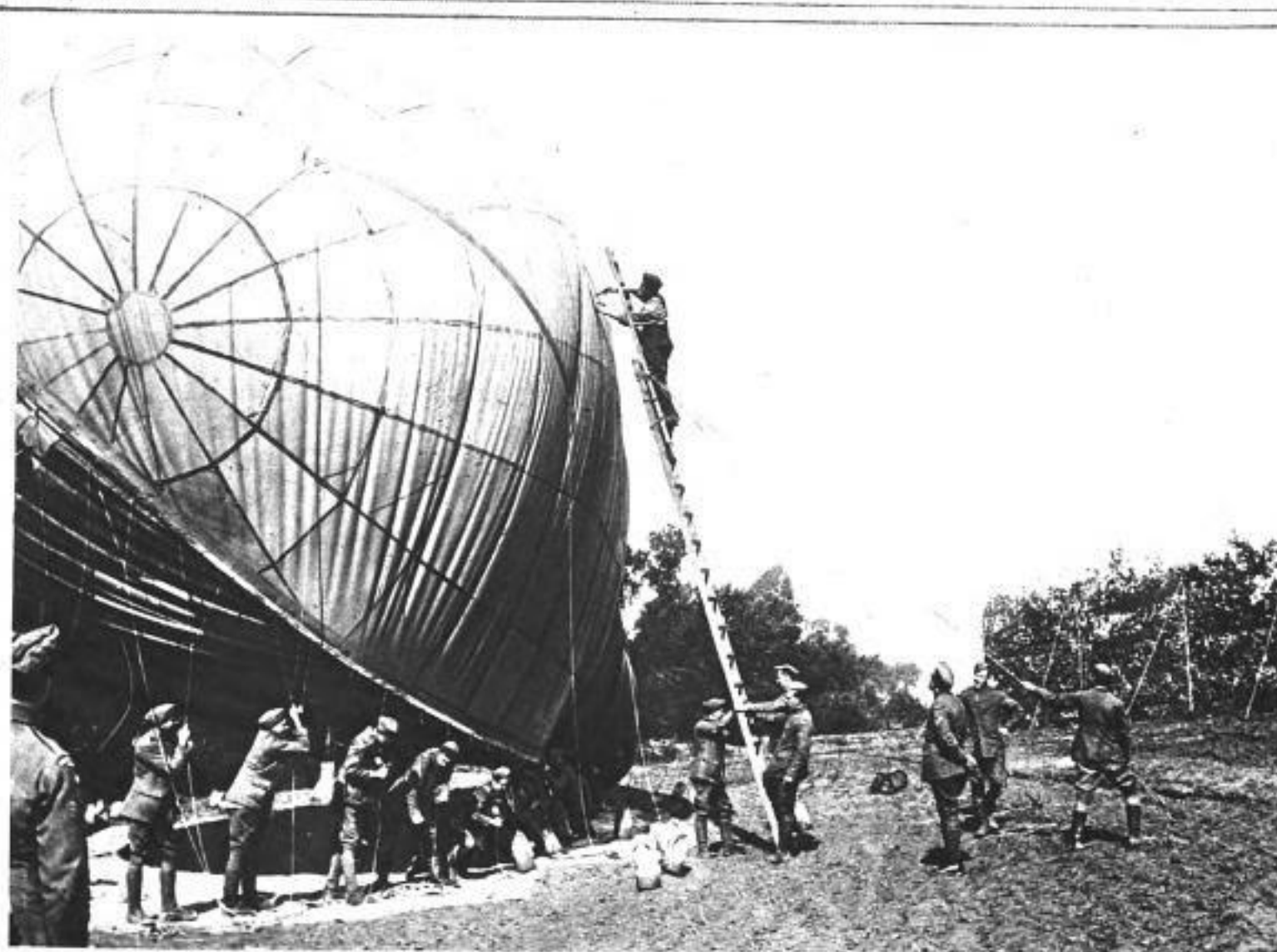
CAPTAIN H. V. KERSHAW,
London Regiment. Fought in the South
African War. Has been officially reported
killed in action.



MAJOR WILFRID N. TENPEST,
King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry). Son
of Mr. Wilfrid Tenpest, Chairman of the
Postoffice West Riding Bench.

BROTHER TO THE SAUCISSE AND KOLBASA: A BRITISH KITE-BALLOON.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



1. SHOWING THE GROUND BELOW, LIKE A FLOOR OF INLAID WOOD: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CONVOY TAKEN FROM A KITE-BALLOON.

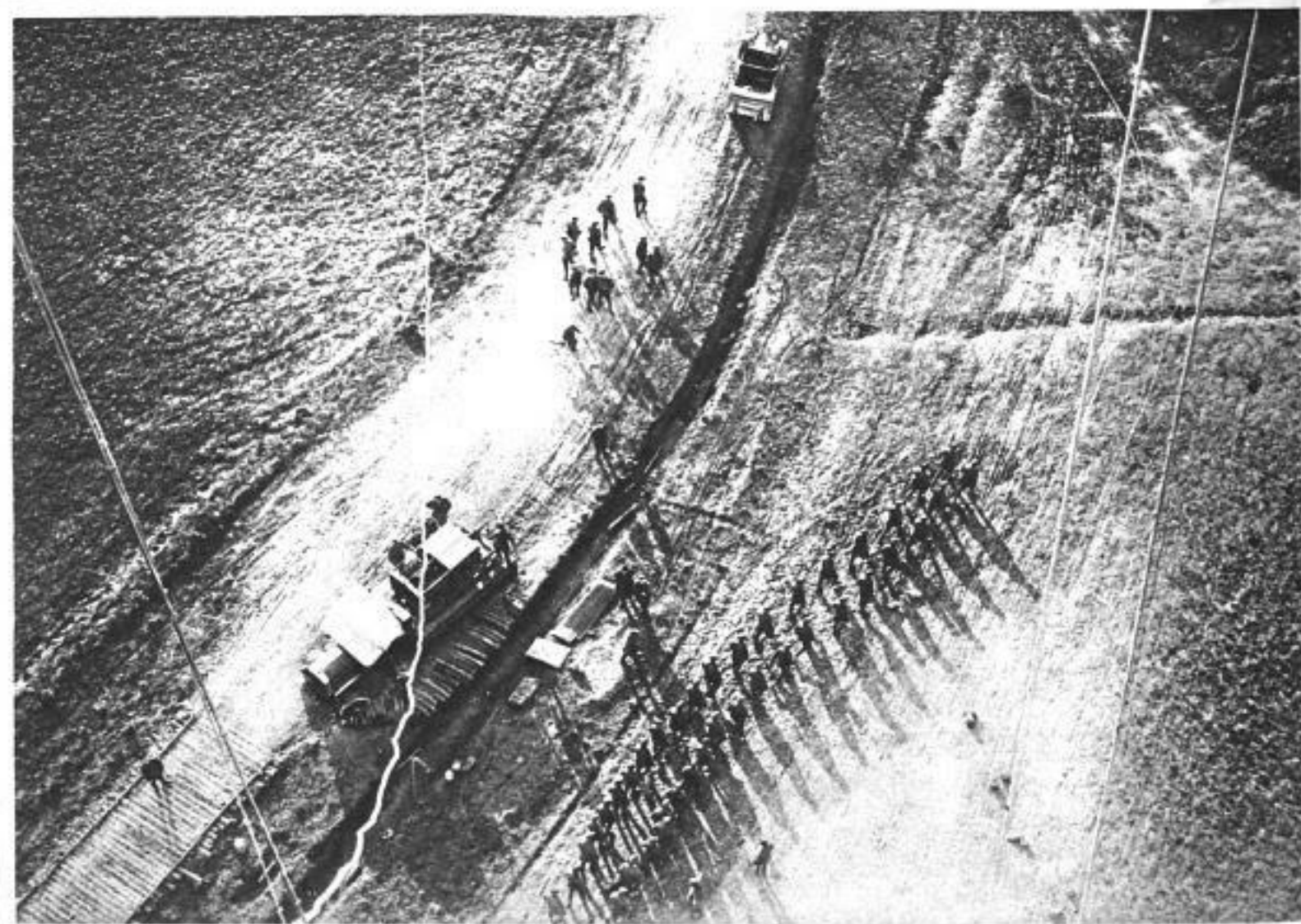
An interesting account of an ascent in a kite-balloon (Russian, in that instance) was given recently by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. "They are among the 'common objects of the front,'" he writes; "the big captive sausage balloons which each side sends up so that it can watch the other, and which are used chiefly for checking and correcting the aim

2. FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE ENVELOPE BEFORE AN ASCENT: MEN PREPARING A KITE-BALLOON TO GO UP ON THE CANADIAN FRONT.

of artillery fire. In all languages the slang name for them seems to be the same. Their appearance is so irresistibly suggestive. The French call them 'saucisses,' the Russians 'kolbasa.' . . . The balloon lived in a wood. Like the violet, it modestly shrank from notice. . . . When I arrived it was about to be dragged into the open."

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AN ASCENDING KITE-BALLOON: THE WINDLASS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



1. AS SEEN FROM A KITE-BALLOON IN MID-AIR ON THE CANADIAN FRONT: ITS WINDLASS AND MEN IN CHARGE ON THE GROUND BELOW.

Continuing his account (quoted on the preceding page) of an ascent in a kite-balloon, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe writes: "Some half a hundred soldiers picked up the sandbags which weighted it down and marched with it through the wood to the clearing from which it was to go up. . . . Soon they stood with it near a motor-car containing its cable and

2. SHOWING THE MOTOR-MOUNTED WINDLASS AND THE CREW MARCHING BACK TO THEIR STATION: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A KITE-BALLOON.

windlass. . . . Cable and (telephone) wire were attached. A young artillery officer got into the small basket and invited me to follow. . . . Then he gave the word. The soldiers, who had detached the sandbags and were holding on to the ropes, at once let go. The windlass began paying out the cable. . . . Steadily we mounted into the air."

"RUPERT" AS PHOTOGRAPHER: TRENCHES FROM A KITE-BALLOON.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



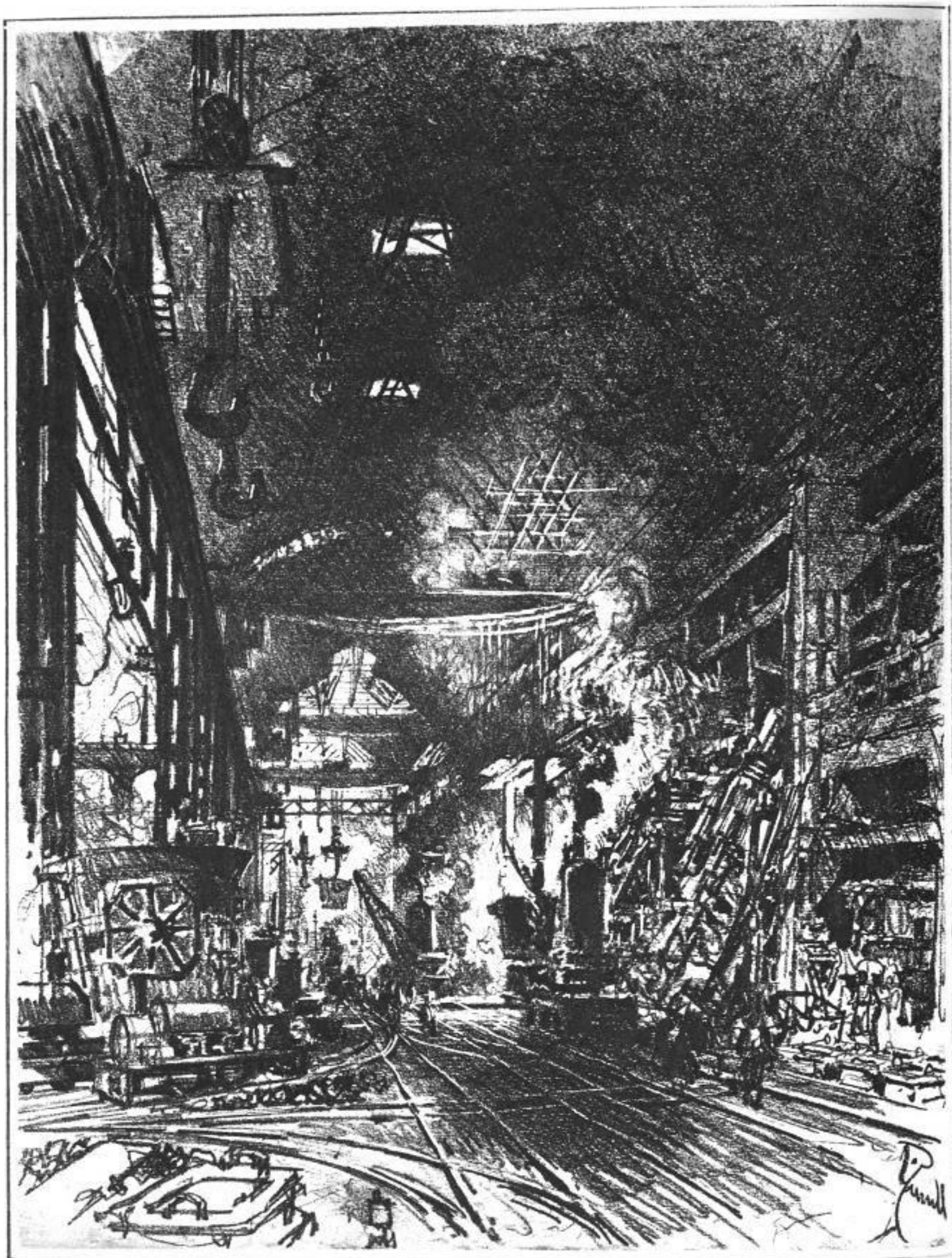
1. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A KITE-BALLOON ON THE CANADIAN SECTION OF THE BRITISH FRONT: AN OLD TRENCH ON THE SOMME.

These remarkably interesting photographs were taken from the kite-balloon shown on a preceding page. A "Morning Post" correspondent wrote recently: "Another department of our air service is deserving of the highest praise—the kite-balloon section. In the Army it is known as 'Rupert.' Why 'Rupert,' I do not know. . . . I have visited

2. AS SEEN FROM A BRITISH KITE-BALLOON IN MID-AIR: PART OF AN OLD RESERVE TRENCH ON THE SOMME FRONT.

"Rupert's Retreat" when he has been at home to his friends. He is rather an uncouth-looking object. . . . I have counted as many as 25 of our 'Ruperts' in the air at one time. Our French allies, too. . . . use him freely. The Germans, likewise, have sausage-balloons, but we have succeeded in 'strafing' a very large number of them."

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.

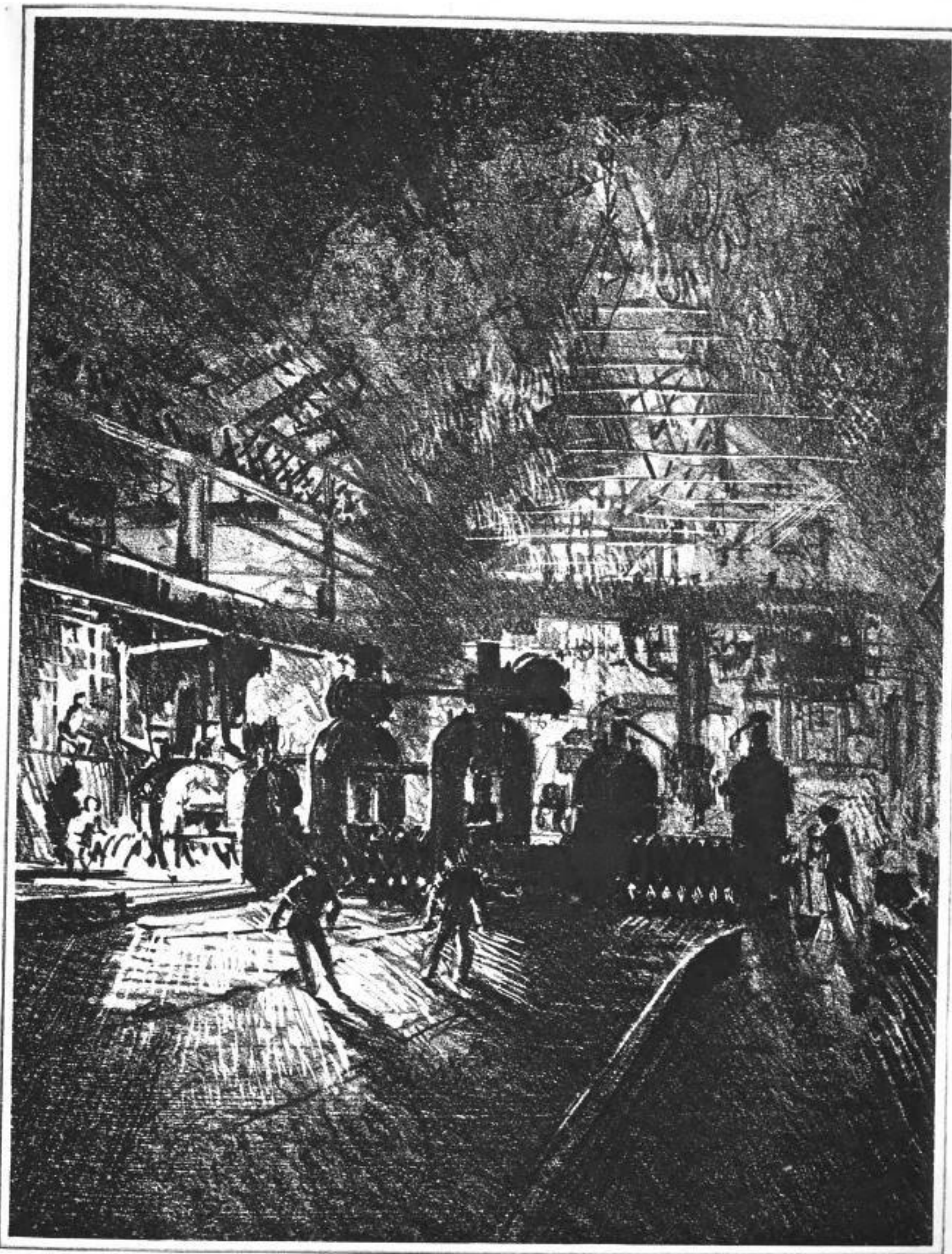


"FURNACES—MAKING INGOTS FOR SHELLS": THE PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF MUNITION-MAKING.

We continue here the series of impressions of great munition-factories by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the well-known artist, begun in our issue of October 21. The drawings, as our readers will freely admit, are among the finest examples of his work in lithography. They record the picturesque side of the making of war material, the aspect which presents itself to the eye of the artist rather than to that of the engineer. Here are no technical

details, but the impressiveness of colossal shapes and broad masses of light and shade. We see a vast interior, with travelling-cranes moving along lines of railway, monstrous hooks suspended from the roof, and light falling through two apertures above on to the sombre scene below. The whole effect is lurid and mysterious, as of a modern Vulcan's forge.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"THE ROLLING-MILL.—MAKING STEEL BARS FOR SHELLS": MUNITION-MAKING AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.

As suggested under the drawing on the opposite page, there is an aspect of the great steel works and factories where war material is made that appeals to the eye of the artist, distinct from that which presents itself to the engineer. Where the latter looks at technical details, the artist sees a broad impression of form and atmosphere. Such impressions Mr. Joseph Pennell has transferred to paper with his wonted skill in the

series of lithographs given in this and in our previous number. In the above drawing, for instance, he shows us deep shadows and lurid lights, grim human figures and sombre shapes of great machines, all suffused with mingled flame and smoke mounting to the lofty roof. It is a Dantesque scene, an appropriate ante-chamber, so to speak, to the inferno where its productions are destined to be used.

WITH THE BRITISH ON THE BALKAN FRONT: IN ACTION.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH THE OXFORD AND BUCKS: REPEATING THEIR ADVANCE AT HORSEHOW OVER GROUND TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



A MOUNTAIN BATTERY COMING INTO ACTION: A GUN-TEAM HEAVING ROUND THEIR GUN TO THE TARGET-LINE.



IN AN OBSERVATION-POST CONCEALED AMONG THE BOULDER ROCKS ON THE CREST OF HIGH GROUND: THE OBSERVER AND HIS TELEPHONIST.



DURING A BOMBARDMENT BY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS: FRAGMENTS STRIKING THE GROUND ALONG A LINE OF TRENCH.

These photographs show battlefield scenes at points along the Allied front at Salonika, in one of the sectors where the British are engaged. In the upper illustration we have vividly brought before us how an attack in the open is actually carried out. The men are seen going forward, stooping as they advance in groups and twos and threes. The second illustration shows gunners of a mountain battery slewing one of their pieces round to point in the direction being indicated by the officer seen in command. The

third shows an Observation-Post, ensconced apparently among boulders on the crest of a ridge, with an observer watching through a ranging telescope. His M.C.O. companion, with open map before him, is communicating with someone elsewhere by field-telephone. The fourth photograph shows the fragments of a high-explosive shell "peppering" a stretch of ground along a line of trench. The fumes of the explosive, carried down with the flying fragments, are seen along the ground in jets of white smoke rising at intervals.

CANADIANS AND CANADA'S HERO: FLAGS ON WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

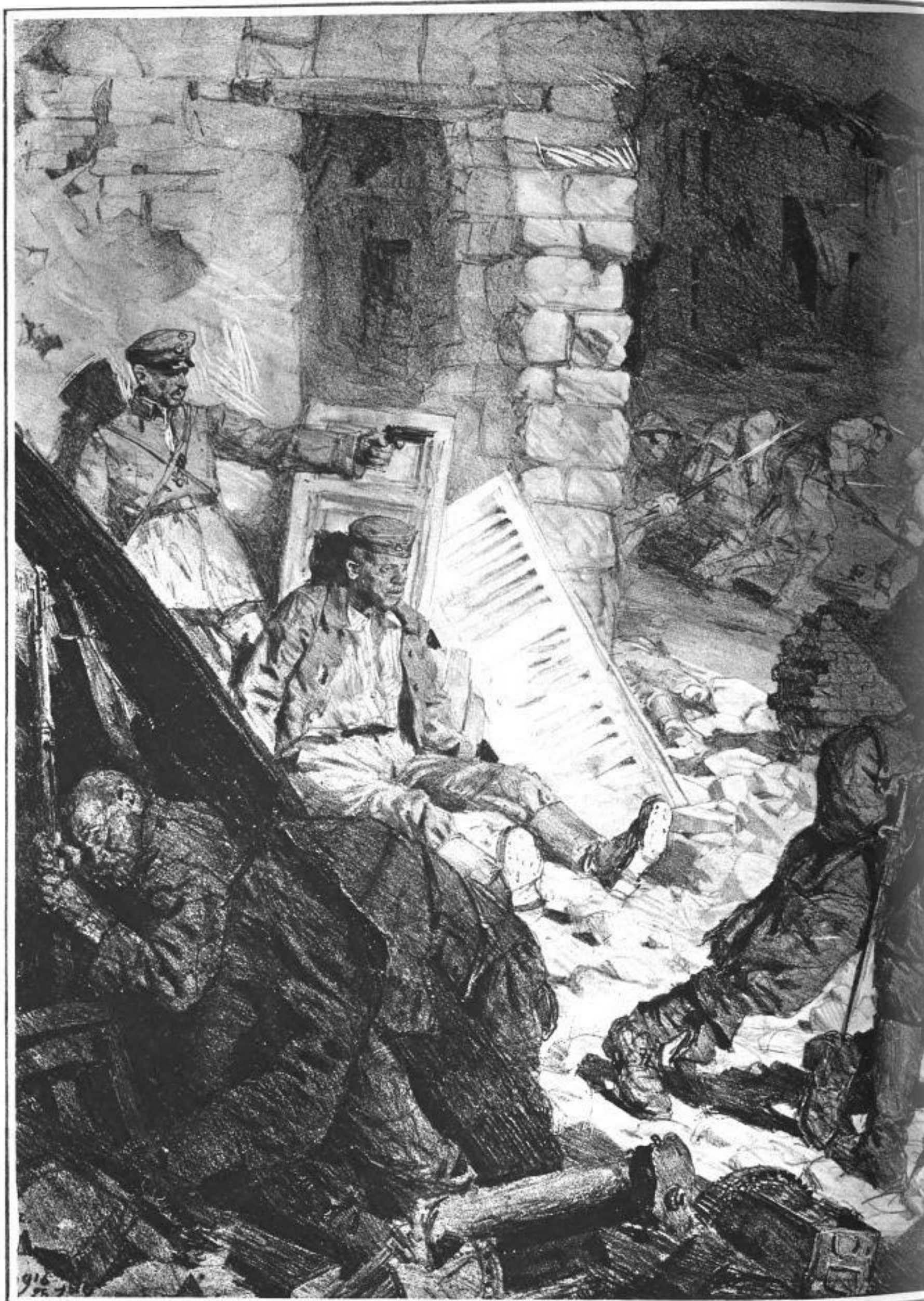
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID WELER.



CANADIAN COLOURS PLACED ON THE WOLFE MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A TRIBUTE FROM DOMINION TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT.

That heroic soldier, General Wolfe, won Canada for the Empire; and with fine appropriateness a number of Canadian battalions and one Canadian battery of artillery, on going to the front, have deposited the colours they brought with them from the Dominion on the Wolfe Monument in Westminster Abbey. In each case the colours were officially taken in charge by the Abbey authorities, and the laying up was attended by special ceremonial. The colours are draped in front of the carved representation of the battlefield scene on the Heights of Abraham, Quebec, at the moment that Wolfe breathed his last.

He appears supported in the arms of one of his officers, from whom he had learned just before that the enemy were giving way. The bronze relief on the pedestal, by Capizaldi, represents the landing of the British by night among the rocks at the foot of the Heights of Abraham. Some of our troops are shown approaching the shore in a small man-of-war; others of the advanced guard already landed by a boat are in the act of scaling the precipitous Heights. Seen to the left in the illustration is a memorial to Sir John Franklin, the heroic Arctic explorer.



"THE VILLAGE OF RANCOURT ALSO FELL INTO OUR POWER": FRENCH

A French communiqué of September 25 said: "The village of Rancourt also fell into our hands."

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. JONAS. (COPY)

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BRITISH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS IN A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER.

power." Its fall contributed greatly to the joint capture of Comblès by the French and British.

(RIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

THE BALKAN FRONT: SERBIAN CAVALRY-WORK IN THE FIELD.



DISMOUNTED WORK IN SKIRMISHING ORDER: SERBIAN DRAGOONS EXTENDING IN LINE TO A FLANK.



RIDING INTO ACTION: A SERBIAN DRAGOON REGIMENT IN THE BATTLE OF BORESNITZA.

The Serbian cavalry with the Salonika army have had several engagements with the enemy. In particular, they have got home blows at the Bulgarians, their most hated foes and the principal despoilers of their native land, in various of the actions which have taken place on the Monastir road. The Serbian horsemen have been engaged with the enemy both in dismounted operations and at least once, *en masse*, in their proper rôle. Our illustrations, from photographs taken in the field, show Serbian cavalymen

acting both as dismounted and as mounted troops. In the upper illustration part of a helmeted dragoon troop, deployed as skirmishers on foot, is seen extending. In the lower illustration a Serbian cavalry regiment on horseback is seen in the action at Boreznitza on September 19. The regiment is shown moving up to meet and repel a Bulgarian counter-attack, which threatened a point in the Allied battle-line where our advance had caused a temporary gap between the French and Serbian infantry.

THE BALKAN FRONT: GUNS ON THE SCENE OF A FRENCH VICTORY.



PASSING THE CHIEF HOUSE OF GORNITCHEVO AND BULGARIAN WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS: A FRENCH HEAVY-GUN BATTERY GOING FORWARD.



UP THE STEEP ASCENT TO THE BULGARIAN POSITION AT GORNITCHEVO: A SIXTEEN-HORSED HEAVY FRENCH "155" ADVANCING.

The photographs represent incidents on the battlefield of Gornitchevo, on the Macedonian border, where the French of the Salonika army won a notable victory. The fortified ridge of Gornitchevo was captured after two days' hard fighting, on September 14-16. The contest was severe and continuous, and the enemy held a very formidable position in difficult country. Largely, however, by the aid of the French long-range heavy artillery the Bulgarians were forced to yield ground at every point, their retreat being finally

hastened by the Allied infantry as these pressed forward with the bayonet on both front and flanks. The upper illustration shows a house in Gornitchevo, with French heavy guns advancing to a new position during the battle. Bulgarian wire entanglements, as left by the enemy, are seen in the foreground. The lower illustration shows a French heavy gun of a battery of "155's" being hauled forward up the steep ascent to Gornitchevo by a team of sixteen horses.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TRENCH FEVER.

AMONG the lesser evils of this terrible war is the fever so named, which for some time has proved itself the most mysterious of all the ills which affect mankind. It would seem to have some close but unexplained connection with trench fighting, for it

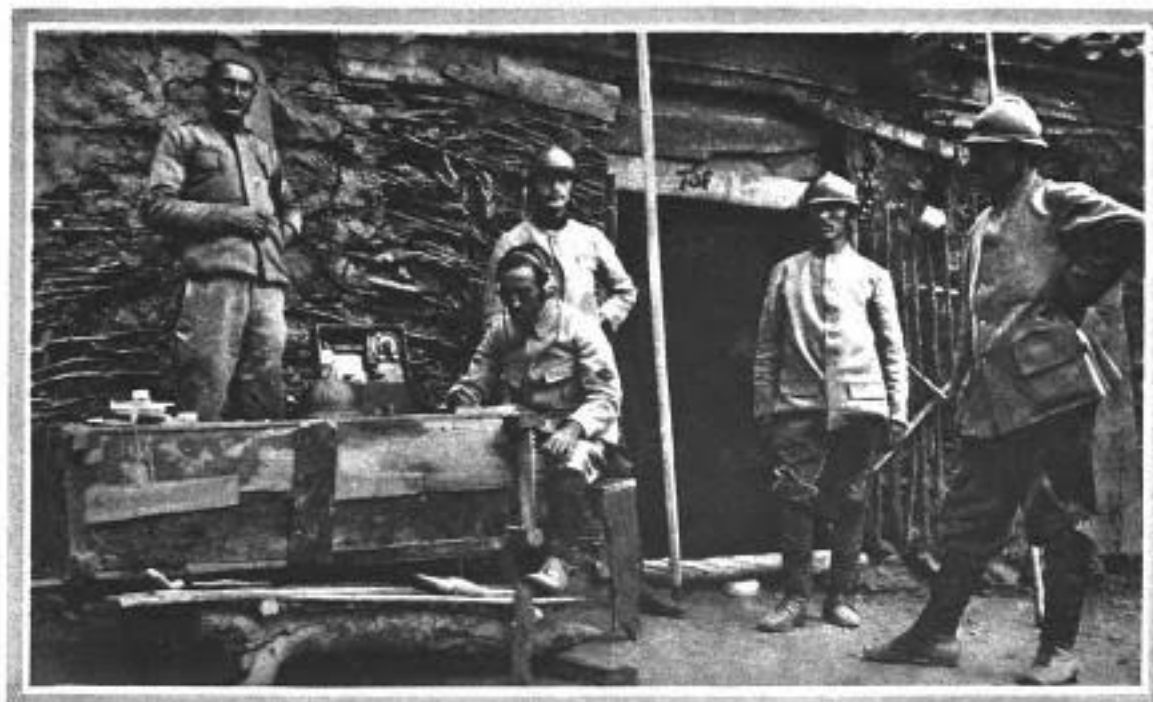
benefit in a cold compress dipped in a saturated solution of magnesium sulphate.

According to Major Hurst also, the path by which the disease gains access to the patient is clear. The lice with which most trench-dwellers are unfortunately infested act as its carriers; and another doctor, who heroically allowed those coming from a patient, clearly

mouth, nose, or throat, it is fairly evident that the complaint is not air-borne; and the absence of any inflammation of the intestines seems to preclude the idea that it has anything to do with water.

On the other hand, it is extremely improbable that the pests which act as carriers to the disease are its final cause. It is most probable that they, too, suffer from it as much as their victims, and this is borne out by the fact that it is only known in certain localities. It is very prevalent in the trenches both in France and in Flanders, and Major Hurst found it in those at Salonika, but not, he says, elsewhere, nor does he think it was present at Gallipoli. In this he may be wrong, as the present writer has been assured from more than one source that it was well known there for some time before the evacuation, and that there too it often followed on the bites of the insects named, which were quite as plentiful in the peninsula as on the Continent. As many of our troops eventually found their way from Gallipoli to Salonika, it is quite possible that they may have been innocently responsible for its introduction there.

From all this it will seem that it is probably an import from some place where it is indigenous, and this seems more likely to be Asia than any other place. When the "Russian" influenza was first brought over here, it was declared to be the product of a particular locality in Central Asia where the natives seemed to suffer perpetually from colds in the head. So it is not impossible that trench fever was brought into Europe by some of our Indian fellow-subjects who so gallantly came to the help of the Empire when the supply of English soldiers was not so plentiful as it fortunately is now. This theory would fit in well with the observed facts that it began to make itself noticed in the early summer of last year, when Major J. H. P. Graham first drew attention to it; and that, although there were thousands of cases in our Army in France between April and October of that year, it appeared to die away in the winter. Cold, wet, and fatigue are probably, as Major Hurst puts it, the exciting causes of its development in the organisms already infected. It is also probable that, like all such complaints, it will gradually change its



AERIAL COMMUNICATION—NEW STYLE: AN ALLIED RADIOGRAPHER ON THE BALKAN FRONT RECEIVING MESSAGES FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The man sitting at the instrument is receiving messages from a scouting aeroplane engaged in directing the shelling of the enemy's lines. Official Photograph.

has never shown itself among ammunition columns, ordnance or Headquarters troops. Its symptoms are so like those of influenza that for a long time they were mistaken for them; but, unlike influenza, it is not alleviated by quinine or any other of the well-known remedies. Finally, it does not seem to have a special bacillus, and no serum or vaccine that has yet been experimented with appears to have the slightest effect upon it.

suffering from it, to bite him, developed the short form of the disease within a brief period of time. So did two hospital orderlies who helped many men attacked by it (these last being plainly verminous)

The course of the disease, as observed up to the present time, seems to be this. The patient, without any warning other than that given by a general feeling of discomfort, is suddenly attacked by a headache (generally behind the eyes) so violent that if he is on the march he generally has to fall out. While the pulse is only slightly increased, the temperature rises rapidly to between 102 deg. to 104 deg. Fahr. This is quickly followed by pains in the lower part of the back, the tongue is generally furred, and there is a complete loss of appetite. Shivering, succeeded by profuse perspiration, is present almost from the first, and the third or fourth day the legs, and especially the shins, are attacked by violent pain which often takes the form of such sensitiveness that the patient will flinch at the slightest touch. On the third or fourth day the temperature falls to normal as suddenly as it had risen, but without relief of the pain. This lasts for a few hours only, and then, after another two to five days, it settles at normal with immediate relief of all the symptoms. This is what is called the "short" form; but in some cases the relapses continue, the longest observed period being from four to six weeks. It is never fatal, but, as may be supposed, leaves the patient with a certain amount of weakness. As for treatment, none of the ordinary drugs seem to have any effect on it; but Major Arthur Hurst, from whose very lucid account in the *Lancet* the above is taken, says, after careful study of the complaint, that acetylsalicylic acid relieves the pain, and has found much



AERIAL COMMUNICATION—OLD STYLE: A FRENCH REGIMENTAL PIGEONIER RELEASING A CARRIER PIGEON. Carrier pigeons are still found very useful in war, and have not been entirely superseded by wireless telegraphy. As our photograph shows, the French Army continues to employ them.—(Photograph by C.N.)

to hospital. From these and other indications, Major Hurst affirms that its period of incubation is from fifteen to twenty-five days. As there is no catarrh, or inflammation of the mucous membranes of the

type in the direction of mildness. Meanwhile, the more closely it is studied the better, as in this lies the best hope that an efficient treatment of it may be discovered.

F. L.

*Born 1820
—still going strong.*



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JOVIAL FRIEND: "Yes! He rewards the urchin, catches a cold, and so finds out the efficiency of ‘Johnnie Walker.’"

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THREE NEW WAR BOOKS OF THREE TYPES.

BOOKS describing actual events of the war, apart from formal histories, may be divided generally into three classes. There is, first, the record of personal experiences, written by the combatant to whom they happened;



FISHING WITH ROD AND LINE: BELGIAN SOLDIERS ON A SAND-BAGGED EMBANKMENT.

Photograph supplied by C.N.

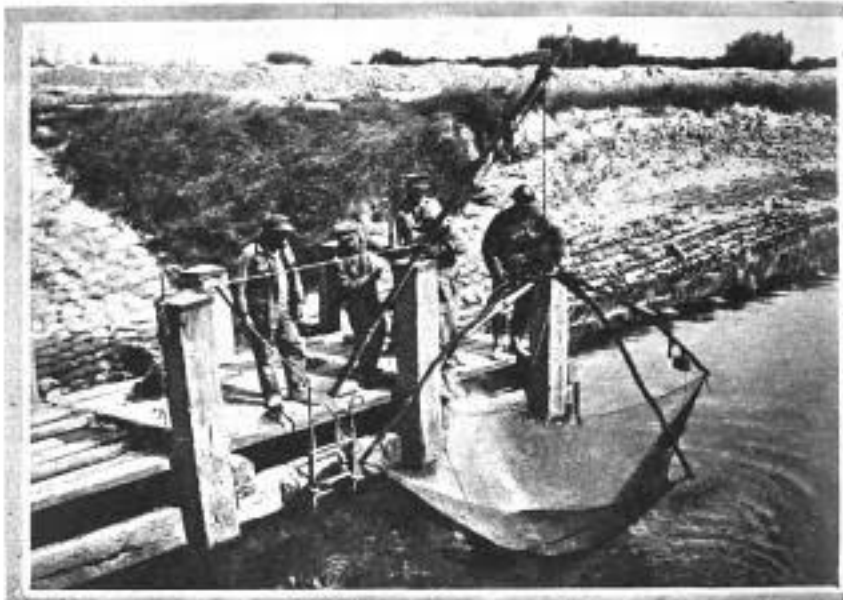
secondly, there is the record of experiences written up on his behalf by someone else; and thirdly, there are impressions of the war written by outside observers like newspaper correspondents and others. We have before us typical examples of each of these classes of war books. The first kind is, of course, by far the most valuable of all, for it has the same authority that belongs to letters written home from the front. Our example is Major W. Corbett-Smith's book, "The Retreat from Mons, by One Who Shared in It" (Cassell), illustrated by portraits of General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, Lord French, Sir Douglas Haig, and a map of the country from Mons to Paris. It opens appropriately with the Roll of Honour of the first Expeditionary Force, consisting of the names of the regiments composing the force and the commanding officers. The author, who is a Major in the R.F.A., traces the eventful story from the day of mobilisation down to

the end of the famous retreat and the opening of the Battle of the Marne. If he handles his battery with as much skill as he wields the pen he must be a very efficient soldier. He has a wonderful story to tell, and he tells it excellently, enlivening the narrative with many a snatch of remembered conversation, and as much humour as is possible in dealing with a subject so fraught with tragedy. A literary touch is imparted by the quotation at the head of each chapter from Shakespeare's "Henry V."; and the Major points out how closely apposite that play is all through to these present days. In concluding his story, he writes: "There is no greater honour to-day that a man may wear—alas, there are but few left to wear it!—than the honour of having served his King and Country in France throughout August and September 1914. Just that. He needs no decoration, no 'mention.' He served through the 'Retreat from Mons.' In days to come our children, our children's children, will point with pride to that one little word on the regimental colour, 'Mons.' For in that single word will be summed up the Liberation of the World. It was the victory of the Marne which won for Civilisation that freedom; but it was, under God's hand, the British Navy, the Stand of Belgium, and the 'Retreat from Mons' which made that victory possible."

The second volume on our list is "In the Line of Battle: Soldiers' Stories of the War," edited by Walter Wood (Chapman and Hall). It consists of eighteen chapters, each describing a single soldier's experiences, some on the French front, others in Gallipoli, and one on board the *Formidable* when she went down. It is illustrated by twenty official photographs, which are quite good and interesting, but are of a general character and do not apparently show the particular soldiers whose adventures are recorded. Mr. Wood has carried out his task well, and it is almost needless to say that every chapter is deeply interesting. In cases where a soldier can tell his story verbally but has no literary skill himself, it is practically the only method of putting his experiences on record, and Mr. Wood deserves gratitude for doing it.

The third kind of book in our classification is represented by one from the pen of the well-known American writer, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, "With the French in France and Salonika" (Duckworth). He recorded an earlier visit to the front in a volume called "With the Allies." His new book is well illustrated by numerous photographs, mostly snapshots, which are the

more interesting as being of an informal and out-of-the-way character. Mr. Davis takes the reader to various theatres of war, including the mud trenches of Artois, the zig-zag front of Champagne, Verdun, and St. Mihiel, the Vosges, and the Allied front at Salonika. He also visited Athens, and devotes a chapter to discussing "why King Constantine is neutral." Finally, he gives some useful hints to those who want to help, and concludes with an impression of "London a Year Ago." Mr. Davis is always interesting and vivid, wherever he is and whatever he is talking about. It is a war book of the gossip kind, dealing more with personalities than generalities, and all the more attractive on that account. It was written, he tells us, "during the last three months of 1915 and the first month of this year, in the form of letters from France, Greece, Serbia, and England." He is wholeheartedly with the Allies, and his remarks on the forthcoming American elections are interesting and opportune just now. "As soon," he writes, "as we elect a new President and a new Congress, who are not necessarily looking for trouble, but who will not crawl under the bed to avoid it, our lost prestige will return. In the meantime, that France and her Allies succeed



FISHING WITH A NET: BELGIAN SOLDIERS BY THE YSER.

Photograph supplied by C.N.

should be the hope and prayer of every American. The fight they are waging is for the things the real, unhyphenated American is supposed to hold most high and most dear. Incidentally, they are fighting his fight, for their success will later save him, unprepared as he is to defend himself, from a humiliating and terrible thrashing."

THE M.O.

(The Medical Officer).

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A Munition Worker and BOVRIL



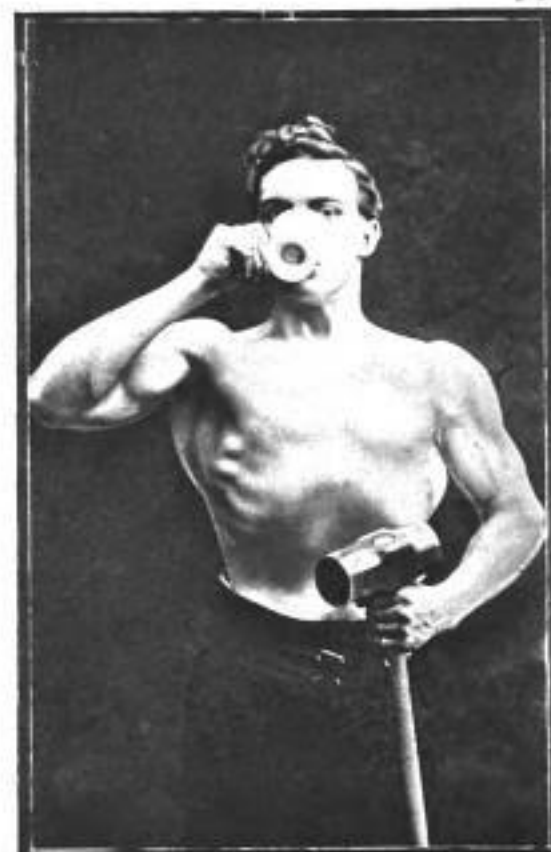
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(Signed) Leon Clark.



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is proved by independent scientific investigation to be equal to 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

NEW NOVELS.

"Leatherface." The Baroness Orczy has turned her attention to Flanders—in compliment, as we gather from the dedication, to the gallant Belgians—and "Leatherface" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a story of the days of Alva. The exact historical setting of one of her novels does not matter greatly; the plot's the thing, and the plot of the new book is as full of thrills as an egg is full of meat. The characters are dashed in with a broad brush, providing just the effect necessary for readers who are out less for instruction than for entertainment. Black as pitch is the infamous Alva; devilish as—as a sixteenth-century Spaniard the proud Don Ramon; while Lenora, though Spanish, is all that the heroine of an Orczy novel would be expected to be. Leatherface is a mysterious being, whose identity, revealed early in the book to the reader, long remains unknown to the Spanish tyrants, whose deep-laid schemes he throws into confusion. It is Leatherface—so called because of his leather mask—who warns Orange in time for him to escape from Hermigny; Leatherface who intervenes as the saviour of two helpless Flemish maidens in the hands of the drunken Spanish soldiery; Leatherface who rallies the citizens of Ghent, and unites them with their Walloon captives against the common enemy. It is very dramatic, very exciting, and an excellent example of the art of fiction in the hands of an expert.

"The Winged Victory."

(Heinemann) is a fantasy, lit by the light that never was on sea or land. In it, the characters of "Adam's Orchard" have danced away, looting it merrily heel and toe, with their creator. An air of captivating unreality surrounds them. They are the creatures of a dream, as little like daylight humanity as

the strange beings whom the late George du Maurier's dreamer met under the grand piano when he found himself at a Society function in pyjamas. Dreams, however, can be pleasant things, and it must be admitted that Mme. Sarah Grand's people are capital company. Ella Banks, the lace-maker befriended by the Duke of Castlefield Saye for reasons that are unveiled at the end of the book, comes to town and takes it

keeping with its fantastic spirit—Lady Ballard and Sarb, Mrs. Filmer Dabbs, little Lord Callowabbey, Aloysius Blimber Bosc. There is something Meredithian in all this; but, instead of the underlying Meredith, there is Mme. Sarah Grand, an essentially feminine author. Violent death solves the otherwise insoluble problem of "The Winged Victory"—a final and characteristic touch of dramatic improbability.

"The Rudder." The author of "Nathan Burke" and "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" is a sound and clever writer—so sound and so clever that her books are to be accepted at least as much as sociological studies as on their surface value as novels of high entertainment. We can take it from Miss Mary S. Watts, therefore, that Amzi Cook and T. Chauncey Devitt are typical products of their State and their age, even if we did not see for ourselves that characters as broadly based as these two and some of the other people in "The Rudder" (Macmillan) are to be found in any country and in any community. The evolution of T. Chauncey Devitt is a masterly study of the progression of the demagogue, a snob and a toady at heart, effervescing with words, climbing on the humiliation of his worthy father and mother to a certain notoriety, and ending as the ignominious victim of the real political boss, the iron pot that shoulders his poor little earthen imitation of leadership out of the mid-stream of politics. Mrs. Grace, the supreme invalid-egoist, is another of Miss Watts's successes. But, indeed, "The Rudder" is not a book to be dissected with praise here

and there for what a reviewer's scalpel may bring to light; it is a book heartily to commend to the public, and to be read in hours set aside—not in railway trains or seaside shelters—for the deliberate appreciation of its brilliant craftsmanship.



MEN REPLACED BY MACHINES IN FORESTRY: A MECHANICAL TREE-FELLER THAT SAVES MUCH MANUAL LABOUR.

Our photograph illustrates an interesting demonstration of tree-felling by machinery that took place recently in Scotland. The machine used was Ransome's patent steam tree-feller, made by Messrs. A. Ransome and Co., of Newark-on-Trent. By using a long metallic steam hose, all trees within about an acre can be felled without shifting the boiler. In these times when there is a shortage of men, this labour-saving appliance deserves wide consideration.

by storm. (She is the Winged Victory.) Behold skill (in lace-making), beauty, and wit triumphant; virtue too, even to pistol-lengths. Her mildest joke delights the men; no doubt of it, Ella Banks is a charmer. The names of the other people in the book are in



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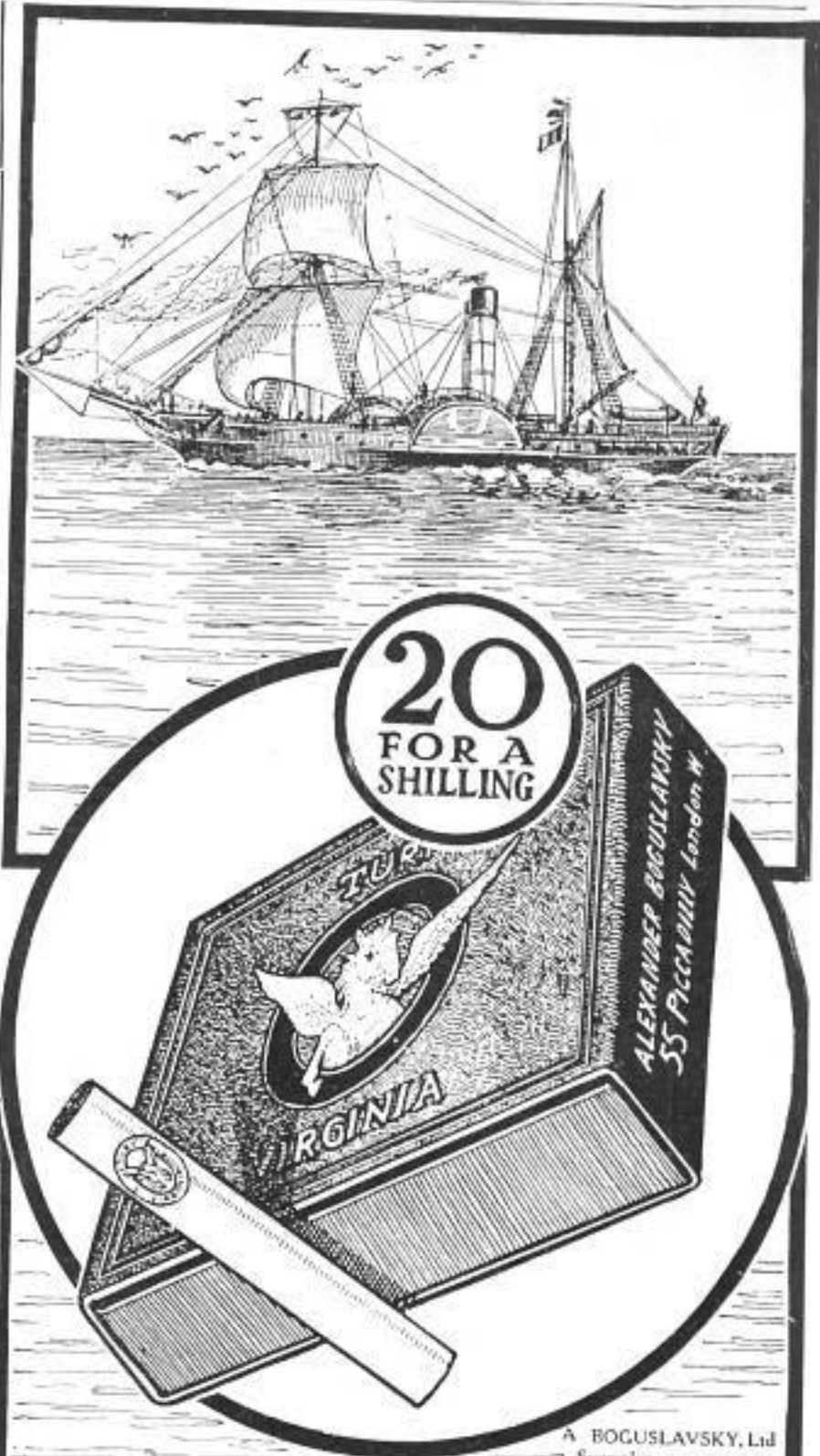
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the first steam-ship to cross the
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She marked an epoch!

"TURF" Virginia cigarettes mark
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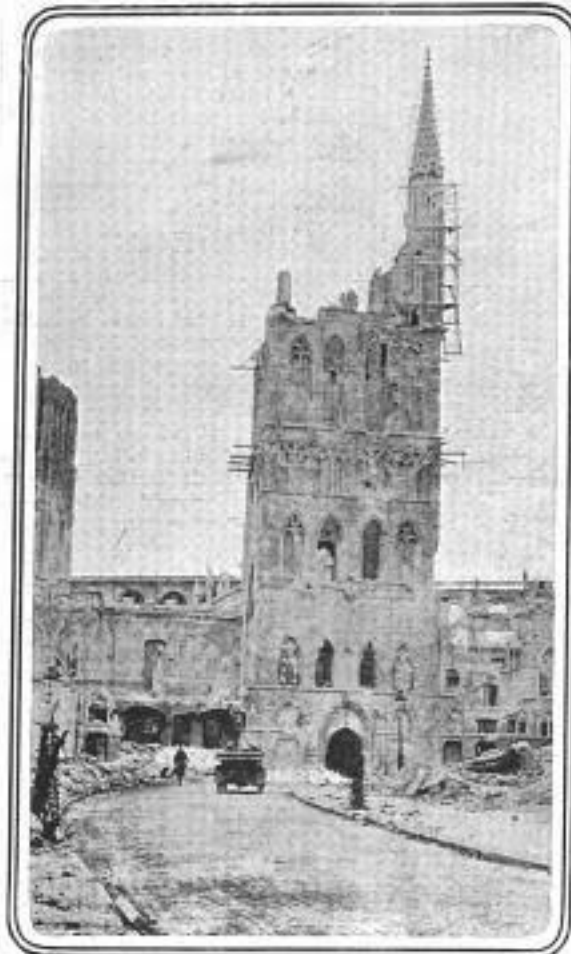
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Be sure to buy some of these
big handsome cigarettes. They are
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SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

ONE by one the great men who gave Canada its Confederation, and the vast railway system that did even more than politicians to make Confederation acceptable, have passed away. John A. Macdonald, Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona), and Charles Tupper are among the most outstanding figures in Canadian modern history, the most



A MODERN MOTOR-CAR IN A BATTERED CITY: A "WOLSELEY" NEAR THE RUINED CLOTH HALL OF YPRES.
The shelling of Ypres and the devastation of the old city with its fine structures, is brought home with emphasis by this interesting contrast between the motor of to-day and the ruins of the centuries-old Cloth Hall of Ypres.

prominent Canadian statesmen of their own generation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is almost the only survivor of the group to which they belonged. They were a race of giants, daring men by no means free from faults, and gifted not only with business acumen, but with vision—a gift often associated with life in great half-developed countries of immeasurable possibility. They took risks; they made mistakes; they were not borne down by a weight of scruples; they worked hard; they did very well for themselves, and left Canadian possibilities greater than they found them. To each and all of these well-remembered dead a biographer has been allotted: Dr. E. M. Saunders has just given us "The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bt., K.C.M.G.," in two volumes (Cassell). Tupper was a Nova Scotia man, descendant of an Englishman who emigrated to America in 1635, and was born at Amherst in 1821. He started life as a doctor, acquired a large practice, and at the age of thirty-four, turning to politics, obtained a seat in the Nova Scotia House of Legislature. In 1863 he became Premier of Nova Scotia, and a year later carried a resolution favouring the union of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Heart and soul in the work of Confederation, he stood outside the new Dominion Government for three years to ease the pressure on Sir John Macdonald, and then held a number of important portfolios, including that of Finance. In a pleasantly written introduction to the volumes under notice, Sir Robert Borden, Canada's present Premier, says that Macdonald's advocacy of the National Policy from 1876 to 1878 was largely due to Charles Tupper. This in itself is a very great tribute to the dead statesman: the pages that Dr. Saunders has edited reveal something of the forces that had to be encountered before Confederation could come to its own. Following Federation came the Canadian Pacific Railway venture, the vast undertaking that leaned so perilously near to failure before it achieved success, and would have buried in its ruins some of the most honourably esteemed names in Canada. Tupper saw it through; derided or denounced for years, he lived to find his optimism justified and the prophecies of prosperity in which he had indulged falling short of the actual truth. That, perhaps, was the greatest triumph of his life, transcending actual achievement and honour acquired in the political arena. He retired nominally from public life in 1900; he was already in the eightieth year of his life and the forty-fifth of his public service, and had seen the work of his hands prosper. But he could not avoid a statesman's liabilities for some time to come: he crossed the Atlantic sixteen times in the next eight years, and only after the death of Lady Tupper in 1908

did he sit with folded arms to await the end. That end came on Oct. 30 of last year, at the age of ninety-four. He was one of the strongest of the strong figures that built up the Dominion.

The question of trading—or rather, of not trading—with the enemy being one of no little importance, we willingly announce that the Berkeley Filter Co. (British), which was of alien origin, is now an entirely British concern, all persons interested in it being purely British.



A CRIMEAN VETERAN DEAD: LIEUT. COLONEL ROBINSON BOUSTEAD, LATE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE.

Colonel Boustead, who passed away in his eighty-first year, was one of the few remaining Crimean and Indian Mutiny officers, and had also rendered other distinguished services to his country from 1855 to 1885.—(Photo. by Kent Lacey.)



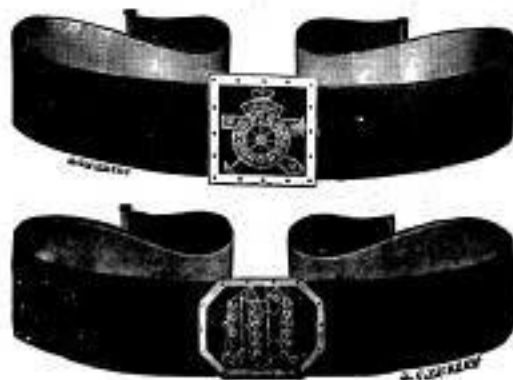
MEMORIALS TO A NATIONAL HERO: MEDALS OF LORD KITCHENER.
The handsome medal which we illustrate is the work of the distinguished French artist, M. J. P. Legastelois, in conjunction with M. Jean Baptiste Guth, who executed the portrait of the late Field-Marshal from sittings given in the spring. Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., of 17-18, Piccadilly, will send a descriptive price list, ranging from 1s. 9d. to 75s., on application.

For Men at the Front and in Training.



A parcel from home with something to eat in it is the soldier's delight. At this time of the year Gong Soups are the very thing to send. Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Scotch Broth and Lentil are but four of the twelve varieties of Gong Soups which fighting men specially relish. The other varieties are Pea, Julienne, Ox Tail, Thick Gravy, Celery Cream, Green Pea, Artichoke and Tomato, all one price—2d. per packet.

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Regimental Badge Neckband or Bracelet, £5 5 0 each.
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NECKBANDS OR
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with Regimental Badges
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and more than pays for the slight additional charge. That produced by Robinson & Cleaver upon their Irish looms gives wonderfully long wear without losing its whiteness. It is linen one can well be proud of, and it is obtainable at manufacturers' direct prices. Examples—

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Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, 2½ x 2½ yards, 24/- and 29/6 each.

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HANDKERCHIEFS.—No. 27.—Ladies' Pure Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs. Sizes: about 16 inches, with ¼-inch hem; 15½ inches, with ½-inch hem; 14½ inches, with ¾-inch hem; and 13½ inches, with 1-inch hem. Dozen, 9/11.

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MODEL FUR COAT (as sketch), in Seal dyed Coney with handsome collar, flounce and cuffs of Natural Australian Opossum.

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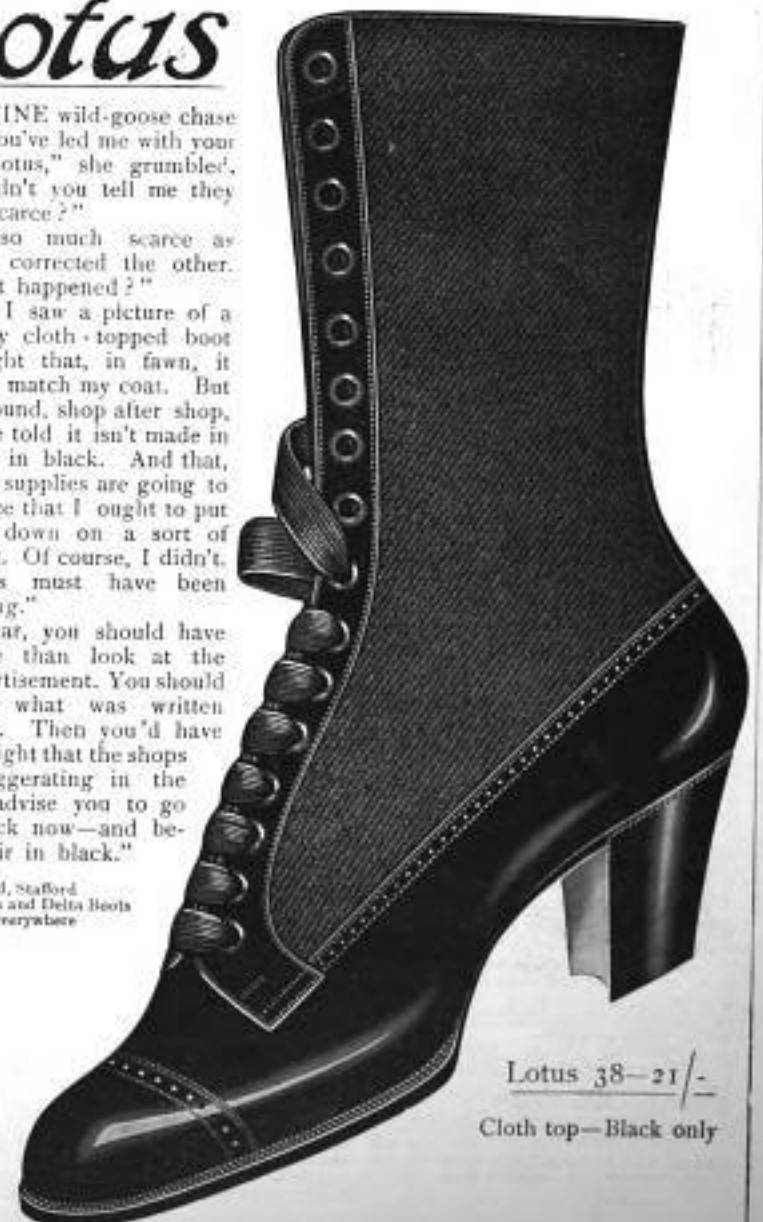
"A FINE wild-goose chase you've led me with your Lotus," she grumbled. "Why didn't you tell me they were so scarce?"

"Not so much scarce as popular," corrected the other. "But what happened?"

"Well, I saw a picture of a very pretty cloth-topped boot and thought that, in fawn, it would just match my coat. But I trailed round, shop after shop, only to be told it isn't made in fawn, only in black. And that, even then, supplies are going to be so scarce that I ought to put my name down on a sort of waiting list. Of course, I didn't. The shops must have been exaggerating."

"My dear, you should have done more than look at the pretty advertisement. You should have read what was written underneath. Then you'd have known all right that the shops aren't exaggerating in the least. I advise you to go straight back now—and bespeak a pair in black."

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
Agents everywhere



Lotus 38—21/-

Cloth top—Black only

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HOME ON LEAVE" AT THE ROYALTY.

THE trouble with Mr. Knoblock's new play, "Home on Leave," is that we are expected to sympathise with his heroine, and cannot do it. She does not play the game even according to "smart" folk's principles, or else we should not have a quadrangular instead of a triangular situation. Since she had made a mistake in her marriage, we could condone her recklessness in deciding to spend a few jolly days with her old flame, Owen Fletcher, home on leave, and his family folk, to whom he was for giving a good time at the Ritz; but when the minx used this genial soldier as a cat-paw for another affair, and, though proposing to elope with Herbert Probyn, landed Owen with the possibilities of the Divorce Court, that was too much for the broadest charity. And when she was indignant because Herbert turned out to be married, or pretended to be, and so wriggled out of his responsibilities, we laughed at her: a woman who played with an honest man's love deserved no better fate. Fortunately, there was one character in the piece that moved us to happier laughter. The fiasco of Owen's dinner-party, where he had wished everybody to be cheerful and everything went wrong, is first-class comedy; and if the story had all been in this key, and if we had been asked to meet more people so delightful as Owen's mid-Victorian mother—a sentimentalist with quaint reminiscences, done to perfection by Miss Mary Jerrold—we should have had more confidence in its powers of attraction. Not that Mr. Dennis Eadie's breezy soldier does not make refreshing company, or Miss Marie Löhr's technique fail of effect in the matter of the sorry heroine's tears; but how much better the young actress was employed in "Her Husband's Wife"!

"LUCKY JIM." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The quiet opening of "Henry Seton's" "Lucky Jim," where we saw a sober household applying itself to all sorts of "useful occupations"—among them puzzles, draughts, and the like—by orders of its Socialist-Peer head, scarcely prepared us for the rollicking steeplechase after a will

which came afterwards. That will—where did it not go? It went to some local stores, to a pawnbroker's, into an overcoat pocket, into the hands of an escaped lunatic, into a borrowed boot; and all the while the man most concerned in it seemed least concerned about it, and yet was always "warm" while the rest raced off on false scents. The forcefulness of this sort of thing, of course, depends very much on the vivacity and breathlessness of the acting, and Miss Vera Beringer, who is "Henry Seton," is fortunate

but they keep the ball of farce rolling, and therefore fulfil well enough their author's purpose.

MISS MARY ANDERSON'S REAPPEARANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Old playgoers revived precious memories, and the young generation had a unique privilege, on Friday of last week, when Miss Mary Anderson reappeared on the stage in a Gilbert programme consisting of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy"; and it can be truthfully said that for neither the young nor the old was there any possibility of disillusionment. Time seems to have stood still before this actress's beauty and charm. Her Galatea has still its old statuesque serenity, has still the old graciousness of pose, of gesture, and of voice, the only change being a little more warmth of emotion, perhaps, when the marble comes to life; while in "Comedy and Tragedy" we get a variety of mood, a gaiety and an abandon which some of us had forgotten the Perdita and Hermione of other days could compass. A unique experience for those who attended, it must also have been a delight to Mary Anderson herself. To feel that the old gifts remain, the former magnetism still comes at call—how flattering, how reconciling in one's retirement!

A NEW "PEG," AT THE GLOBE.

"Peg o' My Heart" has returned to town with a new Peg to charm the hearts of audiences. First came Miss Laurette Taylor, to win a name for both herself and the play. Then Miss Moya Manning, to keep the play going and establish a second reputation. Now we have Miss Mary O'Farrell, whose Irish girl is as fresh and charming as the Peg presented by either of her predecessors. In her turn, she could give the story a lease of life.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," AT THE NEW.

So recent was the success of Mr. A. E. Thomas's fine comedy that only brief mention need be made of the fiftieth performance of the play and Miss Nina Seavening's assumption of the rôle created by Miss Löhr. She is good alike in the moments of valetudinarianism and jealousy, and makes an excellent foil to Miss Irene Vanbrugh's tempestuous Emily.



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES AT SALONIKA: A LEWIS MACHINE-GUN POSITION.

Official Photograph.

in her St. James's company. As Jim, the returned prodigal, Mr. Kenneth Kent cuts the quaintest figure, a veritable figure of fun; and the pace his prodigal sets is kept up by the comic suburban lady of Miss Esmé Beringer, the lodging-house drudge of Miss Drusilla Willis, the policeman of Mr. John East, the lunatic of Mr. Roy Byford, and the lower middle-class Socialist whose chief tyrant is his wife, so neatly sketched by Mr. F. B. J. Sharp. Caricatures are some of these associates of "Lucky Jim."

URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid

10,183 Calculi (Stones) were found in the kidneys of a patient on whom Dr. Cathelin (of Paris) operated!

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Urodonal dissolves the Uric Acid that walls up the kidneys.

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The suffering caused through renal colic must be experienced to be fully realised and if the pain lasts for a long time even the most courageous can scarcely bear it; in fact, many patients have died simply on account of the excruciating pain and the nervous tension it produces. The attacks seldom last more than five or six hours—but to the sufferer the hours seem centuries.

It is quite useless to argue that it is merely a transitory pain that must be endured. No doubt as soon as the stone has dropped into the bladder, after having torn and lacerated the kidneys, the pain subsides, and is followed by a deep feeling of comfort and relief. But this also only lasts until another attack occurs, and in the meantime the mischief is done, for the delicate and fragile canals of the renal filter are bruised and torn, and even sometimes rendered incapable of fulfilling their functions.

If this stoppage of the kidney functions is only temporary, the mischief is not beyond repair, but if the condition of azotemia persists and results in uremia (poisoning of the blood through retention of toxic substances) death very soon occurs.

Ordinary therapeutic methods are of no avail in renal colic, beyond allaying the pain by means of narcotics and soporific medicines; it is infinitely preferable to direct all efforts against the initial cause of the mischief.

Renal colic is due to precipitation into the kidneys of uric acid salts, which collect together, forming hard, rugged, sharp concretions whose size varies from that of a grain of finest sand to that of a stone as large as a hen's egg, and larger; the pain caused by the passage of such projectiles through the delicate tissues of the kidneys may be readily imagined.

But whatever may be the shape or size of these calculi, they are almost invariably composed of uric acid and urates, of which the other salts (which are present in smaller quantities) are merely derivatives. Therefore, if uric acid is not present in excessive quantity, no sandy deposits or stones can be present either.

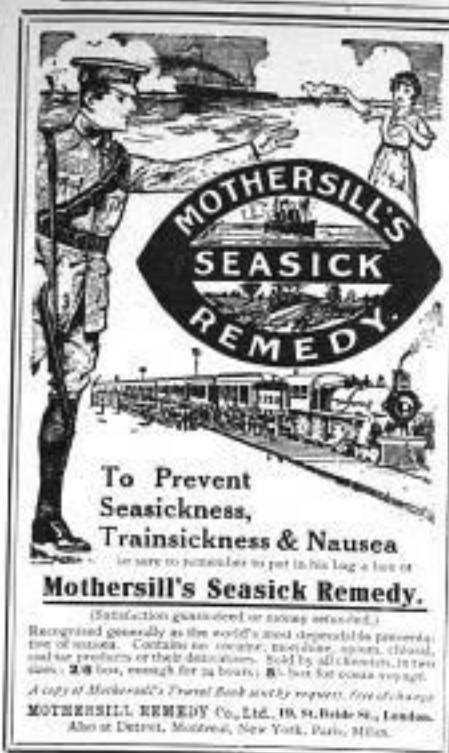
Nothing is easier than to dissolve and eliminate the uric acid before it has time to precipitate and collect together. It is only necessary to bring it in contact with URODONAL, which dissolves it as easily and as quickly as hot water dissolves sugar. Moreover, it does this without causing the slightest discomfort, or harm to the organism. We therefore strongly advise those who have the slightest reason to suspect the presence of sandy deposits, or larger concretions, caused by uric acid, to go in for a regular course of URODONAL in order to avoid the possibility of being exposed to suffering the most excruciating pain that human beings can be called upon to endure.

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URODONAL prevents the formation of Calculi (Stones) in the kidneys, which cause nephritic colic, and often necessitate a surgical operation. Kidney troubles are frequently due to the unsuspected presence of small stones and sand, and it is a well-known fact that such bodies are most readily formed in the kidneys of uric acid subjects.

A course of URODONAL should be taken every month, as a preventive—one teaspoonful dissolved in half-a-tumbler of water, three daily, between meals.

Chronic sufferers from uric acid complaints should also take URODONAL as a table water, by dissolving one tablespoonful in a quart of water, and drinking the solution either pure, or diluted with wine, cider, whisky, etc. This retards the recurrence of uric acid troubles, and is beneficial to general health. TRY IT!



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Recognized generally as the world's most dependable remedy for seasickness. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, and no harmful or deleterious effects. Sold by all chemists, in two sizes, 2/6 box, enough for 24 hours; 5/- box for 48 hours.

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"For Your Teeth."

The daily use of this dentifrice will remove and prevent the accumulation of tartar, which is the most destructive enemy of the teeth, will purify and sweeten the breath, harden the gums, and make the teeth beautifully sound and white. 2/- per box. Sold by chemists, grocers, and druggists, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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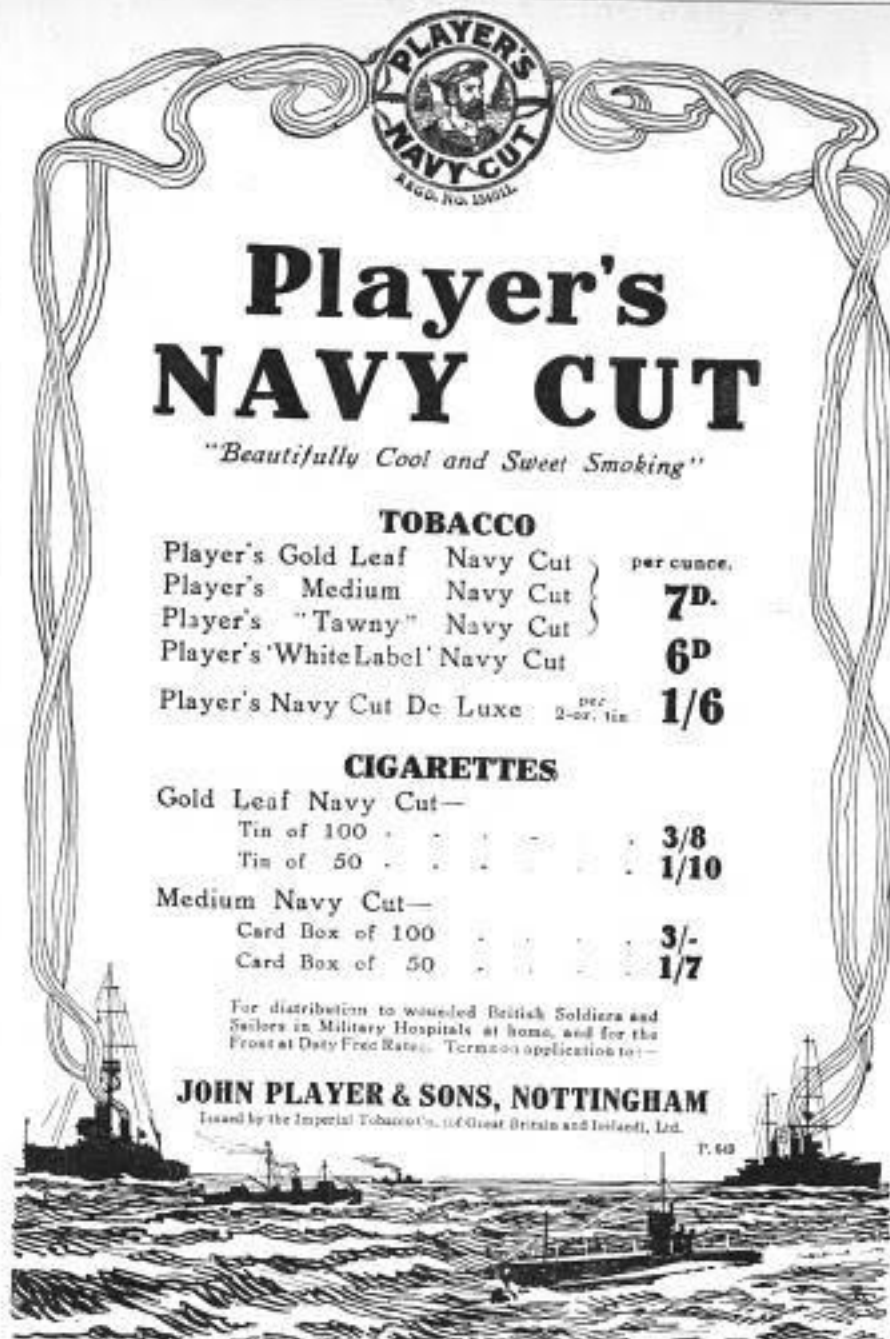
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Electric Vehicle. Apropos my remarks on the subject of the electric vehicle in *The Illustrated London News* of the 7th inst., I have received a most interesting letter from Mr. F. Ayton, engineer and manager of the Ipswich Corporation electrical undertakings, and hon. secretary of the Electric Vehicle

maintain a speed of twenty miles an hour on average roads and will cover eighty miles on one charge.

Its Future for Town Work.

Mr. Ayton believes—and I entirely agree—that in town service, both private and public, there is a vast field of utility open for the employment of the electric passenger-car.

Also, there are plenty of people whose daily requirements of pleasure motoring would be satisfied by out-and-home runs of eighty miles or less. Unfortunately, the electric car has suffered by having gained a bad name in the early days of motor traction. The first electric vehicles were badly designed as to the chassis; the accumulators were about as unreliable as they could have been; and if one managed to get twenty miles on a charge it was something to be remembered. The car itself was painfully slow, in addition to its other disabilities, and consequently fell completely out of favour when the petrol vehicle reached a fair degree of reliability and silence. Having thus fallen into disfavour, it does not appear to have been anybody's business to rescue the electric from obloquy until the Electric Vehicle Committee was formed in 1913.

Then came the war, and the work of popularising the electric pleasure car necessarily stood still for the time being. That there are more than bare possibilities in the electric is indicated by the growth in the numbers of industrial electrics now at work. Three years ago there were not more than 150 electric cars in the country, most of these being hire cars or private passenger vehicles, and generally of a quite obsolete and inefficient type. Of the 150, not more than a dozen were commercial cars. Of the latter, there are now over 700, the Midland Railway, to quote the example of one user only, having 76 running, of capacities from half a ton to over three tons.

Electric Taxi-Cabs.

The problem of how to make ends meet is one that is giving very serious food for thought to taxi-cab companies. The margin between earnings and cost of operation has never been a large one, and

the conditions that have come about as a result of the war have necessarily made more acute the problem of how to earn dividends. Operating costs will never go back to pre-war figures, and it is not at all unlikely that at least a partial solution will come through the electric cab. In Detroit, where a service has been running for some time, the costs have been found to be from thirty to forty per cent. below that of the petrol-vehicle services. Berlin had a pre-war service which was very popular. The vehicles consumed rather more than half a Board of Trade unit per mile, which, at the standard tariff of a penny per unit, means one half-penny per mile for power—about half the cost of petrol at pre-war prices. A very brief study of the facts and figures relating to the electric vehicle must convince that at least there are possibilities if only the British motor manufacturer will turn some of his attention in the direction indicated. Of course, nothing can possibly be done until after the war, but preparations can be made if it be deemed worth while. As to that, we know that the modern electric car is radically different from its prototype of fifteen years ago. We also know that it is a proved success in private use and for public service work in other countries, and that it is making itself felt as an industrial proposition here. If we are not prepared to manufacture the type for ourselves, the market will pass to the Americans; for I am very confident that when we settle down to the period of reconstruction after



ALWAYS STEADY AND RELIABLE: A "STRAKER-SQUIRE" CAR IN THE HIMALAYAS.

This car belongs to the Durbar or Government of Mandi, a Himalayan State among the mountains 45 miles N.W. of Simla. It has for the past 4½ years been running continually between the capital of Mandi and the rail-head 130 miles off. The road through is hilly in the extreme, with steep gradients and with constant sharp curves.

Committee. I regret that his communication is too lengthy to print in full; it is an excellent statement of the electric-vehicle position, but the limitations of space forbid. So far as the private vehicle is concerned, Mr. Ayton points out that, with the exception of the Arrol-Johnston Company, there is no firm in the country making this class of car. That was more or less what I said, but I do not altogether understand why, in the face of the proved success of the type in America and on the Continent, this should be so. As my correspondent points out, it is just as well that it should be recognised that the electric car is not, and cannot be for years to come, a "touring" car. This is not due to any inherent fault of the car, but to the fact that touring necessitates suitable charging stations being provided in all towns. The Electric Vehicle Committee has, he tells me, succeeded in getting charging facilities arranged for in a number of towns, but much still remains to be done before touring in an electric can be comfortably feasible, notwithstanding that the modern electric car will



DOING ITS BIT: A GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY'S BUICK MOTOR CHAR-A-BANC WITH WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The char-a-banc is seen while conveying wounded soldiers from the "Duchess of Cornwall" Canadian Red Cross Hospital to "The Cottage," Cox Green, Maidenhead, to be entertained to tea by Priscilla, Countess Annesley.

the war, electric traction will play a much greater part in road locomotion than it has hitherto. But not on rails on the public highways. W. W.

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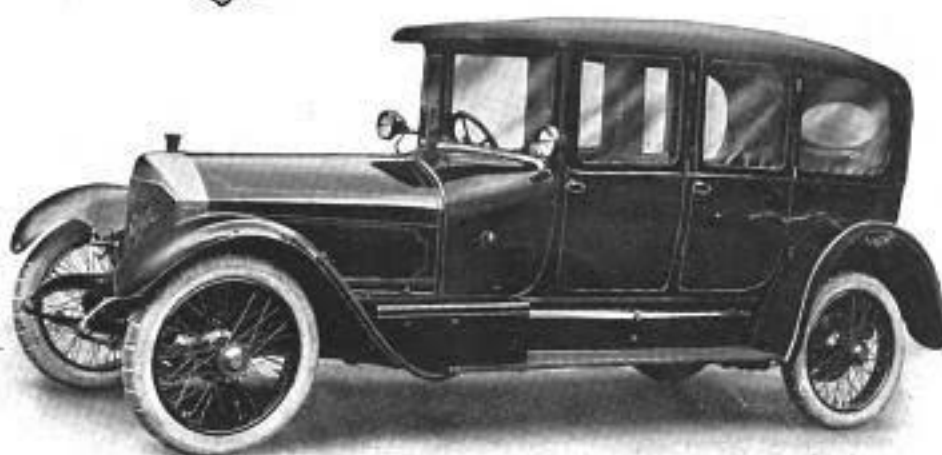
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CHESS.

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CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Chicago in the Championship Tournament of the Western Chess Association, between Messrs. COHN and LASKER.

(From Gambel.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q R to R sq	
2. P takes P	P to Q 2nd	20. K R to K Kt sq	P takes P
3. P takes P	B takes P	21. P takes P	R to R 7th (ch)
4. Kt to K B 2nd	P to K Kt 4th	22. K to K 3rd	R (R sq) to R 6th
5. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th	23. B to K 2nd	R to R sq
6. Kt to K 5th		24. Q R to Q sq	

Black has chosen a risky variation of the opening, but here White would do better with Kt to Kt 5th.

7. P to K 4th
8. P takes B
9. K takes Q
10. B to K B 4th
11. Kt to B 3rd
12. B to Q 3rd
13. K to K 2nd
14. B takes Kt
15. Kt to Q sq
16. P to K Kt 3rd
17. Kt to K 3rd
18. P to Q R 2nd
19. Kt to B 5th

Against the strong attack threatened by the doubling of the adverse Rooks, White ought now to take some steps to protect his King—Q R to K B sq seems effective. As the play goes, the K R is virtually lost from this point.

F. W. ATCHERSON (Nottingham).—(1) P and move, P and two moves, and Q R are the usual odds. (2) White has no option, and there would be no sense in drawing for the move, if he had.

J. A. GARDNER (Port Sunlight, Merseyside, Ontario).—Your solution is correct, and acknowledged in the usual place.

B takes P at once is better, or to be more cautious, Q R to Q B sq. At worst, in either case, the game would not go to pieces as fast as it does now.

24. P to B 3rd
25. R to Q 6th
26. P takes B
27. B takes P
28. K to K 4th
29. P to B 5th (ch)
30. R to Q 2nd (ch)
31. K takes P
32. K to B 5th
33. K to Kt 6th
34. K to B 7th

White resigns. The finish has the characteristic touch of the master about it. The winner, who took the championship of the meeting, is not to be confused with his namesake who tied for the World's Championship with Schlechter.

J. WATTS (Upper Deal).—The move you suggest was originally derived from the "Handbuch," but is now entirely abandoned in actual play. Both Cook and Steinitz only mention it to condemn it, and gossip evidently enforces the latter's opinion by transferring the variation in its entirety from the "Chess Instructor."

S. L. BLAKE—Castles Q R, and O O Castles K R.

R. J. BLAND (Rome).—Thanks for problem, which shall have our attention. So intricate and complicated a position will need much examination.

PROBLEM No. 3741.—By A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3741.—By H. J. M.

WHITE.

1. Q to K Kt 2nd
2. Kt to B 5th
3. Kt to B 6th (mate).

BLACK.

1. K takes Kt
2. K to B 5th

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, 2. Kt to R 4th; if 1. K to K 6th, 2. Kt to B 5th; and if 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Q to Q 2nd, and Q mates next move.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3737 received from J. C. GARDNER (Toronto); of No. 3738 from C. A. M. (Ponang); of No. 3739 from J. B. CANARA (Madeira), PHOTOS: J. MISTRI (Bombay), J. C. GARDNER; of No. 3740 from J. B. CANARA and J. C. GARDNER; of No. 3741 from E. BYGOTT (Liverpool), N. R. DHARMAVIR (Pudicherry), and C. FIELD (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3742 from W. C. D. SMITH (Northampton), Sergeant H. TERRY (Exeter), T. T. GURNEY (Cambridge), A. W. HAMILTON GILL (Exeter), Carlton SCOPPE, E. BYGOTT, J. MARSHALL BELL (Buckhaven), G. STONE (Inner Temple), Marco SALONI (Bologna), J. VERRALL (Ridgely), and F. W. ATCHERSON (Nottingham). CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3743 received from H. GRIFFITH BULLOCK (Farnham), R. C. DURELL (Wansford), G. SCOTTE (Stonham), Rev. J. CHRISTIE (Birmingham), G. STILLINGFRET JOHNSON (Sword), J. FOWLER, A. H. ARTHUR (Bath), and J. S. FORBES (Brighton).

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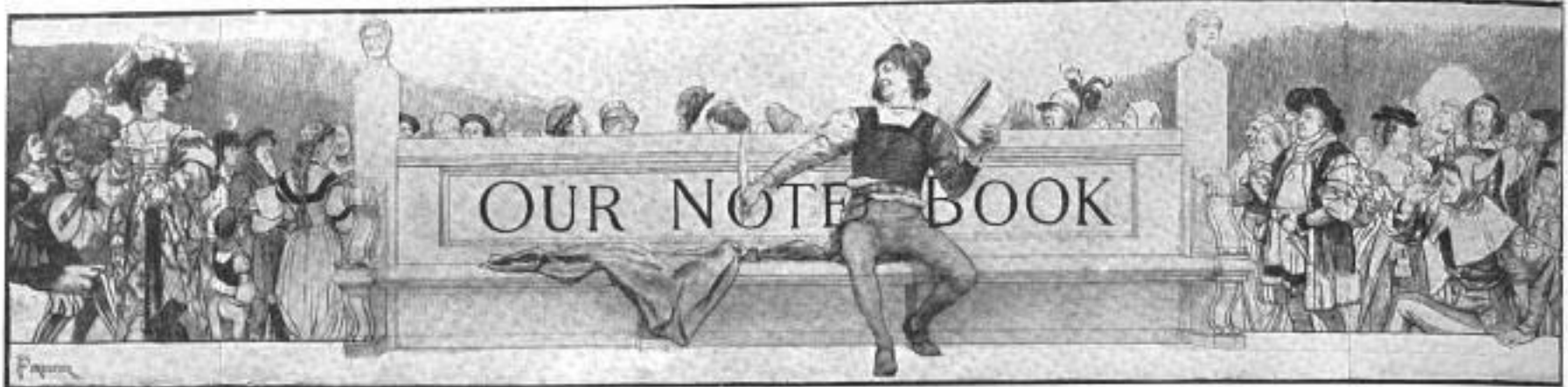


WAR THAT DOES NOT SPARE THE HOUSE OF GOD: A WRECKED ALTAR AND STATUES IN A CHURCH AT VERDUN.

Next to the incalculable amount of human suffering caused by the war which Germany brought upon the world, its most distressing feature has been the destruction of so many old buildings, venerated either for their sacred character or their architectural beauty and historical associations. The guilt of all this vandalism must lie at the

doors of the aggressors in the war, notwithstanding the fact that such buildings must sometimes inevitably suffer from the guns of the Allies. The Germans, however, have notoriously from the first made a dead set at churches and cathedrals, for the faith which these represent is at variance with their own cynical materialism.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most curious factor for the moment is the gross excess of the German admiration for England. The phrase may seem itself exaggerative; but it is a very practical and even prosaic truth. The Prussian praise of England appears plainly enough in calling her "brutal" and "tyrannical," in showing her as shamelessly piratical and pitilessly imperious, in insisting that she will stick at nothing in browbeating her Allies and butchering her enemies. These are the most respectful things that Prussians can possibly say of us, for they are the things that Prussians perpetually said of Prussia. Their new insults to us are simply their old compliments to themselves. What tenderer or more graceful tribute could a modern German pay to us than to say that we work with blood and iron, like Bismarck; that we break brutally like oak through weaker woods, as in the simile of Harden; that we make Attila the pattern of our Imperialism, as did the German Emperor; that we boast that glory will efface everything, as did the German General; that we too proclaim with a trumpet the necessity of a certain frightfulness; that we too warn all peoples through whom we pass that we will leave them only their eyes to weep with? It is a slander, but it is not an insult. It is made up of the very terms of eulogy with which they have crowned and caressed all their own heroes and conquerors for two hundred years. Even the German Chancellor, the mildest-mannered man that ever raided a neutral neighbour, said something about the impossibility of any non-German person understanding German morality, gently insinuating that to the unpurged eye it had much the appearance of immorality. That the strong mind is "beyond good and evil," in the average human sense, was, in Germany before the war, a commonplace of culture, which is often a scrap-book of such commonplaces. We ought to regard the new titles given to us as new degrees and diplomas conferred by that insane university: as if we were now doctors of lawlessness and professors of the inhumanities. If the worst they say of us were as true as it is false, we could only answer that Germany has justified her claim: she is indeed educating the world.

Nor is the truth here merely ironical. In a sense, it is true that Germany admires us more than our Allies—and much more, I am happy to say, than we deserve. It must be remembered, to begin with, that Germany is still stiff with certain frozen fallacies of ethnology which for us have already melted in the awful furnace of fact. I have already remarked, but I think it should be often remembered, that the culture of the German lacks a certain final touch of flexibility. He can learn; but he cannot unlearn. These men believe they are Teutons; they believe we are Teutons; they believe it is very important to be a Teuton; they believe astounding things. They are quite certain that a pallid Semi-Slav person from the Baltic Plain and a dark-haired, brown-faced person from the Welsh marches or the West Country could of race like long-lost brothers for the sake of some fairy-tale which describes them both as golden-haired princes. They believe that blood is thicker than

water; they also believe that blood is more obvious than bloodshed. These fancies being quite fixed in them, it is really not a matter of indifference for them to keep the plan for a world-tyranny in the family. Numbers of them would really prefer to strike their colours to us, whom they have labelled Teutonic, than to the French, whom they have labelled Decadent, or the Russians, whom they have labelled Oriental. It is consonant to their cosmic and historic philosophy to suppose, however reluctantly, that some other branch of "the Teutonic race" has seized and still holds the empire of the planet. And that such a race, having such an empire, should be disdainful and domineering, hunting men like beasts or breaking tribes like toys—these things they hardly, in their hearts, regard even as the faults of empire, but rather as its credentials. In half their modern books of rhetoric and ethical speculation such things are again

piece of flattery to which we must be deaf, as to the whisper of devils or the words of a maniac. For the object of this notion of the Great Enemy is to establish a great lie: the foundation of false history and of future war. It is that, if the war ends as it ought to end, the fall of Germany will be wrought by the jealousy of another Germany.

The quarrel of the Prussian is with mankind. We are on the human side in that quarrel. But the greatness of England in the war has been itself a growth of the war. So far from having foredoomed our enemies, we came uncomfortably near to failing our friends. Thinking, as I do, that the cynicism of Berlin has been in Europe a thing like vitriol, I might very well be proud to claim that my own countrymen were among the first who set their minds to detect and destroy it. But I am absolutely

certain that they did nothing of the kind. Humour, which is the sentinel of humility, should alone warn us not to claim as a diplomatic exploit the doubts of 1914 and the vacillation and delay of the four days. It will be better to admit that we were somewhat comically the dupes of the Hohenzollerns than to lay any claim to being the detectives who arrested them. If any Power, outside the small peoples, can be said to have kept in permanent memory the clear mind of Europe in this matter, that credit is certainly a part of the tragedy and the glory of France. If any people has kept its spiritual nerves in that sensitive simplicity, which can smell mere spiritual pride a mile off and know it for a walking pestilence, it is rather the people of Russia. That almost every approximately normal Englishman is now at war with the Northern madness, as men war with typhus or leprosy, is perfectly true; but this has



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MR. BALFOUR IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE.
Official Photograph.

and again spoken of as the very signs of superiority. And, while they doubtless would not admit that the Englishman is superior to the German, they might well admit, or even proclaim, that he is superior to everybody else.

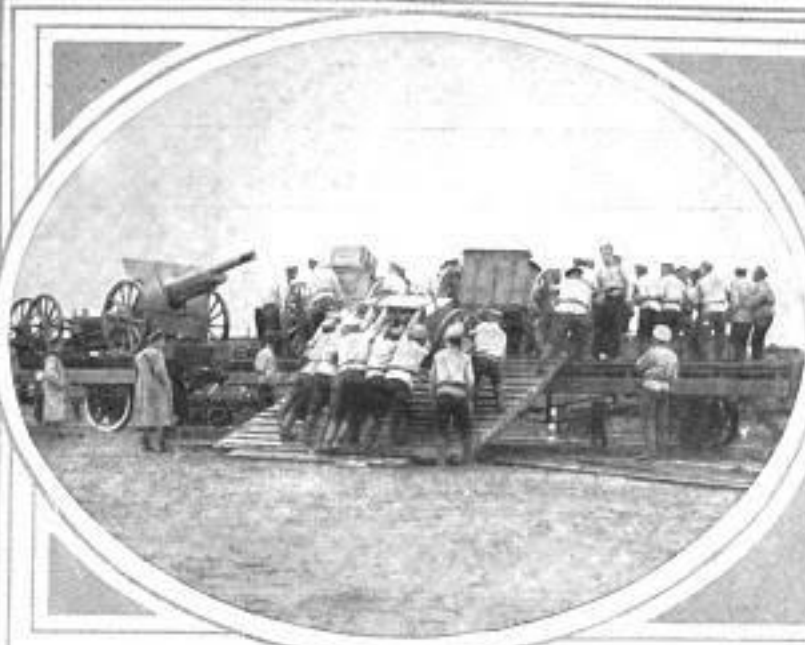
Now, whether or no there is in the Englishman any considerable element of the German, there is in every son of Adam a very considerable element of the fool. It is to the fool in us, and (as encouraged by much of our recent culture) to the German in us, that this evil and inverted flattery may appeal. It can be said of us also that strength is our great weakness. It has been found with us also that the way to get on our weak side was to be perpetually talking about our strong side. These things in England have never, thank God, reached the German savagery, for they have never been assisted by the German solemnity. A certain laughter, on which the English common people have lived when starved both of religion and democracy, has always prevented most of us from being fooled to the top of our Teutonic bent. But there is enough left of our Pro-German period, especially in the educated classes, to make it possible that some may fall into this Teutonic trap, and play the part assigned them in this Teutonic triumph. For it is a trap; and the deadliest yet laid for us. This suggestion of England as the Great Enemy is a

not been because our medical experts could never be mistaken, but because the madness has been so very unmistakable. It has been written in large letters like a sky-sign, and literally upon the sky: it has been spelled out in words of one syllable, such as death and hell. But certainly the common Englishmen, such as compose our armies, hardly ever learnt to hate the barbarian until they had learnt to fight him. *Solvitur ambulando*; these things were learnt upon the march.

Similarly, we must learn to laugh at the exaggerated praise of our strength, as well as at the exaggerated praise of our foresight. Our country is one of the Great Powers of the world: it has never dreamed of being the one Great Power, whatever Germany may have dreamed of being. The talk of freeing the whole world from the British Navy is extravagant nonsense, as extravagant as talking about freeing the whole world from the Russian Army—which is numerically and ultimately much larger than any other. I believe that the Englishman will resist these recent attempts of the German to turn his head as vigorously as he has resisted the earlier attempts of the German to break it. But it may be worth while to note this danger with the others: the danger of our own statesmen or historians accepting from these wild tribes the worship which they have always given to tyrants.

WITH THE CAMERA ON CAMPAIGN: RUSSIAN ARMY SNAPSHOTS.

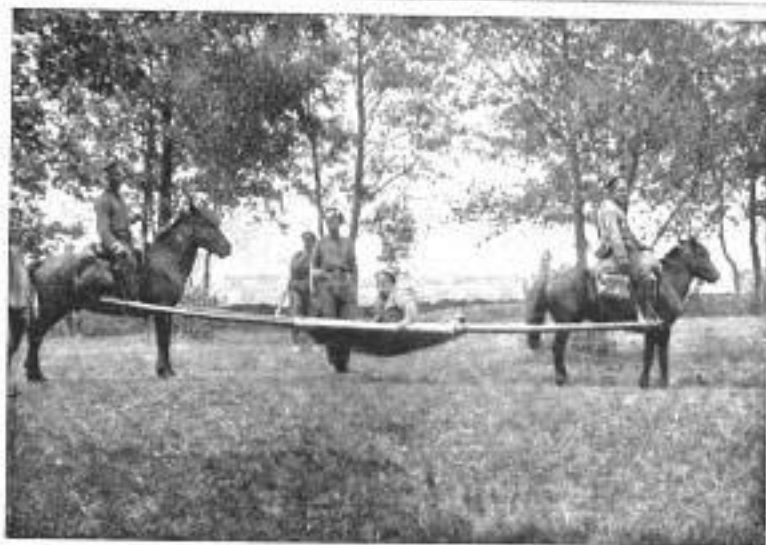
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHODSEY KORSAROFF.



PUTTING A FIELD BATTERY ON THE TRAIN: GUNNERS RUNNING UP AN AMMUNITION-WAGON ON TO A TRUCK.



IN CELEBRATION OF THE EMPEROR'S FÊTE DAY: A CAMP-BUGLER SOUNDING THE CALL TO FALL IN FOR PRAYERS.



FOR GETTING THE WOUNDED COMFORTABLY OVER ROUGH GROUND: A SIBERIAN PONY FIELD-AMBULANCE LITTER.



A RUSSIAN REGULATION PRACTICE BEFORE EVERY IMPORTANT MOVE: AN OFFICERS' CONFERENCE AT STAFF HEADQUARTERS.



A DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS OF UNDERWEAR SENT FOR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION: SOLDIERS CASTING LOTS FOR THE VARIOUS ARTICLES.



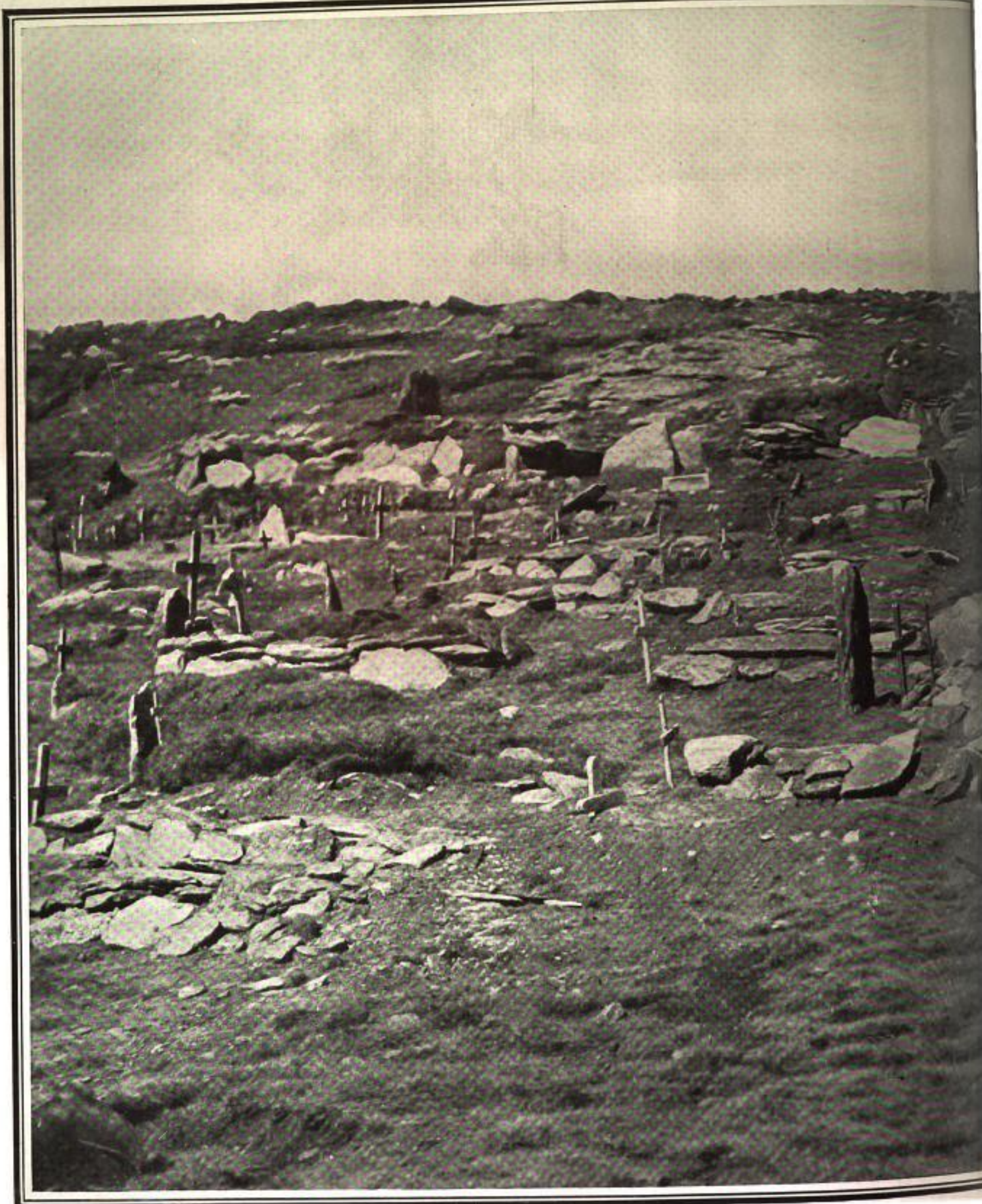
PART BARRACK-SQUARE EXERCISE, PART SPORT: A COMPANY "TUG OF WAR" BETWEEN REPRESENTATIVE TEAMS.

A Russian field-artillery battery is seen being entrained at a railway siding "somewhere" on one of the various fronts where the troops of our Ally are fighting. One of the guns is already in position on its truck, and the men of the gun section are seen running up an ammunition-wagon on to another truck by means of one of the wooden ramps, always carried with artillery trains in all armies, for entraining and detraining the guns and gun-carriages where no platform is available.—In the second illustration a Russian bugler is seen sounding the call to fall in for prayers in camp on the Emperor's Fête

Day, before the special religious service which was held everywhere with the Russian Army in the field.—A field-ambulance pony-litter, specially devised for getting a wounded man rapidly and comfortably over rough ground—originally a French Algerian Army device but now adopted in all armies—is shown in the third illustration, "horsed" by a pair of sturdy, sure-footed Siberian ponies.—In the fifth illustration we have a curious and interesting instance of one of the regimental customs in vogue in the Russian service—a method that, at least, should ensure fairness for all.

"A MUSEUM OF BATTLE . . . DESERTED BY ALL BUT THE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WELL-KNOWN

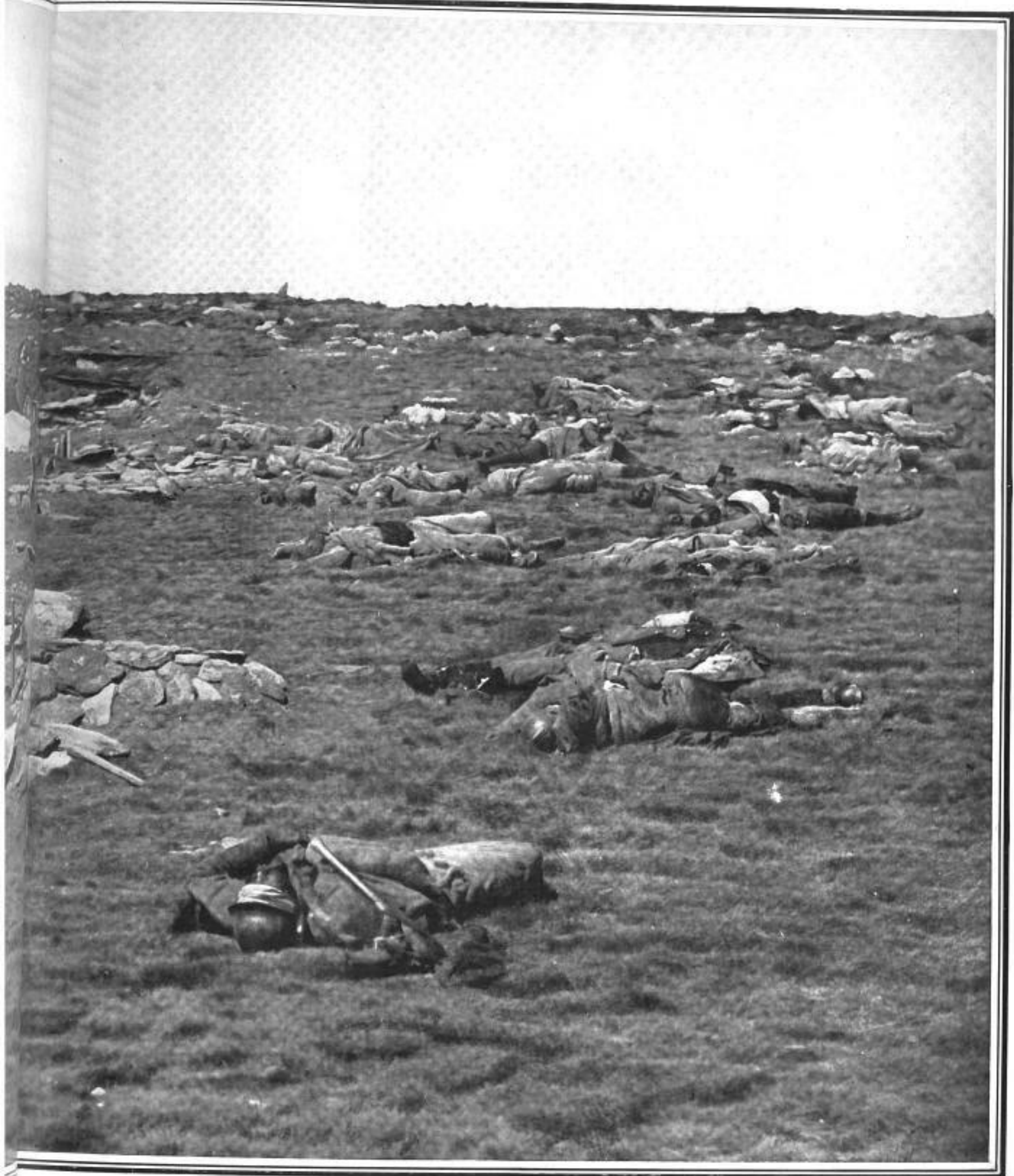


"ROUND ABOUT THIS SERBIAN FRONTIER-STONE LIE HUDDLED THE BULGARIAN DEAD

The recapture by the Serbians recently of the crest of Mount Kaymakchalan was a wonderful feat of arms, in which some of the fiercest fighting of the war took place. Visiting the spot a few days afterwards, the British correspondent, Mr. G. Ward Price, gave a vivid description of the scene. "This lonely, barren peak," he writes, "from whose 8000 ft. you look down upon both Serbia and Greece as on a plaster contour-map, looks to-day like a museum of battle. It is deserted by all but the dead. And they, almost entirely Bulgarians, lie by scores as they fell, their arms in their hands, and fragments of the trench-mortar shells that killed them sticking out of the earth around. . . . Right on the top of the rocky crest a Serbian frontier-stone stands, within ten yards of the edge of a sheer precipice. . . . Round about this Serbian frontier-stone lie huddled the Bulgarian dead. Little gullies are heaped with them, twisted into all sorts of strange postures among the rocks. It was as if, with that white frontier-post gleaming on the top to call

L BUT DEAD": THE CORPSE-STREWN SUMMIT OF KAYMAKTCHALAN.

BY THE SERBIAN ARTIST, VLADIMIR BIZITCH.

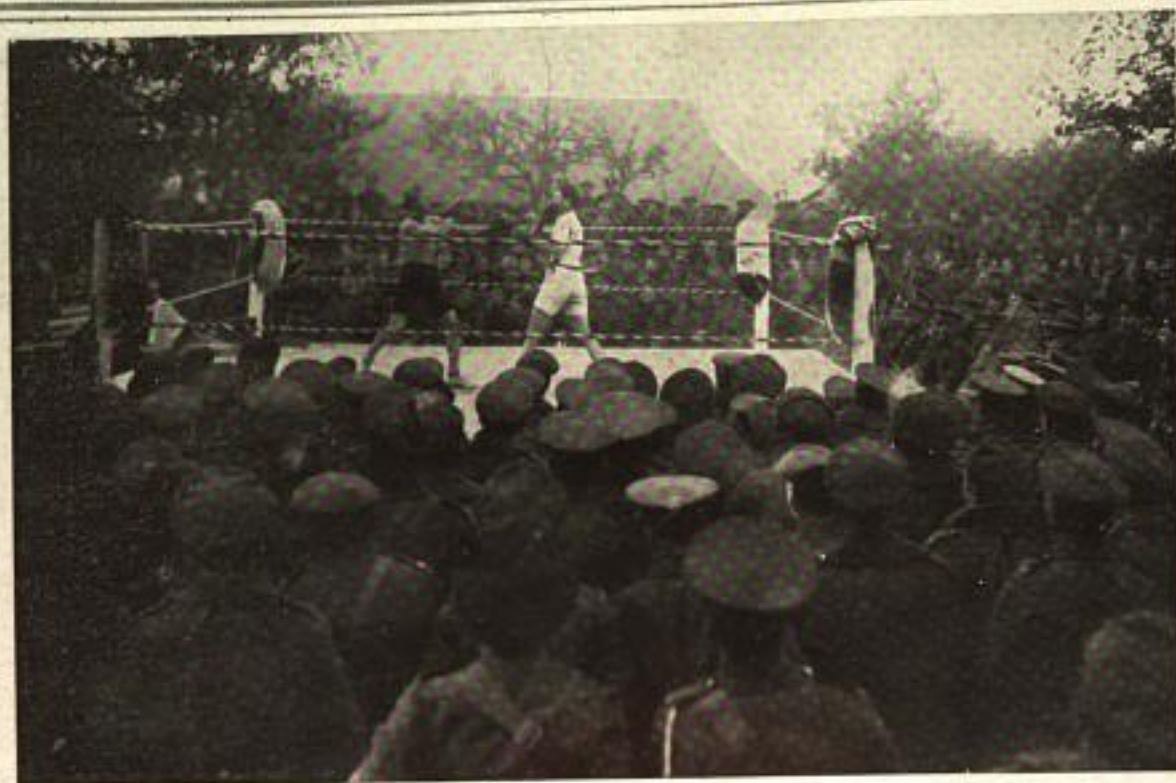


GRAVES, AND DEAD AWAITING BURIAL, ON 'THE SCENE OF A SERBIAN VICTORY.

them on, the Serbians had fought with especial ferocity. In one place I counted 40 bodies, so close that they touched one another. They had all been killed together, probably by one of those devastating aerial torpedoes whose fishtails stick out of the earth all round. One man had died in the act of bandaging a previous wound, and he still presses the lint against his leg. There were faces that were brutal; others with no expression but the stolidity of the peasant; a few in which a certain refinement persisted even after death and in these savage surroundings. On none of these dead men was there any look of horror, or fear, or suffering. They sleep dispassionately, calmly. Serbian burial parties are at work all over Kaymakchalan. . . . The hard mountain-side gave no cover, and it is dotted with hundreds of little individual heaps and rings of stones, which men on each side laboriously built around themselves at night."

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY DURING THE SOMME

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



"QUEENSBERRY RULES" WITHIN SOUND OF THE BATTLEFIELD GUNS: A BOXING TOURNAMENT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE BRITISH FRONT.



KEEPING OUR FRONT LINE FROM BEING OUTFLANKED BY THE ENEMY'S TRAINS.



RATION TIME IS A TIGHT ONE IN THE TRENCHES.



A "GOOD PULL-UP" FOR THIRSTY HORSEMEN: HALTING FOR WATER BY AN OLD-STYLE WINCH-AND-BUCKET ROADSIDE WELL.

Queensberry rules, a roped-off "ring," gloves, boxing-match get-up complete, and all within earshot of the bombarding guns, if not within actual reach of a long-range German shell—such are points in the *mise-en-scène* of the first illustration. The khaki-clad spectators on every side of the "ring" localise the meeting, which took place at a certain place just behind our fighting line on the Western Front. The reader may note that the corner-posts are draped with the colours of the four principal Allied nations.—Helmeted working-parties are seen in the second illustration while cutting a road for traffic close behind our advancing troops. Along this road ammunition-wagons are already moving forward. It runs across a battlefield of only a few hours before, right through the ruined remains of a village which has been bombarded out of existence.—In the third illustration note that the two tired and

THE ADVANCE: CLOSE BEHIND THE BATTLE-LINE.

THE PRESS BUREAU.



HOURLY SUPPLIED: AN AMMUNITION-WAGON
THE ADVANCE.



DUG-OUT: BATTLE-WORK JOCKS
"LEATHERS."



ERECTED AGAINST A COUNTER-ATTACK: A ROAD BARRIER ON NEWLY WON GROUND,
WITH ITS PICKET GUARD.



A WATERING-STATION FOR HORSES ON THE LINE OF ADVANCE: TANKS CONSTRUCTED TO STORE AN EVER-READY SUPPLY.

hungry Highlanders, seen taking a rest in a trench dug-out, are already wearing their leather winter jackets.—The hastily erected road-barricade in the fourth illustration, built of planks and beams from some abandoned houses near by, and with a picket posted at it, shows one of the precautionary measures taken on the edge of a newly won position to stop any counter-attack. The two men on the extreme right have between them a Lewis gun.—The roadside well made in No. 5 tells its own tale.—Illustration No. 6 shows a watering-station for cavalry and artillery horses. To prevent the fouling of the water by extraneous matter, the two further tanks—which are full—are covered over. The nearer one is being filled by water pumped from elsewhere through the hoses seen in our photograph.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGH CECIL ELLIOTT AND FRY, W. AND D. DOWNEY, WALTER BARNETT, AND HARRISFORD.



LIEUT.-COL. C. J. W. HOBBS, D.S.O., Sherwood Foresters. Son of Captain and Mrs. Hobbs, Kylemore, Malvern. Killed in action.



CAPTAIN B. E. BROWN, Lincolnshire Regt. (ind. R. Munster Fusiliers). Killed while leading his men.



CAPT. W. D. P. MANSEL, Lancashire Fusiliers. Has been officially reported by the War Office killed in action.



MAJOR N. G. M. McLEOD, M.C., Winnipeg Rifles. Son of Captain H. McLeod, A.S.C., of Aldershot. Mentioned in despatches.



CAPT. ALEX. ELLICE, Cameron Highlanders. One of three sons of Major Ellice, Gen. Gds., killed in the War.



MIDSHIPMAN WILLIAM ELLICE, R.N., Son of Major Ellice, who is himself serving in France.



2ND LT. A. R. ELLICE, Grenadier Guards. Son of Major Ellice, of Invergarry, and Mrs. Ellice, Sloven Court.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS E. MORKILL, Canadian Infantry. Son of Mr. William L. Morkill, of Lima, Peru. Killed in action.



CAPTAIN J. J. DONNELLY, M.C., Newfoundland Regiment. Awarded the Military Cross for gallantry. Killed in action.



LT. A. W. MACDONALD, Canadian Infantry. Son of Dr. Albert A. Macdonald, Toronto, Canada.



MAJ. R. E. E. KRIEKENBEEK, Indian Army. Son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Kriekenbeek, of Colombo.



2ND LIEUT. G. ELLIOTT, D. of Wellington's Regt. Son of Mr. R. H. Elliott, M.A., Richmond, Halifax.



2ND LIEUT. J. BERNARD MACNAMARA, D. of Wellington's Regiment. Son of Captain and Mrs. Macnamara, Adelaide Road, N.W.

LIEUT. W. G. EDMONSTONE, Coldstream Guards. Eldest son of Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone, of Dunrobin, Caith. Stirlingshire.



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. J. WILKIE, Welsh Regiment. Has been officially reported by the War Office as having been killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. A. Y. DICK, Highland L.I. Son of Mr. David Dick, of Maitland Avenue, Langside, Glasgow.



LT. T. G. RUTHERFORD, Canadian Rifles. Son of Rev. Thomas Rutherford, Holywood, Co. Down.



LIEUT. G. A. GEDDIE, Cameron Highlanders. Son of Mr. John Geddie, the well-known author and journalist.



LT. A. F. E. PRESCOTT, Machine-Gun Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James Prescott, Lewton, Newton-le-Willows.



2ND LT. E. L. H. BAGOT, Welsh Guards. Only son of Major the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Bagot.



2ND LT. R. S. OSMASTON, R. Sussex Regt. and R.F.C. Killed in action. Son of Mr. R. P. Osmaston, Linsfield.



MAJOR W. KERCHEVAL BAYLEY, R. Berkshire Regiment. Was previously reported as missing, and is now officially accepted as killed.

IN A VALLEY OF DESOLATION: SOMME TRENCHES, RUINS, AND CONVOYS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WATCHING THE ENEMY THROUGH A PERISCOPE: ON THE BRITISH FRONT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE REGINA TRENCH (SENCE CAPTURED).



WATER-TANKS GOING UP FOR THE SUPPLY OF BRITISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT: A CONVOY ON THE ROAD.



"A STRAGGLE OF SCORCHED BRICKS AND SPLINTERED TREE-STUMPS": BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE RUINS OF MOUQUET FARM.



WITH AN EXAMPLE OF SAND-BAG ARCHITECTURE IN THE FOREGROUND: A BRITISH CONVOY FOR THE SOMME FRONT.

Two of these photographs give a vivid idea of the desolation of war in the Somme region. Describing the victorious British advance of October 21, Mr. Perceval Gibbon writes: "Upon a front of some 5000 yards, from the corner of the Schwaben Redoubt to near the north end of that German position which is known as the Regina Trench, our troops went forward . . . captured and held the whole of the positions which formed their objective. . . . From west of Pozieres, where the ground slopes down by Mouquet

Farm . . . there was an outlook over the whole smoke-smeared panorama of battle. . . . Good, comfortable land, all of it . . . and now the chief wonder was how, even in two years of such warfare as this, it could have taken on the countenance and colour of a desolation so utter. Upon all that westward slope there was not a blade of grass; Mouquet Farm, a straggle of scorched bricks and splintered tree-stumps, stood among fields where every yard has been ploughed by shells."

WESTERN WAR-FRONT SCENES AS THE OFFENSIVE

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, 1916



HEAVY ARTILLERY DURING A BOMBARDMENT OF THE ENEMY'S LINES: GUNNERS RUSHING UP FRESH SUPPLIES OF AMMUNITION TO THE GUNS.



IN A SECTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN LINES CLOSE TO THE FRONT.



USING THE BEST COVER AT HAND IN THE HEAT OF A BRISK ADVANCE: SHELL-HOLES AS FIELD-GUN PITS.



MAXIMS TO THE FRONT: MOTOR MACHINE-GUNS OF THE AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.

Once the big guns start their spells of bombardment between every infantry push forward, pauses in the firing which might give the enemy breathing-space, or an opportunity to locate the guns firing on them, are out of the question. At the same time, so rapidly is ammunition used up that now and again the men of the gun-teams have to bolt back to their nearest emergency dug-out magazines, always placed close in rear of the guns, help themselves, and, as seen in the first illustration, fetch up as many rounds as they can carry at a time on hand-carts.—The third illustration bears out what was stated in Parliament a little while ago as to why only the irreparably damaged guns among those taken from the enemy are likely for

PROGRESSES: INCIDENTS ON THE BRITISH BATTLEFIELD.

OFFICE FOR THE PRESS BUREAU.



THE BATTLE-FRONT: AN EVERY-DAY CAMP SCENE.



FIRING A GERMAN GUN AT THE GERMANS: ARTILLERY OFFICERS SHELLING THE ENEMY WITH A CAPTURED FIELD-PIECE.



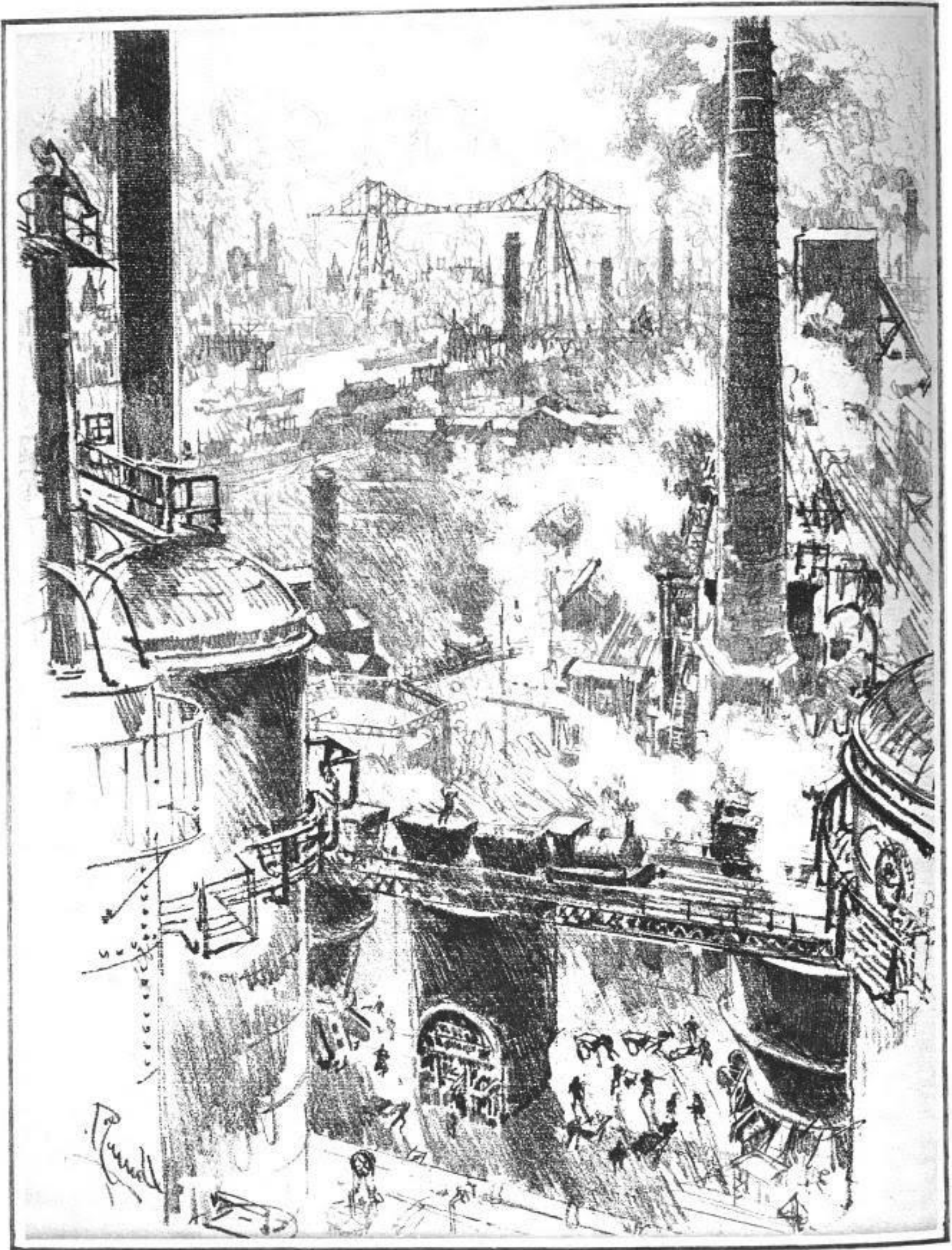
BATTERY BEING RUSHED UP THE SLOPE OF A SUNKEN ROAD.



KEEPING UP THE AMMUNITION SUPPLY TO FIELD-GUNS DURING CLOSE ACTION: A HORSE AS SHELL-CARRIER.

the present to be sent as trophies for display in England. Both the French and ourselves use the serviceable enemy guns we have taken against the Germans, firing back at Fritz his own shells, of which large quantities have been captured, as the official despatches record.—The motor machine battery, seen in the fifth illustration, is shown halted under cover in a sunken road quite near to where a hot infantry engagement is going on. The men are shown, after having hastily unshipped their guns from the motor-carriages, in the act of scrambling up the steep slope at the side of the road nearest the battle, carrying the guns and their tripod stands with them to line up at the edge of the crest and join in the fighting.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"FROM THE TOP OF THE FURNACE": THE PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF A GREAT MUNITION-WORKS.

The two lithographs reproduced on this and the opposite page continue the series of Mr. Joseph Pennell's remarkable impressions of great munition-factories, other examples of which appeared in our two preceding numbers. The drawings have been made by the permission and authority of the British Government. As before stated, Mr. Pennell's object—so brilliantly achieved—has been to record that aspect of the scene which presents itself to the eye of the artist, rather than the observation of the technical expert. All

great engineering works have their picturesque and spectacular side, and Mr. Pennell has done, perhaps, more than any other artist of his time to seize such impressions and reveal their essential poetry. His work in this respect has affinities with such a picture as Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Speed," or such a poem as Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." In fact, many a poet, from Homer and Virgil onwards, has been inspired by mechanical labour. Mr. Pennell's work belongs to the same category of art.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.

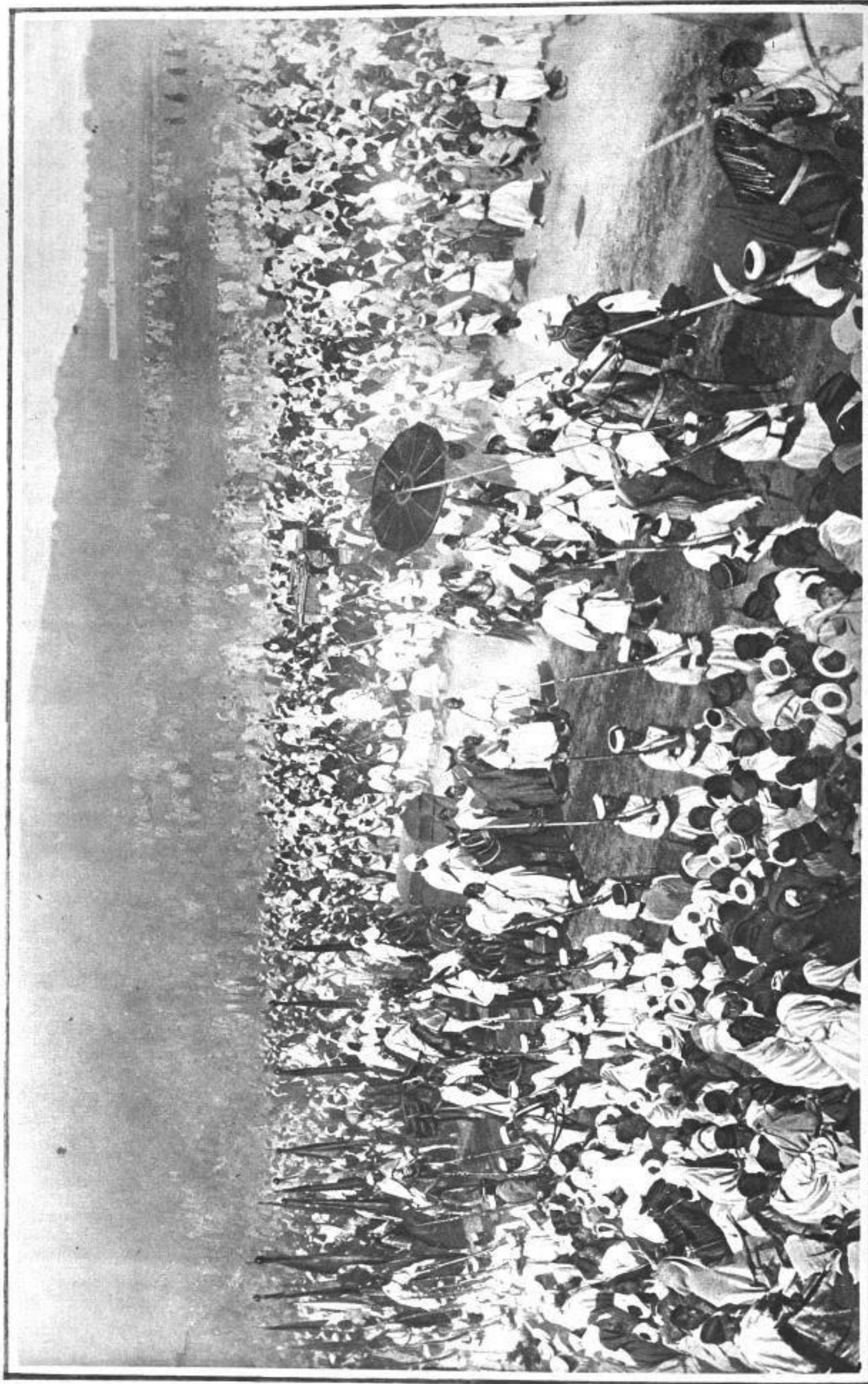


"PIG IRON FOR SHELLS": MUNITION-MAKING PICTURED BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.

We must not say where Mr. Pennell's wonderful drawings were made, but they were done by the permission and authority of the British Government. Munition-making for the war is still the paramount industry of the nation, and the need for yet greater efforts grows ever more urgent. The Ministry of Munitions has recently issued an appeal for more women to undertake the work, and this recalls the fact that an account of the women's work at Woolwich Arsenal, and a vivid description of the great machinery

there, was given the other day by Mr. Hall Caine. The novelist was deeply impressed by the marvels of mechanical power which he saw, and his word-picture harmonises closely with the feeling and atmosphere of Mr. Pennell's work. "For centuries," he writes, "the spirit of mankind has knelt at the feet of its great creators, its Miltons and its Dantes, in awe of their awful imaginings. But what are the highest reaches of the imaginative mind compared with the realities of that mightiest of all tragic poets—war?"

UNDER THE GREEN UMBRELLA: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO MAKING HIS STATE ENTRY INTO FEZ.



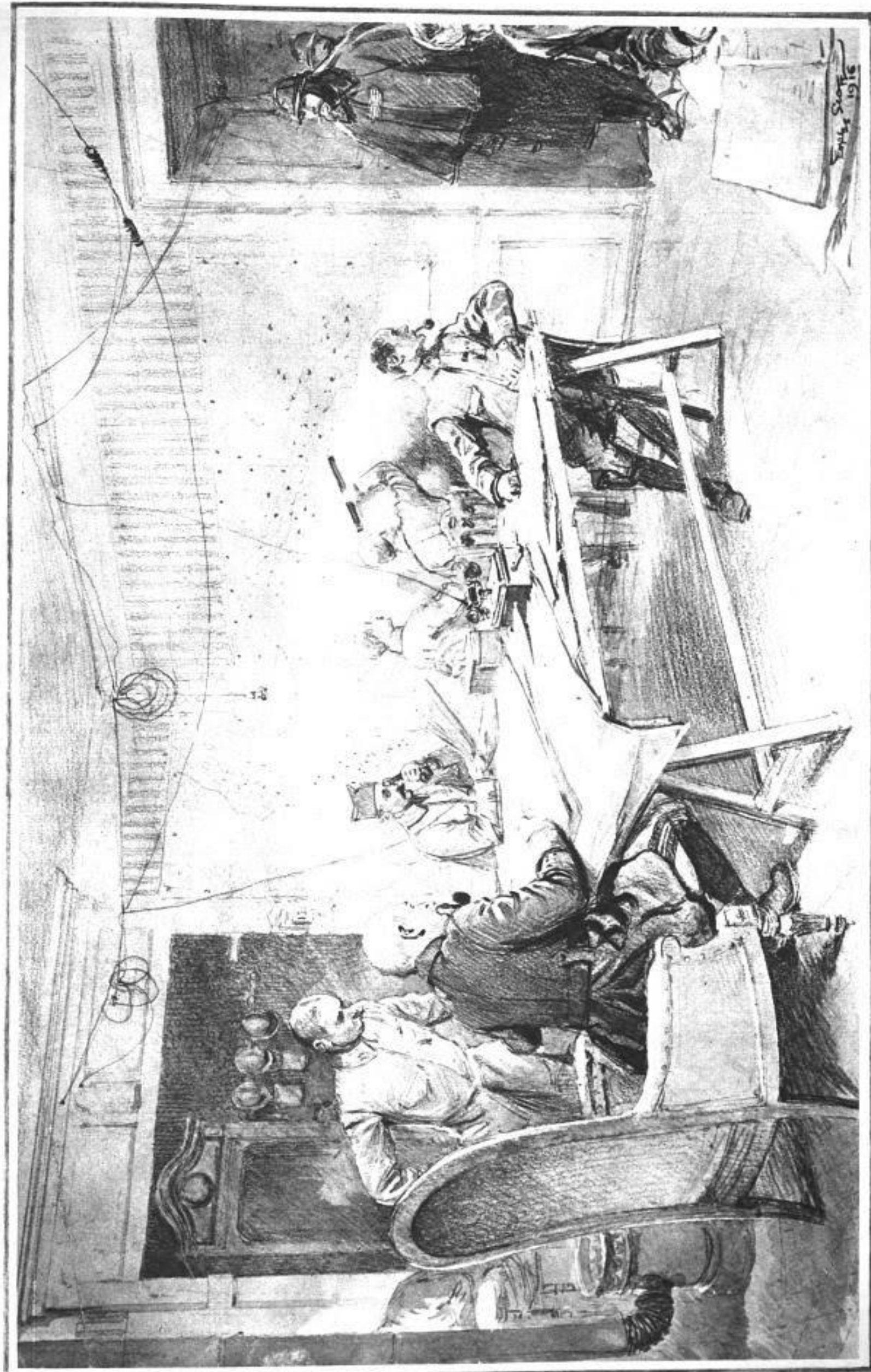
A STATE CEREMONY IN MOROCCO: SULTAN MOULAY YOUSSEF, UNDER THE SYMBOLIC GREEN UMBRELLA, ENTERING FEZ ESCORTED BY 8000 HORSEMEN.

The Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Youssef, recently performed, for the first time in his reign, the customary state journey to Fez, the Moroccan holy city, with traditional pomp and ceremony. He left Rabat on September 14, accompanied by all the Court dignitaries and khalids of the neighbouring districts with their armed retinue. It was a veritable army that set out on the march, preceded by a convey with the imperial tent and camp equipment. At Meknes a halt of seven days was made, for the Sultan, to make the time-honoured pilgrimage to the tomb of Moulay Isidre, the founder of the dynasty. Fez was reached on September 20.

and the Sultan made his state entry into the city followed by an escort of 8000 horsemen and innumerable attendants on foot. Over his head as he rode was carried the Green Umbrella, made of velvet, the emblem of Sherifian power. The whole cortege formed the most picturesque and gorgeous spectacle that had been seen at Fez for many years. The Sultan's arrival inaugurated a series of fêtes that continued for a month, beginning with the great Moslem religious festival of Id-el-Kabir. On October 25 General Lyautey presided at the opening of a great Fair in the court of honour of the Sultan's palace.

THE BRAIN OF THE BATTLE: THE ARTILLERY DEPARTMENT OF A FRENCH HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT.



FOLLOWING A BATTLE WITH MAP AND TELEPHONE: A FRENCH ARTILLERY STAFF AT WORK, AND A LIAISON OFFICER ENTERING TO REPORT.

"Thanks to a thorough artillery preparation," said the expert French commentator in discussing the recent great French victory at Verdun, "the attacking troops were able to recapture so many important positions with a minimum of loss." So it is throughout the great struggle on the Western Front—all depends on the power and efficiency of the artillery. Behind the guns and the men who work them is what may be called the "brain of the battle," as far as they are concerned, that is, the artillery department of the Headquarters Staff. The conditions of its work are shown in the above drawing by the famous French war-artist, M.

Georges Scott, which is accompanied by the following description: "In a modest village room, cleared of furniture, a table has been set up on trestles. Papers and plans are heaped upon it. On the wall is fixed a large map on which the positions of enemy batteries are marked by little green flags. One officer at the telephone receives news of the various groups engaged in the action, and causes to be marked accordingly on the map the points from which the hostile bombardment is coming. An officer *de liaison* (seen on the right) enters to make his report."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TENDING DUMB VICTIMS OF HUMAN CONFLICT: AN

DRAWN BY



A WOUNDED HORSE ON ITS WAY TO AN AMBULANCE SUPPORTED WITH A BLA

British love of animals finds expression at the front in the care which is taken of wounded horses. Of these there are many, for notwithstanding the advent of motor, which has to a great extent superseded horse traction, the horse has by no means been altogether eliminated from modern war. He is used, not only in cavalry, but in the field artillery and various other services, for motor-vehicles do not all possess the miraculous properties of the Tanks, and there are places where some of them cannot go, but where a horse can. Horses injured in the war receive almost as much solicitous attention as do the human wounded. The Royal Veterinary Corps, which has established numerous hospitals for wounded horses, does splendid work, and its efforts are ably supplemented by the R.S.P.C.A. and

T: AMBULANCE FOR WOUNDED HORSES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

CATON WOODVILLE.



LET: THE CANADIAN MOUNTED VETERINARY CORPS AT WORK WITH FIELD ARTILLERY.

societies. Our artist's drawing illustrates the work of this branch of the Canadian forces. Men of the Mounted Section of the Canadian Veterinary Corps are seen collecting wounded horses in the firing line of the field artillery. An animal wounded in one of its fore-legs is being assisted to the ambulance wagon by four men (two on either side) supporting it with a blanket under its belly, while another man is leading it. The wounded horses receive first aid (in this case the leg has been bandaged) and are then taken to a Base Veterinary Hospital. If the wound is so severe as to be past hoping for a cure, the animal is humanely put out of its misery. A great many horses have been saved that in former days would have been left to die, often in lingering agony.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

EIGHT MONTHS OF GERMAN EFFORT REVERSED IN ONE DAY:

PHOTOGRAPH No. 6 BY



IN SHELL-BATTERED VERDUN: A GENERAL VIEW OF WRECKED BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.



THE HISTORIC RIVER ON WHOSE RIGHT BANK THE MEUSE



MEN OF THE FRENCH GARRISON AT VERDUN: SOLDIERS AMONG THE DÉBRIS OF A HOUSE.



TYPICAL SCENES OF SHELL-HAVOC IN VERDUN: A WRECKED STREET.



BATTERED BY GERMAN GUNS, BUT MORE THAN EVER IMPREGNABLE SINCE THE

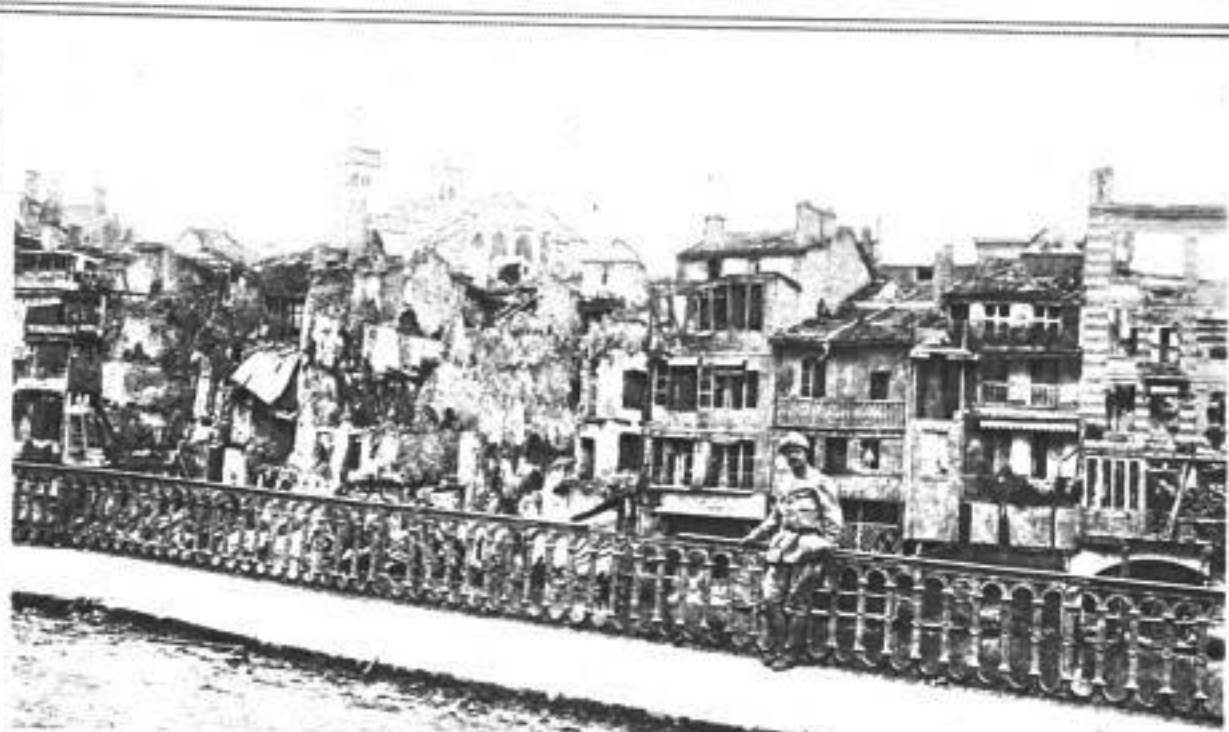
The smashing victory of the French outside Verdun on October 24 may well be regarded as the death-knell of German hopes in the West. It was on February 21 last that the Germans began their grand attack on the fortress; but, although the French were compelled to give ground, they succeeded in beating off one terrific assault after another, until by April 9 it became evident that the German attempt had failed. It was estimated that the enemy's losses were not less than 500,000 men. Since the Somme offensive began, on July 1, the French have been gradually gaining ground near Verdun, until at length, on October 24, they dashed forward and reversed at one victorious swoop the results of so many months of costly and laborious German effort. A French communiqué of that day said: "The projected attack on the right bank of the Meuse was launched at 11.40 this morning. The enemy line, attacked on a front of 7 kilometres (about four miles), was broken through everywhere to a depth which at the middle attained a distance of 3 kilometres. . . . Prisoners are

VERDUN—WHOSE DEFENDERS HAVE ADVANCED IN TRIUMPH.

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE FRENCH WON THEIR SMASHING VICTORY AT VERDUN.



IN THE CITY WHERE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE INTERRED BY NAPOLEON: ON THE BRIDGE AT VERDUN.



GREAT FRENCH VICTORY: VERDUN, STILL CROWNED BY ITS CATHEDRAL TOWERS.



A CITY WHICH THE GERMANS WHEADED THEIR HATE ON, BUT COULD NOT CAPTURE: IN VERDUN.



"DÉFENSE D'AFFICHER": A CORNER IN BATTERED VERDUN, POSTED WITH FRENCH NOTICES.

pouring in. Up to the present, 3500, including about 100 officers, have been counted." The next day the number of unwounded prisoners was officially given as over 4500. "I have just witnessed," wrote Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett on October 25, "the most crowning irony of the war—perhaps, of all history. I have watched the French Army of Verdun—exhausted and useless, according to the enemy's reports—retake in seven hours, without withdrawing a man or a gun from the Somme, practically the whole of the ground which it took the Crown Prince's army six months to win and hold at a cost of, roughly, half a million of the very best of the German troops, and only after an expenditure of an unprecedented quantity of material and ammunition. . . . I also went all over the battered ruins of the town. These, it seems to me, would have taken weeks to capture, and would have cost the enemy at least 100,000 men, for every house and cellar has been turned into a separate fortress, and orders were issued to defend each to the last."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



A GREAT MAN OF SCIENCE AT A DANGEROUS MOMENT: PLINY THE ELDER, OBSERVING THE ERECTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE SHIP OF CAPRI, 107 A.D.



A REBUST OF THE FAMOUS NATURALISTS' DESIRE TO OBSERVE THE ERECTION AT CLOSE QUARTERS AND TO AID THOSE IN DANGER: THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER BY SUFFOCATION.



A TRAGIC REBUST TO THE GREAT ERECTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 79 A.D.: THE FADING OF THE BODY OF PLINY THE ELDER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR NEGLECTED WHALE FISHERIES.

A FORTNIGHT ago, my readers may remember, I ventured to draw attention to some aspects of our home fisheries which call for serious consideration in the immediate future. But, if possible, even more urgent is the need for action—not academic discussion and "Commissions"—in regard to our whaling industry. It has recently been seriously suggested that the time is coming when we shall have to regard the seas as our pastures, and that whale-meat will take the place of beef and mutton. We might do worse, for these huge creatures afford very nutritious and savoury food when properly dressed. But this forecast is rather to be regarded as a piece of exuberant imagination than as an instance of prophetic insight.

Whales of all species, and especially the larger species, are in dire need of legislative protection throughout the seas of the world. This, of course, will be possible only by international co-operation. The baleen-whales and the sperm-whale (or cachalot), are the only whales which are, or ever have been, commercially valuable; though some of the smaller-toothed whales, like the "pilot-whale," are valued locally, "schools" being driven ashore whenever they

hitherto despised rorquals and the hump-back whale could be made to furnish a fishery well-nigh, if not quite, as profitable as the now exhausted Greenland fishery; and, as a matter of fact, large fortunes have been and

have shown more foresight.

If our people did not, for the present, desire to take advantage of the wealth within their grasp, the whales in our seas could have been conserved against the day when we awoke to our opportunities. As it is, we derive nothing from these stations, and all the wealth they represent leaves us for Norway. At the Cape and at South Georgia we have done no better; and, moreover, such English ships as are engaged in this fishery are manned by Norwegians. While duly admiring their energy, we may regret somewhat our own inactivity.

The method of fishing nowadays is far different from that pursued in days gone by. The whales are now killed with a harpoon fired from a gun mounted on the deck of a small steamer, and the carcass is brought ashore to be flensed and disposed of. Nothing is now wasted, for, after the blubber is removed, the flesh and bones are boiled down and converted into cake and fertiliser.

Of all the whales now "fished" for, the hump-back is the most prized; for it is easily killed, being very inquisitive, and thus easy of approach, and yielding a larger quantity of oil. So hardly have they been hunted that they are now in danger of



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC FLEATED THROATS: RUDOLPH'S RORQUALS ON SLIPWAYS WAITING TO BE FLENCED.

are being made from the pursuit of these animals, which is varied by a few black right-whales and sperm-whales.

Curiously enough, our own whalers, who played so prominent a part in the Greenland fisheries, have allowed themselves to be ousted in the new fishery by the Norwegians, who now dominate the whaling industry of the world. Our Norwegian friends, moreover, have been enterprising enough to establish a number of whaling stations in our home waters—four at the Shetlands, two at the Hebrides, and two on the west coast of Ireland. Our Board of Agriculture and Fisheries might perhaps



A WHALER'S ARMAMENT IN ACTION: A HARPOON ABOUT TO BE FIRED FROM THE GUN.



THE NAVY THAT USES GUNS AGAINST FISH: A MODERN BRITISH-BUILT STEAM-WHALER, OFF HARINGSKLIP, CAPE COLONY.

approach near enough to land to make the venture possible—as at the Faroes, for example.

The old whalers hunted but three kinds of whales—the Greenland and black "right"-whales and the sperm-whale; all others they despised. Hence the term "right" whale, used to distinguish these from the other baleen whales grouped under the term "rorquals." This distinction grew up because of the high price obtainable for the baleen, or "whalebone" of the right-whale, on account of its great length and elasticity, which made it much in demand for corsets and other purposes; the short whalebone of the rorquals being then, as now, valueless.

So relentlessly was the Greenland whale hunted that it is now verging on extinction; and a like fate must soon overtake the black right-whales of more southern latitudes—that is to say, south of the Arctic Circle, which forms the limit of the range of the Greenland species.

With the decline of the Greenland fishery came the discovery that the



OF A RACE THAT NEEDS PROTECTION: THE MOUTH OF A BLACK "RIGHT-WHALE" TAKEN AT THE IRISH WHALING STATION.

The lower jaw is uppermost, and some of the baleen, or whalebone (the triangular object beyond the left-hand man) has been pulled outwards from the upper jaw, to which it is attached, so as to lie outside the huge semicircular lower lip. The eye is seen prominent near the cleft of the mouth (in the top left-hand corner). The baleen of a "right whale" is worth about £600, while its average yield of oil is forty-five barrels.

extermination. It has been urged that this fate is highly improbable, since the ocean is too big to be thus depleted. But this is a fallacious argument, due to a lack of appreciation of the factors governing the conditions of existence of these animals. Briefly, they live upon small crustacea, which, while they cover acres of water, are yet confined to the neighbourhood of land; hence in the open ocean these creatures would starve. They travel over an enormous area in their migrations from the Cape to South Georgia, but for much of this distance they must fast. They are being slaughtered without mercy or consideration for the future on both their feeding grounds in the Southern Hemisphere, and they fare no better in the Northern. When they are exterminated, the turn of the rorquals will follow. This ought not to be, for, properly protected, the whaling industry should go on indefinitely.

But thus do we waste our substance in riotous living. In the haste to get rich a great source of wealth is being wrecked, and it seems to be nobody's business to take any steps to mend matters.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Reef of Stars."

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's happy choice of romantic subjects is rivalled by the felicity of his titles. Who would not want to read a book called "The Reef of Stars"? There is a magic in the name. It is a high bid for favour, with, of course, the proportionate risk that readers may find great expectations have overshot the mark. However, there is no disappointment in "The Reef of Stars" (Hutchinson). From the beginning in Sydney Domain, where the honest Houghton, down on his luck, wakes to fall in with Macquart and his tale of buried treasure, the fascination of the story never flags. The development—the unfolding, rather—of the sinister side of Macquart's character is excellent; and his appalling end is as psychologically interesting as it is satisfactory to the moral instincts of the reader. Such a villain as Macquart, obsessed with one idea, would eventually lose his mental balance. So mote it be. If geniuses are hardly sane, super-criminals are certainly mad, and the long and careful cunning of plot and counterplot lead up to an inevitable débâcle of reason. The monster in the *Barracuda's* cabin strikes us as rather far-fetched; but Mr. Stacpoole knows what surprises the New Guinea coast may provide better than we do, and we leave it at that. We read his new novel with delight, with the vision of blue skies and Pacific breezes and virgin forests brought to a grey English day. Do you remember the wind-swept loneliness, under a blazing sun, of the deserted ship in "The Wrecker"? We can give Mr. Stacpoole no fairer praise than to say "The Reef of Stars" has scenes that recall the vividness, the haunting romance, of that immortal picture.

"The Guiding Thread." There never were people as fantastic as the people in "The Guiding Thread" (Methuen), without being either poseurs or eccentrics. Miss Beatrice Harraden seems to wish her public to understand that she has turned

up a bit of life for their examination. She has done nothing of the sort; but she has produced a sort of gay golden fairy-story—or, perhaps, an allegory of emancipated womanhood, no longer bound to the chariot wheels of man. Joan Holbrook, whose husband had taken her from her home in the smithy and turned her into an authority on the Italian Renaissance—very much as you may turn a farmyard geese into the culture-ground of *foie gras*—Joan Holbrook wakes suddenly, and runs away. Her silly husband assumes she has gone with a man; whereas Joan has gone with nothing more than ten

good friends at every turning! But that would be a world where you might sleep in your boots and still awake with untired feet, wear a frock day and night, and yet be a creature uncreased. A world, in short, not to be found outside the covers of fiction.

"Lady Connie." The tireless talent of Mrs. Humphry Ward has revisited the Oxford of a quarter of a century ago, and "Lady Connie" (Methuen) is the outcome. Lady Constance Hedlow, an orphan, an heiress in a modest way, plainly destined to be, in the years to come, a great lady, arrives in the jarring, anxious household of her uncle, Ewen Hooper, the holder of a classical Readership. The Hoopers are cramped for want of money, and bounded by the Oxford outlook, which has its limitations as well as its pure delights. (We are shown the view from all sides.) Connie is a creature of another world; but not a world, be it noted, where Oxford men have failed to assert themselves. Connie comes with at least one well-fledged love-affair in being. To her advances Douglas Falloden, the "blood"—arrogant, vain, egotistical, but a personage and a leader of his kind. Now Lady Connie takes us by storm at once. She is one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's most attractive high-bred, high-spirited young women. Nora Hooper falls in love with Connie; so do we. She mates with Falloden; and all the skill and experience of their creator is brought to bear on the task of reconciling the reader



IN WHAT WAS DELVILLE WOOD! DIGGING A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.
Official Photograph.

pounds and a walking-stick and her own glad heart. She tramps across country, living in her one suit and contriving always to be fresh and gay without so much as a toothbrush or a spare hair-pin. (Is a glad heart a sufficient substitute for these things?) She meets other people as uncommon as herself, falls on her feet, of course, and ends by being reconciled to Holbrook and the Italian Renaissance together. We don't believe a word of it; but we liked reading about Joan all the same. What a different place the world would be, if we could all take walking-tours away from our responsibilities, and find

to the marriage. We are asked to be convinced of the miracle of a conversion, a change of heart through remorse for an act of tyranny, and the double blows of death and disaster. Falloden, having been a hectoring and unjust beast, is transformed by misfortune into the right and proper husband for Lady Connie. But can the leopard change his spots? Even wise Mrs. Ward hardly persuades us. . . . But her book is charming, and if Falloden is a stumbling-block, there are many other characters in whose good company there is no matter for dispute.

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Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

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In the Trench— And Afterwards

THERE is a lull in the attack and, save for an occasional shell bursting unpleasantly near, there is "nothing doing." The men in the Trench let their minds run on matters more pleasant than fighting. "I get my leave to-morrow, if I'm lucky," says one. "Touch wood, Jim," says another—"how long?" "Week!" "Well—wish you luck; suppose you'll call in at the Club?" "Ay! ay! That's my bee-line from the train, mate. A jolly good tub, a jolly good feed and a *bed*, my boy! A *real* bed with smooth white sheets to get between. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it?" "Don't pile it on, Jim." "Cheer O, laddie! It'll be your turn soon."

Jim steps from the train as it slows up at Waterloo, throws his pack over his shoulder, and strides off. The City this night looks a sorry place to some, with its dismal lights and weeping sky, but Jim feels the thrill of London in his veins. The Club will rest him and feed him, and then, refreshed, he can continue his journey to that little village in the North that saw his birth. He crosses the road to the Union Jack Club, hands over his kit to the cloak-room attendant, and turns to the booking-office. He tingles with expectancy. The congenial warmth of the Club, its comforts, its good-fellowship, delight him. "Yes, sir?" says the attendant. "I want a bed for to-night," says Jim. "Sorry," answers the attendant, "we are crowded out. The 'A——' came to port to-day, and her men have filled us up." Jim feels "downed." London suddenly becomes a heartless, lonely spot. He is just one of its millions—unheeded, unconsidered. He must wander that labyrinth of mean streets around Waterloo, in search of a bed. What kind of house will he find? What kind of bed?

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LADIES' PAGE.

THE Duke of Connaught has returned home to a country in a very different condition from that in which he left it when he accepted the Governor-General's post in Canada. The Duke was sent as a young man by his mother, Queen Victoria, into the Army; and but for that fact he would now be the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as it was arranged in the marriage contract of Queen Victoria and her German husband that their second and subsequent sons in turn should inherit their father's claim to the Duchy. As the second son, the Duke of Edinburgh (father of the Queen of Roumania) died leaving no son, the Ducal throne passed to the Duke of Connaught; but he and his son, Prince Arthur, both declined to accept it, because they were officers in the British Army, and did not wish to be liable to serve against us as German Princes. But for the war, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught would have gone out to Canada to take the place of the Prince's parents on their return home—the position now accepted by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, as Prince Arthur's Army duties preclude any idea of his leaving. Princess Arthur has become remarkably pretty since her marriage, and bears considerable resemblance to her grandmother, Queen Alexandra—not so much in features as in her sweet expression, gentle and gracious bearing, and graceful figure. She dresses trimly in plain tailor-made things when possible, relieved by fine furs. The Princess is very wealthy, as her father, the late Duke of Fife, left a large fortune, to which she and her only sister are ultimate heirs.

Princess Arthur takes some part in public ceremonies, and recently went down to open a large new hospital specially for Canadian troops at Lympne Castle. It has been decided, it is said at the request of the Colonial Governments, that the Canadian and Australian soldiers shall be henceforth placed in hospitals such as this one—that is, reserved for the men from each colony alone. Under this new regulation, the splendid great Kitchener Hospital on the race-hill at Brighton, holding two thousand patients, is to be given up to the Australians. There is some opposition to this seclusion—or rather, segregation—for it is the Empire that is fighting, and we want to keep up the sentiment of one race to the utmost. That sentiment, stronger in our Colonists than we at home often realise, is a firmer foundation than commercial interests for our union. Princess Patricia of Connaught might perhaps have been appointed Governor of Canada for the rest of the war, as the Infantas of Spain were appointed to rule in the Spanish Netherlands, with great success in several instances. A Princess as a ruler evokes and sustains loyal sentiment.

Mr. Asquith has replied to Mrs. Fenwick Miller, who wrote as President of the Women Writers' Franchise League to urge the inclusion on the Electoral Reform Committee of several women, "especially some of those who have represented the electors on local bodies, such as



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School Boards," that "the decision to confine membership of the Committee to Members of both Houses of Parliament cannot be reconsidered; but the Prime Minister thinks you will agree that the representation on it of advocates of Woman Suffrage is sufficient to ensure full consideration for their views."

Furs are in the nature of an investment, and are as much a question of good health in a climate like ours as of appearance. There was never a finer stock of luxurious furs to be seen than now at that very important and high-class establishment, the International Fur Store, 163 and 165, Regent Street. Much might be said as to the desirability from the purchaser's own point of view of buying from such a leading firm of specialists, who are thoroughly reliable both as to the quality of the peltry and as to the up-to-date styles. "Bargain-hunting" may mean buying mis-named furs or weak skins patched together very often, and is a great mistake in the ultimate result. I learned at the International Fur Store that coats of musquash are by far the most fashionable fur garments at present; but it is important in the buyer's interests to be sure that the skins are whole, sound ones, as cheap coats are commonly made of tiny bits of furs patched together, and wear badly; while a good, whole-skin musquash coat, such as always are sold by this leading firm, has almost unlimited wear in its future. There are varieties of musquash coats in stock. One of "natural" musquash, a rather pale-brown fur, with a deep collar and cuffs of skunk, and the musquash skins put round the reverse way as a flounce, costs £42; while another of beautifully matched skins, but without any skunk, is only £32. Then there comes a very handsome coat of "black" musquash, the skins carefully selected—as only one in a hundred is of the right shade—with skunk collar and cuffs, which costs £55. A very close similitude of real sealskin (the price of which is now enormous) is made by "seal-dyed" musquash, this fur being shaved over the tips and dressed like sealskin; it is relatively light—an important point, inasmuch as the coats this year are nearly three times as wide in the skirt portion as they were last year. One very handsome and comfortable coat in seal-musquash is priced at £58; while another in the same fur, but with full Bishop sleeves, and a flounce pleated on at the sides, with pockets that obviate the need for carrying a muff, reaches £63 in value. Then there is to be seen every fashionable variety of smaller capes, ties, and muffs, skunk being the favourite pelt for this purpose. The new shape in shoulder-collars is very protective, coming up high round the throat in the latest fashion, and partly covering the chest and back; one in skunk costs about £20, but they are produced in other furs at different prices. The latest style is a delightfully protective cape reaching the waist, and falling in points over the arms. Dainty ermine, becoming white and black fox, and less costly yet still handsome furs, such as raccoon and opossum, are all available at the International Fur Store. A visit is very much the best way of buying a fur, but a finely illustrated catalogue will be sent by post to any of my readers on application.

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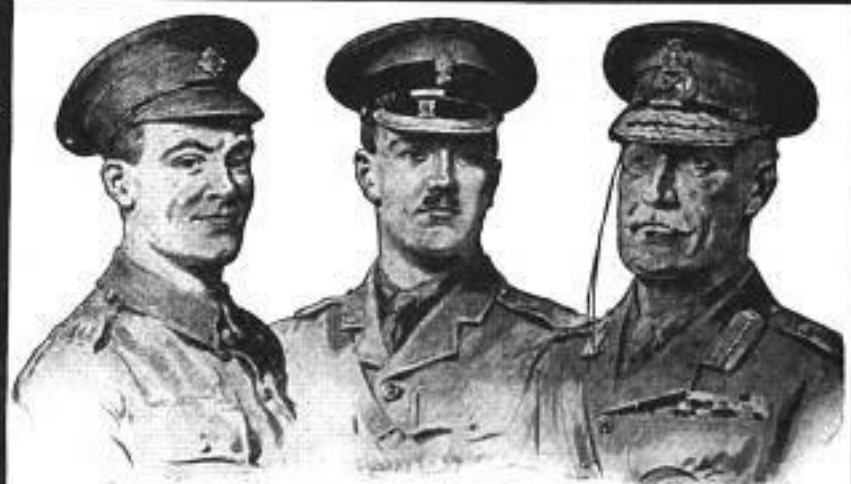


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LITERATURE.

Aircraft of To-Day.

Mr. Charles C. Turner is one of the most dependable of the popular writers on aeronautical matters, and now that he is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. he will have opportunities for presenting his theme in a new setting. In his latest book, "Aircraft of To-Day" (Seeley, Service), however, written whilst the war is in progress, he is obviously compelled to keep silence on many points of interest, as they might be helpful to the enemy. Indeed, like all technical books issued in war time, Mr. Turner's volume is necessarily disappointing for this reason. "Aircraft of To-Day" is, furthermore, rather misleading in its title, for the greater part is filled with ancient and historical matter, and relatively little space is devoted to modern machines. But, as the author writes in clear and entertaining fashion, his book will be most serviceable as a popular short history of aeronautical progress down to 1914, let us say. The later period, the "to-day," is dealt with in summary fashion, and very little is said about the British and French machines which have made history during the war. As the details of many of these aircraft are well known to aeronautical students in every country, there is no reason why they should not be included in this

therein by aerial vessels. I quote an illuminating paragraph which shows how much the War Office has learned in the last few years: "Here it must be placed upon record that early in the war British artillery officers, as a rule, had little faith in the efficiency of aerial observation, and the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service found a difficulty in co-operating with them." Yet in some important respects, even at the beginning of the war, the British flying service was better adapted for war purposes than either the French or the German! One wonders how things would have gone had the British artillery officers possessed faith in aerial observation from the first, if Mr. Turner's indictment of the gunners be correct. The book is well illustrated, and it contains an amount of miscellaneous information which renders it exceedingly good value for the money. It can be strongly recommended in particular to boys who wish to gain a good general idea of aeronautics—and I look upon boys as the most important class to cater for in this new science.

Had Sir Charles Wilson lived, we are told, his autobiography would have been extended to cover his later days and friendships, instead of being confined to the "Chapters from My Official Life" (Edward Arnold) now in our hands.

The interest of the volume as it stands shows how much we have missed by his being cut off—in February last, at eighty-five—before he could complete it. These pages bring us into touch with several matters of lasting importance; many notable and some notorious figures flit through them, yet they hint at innumerable others of both that might very well have come within their survey. Sir Rivers Wilson had indeed known many men and cities, and for their proper appreciation he was more liberally educated than is usual among our public men. He had both City and

official family associations. Before entering at Eton, he had lived in France, and after leaving it he spent a year at Hesse-Darmstadt. Next followed Balliol, where Jenkins was then Master—a curious old figure—and Jowett was still a Tutor; and, after taking his degree in 1853, he passed his time during three years profitably, but in no particular occupation, and mostly,

again, in France. It was as private secretary to James Wilson (founder of the *Economist*) at the Treasury that Rivers Wilson entered upon his career of affairs, which included successively, and among other things, some years under Robert Lowe when Chancellor of the Exchequer, a short period as Comptroller-General of the National Debt, and the association in various capacities with Egypt by



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MEN OF THE M.G. CORPS AT WORK JUST BEHIND THE FRONT LINE.

The gun on the right was captured from the enemy. (Official Photograph.)



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MOVING NEW HEAVY GUNS TO THEIR POSITIONS. Canadian War Records.

volume, where a chapter is wasted on "Flying in Ancient Literature," not to mention a mass of other "padding" common to well-nigh every book on aeronautics. The concluding chapters of Mr. Turner's book are of most absorbing interest, and here it is that the volume amply justifies itself to the informed reader. The author touches in general terms on the Great War, and the part played

which he will be chiefly remembered. To the last, naturally, the greater part of his book is devoted, and extremely interesting and instructive it is, with its sidelights upon Islam especially. But scarcely less so is the chapter on the National Debt Office, which, moreover, treats of matters, such as Government annuities in an earlier day, that make very fresh reading. There are recollections of Gladstone, Disraeli, Blowitz, Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Paris, Cairo, San Francisco, and the Garrick Club—these and many more—to give variety to pages that are always well-written, good-natured, and, needless to say, discreet. They do not exhaust, but merely suggest, the resources on which Sir Rivers Wilson could have drawn. He was generous in doing so in his lifetime; it would appear, for not a few good things that have appeared in other men's volumes were of his contribution.

The Founder of Islam.

Ever since Lord Salisbury discovered that in bolstering up Turkey he had been "backing the wrong horse," the interest in Islam has somewhat declined in this country, more especially when we found out that the Young Turk was not less a Turk for being young. There has, however,

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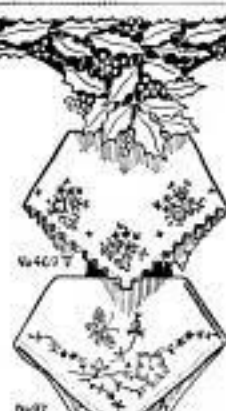
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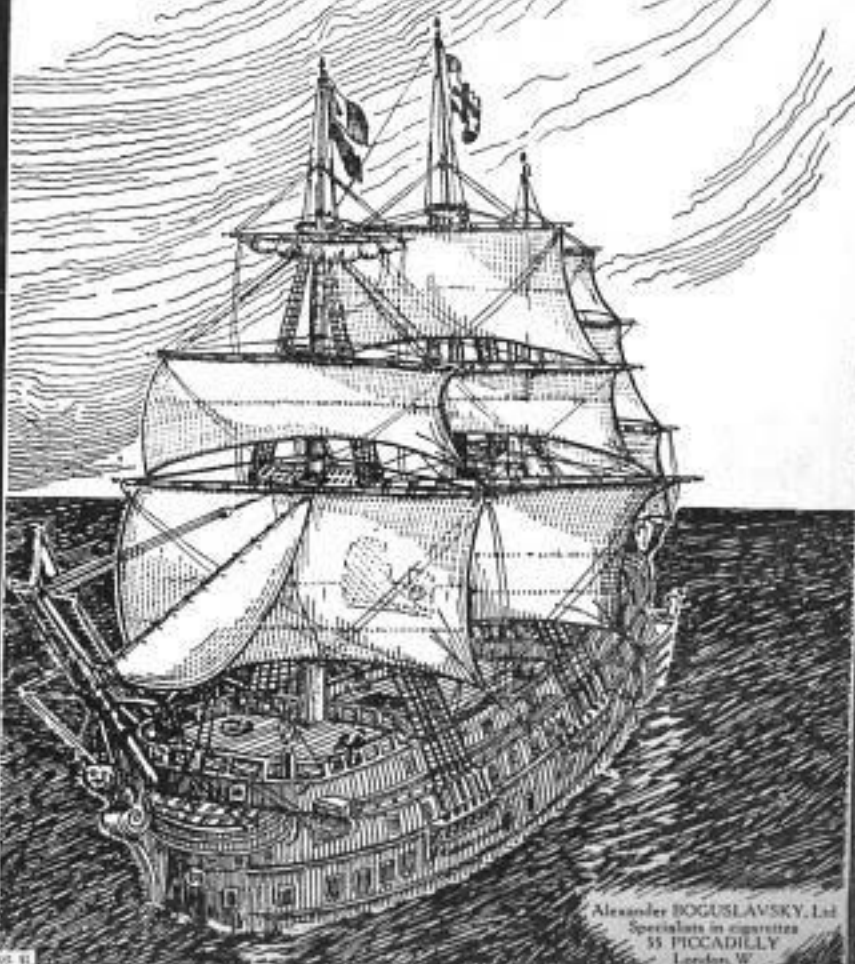
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of late been a recrudescence of interest in the marvellous religion of Mahomet and in that prophet's astounding career. Recently a distinguished British nobleman has publicly proclaimed his adherence to the religion of the Middle East, and there are a number of converts to Islam in England. The writer himself knew a distinguished Englishman who confessed to him privately that he was from conviction a Mahomedan, though he did not publicly proclaim it. In "Mahomet, Founder of Islam," by G. M. Draycott (Martin Secker), an attempt has been made to give a sympathetic account of the life and work of the founder of one of the most widespread religions of to-day. The attitude of the author, however, is too Laodicean, and is neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm. It is unsatisfactory to find Mahomet represented in a sympathetic light, and yet to feel that the author regards him as an impostor. After all, was Mahomet really an impostor, or was he not rather an inspired prophet whose call was to appeal to races unprepared to receive Christianity? Perhaps Swedenborg's appreciation of this extraordinary man is more just

representation of the period, reproducing apparently without effort, the local colour of the East. The character of Mahomet is made sympathetic; we are led to forgive him his impostures, and are made to feel that he was largely a creature of circumstances, but more especially a strong man who triumphed over his enemies. Curiously enough, the author maintains a discreet silence on the question of polygamy, concerning which there is so much to say in connection with Islam. A plurality of wives was, of course, common in the East, and polygamy was by no means peculiar to Islam—on the contrary, the Mahomedan religion exerted a restraining influence on sexual relations—but it would have been interesting if the author had devoted some space to this vexed question and to the attitude of Mahomet towards marriage. He is shown to us in this book as merely an opportunist in this very important matter.

While history is in the making on a stupendous scale throughout the world, it may seem to show a lack of the sense of proportion to record the annals of one little Cumberland village in a volume of nearly 500 pages. Such a work, however, is typical of that love of country which has made possible our great national effort in the war. These remarks are prompted by a new book entitled "Cleator and Cleator Moor: Past and Present," by the Rev. Caesar Caine, Vicar of Cleator (Titus Wilson, Kendal). Mr. Caine is the author of several other topographical works and of "Bar-racks and Battlefields in India."

His new book, which is well and abundantly illustrated, is primarily, of course, of local interest, and should be of great value to the county historian. It has, however, some wider significance, for we read that "Cleator . . . gave birth to the iron industry of West Cumberland," and there are chapters on "Geology and the Hamatite Industry," sport, and the fauna and flora of the district. It is pleasant to note that the Vicar writes very sympathetically of other Christian communities in the neighbourhood. The illustrations include portraits of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Leconfield. The volume is a useful contribution to the topography of the North Country.

"EXTRA SPECIAL" AT THE KINGSWAY.

SO amorphous a thing is the revue, so indefinite are its conventions, that it admits of any number of varieties, and there is no reason why the "Extra Special" variety at the Kingsway should not meet with plenty of favour.

Its features are the employment of a small but well-selected chorus, examples of scenic art which aim rather at delicacy than at boldness of effect, and rippling music of the waltz type, including reminiscences of "The Chocolate Soldier" and kindred operettas. The best scene in the revue is an Irish one, in which "A Kerry Court-ing" is sung and enacted, and the full strength of the company is turned on for a jig. But there is sure to be admiration also for the Arcadian episode in which Dresden-china-like statues become animated—and vocal; and, again, for some Riviera pictures with delightful backgrounds. The artists engaged include Mr. George Barrett, whose humour is given at present too little scope; Miss Daisy Hancock, a dainty actress of promise; Mr. Lupino Lane, nimble as ever; and Mr. Albert Rees, who travesties most amusingly Grand Opera vocalists, including Caruso and Tetrazzini.

The response to appeals for war charities and benevolent undertakings made by the big commercial and manufacturing firms has been remarkably generous. In one case alone, that of the famous Birmingham Small Arms Company, of Birmingham and Pall Mall, the employees, from Sept. 14, 1914, to Sept. 30, 1915, subscribed no less than £15,781 for charitable objects connected with the war.



MOTOR DRIVES FOR THE WOUNDED: THE ARRIVAL AT CANONS.

Lady Islington, Chairman of the Wounded Soldiers Committee, and the ladies who have worked with her, have given many pleasant motor drives into the country, halting at mansions where refreshments were provided. Sir Arthur de Gros very kindly presented a motor char-a-banc and provided the chauffeur and the petrol, and forty visits were paid to Canons, the residence of Sir Arthur. Our photograph shows the arrival of a party there. The list of hostesses has included Lady Essex, Mrs. Duggan, Lady Ripon, and Mrs. Reginald Blak. The Hon. Secretary is Miss E. M. Sayer, and Miss Renée du Cros is one of the active workers. During the winter, men will be brought from distant suburbs, taken to a theatre, and given tea.

and more credible than the attitude assumed by, say, the author of the book under review, who writes in most charming style, and gives us a vivid and picturesque

hood. The illustrations include portraits of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Leconfield. The volume is a useful contribution to the topography of the North Country.

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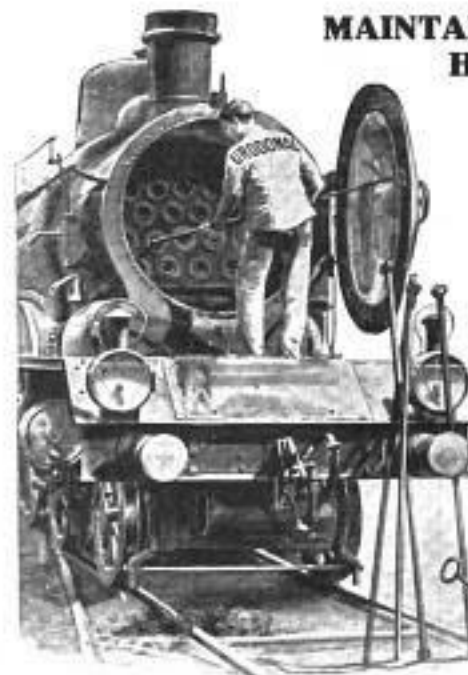
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Lights on Animals.

In the days before the war it was as much as one's peace of mind was worth to advocate any measure that would tend to the greater safety of the roads. There was, for instance, an amazing controversy that raged around the question of whether or not farm-wagons should carry lights at night. On the one hand, it was urged that an unlighted vehicle of any kind was a menace to the safety of other users of the road. On the other, the farmers and those who thought with them averred that the suggestion was the outcome of a sinister plot of the motoring interest to drive all other traffic off the highways. Besides, there was the expense of the lamp and the oil to be taken into account, and farming was even then a pursuit that did not pay its way! I know the argument sounds utterly absurd now, but it was one that was freely advanced at the time of which I am speaking. At the height of the lighting controversy some hardy wight had the temerity to suggest—after there had been a crop of accidents from collision with sheep and cattle at night—that lights should be carried to indicate the presence of animals on the highway. I remember I wrote rather strongly in support of the idea, and I have also recollections of a number of letters I received from angry correspondents who would have none of it. The matter was even discussed in Parliament, apropos the Lights on Vehicles Act; but the very idea of lights for animals was too much for the House, and the tentative proposal was dropped without even a serious effort to get it embodied in the Act. But since the war things have changed, and a measure that was the cause of really bitter controversy aforesaid now becomes an accomplished fact without a whisper of complaint. Under the Defence of the Realm Act there is now a Home Office Order in force which provides that cattle, sheep, or other animals shall have their presence



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on the road indicated at night by a white light carried by the person in charge. Where the drove or flock exceeds twenty in number, two lights must be carried. Undoubtedly this Order will assist materially in rendering the roads safer to all classes of traffic, and it is much to be hoped that this, at any rate, will not prove to be one of the measures that is to remain in force for the duration of the war only.

A Motor Show We are actually this Month! to have a Motor Show this

month! I am afraid that if anyone anticipates that it will be even slightly reminiscent of Olympia in the days before the war, he is doomed to disappointment. The Show in question is to be held at the Agricultural Hall, beginning on Nov. 10, and is to be confined to second-hand cars only, which their owners desire or are willing to sell. What are the prospects of success I should not care to prophesy, but I sincerely wish well to the enterprise, for the reason that I think anything that will assist in maintaining the interest in motoring is to be welcomed.

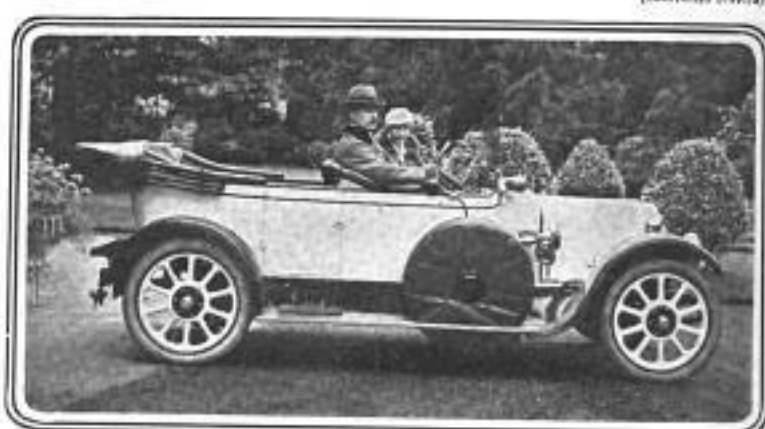
More Notions from America.

Several times lately I have drawn attention to the apparently large amount of research and experiment in motor engineering that is being carried on in America. One of the directions in which experiment seems to have been brought to a practical point is in the feeding to the cylinders of a certain amount of water-vapour in admixture with the combustible gas. The idea is by no means new. A good deal of experiment along the same lines was carried out here some years ago, but nothing practical resulted. The Americans seem to have achieved good results, as I notice that several devices intended for the purpose indicated are described in the last mail's motoring journals. One of the most ingenious of these draws the wet vapour from above the water in the radiator, and is controlled by a hand-operated valve by which the proportion of vapour can be varied as necessary. It is claimed that not only does a proportion of water-vapour in the mixture tend to a higher engine-efficiency, but that it almost entirely prevents the deposition of carbon on pistons and the walls of the combustion-chambers. So far as concerns the claim for better power, this may be conceded. Experiments even of a relatively crude nature have demonstrated that a small amount of water added to the charge does in fact increase the efficiency, but the trouble usually is that the means

(Continued overleaf)



A WELL-DESIGNED "LANCHESTER" CAR: A HANDSOME NEW MODEL OF THE SPORTING TYPE OF CHASSIS DE LUXE "LANCHESTER." This admirably turned-out car, with its essentially Lanchester mechanical features, is likely to prove very high in favour for its appearance as well as for its mechanical excellence.



A WELL-KNOWN J.P. IN A FAVOURITE CAR: MR. T. FORRESTER CLAYTON IN HIS "ROVER" CAR.

The car shown in our photograph is a handsome specimen of an up-to-date "Rover," and the owner, who is at the wheel, is a well-known Justice of the Peace of Brentford, Middlesex.

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That is Hupmobile reputation.

Ask anyone who knows cars, whether Hupmobile owner or not, and he will tell you two things.

First, that the Hupp Motor Car Corporation has never brought out a poor car.

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has been proved not only by the exploits of Sunbeam cars in and out of the war zone but also by the achievements of

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"BY the elimination of the usual tappet valves, a very smooth and noiseless action is obtained, and the large ports in the sleeves give the utmost freedom to the inlet and exit of the gases, resulting in an increase of flexibility."

"The absence of any pockets and projecting parts in the combustion-chamber avoids all pre-ignition risks, and gives a very high fuel efficiency."

"The combustion head is amply water-jacketed, the water-space being self-contained and not dependent on a joint."

"The engine is, as a whole, considerably simpler, neater in exterior appearance, and lighter than the ordinary type, and all working parts are enclosed and thoroughly lubricated."

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Street Coat, in best quality soft-finished wool velour. Cut with fitting back and narrow belt coming from sides and finished with large natural grey opossum fur collar. In black, navy, wine, mole, and bottle green.

Price 6½ Gns.

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At the present moment Stockinette is particularly fashionable in Paris, and we have now in stock a wonderful variety of garments made in this useful and attractive material, both in Coats and Skirts, also Coats and Coat Frocks, in plain wool or silk stockinette, and also with smart fur collars.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch), made from best materials in a good choice of Autumn shades, trimmed fur at neck, pockets, and cuffs, as shown. Very becoming style.

PRICE 9½ GNS.

(SPORTS COAT DEPARTMENT.)

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Famous for over a Century
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adopted for its supply is wanting in necessary precision. As to the other claim, I do not know if this is borne out in practice.

Motor-Cycling in East Africa. "With British Troops in German East Africa" is the title of a booklet just published by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Birmingham. It gives the experiences of Captain J. F. Ashley and Lieutenant H. E. Jackson with the Motor-Cycle Corps in German East Africa, and is most interesting reading. In writing of the natives, Lieutenant Jackson says: "Needless to say, the natives have a suspicious dread of the cycles. They call us 'the young rhinoceros,' which is the most ferocious animal here. One of the Ugogo chiefs asked me if the noise the cycle made was because it was angry at having to go at such a speed. They cannot realise any vehicle not having a span of oxen to move it along." A copy of this most interesting booklet will be sent post free on application to the B.S.A. Company, Ltd., Birmingham. W. W.

The health of munition-workers is a national asset of the first importance, and it is well to know how fully the value of Horlick's Malted Milk is recognised in their behalf. The work is trying, and gastric troubles, indigestion, and general debility detract from the power of the employees to give of their best, either in quality or quantity. Horlick's Malted Milk is most sustaining and nourishing for such workers, and can be taken as a beverage with hot or cold water, or in the form of tablets, in which form it is supplied to His Majesty's Forces both direct and through the War Office and Admiralty. Full particulars of this valuable food may be obtained of Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Slough, Bucks.

Some natural apprehension has been felt as to the vintage of this third year of the war, but the reports

received from Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, W., are satisfactory. Port, owing to favourable weather, will be very good; claret will be less in quantity, but of good colour and body; Burgundy is in the same position; but the quantity of champagne will not be large or the quality very good, owing to rain and cold. Fortunately, the 1914 and 1915 vintages were very good and abundant. Sherry is both plentiful and good. Owing to

stalls, tea, dancing, and other attractions. Tickets for tea and the whole "Fair" are only 8s. 6d., or admission after 6.15 will cost only 2s. 6d. They may be obtained at 21, Old Bond Street, the Hotel Cecil, or of Mrs. C. H. Campbell, 2, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge.

In this time of anxiety and often of bereavement, it is not necessary to emphasise the indebtedness of the public to that hard-working body the news trade, and we are sure that many of our readers will respond to the appeal made by Lord Burnham, President, and Alderman Sir Horace Marshall, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Acland, and Mr. William C. Parsons, Trustees, on behalf of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. The Institution has, very properly, abandoned its yearly festival during the period of the war, and this must curtail its means for carrying out its beneficent work. We feel sure that many readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be willing to send a cheque to 15 and 16, Farringdon Street, E.C., in aid of the less successful members of a trade which serves them so well all the year round.

With the usual Christmas and bazaar season demand hard upon us, it is satisfactory to know that in the big field of dolls, toys, dolls' furniture, and wares of that kind, our British manufacturers are on the alert and mean to oust the German manufacturer by beating him at his own game.

Before the war a large number of dolls and toys were imported from Germany, but that is all over now, and our British manufacturers are showing that the German wares are among the things that never need be missed. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, of 9 and 11, Lovatt Street, Stoke-on-Trent, will send their catalogue on application, showing that from their stocks, mechanical toys, dolls, trains, soldiers, and all the things suitable for presents, or for bazaar stalls, can be supplied by them to perfection. Their catalogue, which is very comprehensive, should be sent for.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A MOTOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERY LEAVING CAMP IN ANSWER TO A SIGNAL.

Official Photograph.

the great demand for wine for military use, little Cognac will be made, although the vintage is quite up to the average both in quality and quantity.

The sympathetic interest shown by Queen Mary in the Star and Garter Home on Richmond Hill is sufficient in itself to ensure the success of the "Good Luck" Fair to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday, Nov. 7, from 3 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., in aid of the Overseas Fund of the Home. A "stars" programme of entertainments will be given by popular players and entertainers; and there will also be

TO CLEAR THE COMPLEXION AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

HOW A READER CURED SERIOUS SKIN DISEASES AND BLEMISHES BY USING A SIMPLE COMPOUND OF COMMON SULPHUR SALTS.

Probably there is no more thorough blood purifier, antiseptic and curative agent than common sulphur. Whether the fumes are used in a sick room as a germicide, or whether the pure salts of sulphur are taken internally as a liver-stimulant, system-cleaner, blood purifier, and complexion-clearing agent, sulphur is always the implacable foe of any impurities or disease germs. Both simply cannot exist in the same room or in the same body at the same time. Our grandmothers knew what they were about when in Spring-time they dosed us as children with sulphur (limestone), mixed with treacle to help it down. A few weeks ago I was afflicted with about the worst imaginable complication of skin diseases. There was hardly space for any more sores or rashes, and the intolerable itching and burning caused totally sleepless nights. After vainly trying numerous prescriptions, also advertised ointments and other remedies, I was prevailed upon by a friend to reach my disorders through the blood by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Kalsel compound in water every other morning, this being a common formula consisting of refined sulphur and certain other natural curative salts. My chemist can supply at very slight cost or easily obtain from his wholesale dealer. Be sure to get the pure, refined Kalsel, which is very pleasant to take, and, of course, perfectly harmless. After using it only ten days the skin of my face and body was as clear, soft and beautiful as a healthy baby's. I have since known others to use it in severe cases of eczema, acne, urticaria, nettle rash, psoriasis, scaly skin, pimples, blackheads, etc., and invariably with wonderfully successful results. I think the Kalsel compound deserves to be better known.—H. L. N.

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Do not let Grey Hairs appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE. Sold Everywhere.

This remedy, which positively prevents and cures SEA SICKNESS and TRAIN SICKNESS, has been tested on the English Channel, Irish and Baltic Seas by the leading London newspapers, who endorse its unflinching power to prevent mal-de-mer.

Of all Chemists, in Boxes 2/6 & 5/

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Used by Steamship Companies, on Atlantic Liners, Yachts, Motor Boats, Polytechnic Tours, &c., and has received testimonials from Royalty, the Nobility, Doctors, Chemists, Army and Naval Officers. Absolutely harmless and produces no bad after-effects.

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AUSTRALIAN

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The two carburettors of our Duplex system of lighting, heating and cooking are so designed that they work on a very small amount of gas, and in the case of our lighting system, they give a very bright light. Over 400,000 of our Duplex systems have been installed in private houses, showing a saving of 50% on the cost of gas.

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If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



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Fine Old Virginia (Ovals) Cork Tipped
Sweet & soothing as the soft, delicate tones of the melodious Spinnet of Old-Suggestive of Old English Charm and Romance
Tins of 20. 1/- Boxes of 50. 2/6
BARNETT, LTD., (LTD. 1916) LONDON

HOW I COMPLETELY CURED MY SERIOUS RHEUMATISM.

By HARRY PILGER.

Well-known dancer finds remarkable substitute for spa treatment. In one week was able to practise his dances again; in three weeks he was permanently cured.

While on a walking tour I was thoroughly wet through, and soon had very sharp rheumatic pains in my feet and legs. My doctor ordered immediately a course of treatment at a spa, but as I soon had professional engagements to fulfil this was impossible, so I decided to try self-treatment. I found that drinking occasionally a tumbler of water containing a spoonful of a natural medicinal



Harry Pilger and his beautiful dancing partner, Gaby Doyle.

compound called *salutaris* rapidly cleared all the *acid* out of my system, and made me feel better in every way. In fact, I know now it gave me for a penny or two a drink of caraway water containing practically the same "salutaris" or natural medicinal and solvent qualities that I would have received at an expensive spa. To stop any twinges of pain which might be left before the uric acid had been dissolved and entirely expelled, I was advised to bathe in water containing a handful of *Rosendal Bath Salts*. This was wonderfully curative, and, in fact, I was completely cured. I was advised to bathe in water containing a handful of *Rosendal Bath Salts*. This was wonderfully curative, and, in fact, I was completely cured.

DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream. Of all Chemists, 2/6, 3/6, 5/6 or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.



MAJOR RICHARDSON, F.Z.S. KENNELS.

SENTRY DOGS, as supplied Army, from 5 gu. POLICE DOGS, (AIREDALES), best guards for person and property, from 5 gu. 1 gu. 3 gu. BLOODHOUNDS. ABERDEEN (SCOTCH) FOX (Smooth and Wire), IRISH, 5 gu. 1 gu. 3 gu. GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 45

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1542.
The International News Company, 63 & 65, Duane Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1916.

Fifteen Cents a Copy.
£7 a Year in Advance.



THE HEROISM OF THE FRENCH INFANTRY BEFORE VERDUN: MEN OF DOGGED COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.

The victorious offensive by which the French at Verdun swept away the results of eight months of laborious German effort was in itself a sudden operation. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was made possible only by the heroic tenacity of the French troops who, throughout that long period of incessant enemy assaults and bombardments, held their ground with the most wonderful courage and endurance. Our drawing shows

a typical example of this stubborn heroism of the French infantry before Verdun—infantry who have been described as perhaps the toughest in the world. One *poilu*—evidently a more skilful marksman than the rest—is steadily firing shot after shot into the ranks of the approaching foe, while a comrade at his side keeps him supplied with a succession of loaded rifles.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE GUARDS HAVE PASSED THIS WAY": ON THE PATH

DEATH



GRIM EVIDENCE OF THE IRRESISTIBLE ONSET OF THE BRITISH GUARDS: TWO

After one of the recent advances made by the British troops in the direction of Le Transloy, a village situated between Comblès and Bapaume on the Somme front, an officer, making a tour of inspection, went back over the conquered ground, and came upon the grim scene which our artist has here illustrated. Passing along a road, he found two abandoned German 77-mm. guns, together with a number of German dead scattered around. The remains of a single wire defence showed that the enemy had had no time to fortify their position. The guns had been pushed against the bank of the sunken road, facing south-west, in a rough-and-ready emplacement. This spot had lain in the path of a great attack by the Guards a few days before, and the scene bore witness of an irresistible onslaught. The affair was doubtless typical of many such incidents, of which little is heard, their dramatic details being covered by

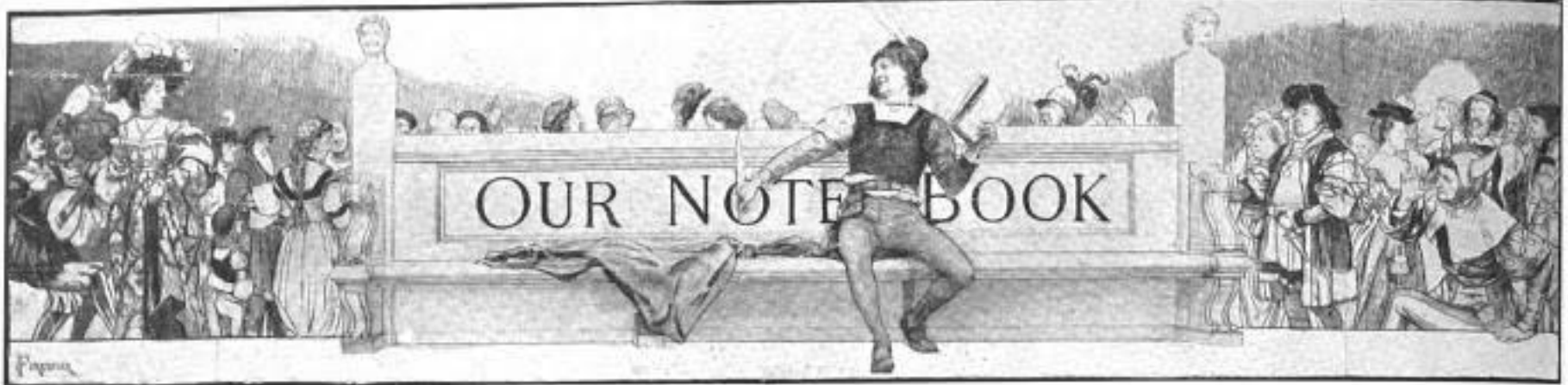
THE OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE TOWARDS LE TRANSLOY.

L. FORESTIER.



ABANDONED GERMAN 77-MM. GUNS, AND DEAD GUNNERS, IN A SUNKEN ROAD.

brief generalisations in official reports. Thus, in a recent summary of operations during October, issued from General Headquarters, it was stated: "Behind this spur lies the German fourth position, to get within assaulting distance of which it was necessary to carry Le Sars and these two spurs. These were held as intermediate positions by the enemy, every advantage being taken of sunken roads, buildings, and the undulating nature of the country." Le Transloy has been an objective of French as well as British attacks. Writing on November 6, Mr. G. H. Ferris said: "The joint advance in Picardy extended over a front of about eight miles. . . . Despite determined opposition, the French left was brought several hundred yards nearer Le Transloy"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN an interesting article in the *Nation* called "On Chivalry in War," I find the following sentences: "In the eighteenth century Swift and Voltaire were singular in thinking that war is fundamentally criminal. To-day we all think so." In that case, it would be truer to say that to-day we all flatly refuse to think. War, like weather, cannot in itself be either criminal or saintly; and war as an action undertaken by certain persons may be either one or the other. Only in a state of fallen intelligence akin to fetish-worship could people ever have dropped into the habit of talking about the wickedness of war. It is, indeed, precisely like the action alleged of the savage, who tries a tomahawk for murder and burns it to teach it better manners. One can never praise or blame a quarrel, as if it were one thing—simply because it takes two to make a quarrel. A war is in its nature a thing with two wills, as a bird is a thing with two legs. We cannot talk of the thing as something with a good or a bad purpose, for the thing we are talking of would not exist at all if it did not consist of two quite opposite purposes. It is like pointing at a railway collision and asking if it is the right train to Brighton.

In all the long centuries before Voltaire or Swift were born, I imagine the majority of people realised that aggressive war was wrong. And in all the long centuries after the *Nation* is dead (not that I wish it to die) I imagine the majority of people will continue to realise that defensive war is right. That all war is physically frightful is obvious; but if that were a moral verdict there would be no difference between a torturer and a surgeon. All this is but an alphabet of ethics; but it is sometimes necessary to return to it for an instant, for so many clever modern writers arrive at random conclusions by short cuts of truancy, and seem never to have been to school. Nevertheless, when all this mere muddle is swept away, there remains a real difference of philosophy about war; and the present war has brought it to a head. It is strictly, perhaps, rather a difference of sentiment than a difference of philosophy; but there is nothing so practical and, in the only useful sense, nothing so businesslike as sentiment. I think the two sentiments about war work back to a difference so ultimate that, if I were a German lunatic, I should say it was "beyond good and evil"; and even as it is, I think it is often beyond pleasure and pain. It is concerned with pride and humiliation—that is, with pride in the good sense and humiliation in the bad sense.

It is a notable point for our national cause that very many who honestly believed that no war is necessary admit that this war is necessary. Many Pacifists have been guilty of a noble and chivalrous apostasy. They have turned their coats, and turned forth a khaki lining on the night; but the change in itself is no discredit either to their old uniform or their new one, or to any except the bloodstained uniform of Prussia. But among those who thus regard the war as necessary there are some, I think, who regard

it not only as a necessary evil, but as a necessary ignominy. They feel as if they were going on all fours like beasts; they dislike the mud more than the blood. There is no part of the process whatever of which they can think with pleasure except the end of it. The whole of their particular conception of human dignity is broken, and, as it were, bent double as by a degradation. They are few, for they are the minority of a minority. But they are perfectly patriotic, and even painfully sincere.

In this matter, as in many others, I am on the side of the vulgar majority. But I realise that there is an aristocracy of intellectuals who are quite spontaneous and sincere in the disgust which I describe; and who, while they are too intelligent to be content with merely praising peace, are infuriated by anybody praising war. I remember talking about the matter to one of the two or three most brilliant men of our

result for me is still an impersonal pride. I do not, of course, mean pride about myself: say by all means, if you will, that I should not support the test, but I am proud that others can support it. I do not even mean merely that I am proud of my country, though this is the proudest moment of her history. I am proud of being alive on two legs; I am proud of *genus homo* in the books of biology; I am proud of my fellow creatures, of whom so many hundreds of thousands have shown themselves able to support the test of war. There are people who talk, even now, of mutual understanding and peace; in practical psychology there is something much nearer to a mutual understanding in war. But the ground of our pride in man is precisely in all that such intellectuals regard as his retrogression and collapse. We are exalted because man's will is still untouched by the oldest instruments of torture; because all the engines of terrorism are brought against him in vain;

because the question by fire and the question by burning iron are questions which he can still answer, or disdain to answer. He has still the wild sanity of the saints and martyrs; he has not too much horror of horrors. Logically, it may not seem impossible to reconcile this view with the fastidious view of the reluctant fighter; but spiritually there is a prodigious difference of proportion. It will be a matter of great import to future generations whether this mountain of dead is mainly a monument or merely an eyesore; and whether this one entry in our chronicles appears as a blazon or a blot.

But the distinction has a practical point also. It is the purpose of the article "On Chivalry in War" to suggest that courtesy and common rules in warfare were part of a sort of pageant of aristocracy; and that democracies must be expected to fight more brutally, for the very reason that they fight more reluctantly.

In experience, this seems totally untenable and untrue. The writer in the *Nation* will hardly maintain that the Prussians are more chivalrous in war than the French. He certainly will not maintain that the Prussians are more democratic in peace than the French. As a fact, some of the most beautiful instances of modern military courtesy occurred in a war in which both sides were citizens of the same great democracy. They occurred in the American Civil War; several of them redeemed the rather cynical politics of Grant, and gave a glamour like that of Galahad to the greatness of Robert Lee. But, in any case, the *Nation's* doctrine is only tolerable upon some assumption of its own that wars will soon entirely disappear—unless the *Nation* prefers the supposition that democracies will entirely disappear. Those who, like myself, doubt whether war can ever be impossible unless liberty is impossible, will not easily accept the prospect of battle becoming more bestial every time it is renewed. They will think this view as dangerous as it is false; and count it a curious instance of how all intellectual perceptions, including that of peace, work out in practice to the wickedest of modern tasks—the whitewashing of Prussia.



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN IRELAND: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON.

Sir Bryan Mahon has been appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Forces in Ireland, in succession to Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell, who has been given the Northern Command. Sir Bryan Mahon is a native of Galway. Early this year he commanded the British forces at Salonika, and in May he was placed in charge of the western frontier of Egypt. [Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER OF EGYPT: GENERAL SIR FRANCIS REGINALD WINGATE.

Sir Reginald Wingate, whose appointment as High Commissioner of Egypt, in succession to Sir A. H. McMahon, was recently announced, has since 1899 been *Sirdar* of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan. He served in the Nile Expedition and in Lord Kitchener's Egyptian campaign, receiving the K.C.M.G. after Omdurman. He joined the Egyptian Army in 1883. [Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

time—a man whose attitude on the war has been somewhat misunderstood, for it is not so much opposed to our policy as simply opposed to its popularity. I believe he could tolerate the Army; but he cannot endure the mob. But, in the very act of urging that the war should be waged until Prussia was taught a lesson, he spoke of the war itself as if it were some colossal cosmic jest at the expense of humanity. He really felt about soldiers fighting as most men feel about soldiers running away. He could conceive of some vengeance of Nature falling upon us for having despicably dropped below our part. "If we can't do better than this," he said, with involuntary mysticism, "something will come out of a bush." Then he added, with the full effect of such words when they come instinctively from a free-thinker, "God is not mocked."

This feeling, as a feeling, was in him quite unquestionably unselfish and sincere; but it is exactly this feeling, as a feeling, which I hold to be false, futile, and inhuman. That is the spiritual difference, the deepest spiritual difference of the hour. Pile up all the personal infamies of fighting, and the final

WITH THE ITALIANS ON THE CARSO FRONT: BATTLE-DAY INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS' PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.



HOLDING A CAPTURED AUSTRIAN POSITION UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE: READY FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK.

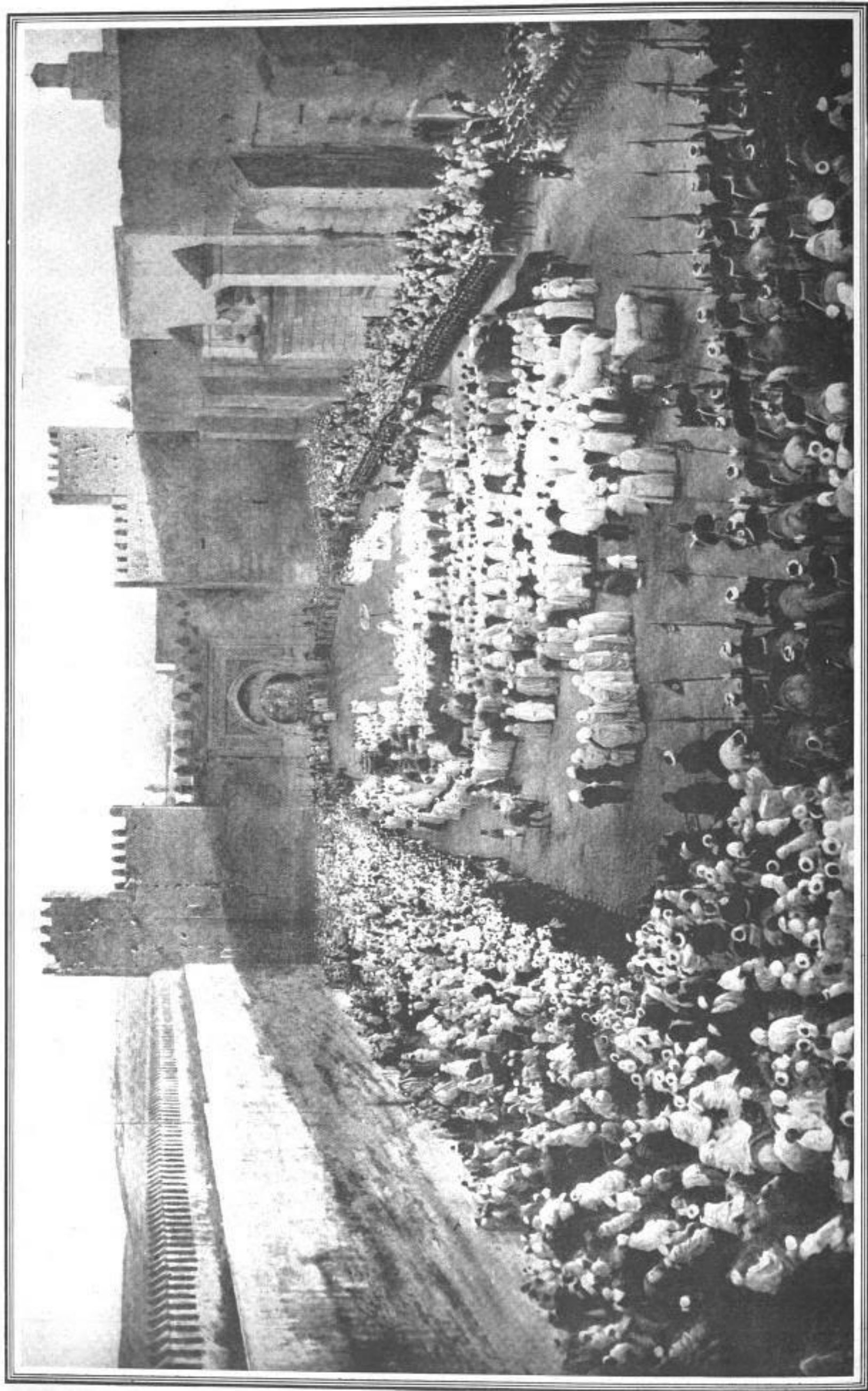


A REGIMENT LYING SHELTERED UNDER COVER, BEHIND RISING GROUND: AWAITING THE ORDER TO GO FORWARD AND ATTACK.

According to the latest advices at the time of writing, the Italians on the Carso front (where the two photographs seen above were taken) continue to gain ground without any set-backs. For the possession of some of the more important positions, the Italians have had to carry on a series of up-hill battles by day and night, encounters which, as often as not, ended in a close-quarter bayonet battle. After winning each position, the victors, while resting to reform ranks and await reinforcements, invariably have to fortify the

position on the side facing the enemy, so as to hold it against counter-attack. The upper illustration shows just such a state of things at one point. The Italians are seen in occupation, while Austrian shells from enemy batteries in front are bursting close to them. The smoke of the shell-bursts will be observed towards the centre of the photograph. In the second illustration an Italian regiment is taking cover in and near a trench at the foot of steeply rising ground, while waiting for the order to move up to the attack.

IN THE COURT OF THE MAQUINA: A SPLENDID CEREMONY IN FEZ.



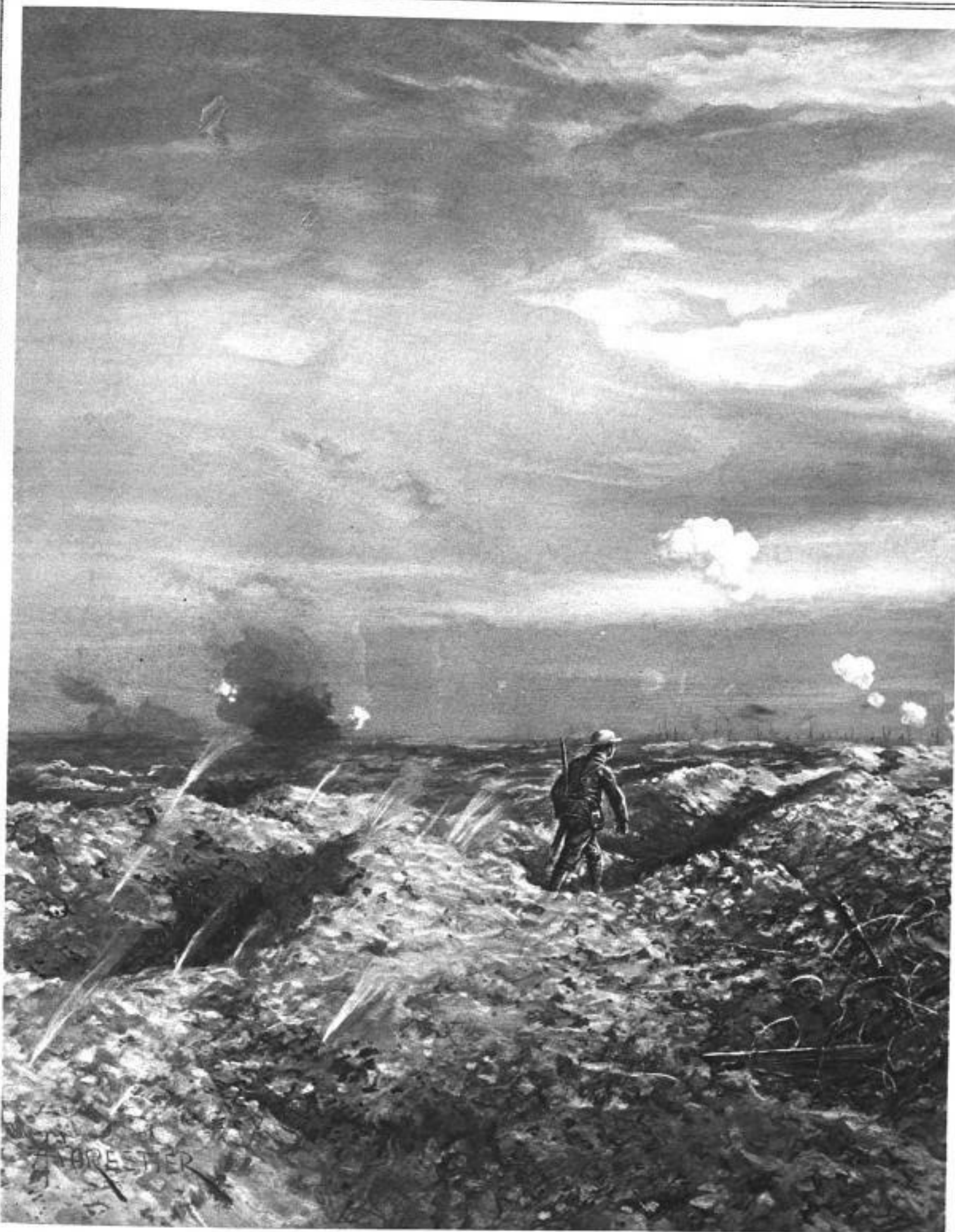
A PICTURESQUE OCCASION DURING THE ID-EL-KEBIR FESTIVAL AT FEZ: THE PRESENTATION OF GIFTS, INCLUDING HORSES AND CARPETS, TO SULTAN MOULAY YOUSSEF.

In our issue of November 4 we illustrated the recent state entry of Sultan Moulay Youssef into Fez, where his arrival inaugurated a month of fêtes and ceremonies, commencing with the great Moslem religious festival of Id-el-Kebir. On October 25 a great Fair in the Court of Honour at the Sultan's palace was opened under the presidency of the French Resident, General Lyautey. The whole proceedings may be regarded as typical of the state of peaceful prosperity which Morocco enjoys under the protection of France. The occasion here illustrated took place simultaneously with the opening of the Fair. It is known as the ceremony

of the Hedya, and the scene is the beautiful Court of the Maquina in the palace at Fez. Splendid gifts, such as horses, carpets, and so on, were offered to the Sultan, who can be seen on horseback in the centre background of the photograph, with the Green Umbrella, the symbol of Sherifian sovereignty, held above his head. The gifts were presented by deputations of the various tribes of Morocco, in the presence of the Viziers, the Pasha of the city, and other Sherifian notables and Court dignitaries. The Guard of native troops had some ado to keep back the great throng of spectators.

A "RUNNER" WHO MUST NOT RUN: WALKING UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

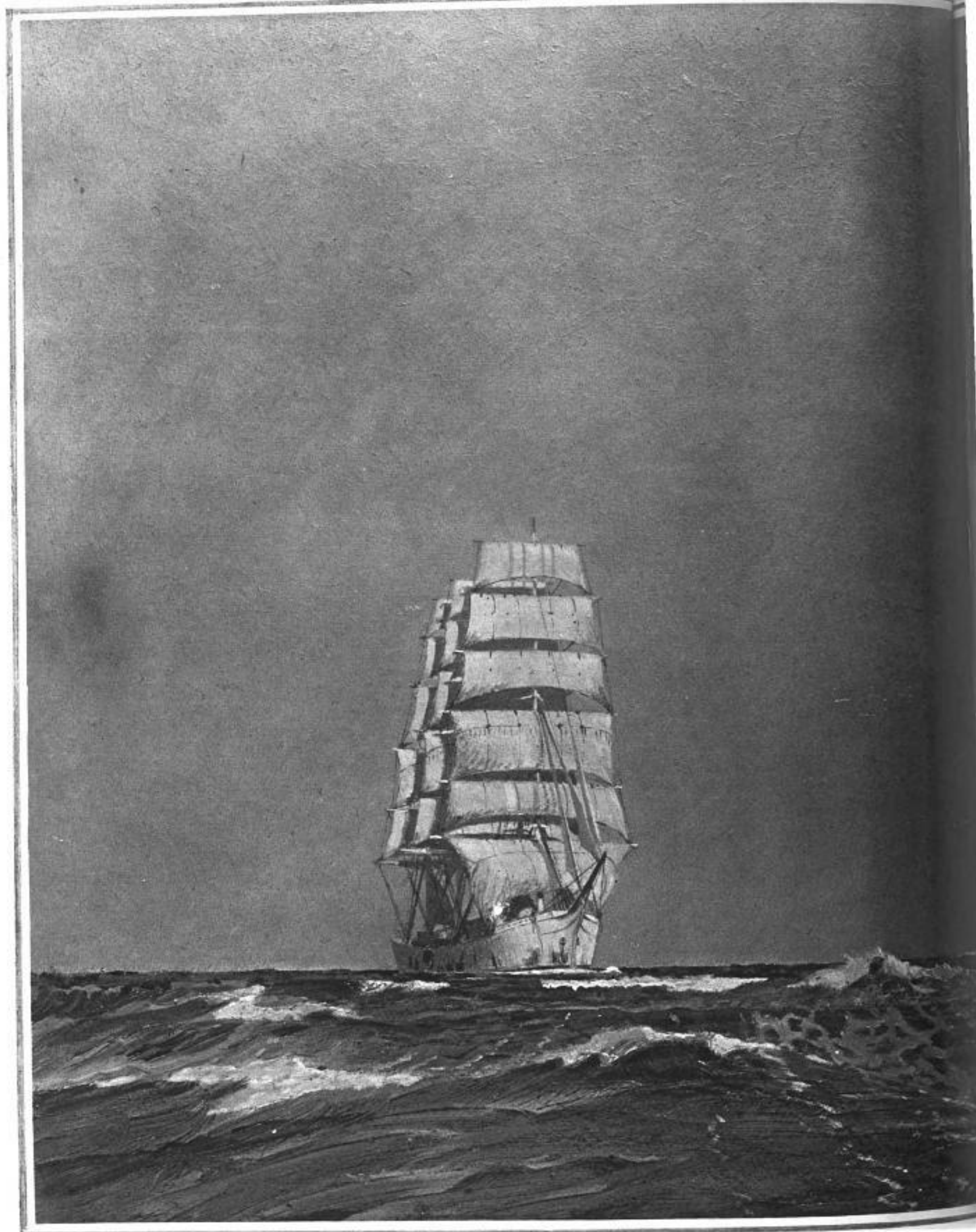


PICKING HIS WAY OVER NO MAN'S LAND UNDER A HAIL OF SHELLS AND MACHINE-GUN BULLETS: THE PERILOUS JOURNEY OF A BRITISH "RUNNER" CARRYING DESPATCHES DURING AN ADVANCE.

A "runner" at the front is a soldier told off to carry messages from one part of the trenches to another—a necessary task in trench-warfare, where flag-signals are impossible and telephone wires may at any moment be severed by shells. Every regimental officer has one or more runners ready to his call, and the work is much sought after by the more adventurous spirits. It is during an advance that a runner's task is most perilous, for, besides sharing the general risks of the charge, he is almost certainly required to carry messages across open ground under heavy fire. When an enemy trench is captured,

for instance, it is often vitally important to get a message back to the officer directing operations. According to their own code of honour, "runners" are permitted actually to run under rifle-fire, but not under shell-fire, through which it is etiquette to walk! The one seen in our artist's drawing is picking his way over the chaos of No Man's Land, with machine-gun bullets flying all about him throwing up little spirts of dust. "There is, I suppose," writes Mr. W. Beach Thomas, "no one more calmly persistent in doing his job than these English runners."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OLD STYLE AND NEW: A

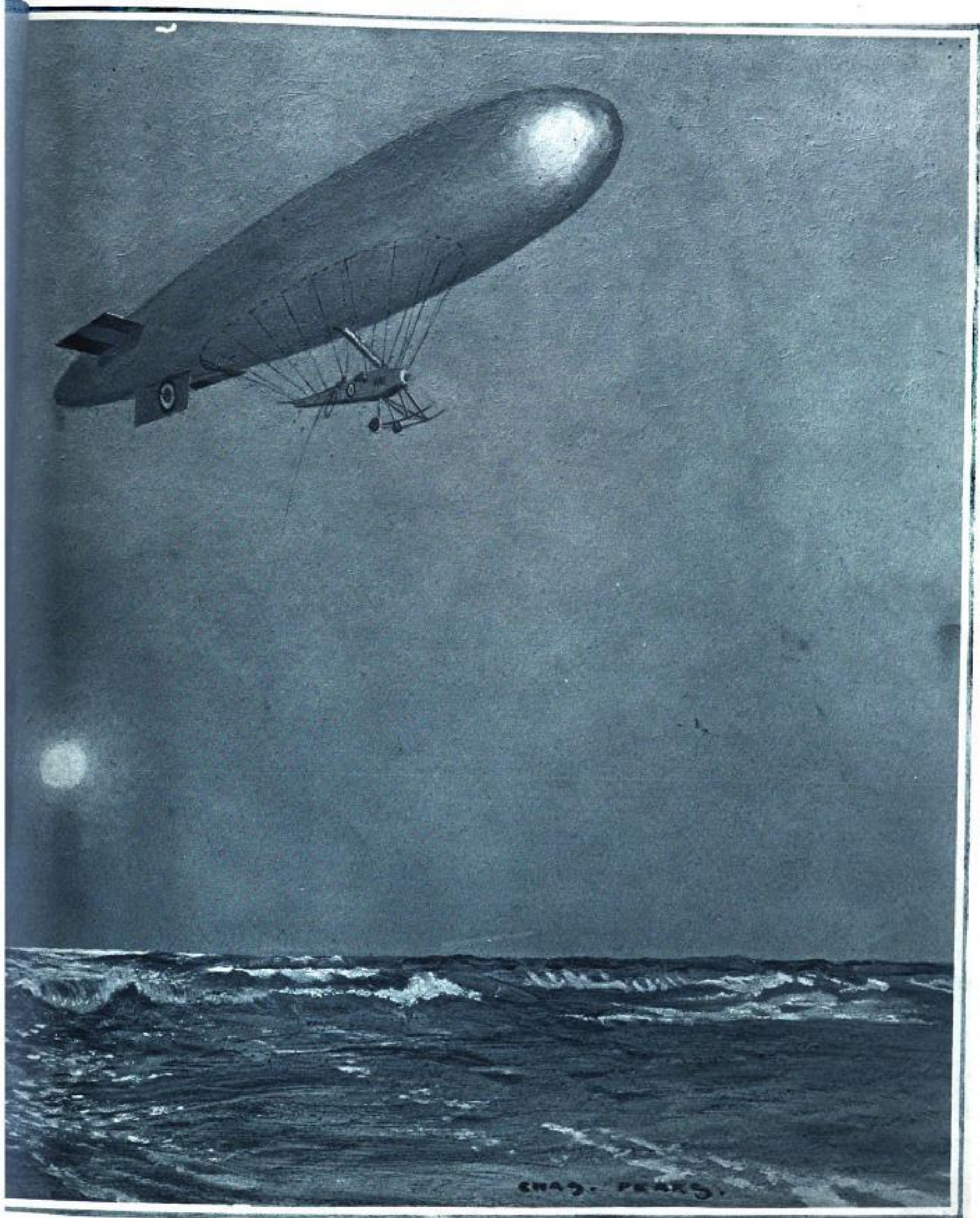


AN AIRSHIP LEADING A "WIND-JAMMER" TO THE EXAMINATION

All the shipping—every kind of vessel, steam or sailing, which passes by our shores within a defined distance, or is on the way to a port in the British Isles—has, by an Admiralty regulation, promulgated at the outset of the war, to turn aside and bring-to at one or other of the many "examination stations" established at various places. There each ship's papers are scrutinised and the vessels, if suspicious, are "ruminated" for contraband of war. Among the ships are many unusual sorts of craft—or, at least, unfamiliar in modern days—such as, for instance, fully masted and rigged sailing ships like that in the illustration. Many a fine and still serviceable three or five-master, on the sale list, or at least lying up with

BRITISH DIRIGIBLE ON DUTY.

CHARLES FRANKS.



TATION: CONVOYING EXTRAORDINARY. DURING THE WAR.

the prospect of being brought into employment when the war broke out, has been recalled to sea service owing to the shortage of mercantile steam tonnage, and is now again regularly voyaging between Great Britain and far-distant ports. Some of the largest make voyages in connection with the Australian grain trade, as the big "wind-jammer" here seen is doing. The escort and guidance to the nearest examination station of some of these falls on occasion to one or other of our British airships while coastwise cruising—the special incident here depicted. It is a moonlight episode in which the old style and the new are sharply contrasted.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WAR IN EAST AFRICA: NOTES ON TREK AND IN CAMP.



A RHODESIAN MOBILE COLUMN STARTING OUT FOR A BUSH TREK: LEAVING A FORTIFIED POST.



ARMoured MOTOR-CARS BELONGING TO SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY'S COMMAND: THE CARS HEADING A ROAD ADVANCE.



RHODESIANS ON TREK ACROSS THE "VELDT": DETAILS OF A COLUMN CROSSING AN OPEN PATCH.



INDIAN INFANTRY OF A VERY FINE FIGHTING RACE: A BUSH BIVOUAC OF A BELUCHI BATTALION.



ON A RAILWAY LINE THAT HAS BEEN HIGHLY USEFUL: RHODESIANS LOADING UP BAGGAGE AND STORES.



ENEMY PRISONERS UNDER GUARD: A BATCH OF CAPTURED GERMAN-DRILLED ASKARIS.

The Rhodesian contingents fighting in German East Africa have, as was anticipated, proved themselves adepts at the kind of warfare which has fallen to their share in the invasion of the enemy's colony. Like Wellington's old Peninsular Army, they have shown themselves "ready to go anywhere and do anything." One of their columns is seen in the first illustration starting from a fortified post to "trek" through the bush. Their native baggage-carriers are following in rear.—The second photograph shows some of the ubiquitous armoured motor-cars which, under Sir John Willoughby, have done stiff bush and fighting work, and have materially helped to keep the enemy on the

run.—The fourth illustration shows some sepoy of a Beluchi battalion of the Indian Army during a bivouac in German East Africa. Our Beluchi battalions are recruited from the hardy and war-like mountaineer clans of the Indian western borderland. The sepoys belong to a race noted alike for fearlessness in fight, and for sterling loyalty and devotion to the British raj. In the sixth illustration is seen a batch of German "regular" Askari prisoners under guard. The enemy possessed at the outset of the war several battalions of Askaris, the term for natives recruited in the colony, drilled and uniformed as soldiers, and the original force was largely added to in the later months of 1914.

ARCHAEOLOGY IN WAR: A 2000-YEAR-OLD TOMB NEAR SALONIKA.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. SEARCHING AN ANCIENT TOMB OPENED NEAR SALONIKA: BRITISH OFFICERS INTERESTED IN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATION—EXAMINING A BONE.

2. A FINE EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT TOMB-BUILDING: IN A NEWLY OPENED TUMULUS PROBABLY 2000 YEARS OLD.

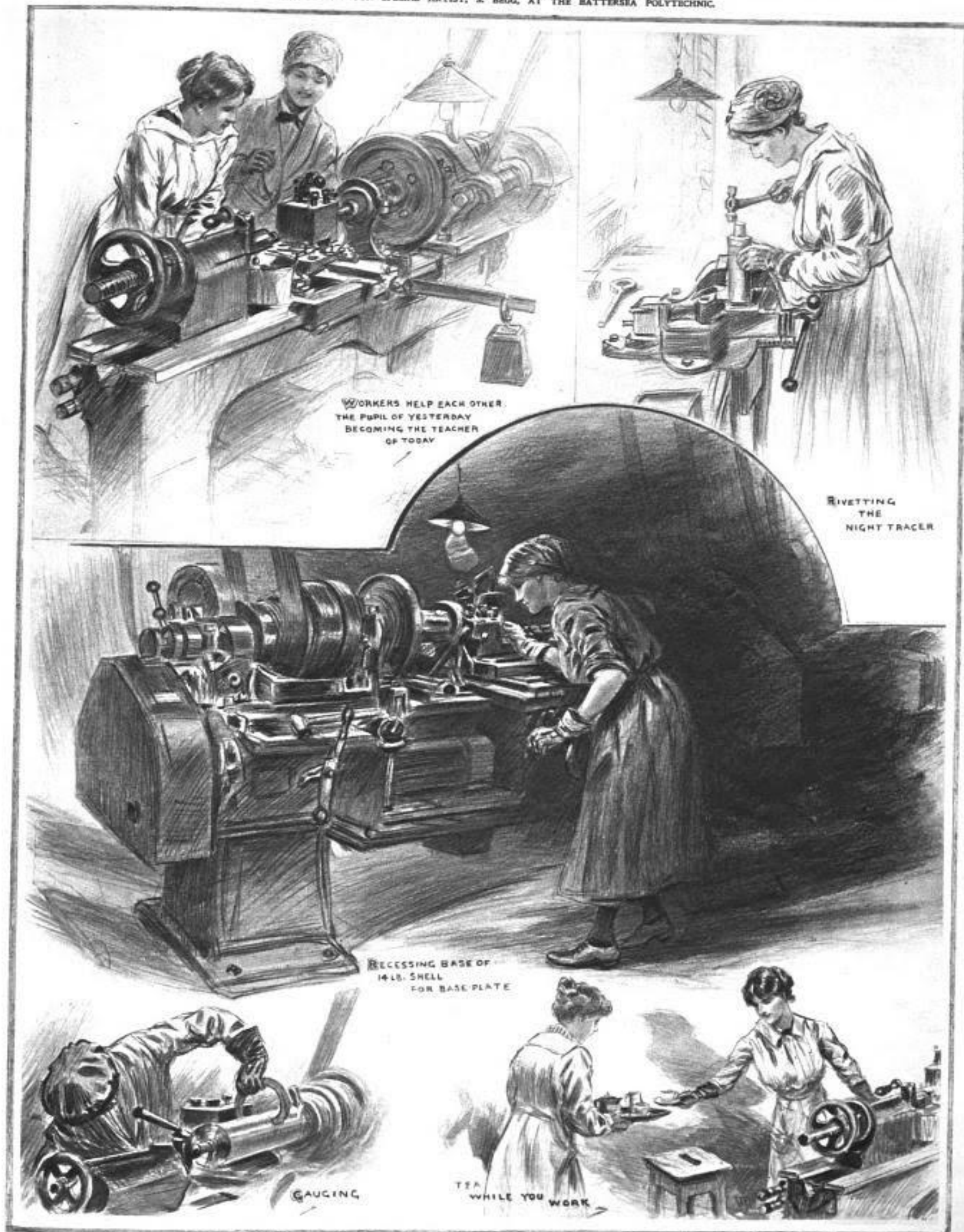
3. FINDING BURIED HISTORY WHILE MAKING NEW HISTORY: EXPLORING AN ANCIENT TOMB IN MACEDONIA.

In the Balkans the British Army is fighting on storied ground, and a number of interesting antiquarian "finds" have been made in the course of trench-digging. "A well-known English professor of archaeology," wrote Mr. Ward Price recently, "was here already as a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and he was put in charge of the collection

of British finds, which he is arranging as a local archaeological museum in the White Tower. The best things in the collection so far came from a tomb . . . near Langara Lake. It contained a skeleton bedecked with ornaments of gold and bronze. . . . The bones . . . are in the White Tower, awaiting examination by an anthropologist."

WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS: WORKERS OF WHOM MORE ARE NEEDED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG, AT THE BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC.



WORK FOR WOMEN THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES: TRAINING IN SHELL-MAKING AT BATTERSEA.

As mentioned in an important article elsewhere in this number, quoted also under the double-page of drawings succeeding this one, there is an urgent call for thousands more women to make munitions. The writer gives particulars of the scheme of training for women established by the Ministry of Munitions in various parts of the country. "Battersea Polytechnic [where our artist made his drawings] is one of these training centres where the staff, working voluntarily during the holidays, converted some of the

engineering machinery into shell-making plant. . . . Work at the lathes was in full swing when I went down the other day. . . . 'Centring' and drilling a hole at the base of the shell, the first operation it undergoes, occupied the attention of one. At another machine the shell was being rough-turned to bring it approximately to its final size. . . . To spoil a shell is regarded by the workers themselves as a confession of weakness not to be tolerated."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WOMAN-POWER VITAL TO GUN-POWER: WORK FOR WE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S.



"THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS WANTS MORE WOMEN WORKERS . . . POSSIBLY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS"

In an article given elsewhere in this number, we call attention to a problem of woman-power in the war which is as urgent as that of man-power. "The Ministry of Munitions," says the writer, "wants more women workers. What is more, it must have them—not just a few here and there in half-dozens or tens, but in hundreds, thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, in order that the men who are fighting on their behalf on the various fronts may be kept adequately supplied with the munitions of war. . . . A steady flow of recruits is essential, not only to replace 'fit' men who may be engaged in munition-work that could quite well be done by women, but to 'man' the new 'shops' and factories as they spring into existence. No greater appeal than this has yet been made to the patriotism of the women workers. . . . It is

FOR WHICH WOMEN ARE NEEDED BY THE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

OUR SPECIAL BRIG, AT BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC.

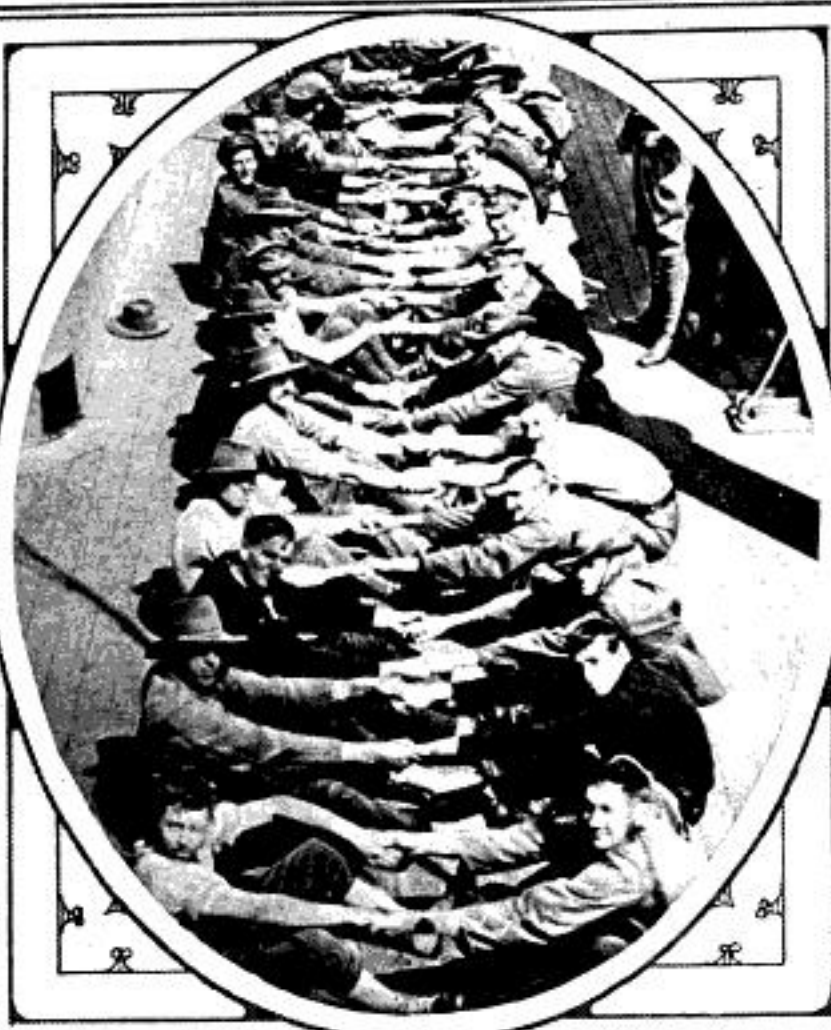


"S OF THOUSANDS": WOMEN LEARNING TO MAKE THE SHELLS FOR WINNING BATTLES.

addressed to those still countless thousands of educated women in comfortable circumstances who, either through sheer thoughtlessness, or simply because they do not know how to set about it, are still holding back while the country is crying out for their help. . . . It is for just such people that the Ministry of Munitions has established centres in various parts of the country, where students—who must be prepared to enter a munition-factory at the end of the course—can receive a preliminary training. . . . Her training over, she joins the workers in the 'shops' at an initial salary of £1 or 25s. a week, the figures being considerably higher when she becomes really proficient. . . . Addresses of schools in London or the provinces can be had from the Ministry of Munitions, Training Dept., 6, Whitehall Gardens."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"JERKS": ANTI-U-BOAT MUSKETRY; BOXING: ON A TROOP-SHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS.



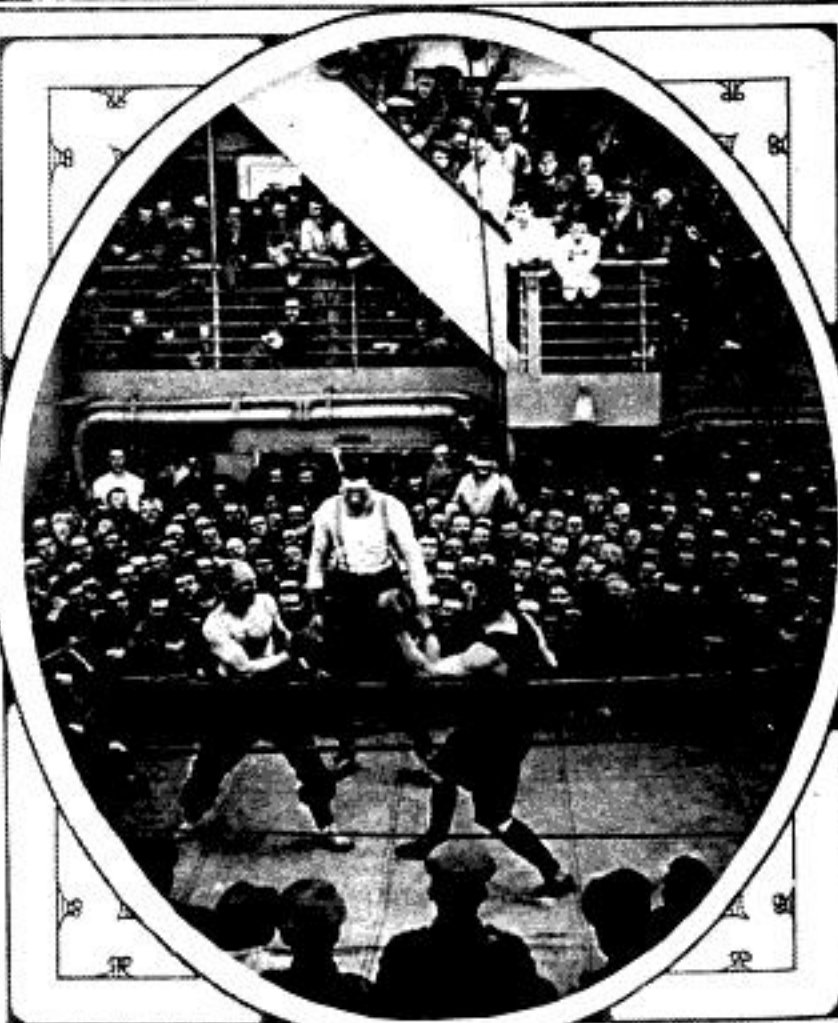
ON THE VOYAGE TO EUROPE FROM AUSTRALIA: A DRILL COMPETITION THE SPORTING ELEMENT IN WHICH HELPS TO MAKE IT POPULAR.



"PHYSICAL JERKS": MEN OF A ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY DETACHMENT GOING THROUGH THE DRILL CALLED BY THE ARMY "PHYSICAL JERKS."



ANTI-SUBMARINE MUSKETRY ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP: SOLDIERS IN LIFE-SAVING JACKETS PRACTISING TO PEPPER A HOSTILE SUBMARINE'S GUN-CREW.



AS POPULAR WITH SOLDIERS ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP AS AT THE FRONT: A "DOG-WATCH" BOXING MATCH ON THE WAIST-DECK BEFORE A CROWDED "HOUSE."

In the case of long voyages on board troop-ships, such as that from Australia, during which the men may have to remain on board ship between ports for upwards of a month, special provision is made to keep all physically fit and in training. In the first illustration is seen a form of muscular exercise adopted on board Australian troop-ships. The men's interest in such exercises is enhanced by the sporting element of competition which is imported into them. The second illustration shows another troop-ship exercise, generally known in the Army as "Physical Jerks." Men of a detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery on board a transport—fighters who, for sturdiness of physique and build,

brawn and muscle, may claim to be among the pick of the King's forces—are shown going through the exercise.—The third illustration shows a drill which the exigencies of the war have made part of everyday routine in troop-ships. It is regularly practised, just like the ordinary boat-stations drill, in case of accident, or necessity arising for abandoning ship. The men are wearing cork-float life-saving jackets.—As at the front, boxing matches are in great vogue on board troop-ships. They always draw crowded "houses," the tiers of decks round the waist being packed with spectators, as seen in the fourth illustration. The matches usually come off after the day's duty.

"SIR SAM": CANADA'S MINISTER OF MILITIA, RECENTLY PROMOTED.

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HONOURED IN CANADA BY THE NAMING OF A NEW BATTALION, "SIR SAM'S OWN": LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR SAM HUGHES, K.C.B.

Sir Sam Hughes, Canada's popular and vigorous Minister of Militia, was recently gazetted as Hon. Lieut.-General, his previous rank having been that of Major-General. He has since been honoured in another way in the Dominion. A message from Ottawa of November 4 stated that Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie, who distinguished himself in Flanders, is raising a battalion to be known as "Sir Sam's Own." The men will wear the Maclean tartan, and descendants of that clan in Western Ontario are enlisting enthusiastically in the new battalion. Of General Hughes's part in organising the Canadian Army at the outbreak of war, Sir Max Aitken writes in his book, "Canada in Flanders":

"General Hughes devised and ordered the establishment of the largest camp (Valcartier) that had ever been seen on Canadian soil. . . . At that supreme moment in our country's history, when Canada was at the cross-roads of her destiny, she was indeed happy in the possession of the man who gathered in and marshalled, with a speed and noble energy seldom, if ever, equalled, the hosts of willing but untrained civilians." Sir Sam Hughes has since, of course, been in this country, and has also been at the front. The original of the above portrait was recently placed on exhibition at Messrs. Graves' Galleries at 6, Pall Mall.

NEW NOVELS.

"Rose Cottingham Married." In "Rose Cottingham Married" (Fisher Unwin) Miss Netta Syrett, continuing her review of the Victorians and adding its sequel, carries her heroine through the 'nineties to the present day. It is a clever book, and reminds us of many things that we had almost forgotten. Once upon a time there was a craze for Aubrey Beardsley, and people chattered smartly in drawing-rooms, and young men were "decadent," and young women smoked cigarettes with a conscious swagger and talked at the tops of their voices. Once upon a time too, running parallel in "Rose Cottingham Married" with the Beardsley craze, Socialism was to be the panacea for all ills; and a new world, without international strife, without social inequalities, was waiting for the magician's touch to unfold it. In the middle of these things, Rose Cottingham works out the problem of her life. She is a novelist and an artist to her finger-tips, and she elects to marry a Labour leader who forthwith consigns her to the housework of a villa in—perhaps Battersea; and the pair of them nearly wreck their mutual life, but are saved by

was good stuff in those noisy young women of five-and-twenty years ago. Are they not the mothers of the young men and women of 1916?

"The General's Wife."

There is a clear view in "The General's Wife" (Stanley Paul) of the nature of a silly young woman; and Miss Hamilton is to be congratulated on her delineation of the type. "That the woman was light is very true"; but, even so, Rose Bruce, the General's wife, was only light because she was light-minded, not because she had any particular bent towards running away from a good husband with a foolish young man. She was sentimental and calculating at once; and the combination does exist, although the novelists, flying at higher game, seldom trouble to give us a sound analysis of the little ways of the little hare-brained people. Speaking of little people, in another sense, Peterkin and Freddy are delightful. The fortunes of the two small boys, indeed, seemed to us of a breathless interest while we were reading about them. What Rose did or did not do was not paramount, because the shallow creature was who she was, and the General, having made his bed, could only expect to be left to lie on it. But we did greatly want to know how Peterkin and Freddy were going to come out of the tangle, and we forgave Rose her worst vanities for being easy and indulgent with them. "The General's Wife" is an Anglo-Indian novel, and it is a good little story of the common fool.

"Mike." The tragedy at the end of

"Mike" (Cassell) is foreshadowed the moment that Michael Comber, ex-Guardsman, meets Hermann Falbe. The war is already casting its shadow before: there are prescient people who foresee the coming aggression of Germany, and foolish people who bury their heads in the sands and say there is nothing to be seen. Which is all very lifelike, and very much what happened, in political and other circles, during the period that Mr. E. F. Benson has chosen for the story of Michael's love and friendship. Mr. Benson has made a serious effort to character—the young man of Anglo-Indian, bewitched by the Divine Right of the Kaiser and his omnipotence. We can

see Mr. Benson trying very hard to be detached, to be British, to play the game. . . . He succeeds; but only by dint of dragging in the Kaiser by the horns of his mighty moustache, so to speak, and setting him up in a Baireuth stage-box to ask inquisitive questions of Michael Comber. The rest of the story is the love-interest—that, and a



WITH A TRANSPORT SECTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL CORPS: ON A TROOP-SHIP IN THE DANGER ZONE.

Photograph supplied by C.N.

the timely baby. Every chapter is full of telling incidents; and the book is, we think, much the best that Miss Syrett has yet written. She brings out the fact, too, that there

describe a fine German musical talent, charming, Divine Right of the Kaiser and his omnipotence. We can



"WE SHALL LIVE AS THOSE WHO BY THEIR SACRIFICE WON THE GREAT WAR": THE LATE 2ND LIEUT. E. L. TOWNSEND, LONDON REGIMENT, KILLED IN ACTION.

2nd Lieut. Eric Townsend, who fell gloriously while leading an attack in the great advance, was the elder son of Mr. W. L. Townsend, of New Basinghall Street. He was an old boy of the City of London School, where he was Prefect and Captain of the Shooting Eight. In June 1915 he obtained a commission in the Civil Service Rifles, London Regiment, and went out to France last May. In a very beautiful farewell letter to his parents, printed recently in the "Daily Mail," he said of those who fall: "But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who by their sacrifice won the Great War."—[Photograph by Elliot and Fry.]

vivacious description of the Falbes and their artistic visitors, and a Bensonian account of the pigheaded Lord Ashridge and his household. We are grateful to Lady Barbara and her shrewd nonsense; not so grateful for the actual plot of the book. Attractive as it may seem to the novelist, it is not really a good subject—the relation, in the years 1913 to 1916, of Germans and Englishmen.



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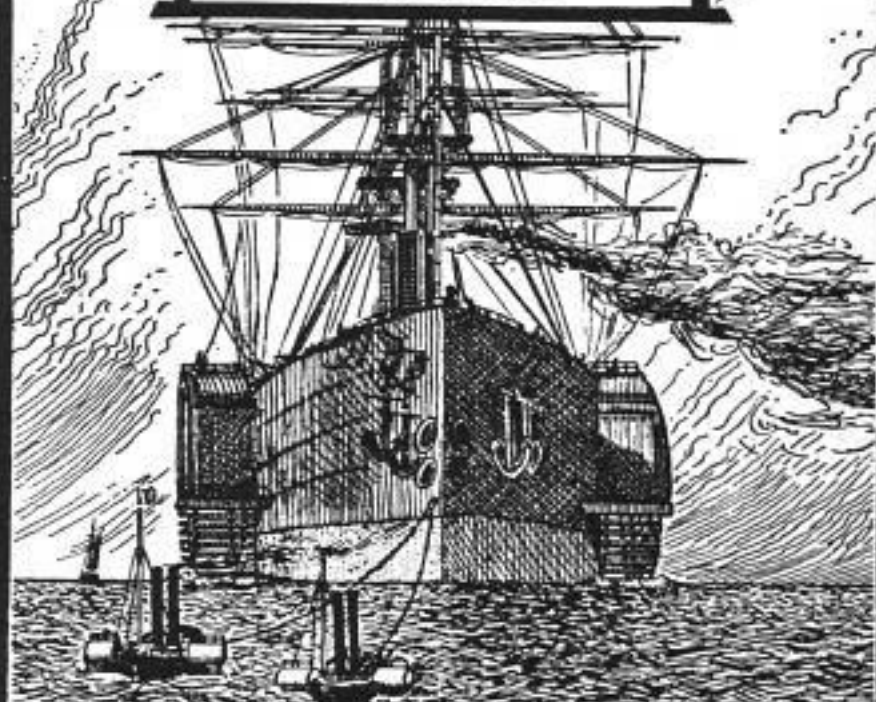
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WOMEN AND MUNITIONS.

A NATIONAL NEED.

(See Illustrations.)

THE Ministry of Munitions wants more women workers. What is more, it must have them—not just a few here and there in half-dozens or tens; but in hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, in order that the men who are fighting on their behalf on the various fronts may be kept adequately supplied with the munitions of war evolved by science and skill to kill Germans.

It is difficult to believe that only some fifteen months or so have passed since women were demanding admittance as workers to arsenals and munition-factories, and claiming that, as patriotic Englishwomen, they had a right to help to provide the means wherewith to destroy the enemy, even if they were not able to take their places beside the men in the firing-line.

When the cry came for "More shells!" women flocked in their thousands to assist in establishing our superiority in munitions, which experts declared to be essential if Germany were ever to be brought to her knees.

The superiority was established. Its value has been proved in the "Big Push" which began in July and has been going on steadily ever since, and it must be maintained if Prussian Militarism is to be crushed once for all.

So more women are wanted. A steady flow of recruits is essential, not only to replace "fit" men who may be engaged in munition-work that might quite well be done by women, but to "man" the new "shops" and factories as they spring into existence.

No greater appeal than this has yet been made to the patriotism of the women workers. Of course, there are women already engaged on productive war work. The appeal is not meant for them. Rather it is addressed to those still countless thousands of educated women in comfortable circumstances who, either through sheer thoughtlessness, or simply because they do not know how to set about it, are still holding back while the country is crying out for their help.

A stroll up Oxford Street, Regent Street, or any of the great West End shopping centres will prove how large is

the number of women who still have time and inclination to spend an afternoon gazing through shop-windows at things they neither require nor have any intention of buying. "Home" may be woman's proper sphere, as some assert; but for the period of the war, at any rate, the meaning of the word must be extended to include the factory in which is made the wherewithal to keep that "home" safe from the foreign invaders.

The factory girls, the girls who habitually earn their own living, have responded splendidly to the call for

educated women to take up work to which they are unaccustomed in circumstances wholly different from any they have known before. But that excuse, if it ever was one, no longer serves.

It is for just such people that the Ministry of Munitions has established centres in various parts of the country where students—who must be prepared to enter a munition factory at the end of the course—can receive a preliminary training in the work that they will later be called upon to do. The length of the course varies from four

to six weeks, during which time the hours of work are four each day for six days of the week. During that time the pupil not only learns how to handle the raw material of munitions, so to speak, but gains also a knowledge of how to "bore," "mill," "turn," "drill," and other operations connected with her craft. Then, her training over, she joins the workers in the "shops" at an initial salary of £1 or 25s. a week, the figures being considerably higher when she becomes really proficient. Another point worth noting is that students who show any special aptitude for the work may be selected for a course of specialised training, when, in addition to maintenance allowances, very excellent prospects are offered them.

Battersea Polytechnic is one of these training centres, where the staff, working voluntarily, during the holidays, converted some of the engineering machinery into shell-making plant and carried out a sub contract for the Admiralty. The work is still going on, and the women who attend the Battersea classes have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing real work from the start. They learn first how to transform the rough shell-fusings supplied by the Government into finished shells ready to receive their deadly high-explosive load, and pay £1 for doing it, for, unlike the rule at other centres, the Battersea course has to be paid for.

It was fascinating to watch the evolution of the shell, from a cylinder of black-looking steel, to its final highly finished stage when, exact to within the 8-1000th of an inch, it is ready for transmission to the filling factory.

Work at the lathes was in full swing when I went down the other day, and each one of the workers declared that the work was not only interesting, but far less tiring than



AT A PLOUGHING COMPETITION: TWO YOUNG WOMEN WORKING A MOTOR-TRACTOR AND FOUR-FURROW PLOUGH.

Photograph by C.N.

workers. The middle and upper classes, along with the others, have given their men unsparingly; it is now "up to" them to turn to and make munitions, not just during week-ends, but even as their men took on military service—for the period of the war.

The truly British dislike of "feeling a fool" may have something to do with the apparent reluctance of some

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To ladies who have to pay war prices for cabbages, turnips, carrots, onions and other vegetables which must be so carefully chosen, scraped, washed and boiled for the making of old-fashioned Soup, Gong 2d. Soups offer unlimited advantages.

They save time, money and labour, and provide a degree of variety otherwise confined to cooks of the widest experience.



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"I get along very well with the boys. When they're a bit depressed I give them a cheery word, and they seem to appreciate it. With the cheery word there goes a cigarette—one of Cavander's 'Army Club,' those the M.O. mentioned—and it may be that the Cigarette helps us to understand each other so well.

"There's no doubt a good cigarette does make you forget the worries of the day, and I've never found one that is liked better than



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9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to all Members of our Expeditionary Forces, for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's.



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(Continued.)
they had imagined possible. They certainly did not give the impression of damsels suffering from overwork. "Centring" and drilling a hole at the base of the shell, the first operation it undergoes, occupied the attention of one. At another machine the shell was being rough-turned to bring it approximately to its final size. Later, I watched a worker finishing the shell, and as the tool sliced off the spiral steel shavings, she tested the thing, first by her warning and then by her ring gauge, until the precise limit of exactitude had been reached: for the margin allowed beyond and within the gauge limits is very small indeed, and to spoil a shell is regarded by the workers themselves as a confession of weakness not to be tolerated for a moment. Boring the tapering hole for the high explosive, and the delicate operation of screwing the thread to the nose, are two amongst other operations that have to be learnt; and by the time all the processes have been mastered the worker has acquired just that practised judgment necessary to the finishing of the perfect shell. The machines at Battersea, it must be remembered, are not automatic, and while there are some branches of munition work that call for more physical strength than others, it is upon her delicacy of touch, accuracy, keen sight, and judgment, rather than upon mere brawn and muscle, that the Battersea shell-maker depends for her reputation.

Addresses of Schools in London or the provinces can be had from the Ministry of Munitions, Training Department, 6, Whitehall Gardens, S.W.

Our gallant troops in the various war areas, and our splendid Navy, have their spells of leisure, and we very gladly ask our readers to think of the Camps Library when they have read their *Illustrated London News*, and take them, unwrapped and unaddressed, to any post-office, whence they will be sent to the Central Depot, which will forward them, free, to the troops and sailors. The Postmaster-General has been asked by Sir Edward Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther, Chairman and Secretary of the Camps Library, to impress upon the public the need for a continual supply of magazines for sailors and soldiers.

LITERATURE.

Lafcadio Hearn's Lectures.

University lectures seldom bear publication, and even when they do sustain the ordeal of the press they are usually retouched beforehand by the lecturer, for better or worse. Lafcadio Hearn's discourses, however, come to us just as he spoke them to his students in Tokio, for he never, as far as we know, contemplated publication. But

mann) fill two great volumes formidable in appearance, but most delectable in perusal, and from the circumstances of delivery very remarkable and unusual in matter and manner. Hearn, expounding English literature to the Japanese, used no notes, but talked in an easy conversational style out of the fulness of his knowledge and the originality of his mind. He never feared to digress, and his digressions are often his most pregnant and salient passages. While he threw off fine literary criticisms, he at the same time kept

literature in view as the guide of life, and, in a sense, lectured, from his text of the day, on moral philosophy. Standing between East and West, he sought to interpret the thought of the West to his Oriental students, and he did so with ripe discrimination and marvellous sympathy with both worlds. The better to explain Shelley's position, he goes with very intimate detail into the history of the poet's extraordinary domestic life, and sets before the Japanese the puzzle of the Western (and, in particular, the British) attitude towards conjugal irregularity. It is all done with such supreme skill and insight that one can hardly imagine the Japanese failing to grasp the manifold contradictions. Again, Byron provides an apt excursus on the struggle between cosmic and religious law, the strife between material force and virtue. Hearn seems to have regarded Byron as an unconscious precursor of evolutionary doctrine. He illustrates the power of unscrupulous might by an apologue of the contrasted rewards of petty larceny and of wholesale swindling. The Tokio students of English literature came in for much enlightenment of a kind they little expected, and their knowledge of Western manners and customs must have made valuable progress. Yet all was presented in the light of their own thought. The avengers of Hypatia are kinsmen of the Samurai, and Kingsley's muscular Christianity is "no more English than Japanese, but simply the exposition of what religion ought to be for a gentleman of any country

or any faith." Helped by such illustrations, young academic Japan possibly came very near an exact understanding of the lecturer's meaning. On the purely literary side of his work Hearn was no less illuminating. His lecturing on prose or verse concerns itself

(Continued serial.)



A MARCH-PAST OF THE CITY OF LONDON VOLUNTEERS: THE LORD MAYOR TAKES THE SALUTE.

On Saturday, November 4, the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Wakefield, opened the new headquarters of the City of London Territorial Association, in Finsbury Square, of which he is President, and referred to the Territorials having "made glorious history." The Lord Mayor gave a luncheon at the Mansion House, at which Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd proposed his health. Our photograph shows the Lord Mayor taking the salute at the march-past of the 2nd Battalion of the City of London Volunteer Regiment.—(Photograph by A. G. G.)

the industry of several of his Japanese disciples, building better than they knew when they took their minute and patient notes in the class-room, has provided a memorial of Lafcadio Hearn which is as welcome as it was unpremeditated. "Interpretations of Literature" (Heine-

"You'll burn your fingers!"

THAT cigarette's scorching all down one side. Why don't you throw it away and have one of Father's Kenilworths? I've heard him say that they're so beautifully made that they always 'draw' perfectly—no side-burns."

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

They smoke straight because the tobacco inside is straight. Look and see. Underneath the paper you'll find the mellow golden Virginia arranged in long fine strands, all laid neatly side by side. There's not a kink in it, and no dust.

Nothing but that "pure gold" which experts say is the "find" of the century among cigarette tobaccos. And the odds are that if you try a Kenilworth for yourself you'll agree with the experts this time.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/- for 20; 2/4 for 50; 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.



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It is the fresh milk food: mixed with fresh cow's milk it yields a complete diet akin to mother's milk, a diet suitable and beneficial from birth right onwards. As to the relative value of fresh milk and other forms, read the statements below.

Thought she would not live.

"At the age of 2 months she was quite a little weak, poor and fretful, as I could not get a good feed for her and many of my friends thought she would not live. But from the day I started her with Mellin's Food she gradually gained and became one of the strongest and happiest of babies that we could have. The picture of health and strength."—Mrs. W. H. St. Denis, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

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SIR THOMAS BARLOW, K.C.V.O., stated that certain maladies were introduced by sterilization. It was well known that children fed upon sterilized milk developed scurvy and rickets.

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Will you test Mellin's Food for a few days? Send your name and address and you will receive a sample with a valuable Book for Mothers, on "How to Feed Baby." Address: SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.



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'RICHMOND' Bedroom Suite.

Wardrobe. 7 ft. 6 in. high, 4 ft. wide. Full width hanging compartment, with fitted and sliding lockers. Two sliding drawers, each 4 ft. 6 in. long, and 18 in. deep. **Dressing Table.** 3 ft. 6 in. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Mirror 3 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 6 in. with 18 in. wide top. Two drawers, each 4 ft. 6 in. long, and 18 in. deep. **Washstand.** 3 ft. 6 in. high, 2 ft. 6 in. wide. 4 drawers, 2 ft. 6 in. x 18 in. deep. Two 18 in. x 18 in. basins, each with 18 in. x 18 in. mirror. Two 18 in. x 18 in. mirrors, each with 18 in. x 18 in. mirror.

Made in Walnut, enriched with Burr Walnut Panels and drawer fronts. Surmounted by fret-cut and artistic carved pediment. Two oval mirrors of Wardrobe, Dressing Table Mirrors, and Shaving Mirror are of polished and bevelled British Plate. Two Chairs are supplied with this suite.

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Every family has dozens of uses for it. Keep a tin always on hand for polishing your:

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My Dealer is



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If you want a pair of these Lotus cloth-top boots, madam," said the manageress to the old customer, "I advise you to bespeak them at once."

"Then you'll order them from the Lotus factory?"

"Oh dear no, madam. No more ordering from the factory, unfortunately. But our supply of the boots is due quite soon and we can save you a pair if you like. There is sure to be a great run on them, you see, and not enough to go round."

"Very well then. And I want mole-coloured tops."

"Sorry, madam, they are supplied only in black."

"Oh dear, I wanted mole. Still, I suppose it's wise to do as the Lotus advertisements say and take what I can get. Save me a pair then, and I'll come in, in a week or so, and try them on."

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Ditta Boots
Agents everywhere



Lotus 125—21/-
Cloth top—Black only

chiefly with the author's text. He interprets that text for its intrinsic qualities; the author's biography is made strictly subservient. He "appreciates," yet he never strays into mere frothy or windy talk. All is firm, clear, and representative of hard, reasoned thought. He knew his authors and their exact relative place; he was gifted with the most delicate sympathies and a right critical mind, alive to every form of beauty, but not enervated thereby. He attained, therefore, in the republic of letters, that ideal which Pericles held up to the Athenian citizen; and of that mental attainment, as it was realised by Lafcadio Hearn, these posthumous lectures are the precious memorial. They are, in a sense, most unacademic, yet they are models which no trainer of academic youth can afford to neglect. Most pungent and salutary are the obiter dicta. Take, for example, this (again spoken of Shelley): "When a young man first discovers, through a higher education, that certain doctrines or dogmas of a religion are unbelievable, he has really discovered a fact of very little importance to anybody but himself." Quite the right word for the audience, East or West.

"La Société de Berlin." The best way to beat an enemy is to know all about him, and even learn his language—as Gambetta once said.

Therefore it is that we welcome everything and anything which tends to throw light on the ways, customs, and character of our present antagonists. Many are the books now being written about the Germans and their policy by people who have never been out of England; but first-hand evidence is obtainable from such a writer as Miss Anne Topham, who spent eight years in the Emperor's family at Berlin as governess to his Majesty's only daughter, now the Duchess of Brunswick, and who treats us to her "Memories of the Fatherland" (Methuen) as a pendant to and continuation of her previous "Memories of the Kaiser's Court." A lady in her position would not, of course, enjoy quite the same opportunities for character-study as the Princess Catherine Radziwill, who mixed in the highest Court society, and was the first to let the secrets out of the imperial bag with her "Société de Berlin," which caused such a stir on its first appearance in the early 'eighties. But still a humble governess can learn and understand much if she keeps her eyes and ears open, and Miss Topham is clearly pretty well gifted this way. It is, of course, a difficult thing—human nature being what it is—for anyone to write charitably about friends and entertainers who are now our bitterest enemies; but it must be



"IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR": THE RUSSIAN GENERAL GILINSKI DECORATING RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE.

The inscription over the shop-front indicates where the parade was held. General Gilinski, an officer of the Russian General Staff, has been for months the special Russian Army representative on the Western Front. He is seen in profile, wearing a Russian general's double-strap sash down the side of his breeches.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON FOR THE NEW ZEALAND PREMIER: MR. MASSEY AND THE LORD MAYOR INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF NEW ZEALANDERS.

The presentation to the Premier of New Zealand took place in the Library of the Guildhall on November 6 with the traditional ceremonial, before the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Aldermen and Common Councilors, and many distinguished guests. The guard of honour paraded in front of the Guildhall.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

owned that this lady memoirist is far from being spiteful or malicious, but records her impressions with singular fairness and accuracy, apart from such errors as her ascription of Scottish ancestry to General Mackensen, "the descendant of a certain Mackenzie who many years ago settled in West Prussia"—an exploded myth—and her belief that the "Paradeschritt," or prancing goose-step, "was invented by Frederick the Great." Perhaps Miss Topham is at her best when character-sketching the Kaiser. On the whole, her portrait is a flattering one, though she has also been careful not to leave out the warts and wrinkles. "One has to admit," she says, "that the Kaiser, though a good-looking man, is not quite so handsome as his portraits make him out to be. His nose is thick, his blue eyes rather hard and cold and shallow, excepting when they are creased in laughter, when they shine and sparkle like steel. . . . The Emperor looks a fine figure in uniform, but the greatest shock of my life—one which disillusioned me in a moment, as it were—was a sight of him in ordinary civilian tourist clothes. His Majesty was almost unrecognisable. . . . His clothes looked like a bad disguise. Many German gentlemen lose much in appearance when out of uniform, but none to the extent that the Emperor does, for he no longer has any shred of dignity, and, curiously enough, the charm of manner of which I have spoken is also bereft of its influence, merging into what seems an offensive and wearisome buffoonery. William is wise not to appear before his subjects excepting in uniform." Miss Topham went to Berlin with certain strong prepossessions in favour of the Emperor; but alas! the scales were fated to fall from her hero-worshipping eyes. "Personally, though I found the Emperor to be extraordinarily jolly and agreeable, not in the least as stern and grave as I had expected, by slow degrees I became convinced that he did not even approximate to the great man I had hitherto believed him to be"—just as so many valets, according to Voltaire and Carlyle, have come to lament the lack of heroism in their masters. The Kaiser had too much "side," as she says, and was too confoundedly "swanky" to please his daughter's tutoress entirely, who, for the rest, does not offer us much—or, indeed, any—illumination as to the Emperor's share in bringing about the war, which is precisely what we all want to know. His portrait and that of the Empress, forming the frontispiece to this most interesting volume, is clearly in the nature of a photographic curio.

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MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE
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The only remedy for the hair that has stood the Test of Time. It may be had in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowland's, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

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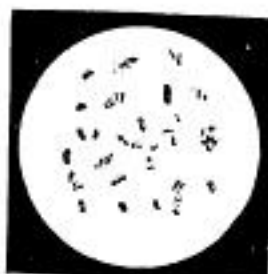
an efficient precautionary measure



From an actual Microphotograph of the Bacillus Diphtheriae—magnified one-hundred times—in the Bacteriological Laboratory.

This is the Diphtheria Bacillus which may attack you.

Amongst the tiny organisms which infest the air, this is one which scientists have definitely isolated and examined microscopically; learning its nature Bacteriologists also learn its weakness—and have recommended Evans' Pastilles as a thoroughly useful agent in preparing the mouth and tonsils against possible attack of the Diphtheria Bacillus.



From an actual Microphotograph of the Bacillus Influenzae—magnified one-hundred times—in the Bacteriological Laboratory.

This is a picture of your enemy—the Influenza Bacillus.

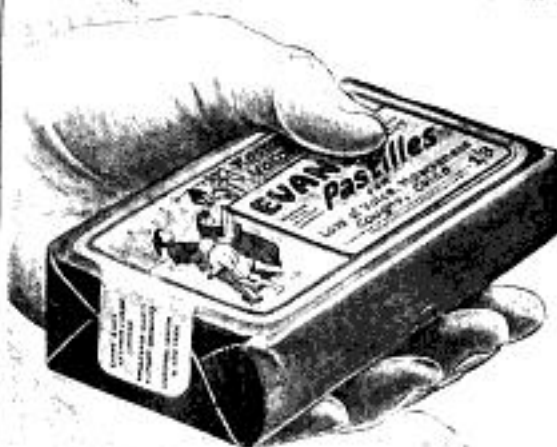
Bacteriologists to-day have enabled us to see and recognise many of the tiny organisms that make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat.

To recognise our common enemy—to classify him—ascertain his habits and mode of attack—has been the aim of modern scientists; and in establishing precautions against these deadly micro-organisms, leading scientists recommend the use of—

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.

Every man and woman needs these handy, easily-taken Pastilles—not only as a cure for sore throat, catarrh, loss of voice, etc., but also as a sound and definite precaution against the myriads of deadly microbes encountered in the day's work.



To be obtained from Chemists and Stores—everywhere.

1/3

Per Tin.

Warning See the raised bar. Genuine Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each Pastille—which is registered.



An efficient Preventive against Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, and all Throat Trouble.

TRENCH ODOURS: These famous pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

Post Free

Order a box at once for yourself or your soldier or sailor friend. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write, enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the Pastilles will be sent direct by return.

Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
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For the Nurse and Munition Workers.

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers and doing all kinds of rough work, they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and chapped. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use, a good sized bottle lasting over 100. You can get it at all chemists and stores.



PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by using a pinch of "La-rola Rose Blush," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

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You can taste the delicious Oriental fruits and spices which are blended with Pure Malt Vinegar.

Everybody likes the new and delightful flavour of the one and only

H.P. SAUCE

Buy a bottle to-day.

Of all Grocers.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Future of British Fuel. It is heartening to know that the matter of our supplies of motor-fuel, and particularly of the pressing problem of a source of supply that will render us more or less independent of overseas imports, is receiving a full measure of attention. The lesson of the war has been well taken

to petrol. Not that the supplies will be sufficiently large to enable us to do without petrol; but I think we may look forward to a production of benzol equal to 25 per cent. of our total fuel requirements, which is a long step in the right direction.

Benzol and Alcohol. That it is possible to produce at home all the motor-fuel required in the absence of petrol the Germans have shown us. I believe it is a fact that they are running the whole of their military motor transport on a mixture of 50 per cent. each of benzol and alcohol. Experiment in this country has demonstrated that such a mixture gives results equal to petrol in terms of power, speed, and mileage per gallon, without alteration in the design of motor or carburettor. Of course, we cannot, on account of the Excise restrictions on the manufacture of alcohol, produce it at a price which will make its use as a motor-fuel commercially possible. Whether these restrictions are likely to be modified after the war, may be open to doubt. We shall be looking for new sources of revenue rather than contemplating the remission of existing taxation. But the matter is one of urgency, since the motor-car has long passed the stage when it was regarded as the toy of the rich. It has become the transport of the country, and thus a national interest that will have to be taken on its merits. If the solution of the fuel problem is in duty-free alcohol, then we must have duty-free alcohol, since it is a matter of vital necessity that we should be able to produce, at any rate, the major part of our total fuel requirements.

Shale Spirit. There is another source of supply to which a good deal of attention is being directed at the present time. This is contained in the shale deposits of the eastern and south-western counties. As is well known, the Scottish shales have in the past yielded a considerable amount of a somewhat heavy motor-spirit, and there does not appear to be any reason why the deposits

of Norfolk and the Isle of Purbeck should not prove to be a valuable source of supply. There is talk already of developing the Norfolk deposits, and before the war there was a tentative scheme afoot for working the Kimmeridge shales of Dorset. I do not know precisely what amount of experiment has been carried out with a view to determining the proportion of the lighter hydrocarbons that can be produced from these shales. Probably it is not high; but, whatever it may be, some quantity should be available to assist in a solution of the main problem of producing our own motor-fuel. That is, if the schemes that are toward for the development of the shale deposits are pursued as we are assured they will be.

Big Price for a Car. One of the "Grand Prix" Vauxhall cars has just changed hands for the trifle of £2300! Evidently the war has not locked up all the spare cash in the country!—W. W.

The series of clever Dickens pictures which Mr. Frank Reynolds painted for Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., 24, Holborn, E.C., has been very popular.



BRINGERS-DOWN OF ZEPPELINS: TWO FAMOUS AIRMEN IN A VAUXHALL CAR. In the Vauxhall car in our photograph are to be seen Captains Robinson, V.C., at the wheel, who brought down the Zeppelin at Cullifly in September; and with him is Sec. Lieut. Sowrey, D.S.O., who, three weeks later, achieved a similar feat, when two Zeppelins were accounted for in one night.

to heart in this respect we know, and one hears of all sorts of projects for post-war enterprise along the lines of a home-produced fuel. We have at hand two principal sources of supply that at least promise well, and both of which had been to a certain extent investigated before the war. The first of these is benzol. It will be remembered that this by-product of the coke-ovens and gas-works had made some amount of progress in motoring favour, when the war came and gave us all other matters to think of than the popularisation of a motor-fuel that needed a fair amount of propaganda to bring into appreciable use. Moreover, the whole available supply of benzol became needed in the manufacture of explosives, and automatically ceased to be available for motoring. This in itself will ultimately redound to the benefit of benzol as a motor-fuel, inasmuch as its production has enormously increased; and the much larger supplies that will be available when the war is over should result in its becoming a real rival



A CHARMING ACTRESS AND HER NAPIER CAR: MISS DORIS KEANE. The charming young actress who is seen stepping out of her Napier car, which she selected for its silent and smooth-running qualities, is a huge favourite with London audiences, whom she took captive when she first appeared as the heroine of "Romance." Miss Doris Keane is an American by birth.

and the company has forwarded to the Red Cross Society £100, the proceeds of the sale of their excellent Portfolio of the pictures.

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of the figure.

*Medical
Reports:*

Association des Sciences
(Paris, June 25, 1904)
Académie de Médecine
(Paris, Dec. 21, 1906)



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Renews Youth.



LIFE'S WEAR AND TEAR.

The human body is a delicate and complicated machine, whose regular functioning depends chiefly upon the regular circulation of the blood through the intricate maze of blood vessels, the motive force being provided by the heart.

Unfortunately, the human machine, like any other machine, suffers from wear and tear, so that the waste products so produced obstruct the free circulation of the blood. Circulation is more difficult on account of the blood being rendered viscous, and also because the vessels become hardened by the impurities deposited, and transformed into the semblance of "clay-piping." The normal channels of elimination of these poisons also become gradually less adequate to their functions. Lastly, the heart itself fails.

It is therefore necessary to keep the blood in a perfect state of purity and fluidity, to regulate arterial tension, and to eliminate the poisons that are liable to clog the vessels. These are precisely the effects obtained by the regular use of URODONAL, recommended by (e.g.) Prof. Laverrière, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine.

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Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL,
Paris Faculty of Medicine.

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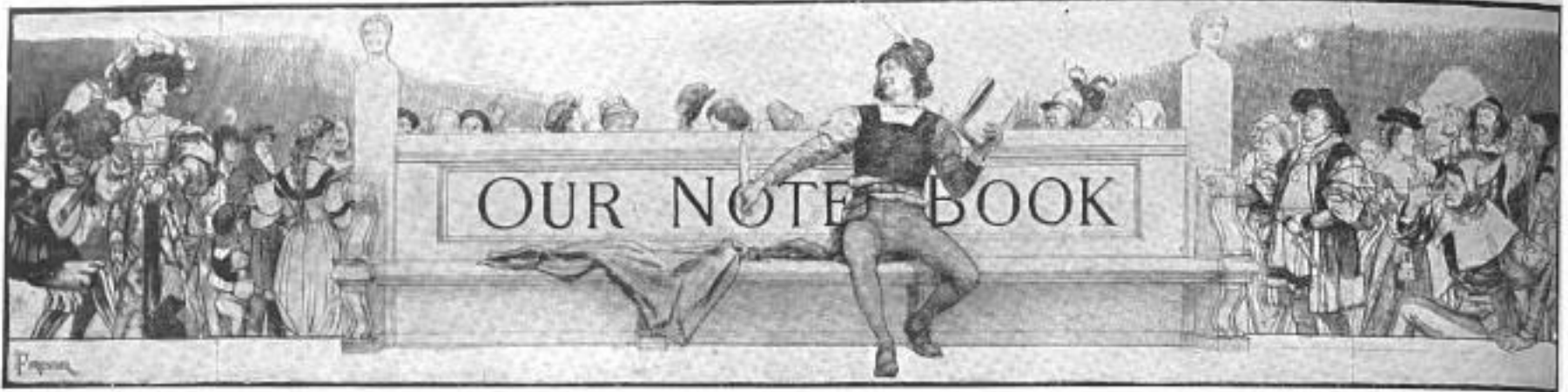


ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: A SERBIAN ROCKET-MAN.

Rockets, which were associated before the war chiefly with the Fifth of November and its now defunct festivities, are, of course, largely used in the war for lighting up enemy positions, or signalling. This Serbian rocket-man is necessarily a "lonely soldier." Rockets must not be sent up from points to which it is undesirable to attract the enemy's attention. The rocket-man consequently has to work on his own account in a more or

less isolated spot. This stalwart Serbian, with his steel helmet, long overcoat, and sheaf of rockets, forms a striking and picturesque figure. As mentioned elsewhere in this number, the Serbians have recently won another victory over the Bulgarians, taking many prisoners and much war material, and repulsing several counter-attacks by night. This latest success was won on the Monastir front.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN several discussions of late I have found that my friends and enemies do not always understand the nature of an analogy. It is natural to use a figure of speech; it is pardonable, I think, to turn it into a figure of fun; but there are some people who cannot use an image without turning it into an idol. They could not hear a house called a white elephant without walking round it to look for its tusks. They could not learn that an orchard was a bone of contention without asking a botanist whether trees are really vertebrates. For them the goose of a wild-goose chase has feathers; and the dog in the manger has a dog-collar and a dog-licence. I will not lecture them about logic, or give a series of addresses on extrinsic and intrinsic analogies; I will merely say that it is a good safeguard in such cases to shift the imagery fairly often, so as to make sure that the principle involved applies to all illustrations and not merely to one. It marks our excessive idolatry of form that our critics have a particular horror of a mixed metaphor—a horror which was by no means shared by Shakespeare. Yet a mixed metaphor is much better than what may be called a monomaniac metaphor. Above all, a mixed metaphor is very much better than a mixed idea. This has been half the trouble of some of our politicians and journalists in dealing with the Irish. The Irish bull is often in substance a very solid and formidable animal; while the sort of British Lion which these men oppose to it is heraldically consistent, but intrinsically fabulous.

There is one figure of speech, however, which I happened to use last week to which I will return here, because it happens to be topical both to correct and to expand it. I had occasion to observe that in one respect a great war was like a railway collision. As with any simile, it is needless to point out the numberless other respects in which it is not in the least like a railway collision. To begin to approach a full parallel, for instance, it would be necessary to suppose that at least one engine-driver went mad and wanted a collision. For the Pacifist theory that a thing like the great war can be a great accident is against common-sense. It is a lack of imagination—of that most vital sort of imagination which can imagine the reality. When a man writes an ultimatum, he does not prevent his left hand knowing what his right hand doeth; nor does he recall an Ambassador from one end of Europe to the other in a fit of absence of mind. The Council of War at Berlin was not a hypnotic seance. The army that crossed the Belgian frontier was not an army of somnambulists. The German General did not take the city of Liège as the man in the story took the Moonstone, under the influence of opium. This death-grapple of dynastic and democratic wills was not something which simply happened while all men slept; and to let such natural phrases as a crash or a collapse convince us that it was is to be the slave of a metaphor instead of its master. Nevertheless, there are certain respects in which the symbol of a collision is correct and useful; one of them I used last week, and another I will use here. It concerns the very practical point that the quarrel, which is an old story for most belligerents, is often comparatively new to neutrals.

If an express train shooting from Aberdeen to London shatters itself against some accidental obstruction somewhere in Hertfordshire, the mere look of the wreck might well leave a chance spectator, arriving late, in doubt even about the direction of the train or trains. Bars and boards, and even whole

carriages, might be lying in the direction of all points of the compass; and the spectator might well form the opinion that the whole train had been going, not from Aberdeen to London, but even from London to Aberdeen. There might well be nothing to tell the tale of its long travelling, day and night, through the grey moors of Scotland or Yorkshire to the red villages of the South. There are still in the world a certain number of neutrals, especially American neutrals, arriving in a philosophic sense rather late on the scene, to whom the great war is thus a mere débris, with all fragments pointing in all directions. The struggle has, so to speak, thrown everything at a new angle to everything else; and it is about this supreme question of direction that many are still in doubt.

than there is that the Thames is an inland pond. The German Empire was caught red-handed; and yet the same catastrophe that has consummated its ruin has partly concealed its crime.

Information has reached me recently, from neutrals of distinction who are themselves cognisant of the truth and therefore convinced of the Allies' case, which shows that there are quite a surprising number of people, especially in the Middle-Western States of America, who have in this sense only just heard of the war. Largely ignorant even of the most recent Continental history, they see nothing in front of them but a smash, with the sticks lying in all directions. They see one Balkan kingdom against another; one part of the Mohammedan world against another; of the position of Greece, of Ireland, of Sweden, they can make neither head nor tail. Jews, wandering all over the world, tell them tales against Russia; yet the same Jews are by no means always favourable to Germany. This is the sort of tangle which we have now to straighten out; not so much that neutrals may help us in catching the criminal as that they may not hinder us in punishing him.

Of all these facts the most sensational is this: that the overturn has hurled the Prussian prostrate at the feet of the Pole. He is offering the Pole autonomy and alliance—in other words, he is begging the Pole for mercy. For anyone who has ever read a line of past history in the matter, the scene is not only the best of all possible jokes upon the Prussian supremacy, but the best of all possible proofs of the Prussian despair. But the innocent American from the Middle-West, strolling up for the first time, cannot be expected to know that the group he is looking at is like that of Mr. Legree grovelling at the feet of Uncle Tom. He does not know that in this case a mere accident has forced a persistently and quite abnormally cruel master to ask the help of a persistently and quite abnormally tortured slave. It may very well seem to the chance onlooker that the Prussian is making a fairly handsome offer, and that the Pole is a churl to refuse it. For the moment, therefore, we shall do well to dwell, whenever possible, on the true story and the true need of Poland. The true story of Poland is that it was lawlessly divided under the direct instigation and special insistence of a Prussian King. The true need of Poland is that it should be reunited in such a way as to leave not a thread of connection with any Prussian King. If Poland is not really and wholly reunited, if one part of it remains Prussian and another part semi-Prussian, Prussia has won her only real victory since she lost the Battle of the Marne.

In the Polish question, as in the Jewish question, these neutrals ought to realise what is one of the first great facts of the war. It is that even those most inclined to regard Russia as a tyrant must admit that she entered this war in the character of a liberator. Russia went to war to defend a small independent State whose independence she had herself created; she did not merely, like Prussia and Austria, cry out in her last agony for the help of one whose independence she had herself destroyed. The Russian's attitude towards small nationalities is at the worst inconsistent; it cannot be simply hypocritical. The German's attitude is simply and solely hypocritical. If the Poles are intelligent (and they are among the most intelligent men in Europe), they will see that Russia at least possesses generous principles that may be extended in the future; while Prussia has nothing but savage principles, which may be suspended for an hour



THE VICTOR OF DOUAUMONT: GENERAL MANGIN, WHO COMMANDED THE INFANTRY ATTACK IN THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE AT VERDUN.

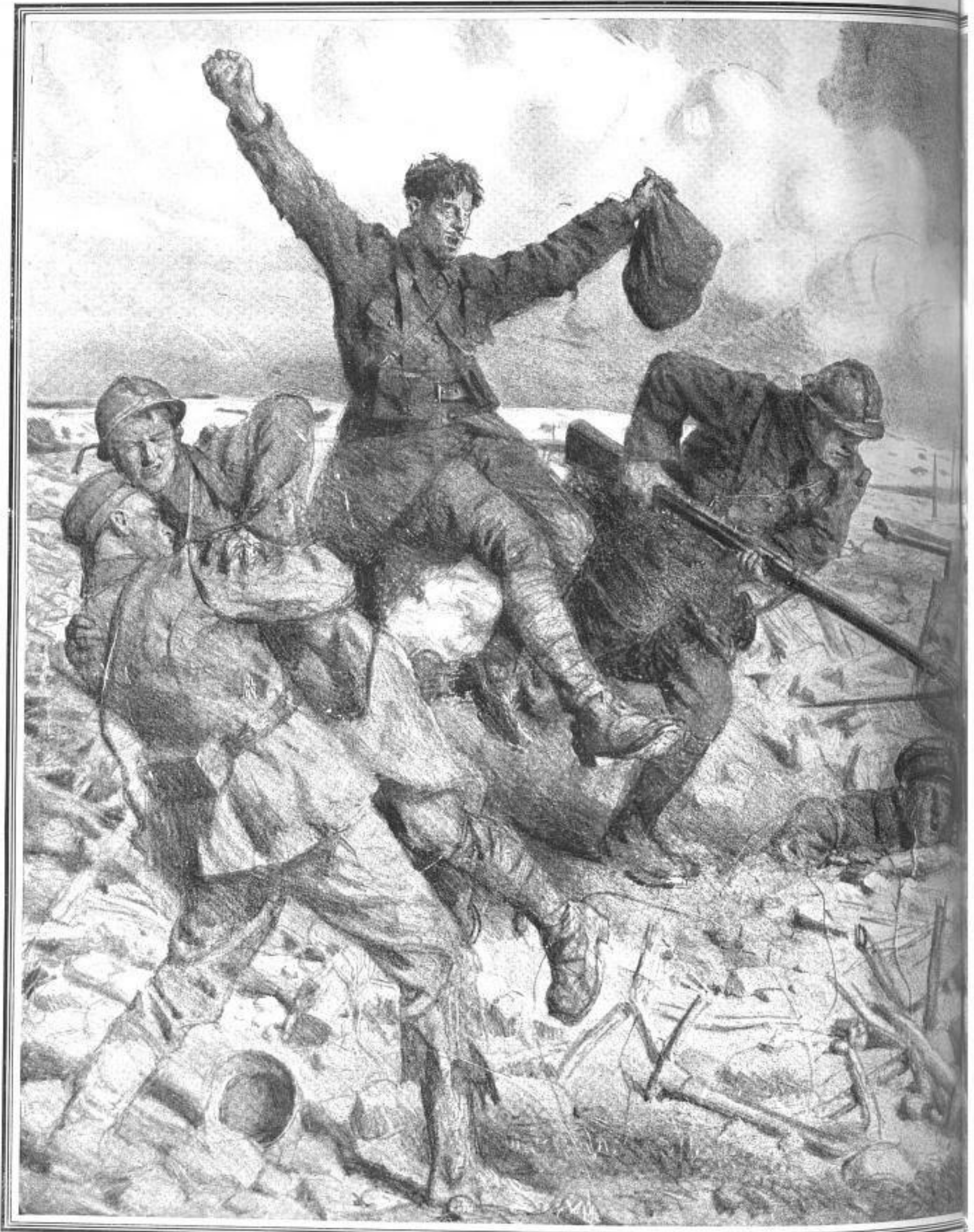
General Mangin played a great part in the historic French victory before Verdun on October 24. He was entrusted by General Pétain with the command of the infantry attack, which had such splendid results. Under him, besides reserves, were three Divisions, comprising men from various parts of France, a Colonial contingent, and a battalion of Senegalese. The recapture of Fort Douaumont was the great achievement of the day.

And yet for anyone who was on the scene before the collision there is not even the shadow of a doubt. Not for two days, but for two centuries, the Prussian locomotive had sped thundering through the world, scarcely for an instant slackening its pace and never by a hair's-breadth altering its direction. It went from a village called Theft to a city called World-Empire; and everybody knew it as men know the Scotch express. An instant before the catastrophe there was no more doubt about its origin and purpose (for those who had known anything about it) than about the course of the greatest rivers on the atlas. Educated Europeans no more doubted that Prussian history flowed from aggression to aggression than they pretended that the Seine flowed southward from the sea to Paris. There was no more pretence that the modern Germans were a settled and contented people

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 4. OVERVIEW.

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THREE TO SIX; HAND-TO-HAND: A TRENCH

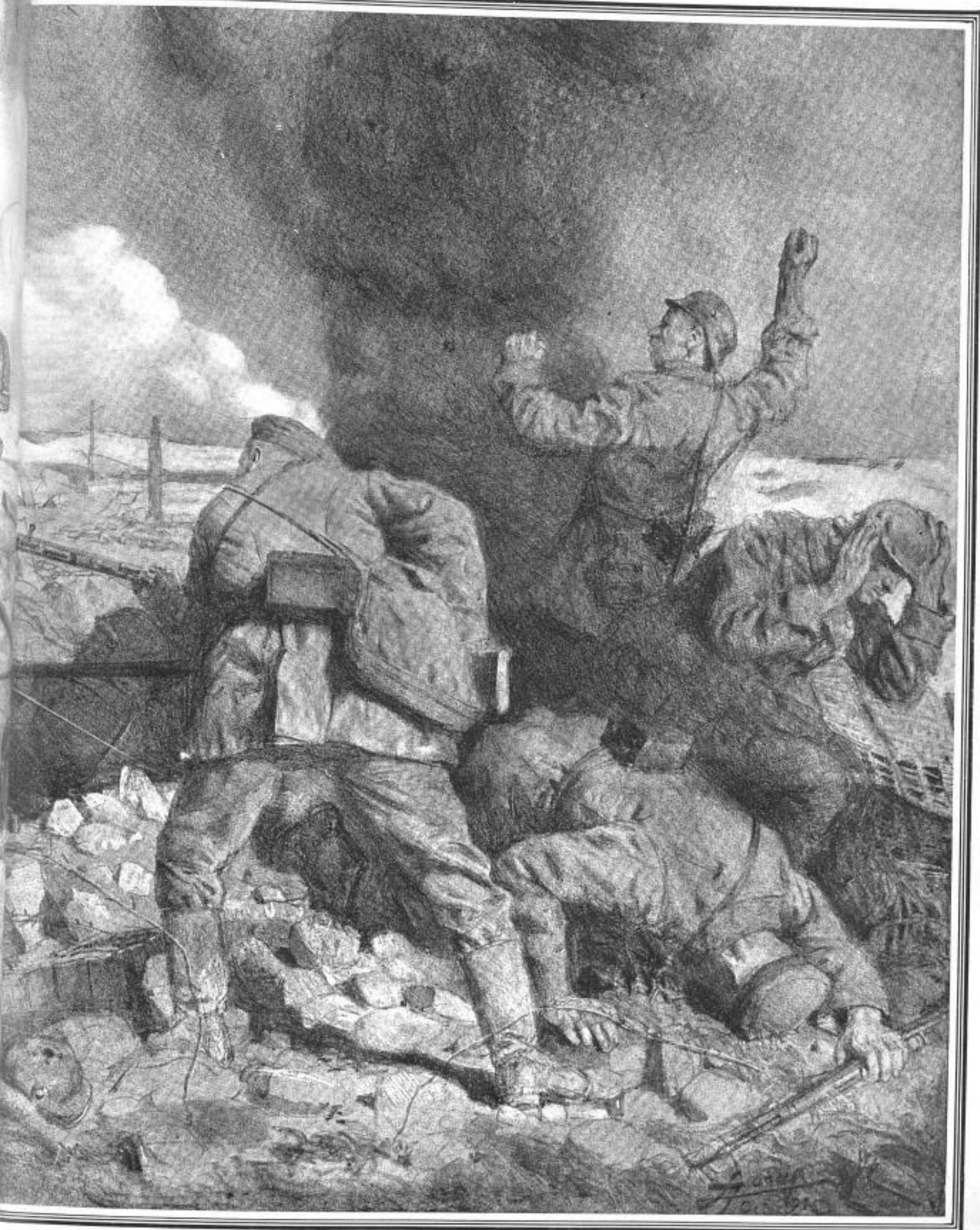


BAYONET, AND BOMBS, AND HAND-GRIPS: A FIGHT BETWEEN THREE

This epic combat of three Frenchmen against six Germans took place at the storming of Comblès in the night assault. The French captured one part of Comblès; our men, the other. Hand-to-hand encounters, mostly against odds, occurred everywhere, for the Germans were massed in their trenches round the village-fortress. The three poilus seen, charged—

A EPISODE IN THE STORMING OF COMBLES.

JONAS.



FRENCH AND SIX GERMANS IN A TRENCH FULL OF THE ENEMY.

Two with rifles and bayonets, the third with bombs. Six Germans faced them at first, but only momentarily. One Frenchman, letting go his rifle, grappled the nearest German. The second flung bombs as fast as he could get them out of the bag. The third bayoneted away right and left. Then the surviving Germans bolted. - [Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CAMERA AS CORRESPONDENT: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS 3 AND 5 FRENCH OFFICIAL; 4 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT FAIR AT FEZ BY GENERAL LYAUTEY (THIRD FROM LEFT): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION.



THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO LANDING AT A PORT FAMOUS IN RECENT HISTORY: GENERAL LYAUTEY AT AGADIR.



SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF THE RECENT SERBIAN VICTORIES: A BATCH OF 800 BULGARIAN PRISONERS CAPTURED ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.



THE CONSTANT FLOW OF GREEK VOLUNTEERS FOR THE NATIONALIST FORCES: A SHIP-LOAD OF PATRIOTS LANDING AT SALONIKA.



AFTER CONGRATULATING THE SHERIF OF MECCA ON BEHALF OF FRANCE AND THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: A MOSLEM MISSION IN PARIS.

The city of Fez has lately been the scene of many ceremonies and festivities in connection with the state visit of the Sultan of Morocco. Some of these were illustrated in our issues of November 4 and 11. General Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Morocco, opened on October 16 a great Fair in the Sultan's palace. A short time previously he paid a visit of inspection to Agadir, the famous port which figured in a memorable European crisis.—The Serbians recently followed up their previous successes with another victory over the Bulgarians on the Tchernia, capturing the village of Iven, 15 miles from Monastir. A French report of November 13 stated: "The number of prisoners counted

so far exceeds 1000. . . . Since September 12 the Germano-Bulgarians have left in the hands of the Allies 6000 prisoners, 72 guns, and 50 machine-guns."—At the time of the Holy Carpet Pilgrimage to Mecca, a special mission sent by the French Government, visited that city, headed by Si Kaddour Ben Ghabbit, adviser to the Sultan of Morocco, to congratulate the Grand Sherif of Mecca on having shaken off the Turkish yoke. They were delighted with their reception, and said afterwards that they and their people in Morocco and Algeria would support the Grand Sherif whole-heartedly. In our photograph Si Kaddour Ben Ghabbit has on his left Si Ahmed Skiredj.

WAR FUNCTIONS AT HOME: IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL; AND IN BUCKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND L.N.A.



THE FLAG OF H.M.S. "CHESTER" ("JACK CORNWELL'S SHIP") HUNG IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE MAYOR AND CIVIC PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.



THE FLAG OF H.M.S. "CHESTER" HUNG IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE CRUISER'S JUTLAND BATTLE-ENSIGN AS IT NOW HANGS.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE "DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MILITARY HOSPITAL" IN BUCKS: THE DUCHESS AND PRINCESS PATRICIA.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE "DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MILITARY HOSPITAL" IN BUCKS: THE DUKE TALKING TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The ensign of H.M. cruiser "Chester," on board which the heroic boy, Jack Cornwell, V.C., was mortally wounded, was dedicated and hung in Chester Cathedral on November 12. The Dean received the flag, the first naval trophy in Chester Cathedral. In addition to the Mayor and Corporation, who attended in state, a naval detachment and military officers, including the General in charge of the Western Command, were present. The local Volunteers attended, under Lord Arthur Grosvenor. Mrs. Cornwell was specially invited as the city's guest, but, owing to the state of her health after the shock of losing both

her son and her husband, she was unable to be present.—The Duke of Connaught, in company with the Duchess and Princess Patricia, paid an informal visit to the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital in Bucks, on November 11, thus making the first visit to a military hospital in England he has had the opportunity of paying since his return from Canada. The royal party went all over the hospital wards and precincts, stopping to converse with the patients in very many cases. The Duchess is seen walking in advance in the course of her inspection, with Princess Patricia and a staff nurse following.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRENFORD, KOSACK, BARNETT, LAFAYETTE (GLASGOW), W. AND D. DOWNEY, LANGFORD, ROBINSON, AND PASSANO.



LIEUT. J. K. M. GREER,
Irish Guards. Son of Mr. J. M. Greer,
of Ballymore, Co. Antrim, Ireland.
Died of wounds.



LIEUT. L. A. WHILLIER,
Suffolk Regt. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Alfred Whillier, of
Clapham, S.W.



2nd LT. DORMER TREFFRY,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
Mr. Charles Treffry, Fowey,
and replew of Lady Garriagh.



LT. COL. J. O'BRIEN MINOGUE, C.M.G.,
W. Yorks Regt. Served with distinction in
Furma, Ashanti, Tibet, and Melmand
country.



LIEUT. A. LESLIE PLATTS,
Suffolk Regt. Son of late Mr. Arthur Platts,
Gainsborough, and of Mrs. George Platts,
The Clock House, Parkside, Wimbledon.



LT. F. STUART LONG,
S. Lancs Regt. Son of Rev.
Francis Long, Worsleyham,
Vicarage, Northwich.



LT. M. R. HOOD MORLEY,
K.O. Yorkshire L.I. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. A. Noel Morley,
Wimbledon Hill, Surrey.



2nd LT.
W. CLIFFORD HALES,
R. Berks Regt. Son of Mr.
W. H. Hales, Wimbledon.



LIEUT. KEITH PATRICK,
Highland Light Infantry. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Patrick, Trafford Park, Bishop-Briggs,
Lancs.



LIEUT. J. F. J. JOICEY-CECIL,
Grenadier Guards. Son of Colonel Lord Joicey
and of Lady Joicey-Cecil, of Chate,
Luton, Bedford.



CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER
CARRINGTON,
N. Zealand Art. Son of late
Dean of Christchurch, N.Z.



MAJOR
LORD LLANGATTOCK,
R.F.A. Son of late Baron
and Lady Llangattock.



CAPT. E. P. ORR EWING,
Scots Guards. Son of Sir
Archibald and the Hon. Lady
Orr Ewing, of Leuchton.



CAPTAIN BRIAN BROOKE,
Gordon Highlanders. Has been officially
reported as having died of wounds received
in action.



LIEUT. COL. HUGH HILL, M.V.O., D.S.O.,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Son of late Mr.
James Eardley Hill, barrister-at-law, and of
Mrs. Gerald Shepperton.



2nd LT. W. A. M. RIVEN,
Royal Flying Corps. Eldest
son of Mr. A. Y. Riven, of
Johannesburg.



LT. R. H. SPINNEY,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. Spinney, of
Honor Oak. Died of wounds.



2nd LT.
FRANK SPINNEY,
Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Spinney, Honor Oak, S.E.



MAJOR F. R. COLLIS,
R.F.A. Was a keen all-round sportsman
and Vice-Captain of the 2nd North Stafford
Rugby Club.



LIEUT. E. M. B. CAMBIE,
K.O. Yorkshire Light In-
fantry. Son of Rev. S. R.
Cambie, Rector of Otley.



LT. G. C. HODGKINSON,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of
Mr. R. E. Hodgkinson, J.P.,
Rotherham.



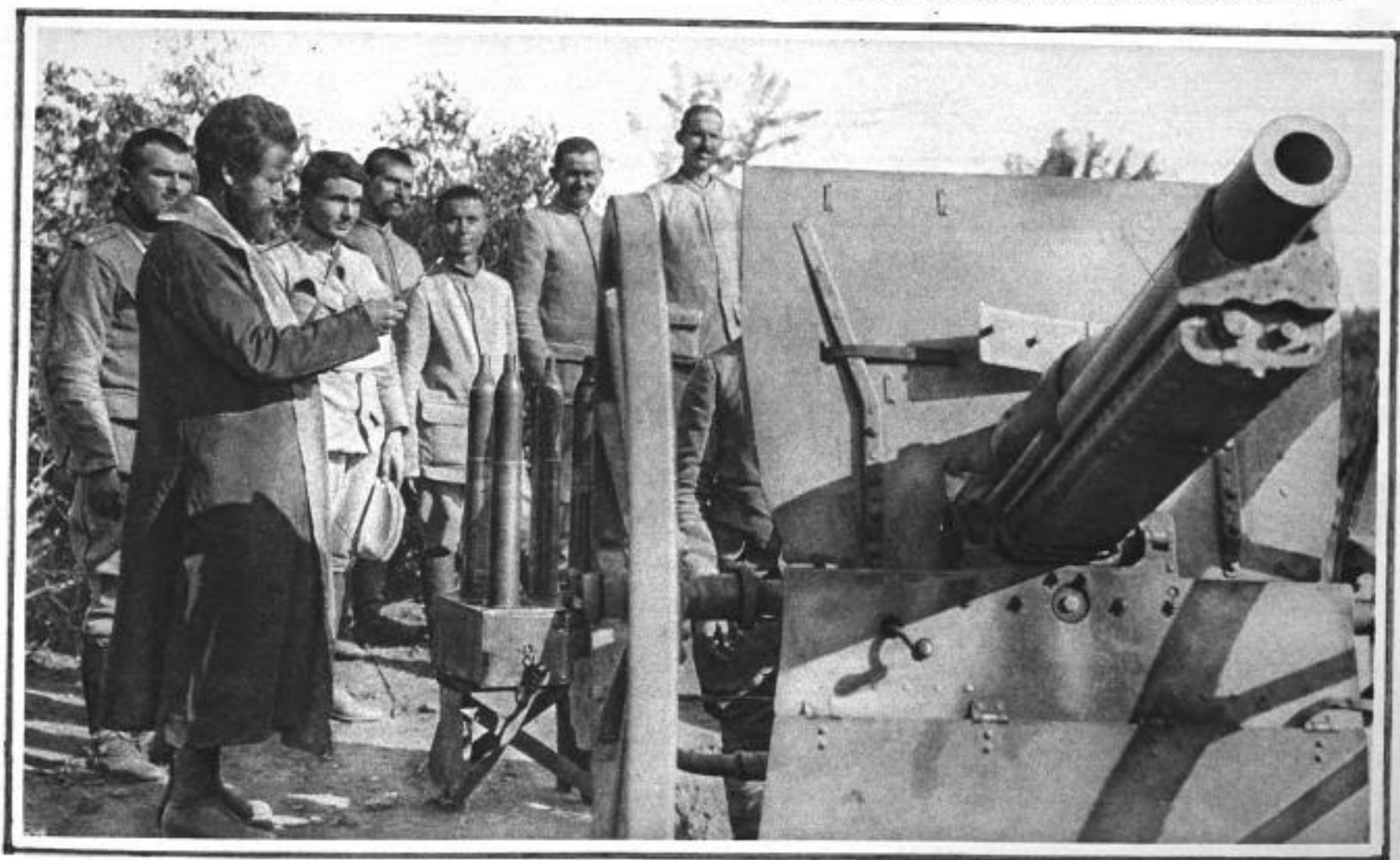
2nd LT. BERNARD LYCETT,
Northamptonshire Regt. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lycett,
of Wolverley, Worcestershire.

BLESSING A GUN: RELIGION IN THE VICTORIOUS SERBIAN ARMY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



A SERBIAN 6-INCH HOWITZER IN ACTION ON THE BALKAN FRONT: THE MOMENT OF FIRING—SHOWING ONE GUNNER STOPPING HIS EARS.



RELIGION AND GUNNERY: A SERBIAN "PADRE" BLESSING THE 6-INCH HOWITZER BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF AN OFFENSIVE.

In the Serbian Army, as in the Russian, religion enters closely into the soldier's daily life and work, and it helps him to fight all the better in the justest of all causes, the recovery of his invaded country. Splendid news was received in a Serbian report of November 11, which stated: "Our troops on the Tchernia carried out on the 10th inst. a series of attacks against the enemy, which, notwithstanding his stubborn resistance, were crowned with complete success. . . . Besides enormous losses, the enemy left in our hands 600 prisoners and about a dozen officers. The enemy, also, had to abandon all

his artillery on the Chuke, as well as several mortars and field-guns between our lines and those of the enemy. A mountain-gun, a dozen machine-guns, and an enormous quantity of material have already been recovered by our troops." Later, a Reuter message of the 12th from the Serbian headquarters said: "The Bulgars, reinforced by fresh troops newly arrived, counter-attacked the Chuke positions during the night. . . . The Serbian troops not only stemmed the counter-attacks, but made progress northward, pursuing the enemy and captured 1000 fresh prisoners . . . and much war material."

CHURCHES IN THE BATTLE AREA: HALF UNDERGROUND—AND IN RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WITH ONLY ITS ROOF AND ISOLATED BELFRY ABOVE GROUND: "OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES," CONSTRUCTED IN A PIT AT MESNIL-LES-HURLUS.



NEAR THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHAULNES, ON THE SOMME FRONT: THE RUINS OF THE HISTORIC PARISH CHURCH OF LIHONS.

The first illustration shows what is surely a unique building. The Church of Le Mesnil-les-Hurlus, in the middle of the battle-area in Champagne, perished with the village, under artillery bombardment. Only its bell escaped. To replace the church for the peasantry of the neighbourhood who remained, the 3rd Battalion of Chasseurs à Pied, quartered near by, built a new church of timber, setting most of it below ground as shown. Only the roof appears above the surface, so as to offer the least conspicuous

target possible to the enemy's artillery. To the new structure the name of Notre Dame des Tranchées (Our Lady of the Trenches) has been given. The former church-bell has been hung, as will be seen, in a wooden belfry at one side of the church.—In the second illustration we see the gaunt ruins which are all that remain of the former fine, historic church of Lihons, a small township on the south side of the River Somme. Lihons is in the neighbourhood of the battlefield at Chaulnes, south of Péronne.

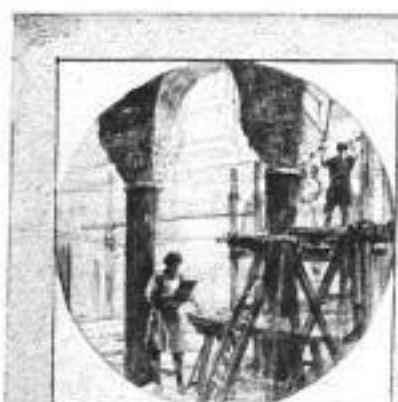
MADE A DAILY TARGET BY THE GERMANS: VERDUN CATHEDRAL.



SHOWING GERMAN PRISONERS: AT NOTRE DAME DE VERDUN, WHICH THE ENEMY HAVE SHELLED WITHOUT CEASING, TO REVENGE DEFEAT.

It is not thanks to the enemy that there exists as much of Verdun Cathedral as is seen here! The Germans have done their utmost to mar it as badly as they have marred Rheims, but, for some reason or another, without attaining their object. As related some time since by a correspondent in the French lines at Verdun, after the final check to their attacks on the French main position in the summer, the Germans appeared day after day to be making a special target of Verdun Cathedral. They seemed to be bent on taking revenge on it, firing at its towers for hours daily with both incendiary and

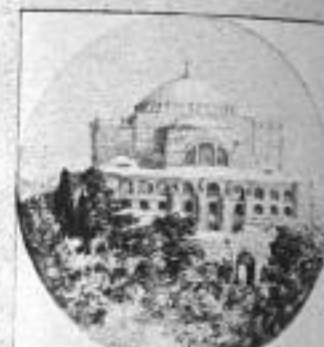
high-explosive shells. Yet comparatively few hits were counted. That the enemy have not done more damage to at least the exterior of the edifice than appears, may possibly be partly due to the long range of the bombardment. Perhaps, also, it is due in part to the powers of hitting-back possessed by the French Verdun batteries disconcerting the enemy's gunners. Verdun Cathedral stands up prominently in the higher part of the city. In the illustration, part of a column of German prisoners, taken in a recent enemy defeat by Thiaumont, is seen mustered in the Cathedral square.



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WARRIORS' BADGES.

DURING the last few days London has been honoured by the presence of some of our kinsmen from Nova Scotia. While awaiting their call to the grim work which has drawn them from their distant homes, they have rightly taken

though a most remarkable animal, is by no means a handsome one, being white in hue, and having a clumsy-looking head, insignificant horns, and short, heavy legs. Furthermore, it has the disadvantage of being a nondescript sort of creature, for it is neither sheep nor goat, but reminiscent of both.

Australia, in this respect, has at least half-a-dozen

are two of the most wonderful of birds, though the first-named has long since become extinct, having been exterminated by the Maoris. They were remarkable not merely for the gigantic size which some species attained, but also for the fact that in some not only the wing, but also the shoulder girdle which supported it, had vanished. In no other bird, living or extinct, has the de-

generation of the wing gone so far as this, though that of the kiwi runs it very close, being quite invisible till carefully hunted out from among the feathers. The flightless owl-parrot, or the kea, or the strange huia-bird, might have been chosen. These, however, are species familiar enough to the New Zealander, but apt to puzzle those not versed in ornithological lore. Finally, New Zealand is also the home of the most famous and remarkable of living reptiles, the tuatara, or sphenodon, the only living member of an extinct race of lizard-like creatures, and it has the merit of lending itself to artistic treatment as a badge.

To judge from a recent "Flag-day," Africa is represented by the spring-buck. Really, the antelopes officially chosen are the oryx, or gems-buck, and thegnu, which are characteristic enough. But here again the possible choice is rather bewildering, for the ostrich, Cape buffalo, lion, giraffe, or zebra might have been taken, to say nothing of the elephant, hippo, rhino, or asd-vark, and one could easily add to the list.

India has also a wide choice of animals to serve the purpose of a "hall-mark." The Bengal tiger will occur to most people; but that strange antelope the nyghau, or the black-buck, the peacock, or the cobra would serve equally well. Better still would be to select one or other of the many animals held sacred by the native race of the Province which the several regiments now in the field represented.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AMMUNITION GOING UP ON PACK-ANIMALS.
Official Photograph.

the opportunity of seeing as much of the great Mother of Cities as is possible. What they think of us we do not know, but we are certainly impressed by their magnificent physique; and most of us, I think, are not a little curious as to the meaning of the bunch of feathers they are wearing, jauntily stuck in the cap. I had been told that they were eagles' plumes, and also that they were "chicken" feathers. To-day I plucked up my courage to ask one of a party who had come to visit the Natural History Museum whether he could enlighten me. Somewhat to my surprise, he replied that he did not know what was the meaning of this emblem, and he considerably removed his cap in order that I might inspect it. So far as I could see, these feathers were from the wing of a wild goose, one or two of which had been dyed to form the now familiar spot of bright colour at the base of the bunch. Perhaps some of my readers will be able to tell me more about this badge, or I may have the good fortune to meet another warrior who will be able to solve the mystery which at present enshrouds it.

If it is purely "ornamental," then I would suggest as more suitable, and also more imposing, the head of the moose in silver, for this magnificent deer is one of the commonest of the big-game animals of this beautiful and fertile land. It is true the moose is not confined to Nova Scotia; but then, it would be difficult to find any bird or beast that possessed this qualification. Their cousins from Newfoundland might well adopt the head of the caribou; while, similarly, the Canadian might take the beaver rather than the maple-leaf—or, since the "Rockies" afford one of the most striking of the physical features of Canada, the magnificent Rocky Mountain sheep or "Big-horn" (*Ovis Canadensis*) might be adopted. For the same reason, the Rocky Mountain goat might serve; but this,

animals to choose from, though the kangaroo and the emu stand easily first. The choice of the Australian has fallen on the latter, albeit the tufts of feathers from this bird are not of a strikingly ornamental character. The feathers, however, proclaim the bird, while as much could not be said for a patch of kangaroo fur.

New Zealand, again, is fortunate in possessing strikingly distinctive native animals, and it is curious

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: DRAWING SHELLS TO THE GUNS.
Official Photograph.

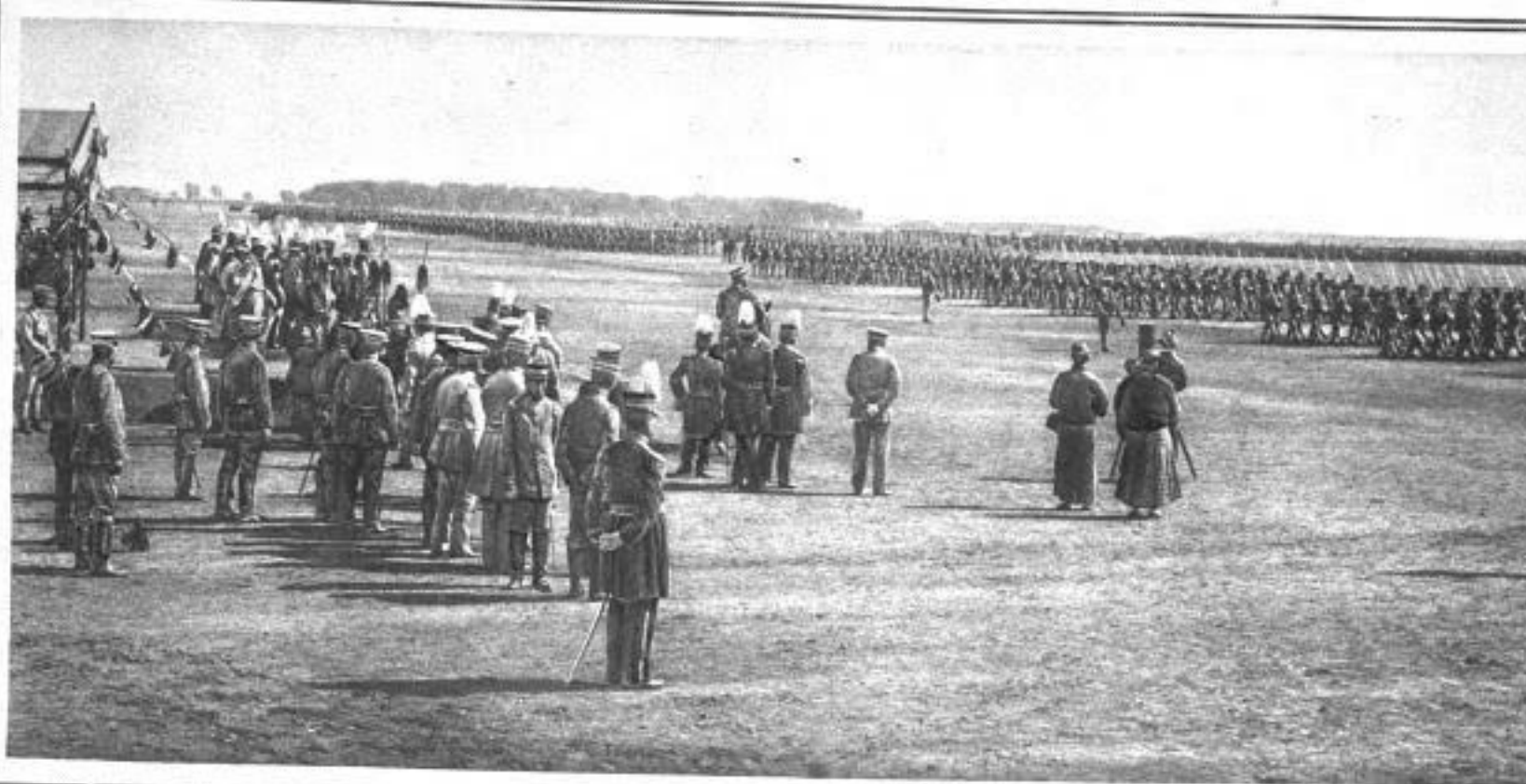
that this fact has not been taken hold of in this matter of territorial badges. Possessing no mammals save two bats which cannot be regarded as distinctive, her choice is limited to birds. Of these there are a number to choose from, but the only two which really compete for this honour are the moa and the kiwi, or apteryx. They, however,

Save in the case of the ostrich only, one would like to see the animal selected represented by a silver badge rather than by tufts of actual fur or feathers, since thereby needless slaughter would be avoided, and with it the attendant danger of depleting the species, or even bringing about its extermination.

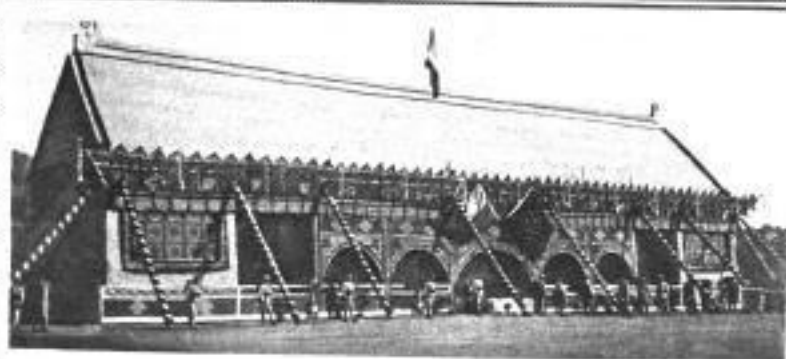
W. P. PYCRAFT.

BEFORE THE PRESIDENT, LI YUAN HUNG: AN ANNIVERSARY REVIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE GREAT MILITARY REVIEW ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC:
THE MARCH-PAST OF SOME 15,000 TROOPS ON OCTOBER 10.



USED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AT THE REVIEW:
THE STATE PAVILION.



ON DUTY AT THE REVIEW ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC:
THE PRESIDENT'S BODYGUARD.



AT THE FIRST GREAT MILITARY REVIEW WHICH HE HAS HELD AS PRESIDENT OF CHINA:
LI YUAN HUNG AND HIS STAFF.

In commemoration of the anniversary of the establishment of a Republic in China, the President, Li Yuan Hung, held a great review on October 10, the first since he assumed office. Some 15,000 troops took part in the march-past. The Chinese Republic really came into existence on February 12, 1912, when the last Emperor, Pu Yi, abdicated, but the election and inauguration of the first President took place later. Meantime a Provisional Parliament met on April 8, 1913, and drew up China's new Constitution. Yuan Shih-kai was elected President on October 6, 1913, and was formally inaugurated on October 10. On October 7 Li Yuan Hung was elected Vice-President. Previously

he was in command of troops at Hankow. Yuan Shih-kai died on June 6 last, and Li Yuan Hung formally assumed the Presidency on the following day. He has risen from comparative obscurity. During the Chino-Japanese War he was third engineer in a Chinese cruiser, and on the outbreak of the Revolution he was Colonel of a battalion of infantry. When he opened Parliament as President, on August 3 last, and took the oath to the Constitution, the Peking correspondent of the "Times" wrote of him: "We seem to see in Li Yuan Hung the intention not to scheme for his own hand, the intention to be honest, and the intention to impose honesty on others."

CAMPAIGNING IN "A WILDERNESS OF MUD"



EVEN MORE WELCOME THAN TO BENIGHTED WAYFARERS IN LONDON:
A ROADSIDE COFFEE-STALL NEAR THE BRITISH FRONT.



GOING BACK TO "HUTCH"
TO THE REAR



"MUD TERRACE"—SOMEWHERE ON THE BRITISH FRONT:
SOLDIERS RETURNING "HOME"



A HEAVY TASK OVER MUD



EVIDENCE OF THE ARTILLERY'S HUGE EXPENDITURE OF AMMUNITION:
A FEW OF OUR "EMPTIES."



MOVING UP THE GUNS: ARDUOUS WORK FOR THE ARTILLERY
BEFORE ACTION CAN COMMENCE.

In spite of bad weather, the British Army at the front has done splendid work, and has kept in wonderful spirits. During the four weeks up to November 7, it was stated the other day, no fewer than 2400 German prisoners were taken by our troops in some nine or ten different engagements—a very fine result, considering the conditions. Had the ground been dry, no doubt further great advances and still greater captures would have been made. Meanwhile the communiqués have familiarised us with the phrase: "The weather continues stormy." In an official review of recent events on the British front, it was stated: "Since the summary of October 19, which brought the account of events in the Somme battle down to the second week in October, the weather has been for the most part unfavourable to operations on any extended scale. Heavy rain has fallen almost every day, and the

SCENES ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN WET WEATHER.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



A BRITISH GUN ON ITS WAY FOR REPAIRS.



A "REMOVAL" ON THE BRITISH FRONT: TRANSPORTING A HUT ON A ROAD BEHIND THE LINES.



GROUND: MAN-HAULING A BIG GUN THE FRONT.



RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES IN POURING RAIN: MIDDLESEX MEN ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE FIRING-LINE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



A RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE IN DIFFICULTIES: A LABORIOUS TASK FOR THE ENGINEERS.



KEEPING THE GUNS SUPPLIED WITH AMMUNITION: LOADING UP SHELLS ON A TROLLEY TO BE TAKEN TO A BATTERY.

chalk soil of the upland between the Ancre and the Somme has become a wilderness of mud. Such conditions hamper military operations very seriously, but, nevertheless . . . we have made progress . . . During the period under review we carried out many raids on enemy trenches, from which useful results have been obtained. Towards the end of the month the enemy artillery became more active, and enemy aeroplanes were more in evidence. This increased activity has been satisfactorily dealt with by our own guns and aircraft. The captured during the fortnight have brought the total prisoners taken in the Somme battlefield up to 31,132." It has been frequently pointed out of late that General Mud and his disagreeable aides have been painfully in evidence, bringing upon our troops conditions which mean a heavy addition to the inevitable hardships of the war.

"GO ON, LILY WHITES!" THE COLDSTREAMERS IN

DRAWN BY R.

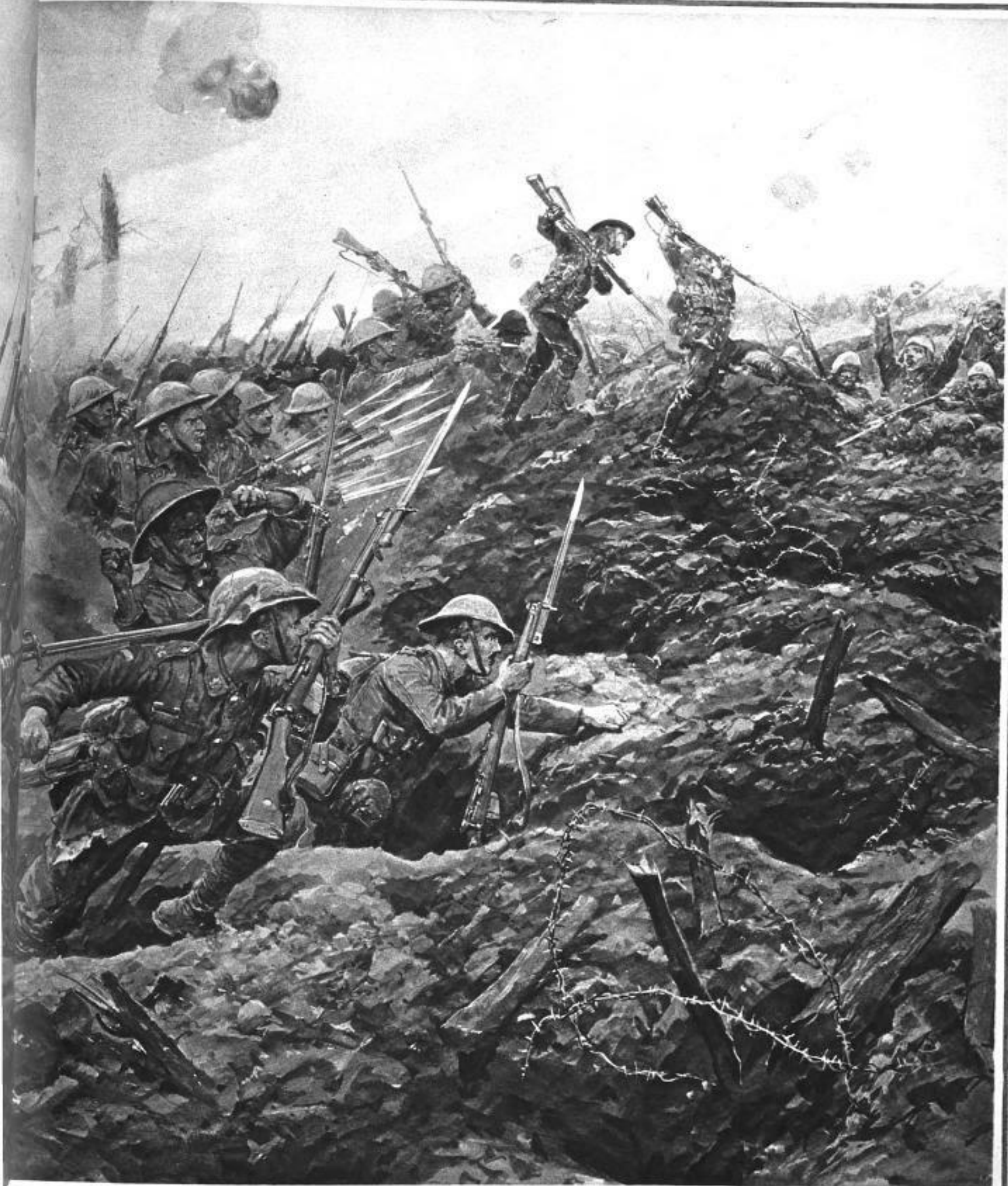


"AS ONE MIGHT IMAGINE THE OLD KNIGHTS AND YEOMEN OF ENGLAND AT AGINCOURT"

Several regiments of Guards, including the Coldstreamers, the Grenadiers, and the Irish, played a splendid part in the great battle of September 15, which resulted in the capture of Martinpuich and Courcellette and over 2300 prisoners. Our artist's drawing has been made from an officer's material just to hand. The ground in front of the German trenches, he says, was nothing else but shell-holes. There were three broken trees standing out above the mist, by which the line advanced. Originally they started shoulder to shoulder with bayonets at the charge in the good old style. Describing the same event, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The Guards had their full share in the fighting. . . . These splendid men, so tall and proper, so hard and fine, went away as one might imagine the old knights and yeomen of England at Agincourt. For the first time in the history of the Coldstreamers, three battalions of them charged in line, great solid waves of men, as fine a sight as the world could show. Behind them were the Grenadiers, and

GREAT CHARGE BY THE GUARDS ON THE SOMME.

TOM WOODVILLE.



COURT": COLDSTREAMERS CHARGING, FOLLOWED BY GRENADIERS AND IRISH GUARDS.

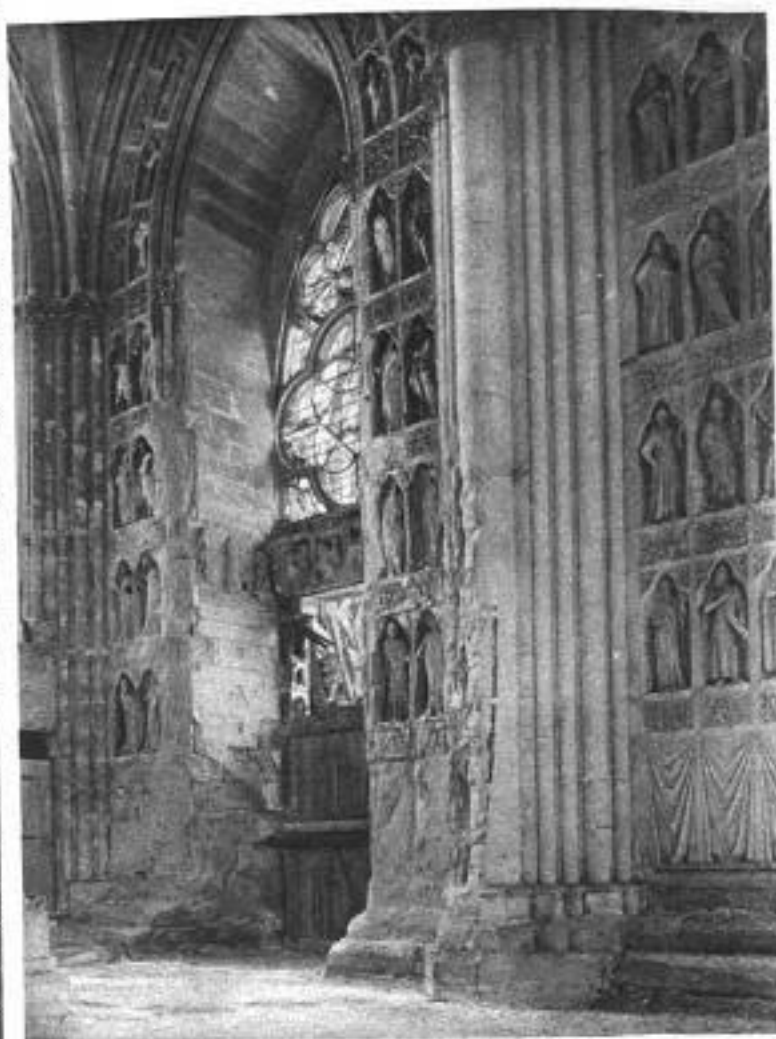
again, behind those men the Irish. They had not gone more than 200 yards before they came under the enfilade fire of massed machine-guns. . . . Gaps were made in the ranks, but they closed up. The wounded did not call for help, but cheered on those who swept past and on, shouting 'Go on, Lily Whites!'—which is the old name for the Coldstreamers—'Get at 'em, Lily Whites!' . . . The Guards went on. Then they were checked by two lines of trenches, wired and defended by machine-guns and bombers. . . . The Guards took them by frontal assault full in the face of continual blasts of machine-gun bullets. There was hard and desperate fighting. The Germans defended themselves to the death. . . . By that time the Irish Guards had joined the others. All the Guards were together, and together they passed the trenches. . . . going steadily deeper into the enemy country until they were 2000 yards from their starting-place. . . . They fought grandly."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GERMANY'S REVENGE FOR VERDUN: SLOW DESTRUCTION AT RHEIMS.

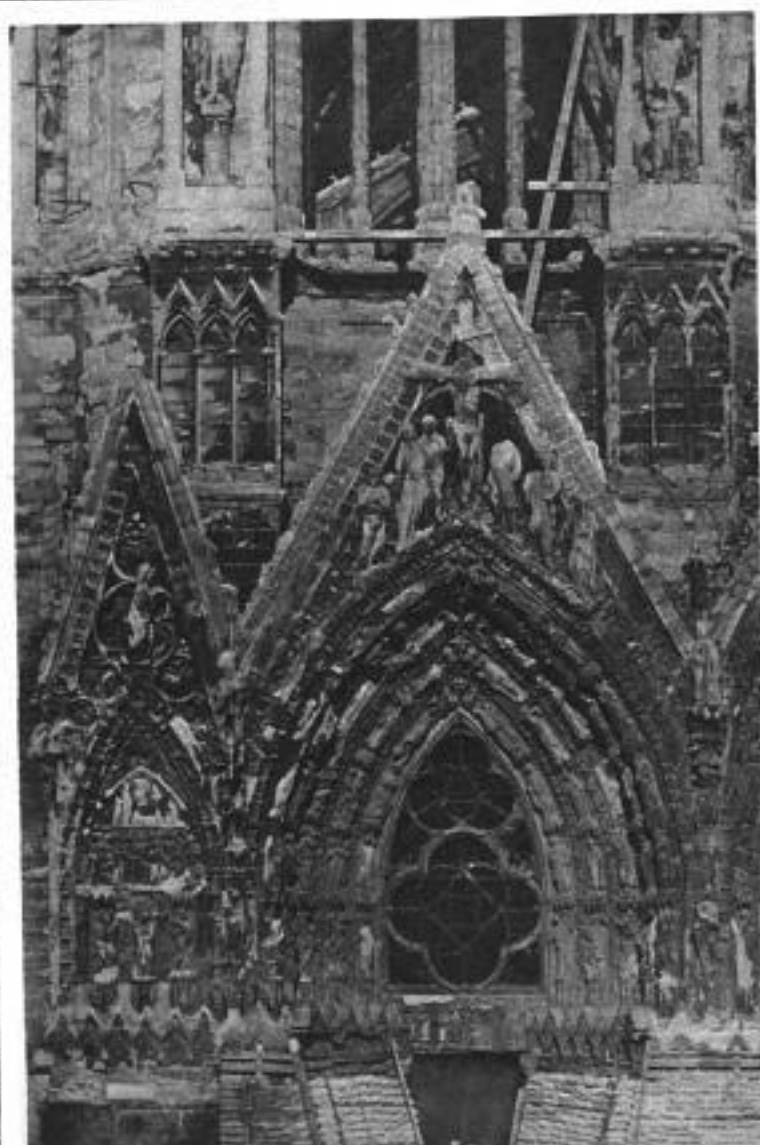
NEW OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



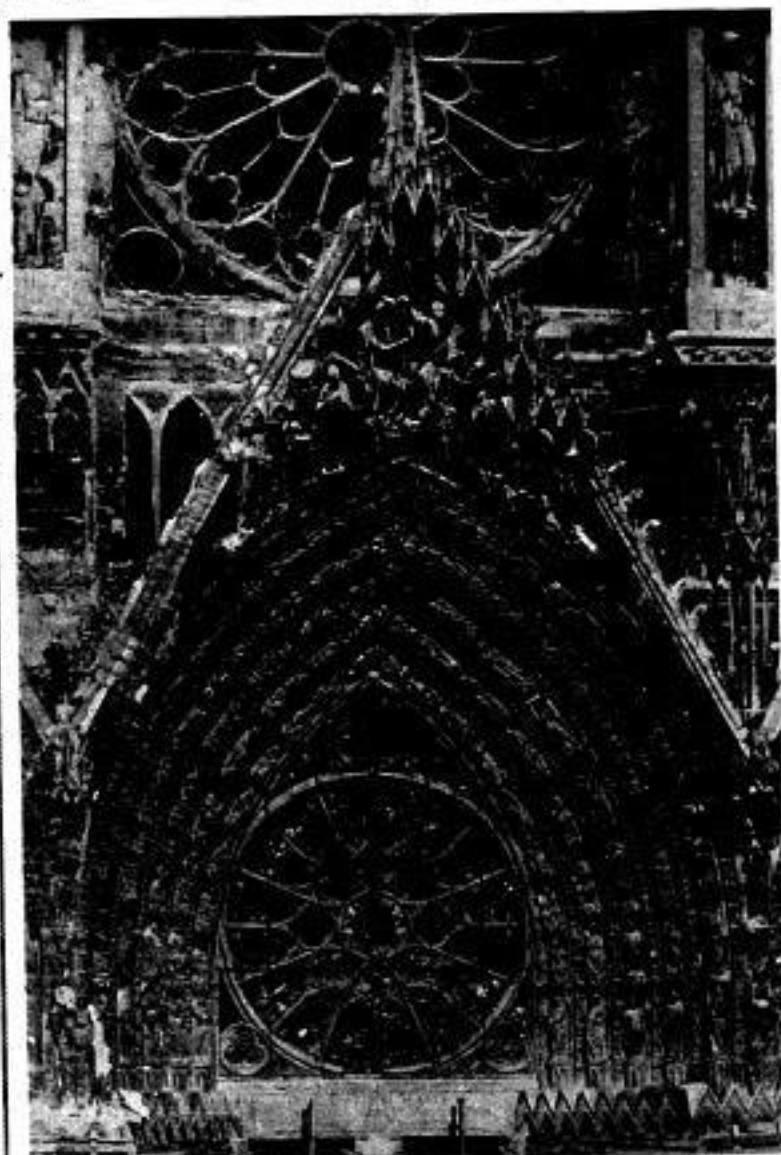
INSIDE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL: THE ROSE WINDOW OF THE SOUTH DOOR.



THE NORTH DOOR, ALSO BOARDED UP: THE INTERIOR OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.



HAVOC BY GERMAN SHELLS ON THE WEST FRONT: OVER THE LEFT DOOR.



THE CENTRAL DOOR: MUTILATED STATUARY AND SHATTERED WINDOWS.

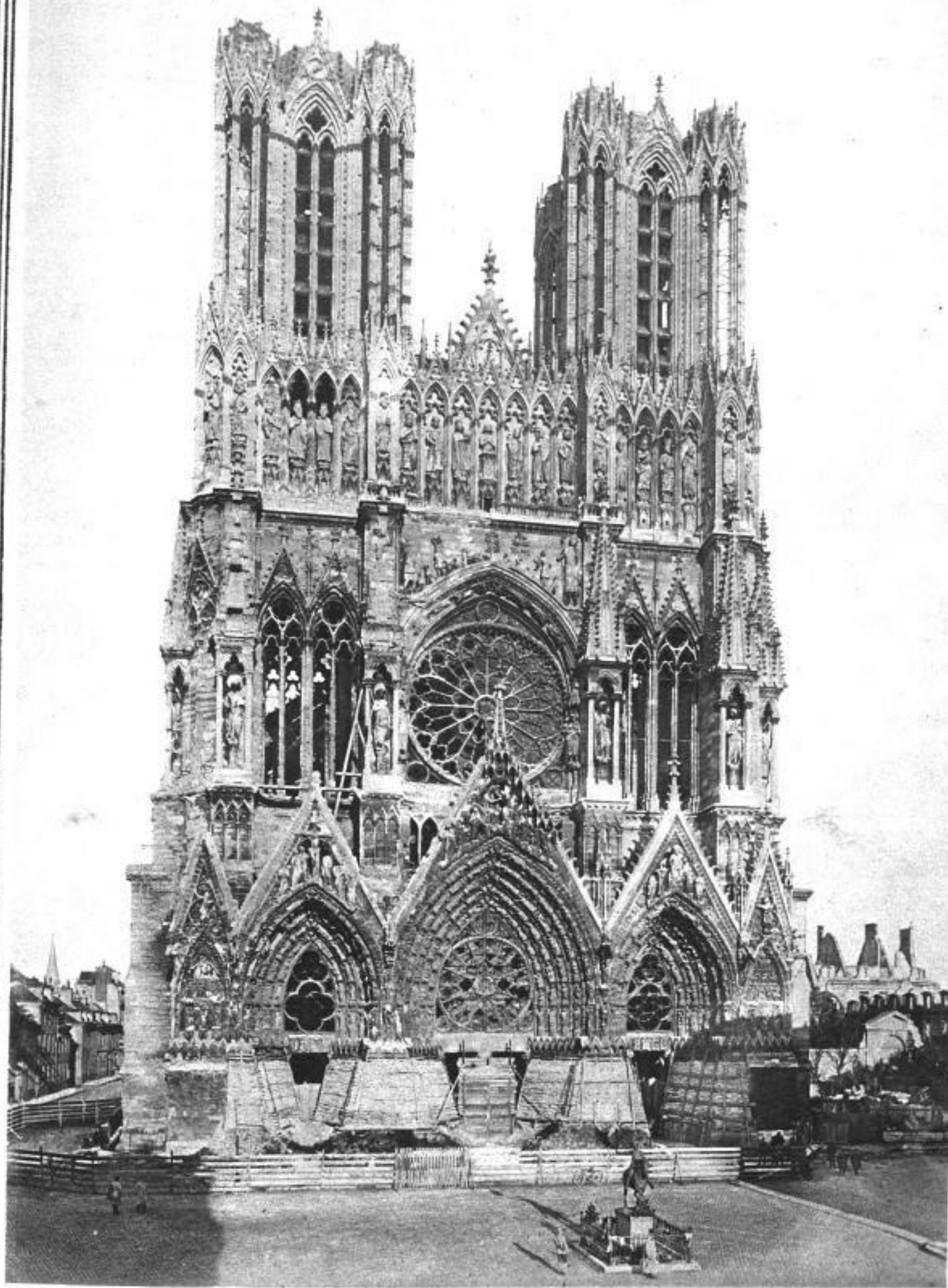
Since the great French victory at Verdun, it has become apparent that the Germans are venting their spite once more on Rheims Cathedral, that glorious monument of Gothic architecture which holds the tombs of ancient French Kings, and is for France what Westminster Abbey is for us. The German method is not to destroy the Cathedral suddenly, as they might, by a heavy bombardment, which would, of course, raise a storm of execration throughout the world, but by a shell or two dropped upon it from

time to time to make it appear as though the process were accidental and an inevitable result of war. The flying buttresses which support the structure are being gradually destroyed—four have already gone—and if this insidious shelling goes on the roof and walls and practically the whole building must collapse. The shells come from two forts, Brimont and Nogent l'Abbesse, about five miles away. They cannot directly reach the western façade, but the effect of the fire they caused in the scaffolding which stood

[Continued on page 607]

THREATENED WITH COLLAPSE UNDER SHELLING: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

NEW OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF FRANCE, WHICH THE GERMANS ARE STEALTHILY DESTROYING IN WANTON SPIE: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Continued.
before it becomes continually more serious, and rain adds to the process of dilapidation. The French cannot even send up masons to carry out repairs lest they should be mistaken by the enemy for military observers. Needless to say, the Cathedral is not, and will not be, used as an observation-post; indeed, the French have plenty of others available; nor are there any cantonments near the Cathedral; yet the quarter where it stands has obviously been selected as a target by the German artillery. "Nothing," writes Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "could be more Hunnish or futile. Rheims is in a sector of

the front which has little military importance, and there has been no fighting in the neighbourhood for nearly two years. The Cathedral itself was never used for any military purpose, and this wanton destruction of what remains of this venerable pile shows clearly the state of desperation to which the enemy is reduced by our successes on the Somme and before Verdun." It has been suggested that neutral nations should unite in protest against such an iniquitous act of vandalism as the total destruction of one of the world's greatest architectural glories.

LADIES' PAGE.

IN fashion, we all know, there is nothing new under the sun, but all that is done has been done aforetime. The dress-designers have now made a sudden rush to the Middle Ages for their new ideas. The attempts to bring in various puffs and loopings, or excess of fulness, are abandoned, and the long, close, yet loose lines of mediæval gowns are sought after. The effigies of Queens and noble ladies of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries generally show robes of clinging cut that are at the same time loose, with belts, whether of embroidery or goldsmith's work, passing round the figure at the level of the hips and falling low in front. Sometimes there is a distinct tunic or upper dress in a different material from the under-dress. The upper garment may be sleeveless, with a very tight-fitting sleeve of the same material as the under-skirt seen coming through the arm-hole. A feature of mediæval dress for a long time was an "alms-bag," or large outside hanging pocket, very richly embroidered. All these ideas are now being adopted into the cut of our indoor garments; while outdoor and ordinary every-day frocks are now to be plain, straight-falling, and simple. The skirts are cut to "flare," rather full, but all in straight lines—in fact, simplicity in perfection—a happy triumph of common-sense and sense of what is just now befitting on the part of the customers over the fantasies that the designers tried to persuade women to adopt.

Smocking is revived for blouses; and a loose jerkin in crêpe-de-Chine or soft satin smocked at the shoulders and the waist with a different colour is a pretty garment for afternoon or simple dinner wear. The dressmakers' fantasy is developing in collars; some blouses have a round collar made over buckram or wired to stand out all round the neck about the level of the chin, and others have a rolled collar reaching to the bust in front, rising behind the head at the back, in exactly the shape of a horse's halter, after which it is called. Both are ungainly, methinks. Basques are appearing on blouses, only a few inches deep, and frilled on round the waist-line. A frill to correspond is often set round the figure over the bust.

Fashions that are at one time of the latest date and exclusive may be studied to great advantage at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's spacious premises, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square. There is great distinction about all their goods, from the tiny cluster of satin flowers to pin on the gown or the little collar to finish the neck of it, up to the smartest of costumes, the finest of furs, or the daintiest articles of lingerie. Some of the present stock in the underclothing department is so gorgeous as almost to take one's breath away: what are referred to as "night-dresses," but which are really boudoir gowns, in crêpe-de-Chine and "triple ninon," trimmed with fur, such as a royal-blue crêpe gown with neck and sleeves edged with ermine, or a pale-pink ninon one with sable trimmings, are really exquisite. The day of the petticoat is revived, and a nice silk petticoat from Debenham's makes a pleasing Christmas gift. The taffetas ones are made firm and full enough to



A BEAUTIFUL WINTER COAT.

An original fur coat of grey kimmer lamb, with a handsome collar, cuffs, and deep flounce of finest natural skunk. (Debenham and Freebody.)

support the dress skirt by means of flounces; generally scalloped out petal-wise; while evening petticoats are of crêpe-de-Chine with flouncings of embroidered net. Another acceptable Christmas gift can be selected from the *embarras de richesse* in the blouse department. There are copies of exclusive French models by the great Paris designers; most are trimmed with a little fur, but embroidery and smocking play their part. The "jerkin," or "jumper," so fashionable and easy, is variously represented. There are blouses for large figures too, really "out-size," and some velvet ones in glorious autumnal tints, rich yet not gaudy, are enviable. House-frocks and tea-gowns are quite a speciality of the firm, and are made in charming loose and graceful designs, just the thing to get into easily for a rest—artistic yet comfortable. For Christmas presents, again, the well-stocked jewellery department should be inspected; and the silver also is varied and moderately priced. Catalogues are to be had from most of the departments, but a visit of inspection is most enjoyable.

More beautiful and interesting than many exhibitions are the galleries at the splendid premises of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, 164-180, Oxford Street, W. There lovely things of many varieties are displayed, and the public are freely invited to enter and walk round leisurely, apart from any intention or obligation to purchase. Not but that the temptation to acquire some one or more of these delightful possessions must become almost irresistible. The season for Christmas gifts is approaching, and nowhere can a more varied and extensive selection of articles suitable for this purpose be found than at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's. There are any quantity of high-class pieces of furniture, those splendid examples of the English cabinet-maker's art that become heirlooms and increase in value with the passing of time. But there are also simple though well-made articles at modest prices—such as, on the one hand, an exquisitely decorated satinwood sofa table for £32 10s.; and, on the other hand, a useful mahogany table for occasional use at 26s.; or, for another example, a carved mahogany writing-table of beautiful design and finish for £29 10s., and a small but useful article of the same sort and wood for £2 18s. 6d. There is a delightful inlaid satinwood manicure-table, fully fitted, for £9 9s. Draught-screens, easy-chairs, cushions, footstools, book-rests, and innumerable other articles sure to please, are spread before us in the furniture galleries, and some are quite inexpensive. But other departments attract equally, and special notice should be given to the ornamental glass, of which the firm held a very large stock that is still being offered at pre-war prices, though the market value has risen enormously. The china department has some lovely reproductions of old powder-blue at very low prices. A speciality is a night-light stand made like an old English lantern, with silk shade in any colour—only 4s. 3d. complete, packed and posted for 10d. more. An oxydised-silver electric table-lamp is charming for a guinea, and there are wonderfully cheap clocks, and a silver department replete with fascination. A catalogue can be had by post.

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Made by Disabled Soldiers and Sailors at the
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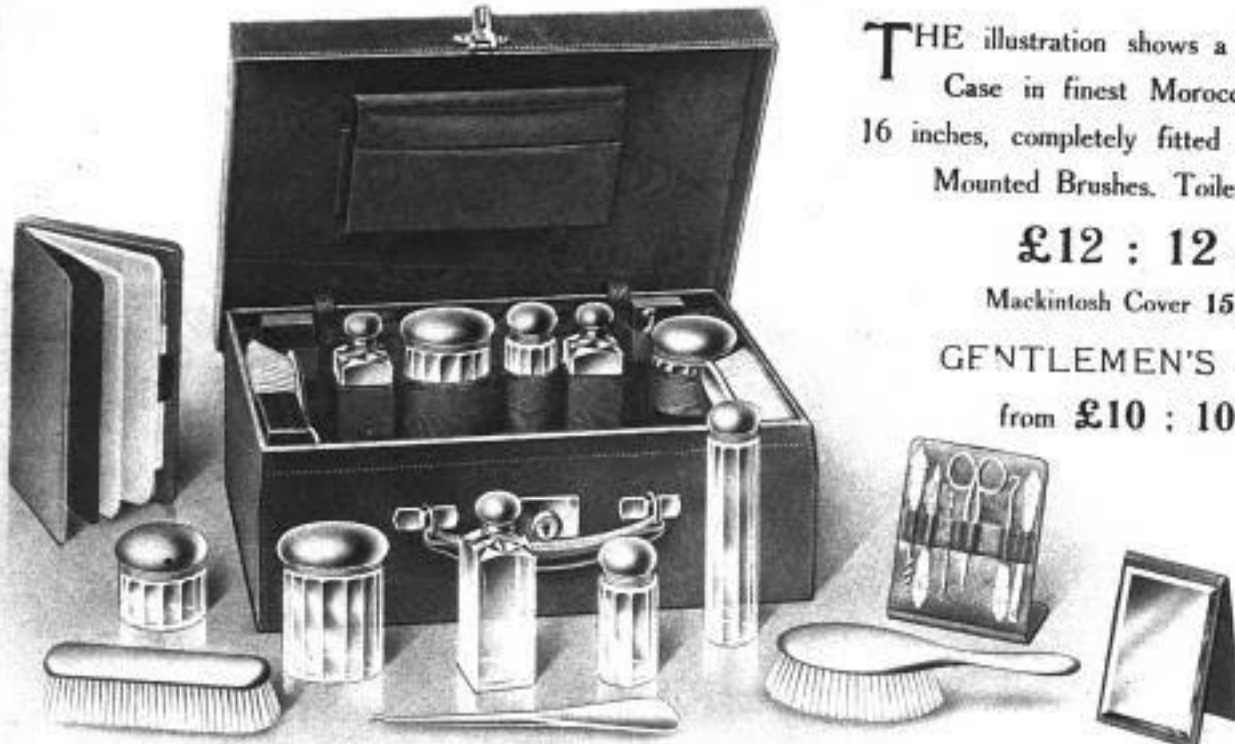
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It is absolutely wonderful in its effect in Beautifying the Hands.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Mr. Britling is not the average Englishman. He is an intellectual, and a sensitive. We do not find

him to be much more than a transparency through which the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells plays on the war as England has taken it. This is unavoidable; how could you feel the personal sense of intimacy for a man who remains "Mr." Britling steadily all the way through? Mr. Wells's mannerisms are not soothing; but there is, on the other hand, something great in this kneading and modelling of the stupendous material heaped up in an active brain in the last two years. Mr. Britling observes, of course, the chicanery of politics, the waste, the muddle, the over-lapping, the humiliations, and over and above all, the bloody madness of the conflict. He was all wrong in the beginning, as men of high theory are apt to be when they come up against naked ambitions and ruthlessness. He learns; and he suffers. He is presented by an American with an awe-inspiring picture of the German machine working through Brussels, the colossal German organisation setting itself to conquer the world. He does not seem clearly to perceive England's effort, being held by the chaotic details, and missing the broad effect. While the witch-hunters were smelling out traitors in the land, five million men were trained, munitions forged for them, and the New Army grew to maturity. So far as the newspapers Mr. Britling indicts are concerned, it might have leapt into being in a night; for their Kitchener-baiting was in full blast at one moment, and at the next they were united in a megaphonic chorus of admiration of the Army of the Somme—made while they reviled and harassed its creators. The book ends on a note of religion, and a yearning towards the stricken heart of mankind. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" (Cassell) is profoundly interesting, even though it must not be accepted, for all its wonderful inclusiveness, as the complete picture of England at war. The sea-affair is hardly mentioned, for example. Mr. Britling is only looking out of his garden door, although tragedy and knowledge come staggering heavy laden to him across its pleasant threshold.

"Mary." The late Miss Braddon kept the flag flying to the end. "Mary" (Hutchinson), published after her death, is good sound fiction, with not a line scamped, not a

character left hanging in the air, or a situation unexhausted of its possibilities. Great were the Victorians; and once again we respectfully salute another of that mighty company, now gathered to her contemporaries in their honourable rest. "Mary" is the story of

Mary Smith—the name to be observed for its significant obscurity. She was found, starving and homeless, in a London street by a philanthropic young man, who took her to a Rescue Home, and subsequently reinstated her in better surroundings. We wanted to see more of the Rescue Home: the glimpse of Norah Lee, singing loudly, whetted our interest. But this was not to be; and the story proceeds to Mary's marvellous fortune, to her encounter after years with the man who had betrayed her, and the triumph of true love after long adversity. It is a generous novel, rich in its detail of Conway Field's wealth, amplified by scenes in Venice, and a Stock Exchange gamble, a full-dress night at the Opera, a Cornish night of storms. Every page is well stocked—and the book is not meagre in the number of its pages.



GREEK VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING AT SALONIKA TO JOIN THE NEW FORCE: A SCENE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.
Official Photograph.



THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN GRENADIERS' BAND: LORD FRENCH (WITH THE BANDMASTER) INSPECTING THE MEN.

Following the French Garde Républicaine band, the Belgian Grenadiers' band recently came to this country. The 70 members held part of the line at Loos. They arranged to play at the Alhambra on November 12, and to rehearse a "Te Deum" at Westminster Cathedral on the 14th.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"Lilla: A Part of Her Life." We can imagine Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' plots written out beforehand on a sheet of note-

paper, crystal clear and concise, tested and found flawless before a word of the new novel is committed to manuscript. Apart altogether from the pleasure her reasonable and worldly-wise studies of character present, there is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that the story itself is mathematically exact. She does not depart, in "Lilla" (Hutchinson), from the method she used with so much success in "A Chink in the Armour" and her other books. She takes real life, something that has occurred lately in the public eye, and transmutes it into fiction. The case of the Singletons has happened, and will happen again. Men reported missing, and certified by the War Office to be dead, have reappeared, to find their wives have married again. In the case of Dare Carteret's presentiment, too, of death by water, we all know the story that has run the round of London since the *Hampshire* and its great passenger went down. Mrs. Lowndes has remodelled this material to her own use, and constructed a novel of excellence. It stands true at every point. The difficulty of Robert Singleton's property is evaded by his living in his mother's house as her dependant. Obviously, the law was not called in to affirm his death, and so set Lilla free. It is not necessary to advise people to read "Lilla," because by this time the public knows what Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' name stands for; but it does remain to say that, good as all her novels are, this is at least as good as any of them.

Keep on sending me OXO

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement from officers and men during the War.

OXO exactly meets their needs. It aids and increases nutrition and stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

A Captain in the R.A.M.C.
writes to his father:

"I can buy most things here except cigarettes, OXO and soups. If you could send me OXO occasionally it would be very useful, and would be a great comfort to some of my fellows in hospital and expedite recovery."

Oxo in Mesopotamia.

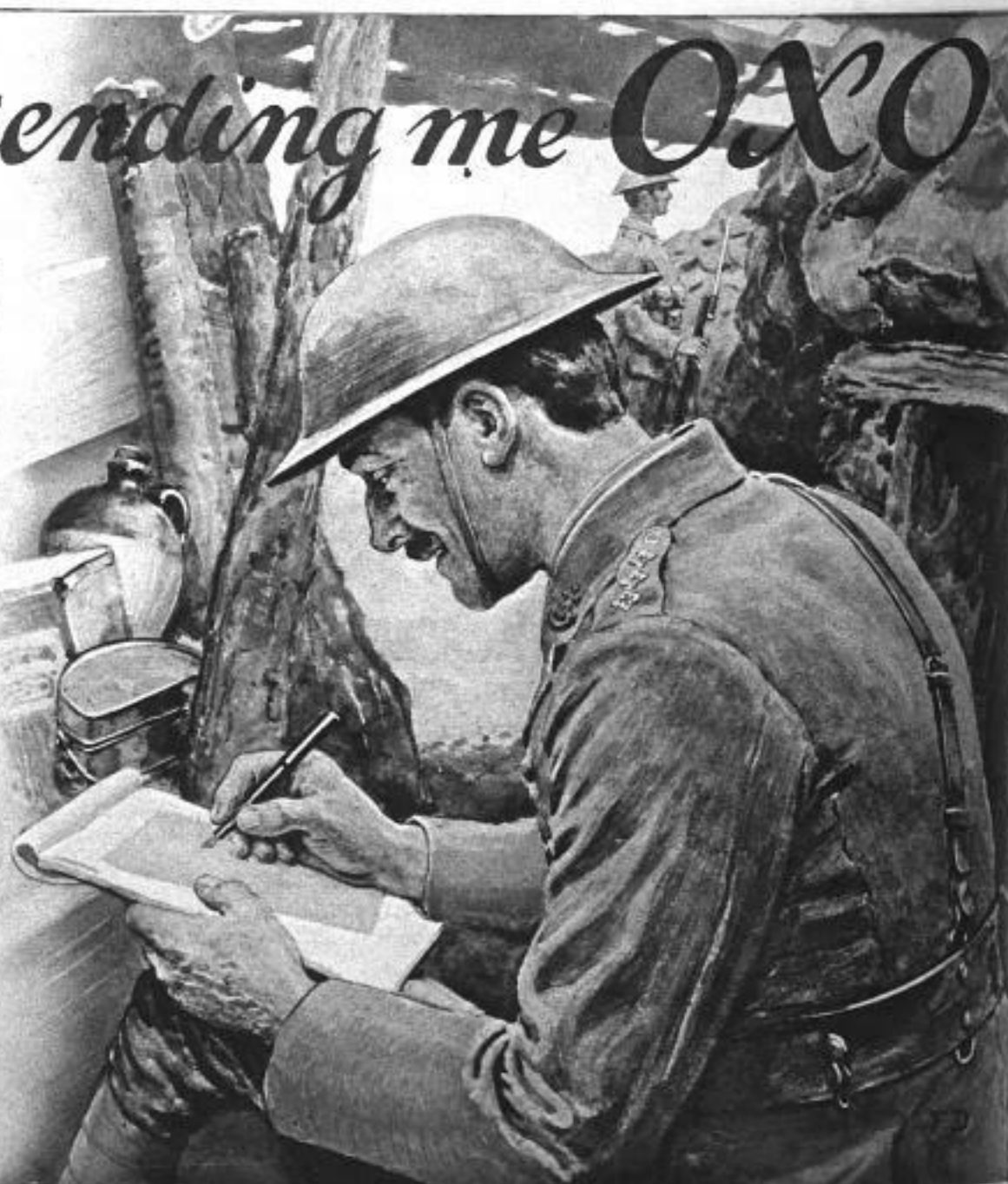
"It was with some doubt and misgiving that I sent some OXO to my son in Mesopotamia,

feeling it might not reach him in good condition; but he writes home to us that he uses OXO to fortify the soup they have, and asks for more to be sent each week, as OXO is very sustaining and helpful to buck one up in such a trying climate."

From a Mine-sweeper:

"OXO has kept warmth in us all these perishing nights. There was a terrific rush on it as soon as our chaps found out it was aboard. I can tell you it has proved one of the best gifts we have received."

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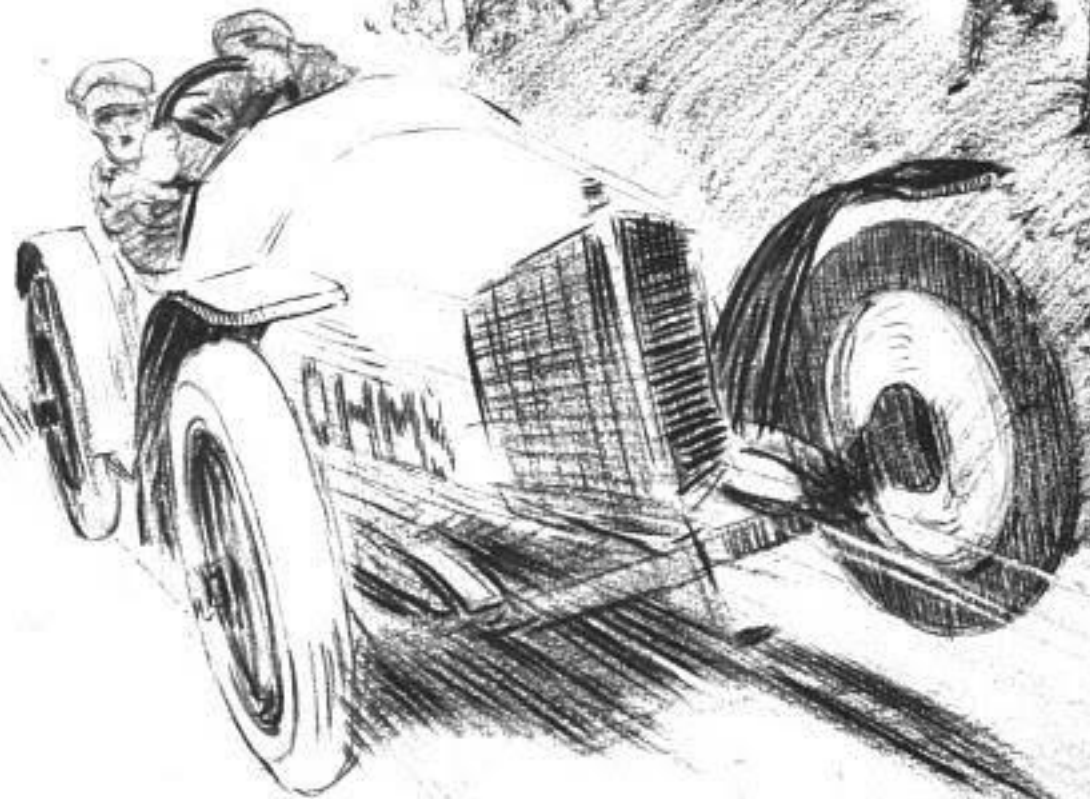


Officer (apprehensively): What a smash those fellows would have if a tyre were to burst at that pace on one of these bends.

Dunlop (slightly amused): Yes, if—but I don't think you need worry about that, as I happen to know the tyres are Dunlops.

Officer: That's all very well, but even Dunlops burst sometimes.

Dunlop: Only in very exceptional circumstances. I always make the side walls, and indeed, the whole casing of the cover extra strong, stronger in fact than the casing of any other cover, in order, first of all, to obviate bursts, and secondly, so that the casing can really be satisfactorily re-treaded. Many tyres burst at the walls before the original tread is anything like worn out, and no cover will stand re-treading so well as a Dunlop. They are points worth bearing in mind.



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Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
ASTON CROSS, BIRMINGHAM.
OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.

LITERATURE.

Captain and Admiral Afloat and Ashore.

The second of Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald's two books, in which the gallant Admiral relates personal experiences of service afloat, "From Sail to Steam" (Arnold), makes a timely appearance at this moment. It ought, at least, to prove as popular as was the gallant officer's previous work, "Memories of the Sea." The Admiral now takes up his narrative at the point where he left off in his former book. That good stories should abound goes without saying, combined with a store of facts about the Navy of the 'seventies and 'eighties of the nineteenth century which are as instructive as they certainly are interesting. And the brisk, sailor-like way in which the Admiral says what he wants to say undoubtedly makes most attractive reading. Incidentally, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald saw something of the King during his Majesty's seagoing days. The first time was on the China Station, where Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald was serving as a Captain at the time that the King, then Prince George of Wales, visited the Far East as a naval cadet on board the *Bacchante*, together with his brother, the Duke of Clarence. After that, during the Naval Manœuvres of 1889, as one of the squadron flag-officers of one of the fleets engaged, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald had the King (at that time Lieutenant Prince George of Wales, R.N., commanding torpedo-boat No. 79) under his direct orders. Disclaiming any courtier spirit in speaking of his Majesty's keenness and ability as an officer, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald expresses very high appreciation of the King's ability. He tells, for one thing, the story of how the King, during the manœuvres, by "a bold initiative, considerable nerve, and skilful seamanship," rescued a torpedo-boat consort on the rocks off Lough Swilly on a dark, rough night after two attempts. The second was made in response to the King's special insistence. "He begged so hard to be allowed to have

another try' that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him, so I supplied him with a new five-and-a-half-inch hawser and sent him out again, though I confess I felt a bit anxious. . . . They were all hot on the job 'for the credit of the ship,' as sailors love to put it, and a little before noon No. 79 triumphantly towed her disabled consort safely into harbour." An altogether excellent and most taking book is "From Sail to Steam," and sixteen illustrations add to its attractiveness.

those who think of Palestine only in terms of Christianity. The scope of this volume is much wider, for it carries its readers back far into the distant past—from the days of the Neolithic Stone Age, in short, to the end of the Roman Period. The author reviews in turn the ancient caves and rock cuttings, and the ornaments of flint, bone, ivory, and stone which have been found there; the introduction of the metals and pottery; and burial customs; concluding with a chapter on worship and places of worship. There

are one or two points in this book, however, which seem to show that the author is more of an archaeologist than an ethnologist. He makes no mention of the fact, for instance, that the Neolithic inhabitants of Palestine, of whom he speaks in his Introduction, were members of the great "Mediterranean" family which has played so important a part in the history of Europe. The statement that they cremated their dead, by custom, is not borne out even in his own pages. That they did so in places is perfectly true; but this fact demonstrates the infiltration of an alien element, which was introduced by the Armenoid immigrants who invaded Europe in force towards the close of the Neolithic period. These people came from the highlands of the Pamirs. Grafted on to an Arab stock, they became the founders of the Semites. But, to judge from the author's statements, the "Semites" arrived on the scene as a pure-bred race of invaders, bringing with them the use of metals and the potter's wheel. This is not so. The most convincing evidence has now been produced by Professor Elliot Smith to show that the use of metals arose in Egypt. The failure to realise this, and many kindred facts, robs the chapter on Metallurgy of much of its value.

Palestine, indeed, was for some time a dependency of Egypt, but of this no mention is made. To the Philistines the introduction of iron is attributed; but no mention is made of the Asiatic origin of these people, nor of the fact that to them the very name Palestine is due. But, in spite of these blemishes, this is a very interesting book, and represents a large amount of hard work. Furthermore, it has the advantage of being profusely illustrated.



THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT: MR. W. F. MASSEY AND HIS PARTY ON THE EDGE OF A HUGE MINE-CRATER.

When he received the Freedom of the City on November 6, Mr. Massey said in his speech: "During the last few days I have had an opportunity of seeing the magnificent work which the soldiers of our Army are doing for the Empire."—(Official Photograph.)

Palestine and its Past.

Many a book has been condemned to an undeserved obscurity because of its title. And this unhappy fate may well overtake a most delightful volume on Palestine by Mr. P. S. P. Handcock, which, while it should appeal alike to both Jew and Gentile, is sent forth into the world labelled "The Archaeology of the Holy Land" (Fisher Unwin), thereby seeming to be designed to ingratiate itself with

"THE CADET"

They do put us through it; never since I left Marlboro' have I had to work as I have done lately; why, settling days on the Stock Exchange are nothing to it. Not having touched mathematics for years, the exams. are a bit "up to you" at first; but I have learnt one thing—that all the wise ones smoke "Army Clubs."

They're dinkie.



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CIGARETTES

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We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to Members of our Expeditionary Forces, for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from

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A Mellow, Non-Bite Mixture
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SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND
- DOMESTIC PURPOSES -

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubbs' Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

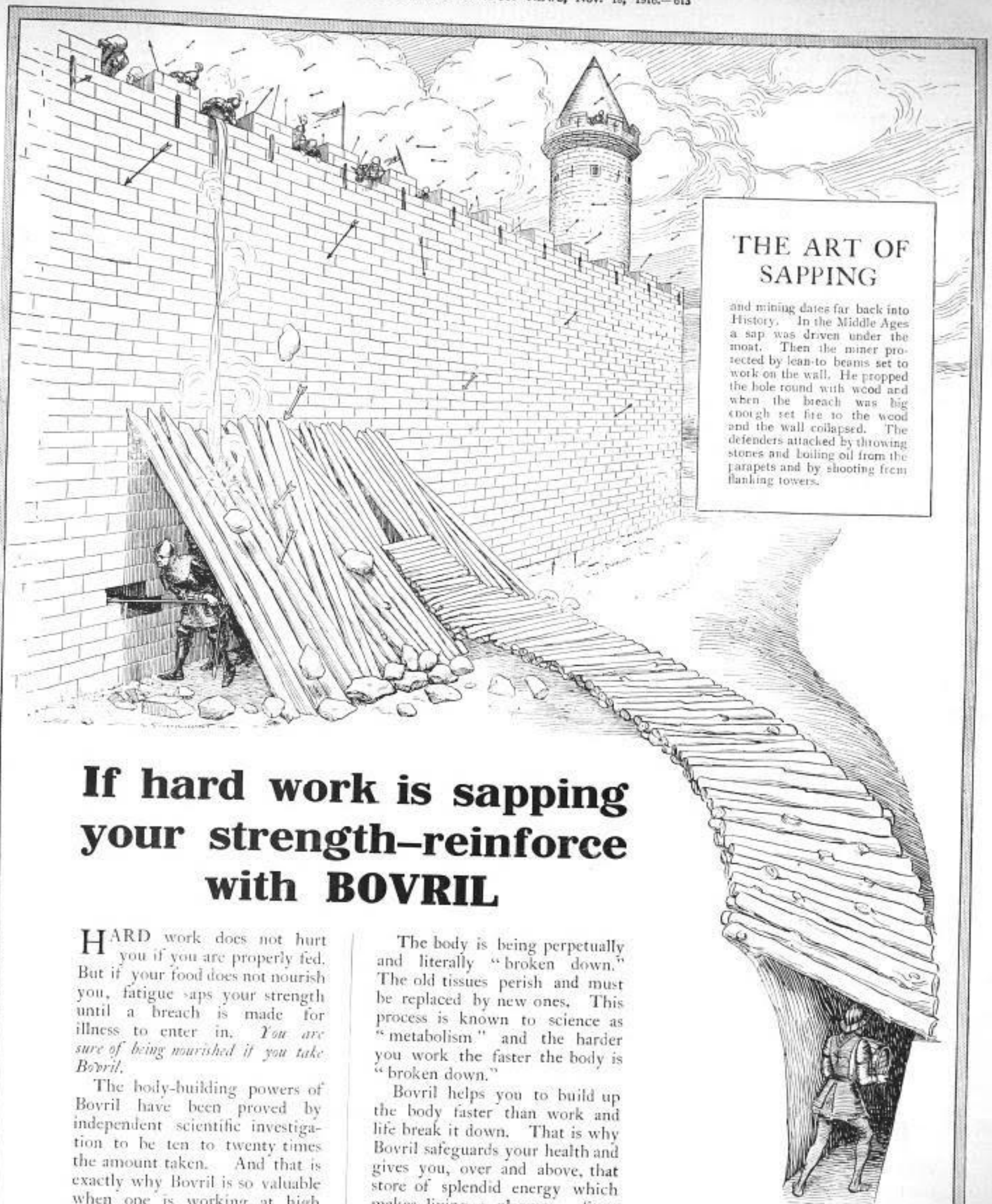
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The best ten minutes of the day is spent in a Mustard Bath—a bath to which you have added a table-spoonful or so of mustard. It clears the system, brings a glorious glow to the skin and a splendid sense of rest and refreshment to brain and body.

Colman's
Mustard Bath



"Let Master Mustard prepare your bath."



THE ART OF SAPPING

and mining dates far back into History. In the Middle Ages a sap was driven under the moat. Then the miner protected by lean-to beams set to work on the wall. He propped the hole round with wood and when the breach was big enough set fire to the wood and the wall collapsed. The defenders attacked by throwing stones and boiling oil from the parapets and by shooting from flanking towers.

If hard work is sapping your strength—reinforce with BOVRIL

HARD work does not hurt you if you are properly fed. But if your food does not nourish you, fatigue saps your strength until a breach is made for illness to enter in. *You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.*

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proved by independent scientific investigation to be ten to twenty times the amount taken. And that is exactly why Bovril is so valuable when one is working at high pressure.

The body is being perpetually and literally "broken down." The old tissues perish and must be replaced by new ones. This process is known to science as "metabolism" and the harder you work the faster the body is "broken down."

Bovril helps you to build up the body faster than work and life break it down. That is why Bovril safeguards your health and gives you, over and above, that store of splendid energy which makes living a pleasure. Start taking Bovril to-day.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. tins in a compact parcel.

In spite of the increase in the cost of Beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.

**Bovril
gives
strength
to win**

"BUXELL," AT THE STRAND.

WHATEVER may be the explanation, wherever the fault—and it is certainly not with the chief actor—there is something a little wrong with "Buxell" as a melodramatic farce of adventure. With all the apparatus



AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: A DISTRIBUTION OF THE "GREYS" CIGARETTES. Every soldier who took part in the Lord Mayor's Show was presented with a packet of the "Greys" cigarettes, the gift of the manufacturers, Major Drapkin and Co. Members of the V.A.D. are here seen making the distribution near the Law Courts.

for terrific pace, it does not seem to move. Its Alsatian hero who escapes from his guards in a cook's disguise, rolls himself up in a carpet like Cleopatra, swaps identities with a Prince with Hugobesque audacity, and even seizes on that magnate's castle, in a progress that at every turn gets the better of German officials and turns them to ridicule—what better protagonist, you might think, could you have for a burlesque drama of incident, what else but triumph could issue from the stage presentation of such an adventurer's escapades? And yet the rough-and-tumble effect you expect, the excitement, the rush, somehow do not come off. There are moments, to be sure, when you laugh; there are types, or caricatures, which are amusingly hit off; there are alarms and excursions, devices and surprises, which ought to make you catch your breath; and yet there is no punch in the play. How is it? Has not Mr. Besier, with all his instinct for the stage and his sense of comedy, the knack of indicating movement in dialogue, of suggesting the atmosphere of adventure? Perhaps so. Meantime, it is not Mr. Matheson Lang's fault that Buxell seems like Sisyphus, for this player has just the manner, the energy, the humour that should have

swept us along. Nor does any blame attach to Mr. Lowrie, whose Prince with his museum of relics of his amours was quite in the right key; while, however comic-operatic might be reckoned Mr. Spencer Trevor's treatment of a local Mayor, he was at any rate heroically strenuous. There is thus something of a mystery about "Buxell," but it is the kind that baffles rather than intrigues.

It will be of interest to many of our readers—to whom the name and fame of Messrs. Debenhams, Ltd., of Wigmore Street, have long been familiar—to know that the business of Messrs. C. Bechstein, the German pianoforte makers, has been sold to Messrs. Debenhams. The premises are on the north side of Wigmore Street, facing the new buildings of Messrs. Debenhams and Froebdy, and Bechstein Hall forms part of the premises. The bidding opened at £40,000, and rose to £56,000, bid by Mr. James Boyton, M.P., who was acting as agent for Messrs. Debenhams.

In our review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Lady Connie," published in our issue of Nov. 4, we regret to find that an

error occurred regarding the name of the publishers. The book was not issued by Messrs. Methuen, as inadvertently stated, but by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Harry Rountree's "Ridiculous Rabbits," as portrayed in this and other illustrated Christmas books for children published by Messrs. H. Stevenson and Co., are likely to be as popular in the nursery as the cats of another well-known humorous artist. The same firm's other publications for little readers include "Rabbit Rhymes," the "Alice in Wonderland" Book of Pictures and Post-cards for Painting, and the Little Tuppenny Series of illustrated rhymes about animals.

"LONDON REVISITED."

M. R. E. V. Lucas is a prolific writer and a pleasant one. It is not exactly what he says, but the happy way in which he contrives to say it, that commands a steady and well-pleased audience. His knowledge of London, like that of Sam Weller, is "extensive and peculiar," and "London Revisited" (Methuen) is described as a sequel or supplement to an earlier work on the same lines published ten years ago. Books about the Metropolis are as the sand upon the seashore for multitude, and, one might add with reference to some of them, for digestibility. It is quite impossible that Mr. Lucas should find much to say that has not been said before, but he can, and does, find a fresh method of presenting the old truths. Quite lightly and easily he moves from place to place—from Bow Church to the Mint, to John Hunter's Museum by way of Holand House, to the Adelphi by way of the Oval, and to Leed's and the "Zoo" from Hampton Court. There is nothing startling about the whole performance, there are no thrills—subject and author alike forbid—but there is the sense of the company of the well-read flâneur who helps the reader to appreciate London, and may be relied upon to come forward with the right anecdote or reflection at the moment when it is indicated. Sometimes Mr. Lucas gives the reader the fruits of research among books that are but little known; there are touches of a humour that is quaint



COMRADES AT A WELL BEHIND THE SALONIKA FRONT: A SERBIAN; A BRITISH SOLDIER; AND AN ANNAMITE OF THE FRENCH FORCES. On the right is seen a civilian.—[Official Photograph.]

and welcome; there is much quotation, most of it apt; and nobody will give "London Revisited" a careful reading without being better pleased with the capital of the Empire.

DUBARRY'S BATH SALTS

These Bath Salts give the bath water a rain-like softness, are tonic, invigorating, refreshing, and beautifying in their effect on the skin.

They are supplied in eighteen Exquisite Odours, the principal of which are:

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| "THE HEART OF A ROSE" | "ELDORADO" |
| "ARCADIE" | "EAU DE COLOGNE" |
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| "BLUE LAGOON" | "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" |
| "NIGHT OF JUNE" | "APRÈS LA PLUIE" |
| "RAVANA" | "GARDEN OF KAMA" |

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BATH DUSTING POWDER

In same sizes and prices as Bath Salts. For use with a large puff after the bath.

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The
Super Virginia
Cigarette

Oval Cork Tipped
Soft to the Lips



Tins of 20
One Shilling
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Two Shillings & Sixpence

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The Soft Radiance of Candle Light

is equally appropriate for the Dinner Table and the Drawing Room. Restful and soothing, casting the softest of shadows, it creates an atmosphere of its own. Mellow beyond compare, the light of

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completely banishes that strident note that attaches to the use of ultra-brilliant illuminants.

It is important that the right quality of candles be employed.

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE CANDLES,

for use under shades that descend automatically.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES,
for Dining and Drawing Room use.

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Public Opinion
has pronounced it
the finest Whisky
in the World.

Sole Proprietors:
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Handkerchiefs for everybody

are described in our latest list. Handkerchiefs for ladies, gentlemen or children. Khaki handkerchiefs for soldiers, sailors or airmen. Plain handkerchiefs for everyday use; quaint designs for the children, lace and embroidered trifles for the dainty woman—and all are offered at direct prices, thus saving the middleman's profit.

No. 54. Ladies' fine Mull scalloped Embroidered Handkerchiefs, about 13 inches 6/5 per dozen.

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No. 611. Ladies' pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Embroidered Initial, measuring about 12 inches, with 1-inch hem, 1/11 per dozen.

No. 10. Boy's strong linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 12 inches, with 1-inch hem, 3/11 per dozen.

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Model 356.

By simply pressing a button the occupant can instantly change the position of the back to any degree of inclination. The extensible leg Rests can also be adjusted by the occupant, and are supplied either single or divided. No other chair has so many conveniences.

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Can be instantly raised, lowered, or inclined. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. By pressing a button the top can be adjusted to various inclinations. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed-Rest, Card Table, etc. British-made.

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No. 1.—Unfolded Metal Form, with Polished Wood Top. £1 10 6

No. 2.—Same, with Adjustable Table, Automatic Book-holders, and Polished Oak Top (see Drawing). £2 17 6

No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but with Detachable Canvas Screen, and all Metal Parts finished Polished Brass. £5 4 0

Carriage paid in Great Britain. Write for Booklet A7.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Post-War Programme.

One British firm at least, apparently, has hopes of an early return to normal manufacturing conditions. I understand that the Austin Company is announcing a post-war programme, and will confine itself to a single model of moderate power. When it will be possible to put their good intentions into actual practice in another matter, but the evidence of alertness and a determination not to be left behind when the light for markets opens at the end of the war is excellent. Therefore I tender my sincere congratulations to Austins on having been the first to give expression to the resolve of the British industry to be well in the front when the fight begins. Such an announcement as that made by the Austin firm may be thought by many to be at least a little premature at a time when we are told that we have only reached the middle stage of the war. There is nothing in sight to indicate the length of the middle stage, let alone to form a basis for prophecy of the duration of the final phase. But, irrespective of any question of how much longer the war is to last, I regard it as a good and a hopeful sign that even one firm should outwardly manifest the spirit of optimism, to say nothing of the demonstration it conveys that, in spite of all our troubles, we are not commercially



A LUXURIOUS "ARROL-JOHNSTON" CAR: THE LATEST MODEL, PRODUCED AT THE END OF 1914.

The handsome car of which we give a photograph is an admirable specimen of the well-known Arrol-Johnston cars, which are in such high favour for their appearance and technical excellence. The lady at the wheel is Miss Chilton, of Oldhill. The makers of the car, Messrs. Arrol-Johnston, Ltd., of Dumfries, are contractors to H.M. War Office.

to be regarded as a spent force. It could be a good thing, from many points of view, if the example were very widely followed.

Within the Law. A curious case was heard at one of the London police-courts the other day, illustrating quite aptly how a good law can become by the mere process of inventive development. It appeared that an electrically propelled invalid-chair was being driven by its inventor, escorted by the manager of a well-known firm of manufacturers of invalid-furniture, on one of the highways of Hampstead. In its travels it was met by a police-sergeant, who promptly issued summonses against the driver for not having a licence to drive and for driving an unregistered motor-car, and against the firm for aiding and abetting. The court held that the offences had been committed, and convicted but imposed nominal penalties. The little vehicle which was the cause of all the trouble was exactly like any other invalid-carriage, or Bath-chair, except that it was propelled by a 1-h.p. electric motor. It may be unfortunate for the owner of such a vehicle, but the fact that it is "mechanically propelled" makes it a "motor-car" in the eyes of the law. Therefore it must be registered, and the invalid who uses it must take out a licence to drive a motor-car, just as though his vehicle were the most powerful of "sixes." It

(Continued on page 616)

ZENOBIIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

The Soul of the Flowers
The wonderful exactness with which the natural flower scents are reproduced in Zenobia Perfumes wins instant admiration. The delicate odour of

ZENOBIIA SWEET PEA BLOSSOM
is as exquisite as that of the flower itself. This perfume, which was originated by Zenobia, Ltd., is sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6, and 11/6 per bottle.

Other Zenobia Perfumes in great request are Zenobia Night Scented Stock (same price as Sweet Pea Blossom), Zenobia Lily of the Valley—2/3, 3/11, 6/9, and 11/6—and Zenobia Eau de Cologne, the perfect Cologne, sold at 1/3, 2/6, and 5/-.

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Continued. sounds ludicrous, and so it is. All the same, I don't see how the framers of the Motor-Car Act are to blame. They could hardly have foreseen the invention of the self-propelled invalid-chair, or doubtless they would have excepted it from the operation of the Act. Seriously, it does look as though something might be done to exempt such a vehicle from licensing. Heaven knows we are going to have only too much use for it later on—and it really isn't a "motor-car." The matter, I imagine, could easily be disposed of by a Local Government Board Order, or even by a slight amendment to the existing Order.

Twenty Years Ago. Twenty years ago this month motoring on British roads became legal. Four miles an hour, with a man walking in front carrying a red flag, had been the law until the passing of the Locomotives on Highways Act, which came into force in November 1896, legalised the use of the car and a speed-limit of twelve miles an hour. Excepting aviation, I doubt if any mechanical movement has manifested the enormous progress in so short a time as has been achieved by motoring and the motor-car. It is a far cry from the crazy contraptions that were used to celebrate the passing of the "Emancipation Act" by the first London-Brighton run to the luxurious car of 1916. And it must be remembered that the real progress was achieved in the first decade. Save in refinement of detail, there is not much in it as between the car of 1900 and that of the present time. By that year the

car had settled down in design, and had taken on its final characteristics. The "horseless carriage" had disappeared and the engineer had come into the field with scientific ideas of design, so that, while the cars of the early days were redolent of the amateur in design, the model



A REMINDER OF OLD TIMES: A WINNING "TALBOT."

News of a motoring hill-climbing competition comes from Cape Colony, where a contest for Owner-Drivers was held recently at Grahamstown, in which a three-years-old Talbot car was placed First on Formula after accomplishing fourth fastest time of the fifteen competing cars. Since the war the entire manufacture of this model, together with other models for use as ambulances, transport, or Service cars, on which the Clement Talbot works are still almost exclusively engaged, has been appropriated for war service.

of 1906 was really the motor-car as we know it now. Development since then has simply been a logical process of improvement. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of motoring progress has been the entire alteration of the public attitude towards the car and its user. Even a dozen years ago the motorist was anathema to the great mass of the non-motoring public. Now the car is not only accepted as a commonplace, but it has become the principal factor in locomotion, and a serious rival even of the railways. It is a wonderful record indeed to have grown from nothing to a predominant position in two decades.

C.A.V. Lighting Enterprise. Although, in common with most other firms in the business, Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co. are working day and night on Government contracts, they tell me they are still able to turn out their well-known electric lighting and starting sets for the private user. They have issued lately an abridged catalogue, from which I gather that C.A.V. prices have been very little increased since the war.

Tyre Sizes. I have always made a strong point of the advisability of over rather than under-tyring the car. The Goodrich Company sends me a booklet in which are set forth the advantages of the over-size tyre, and which is distinctly worth perusal. All the arguments are put before the reader so clearly and concisely that the little book in question is quite convincing.

W. W.

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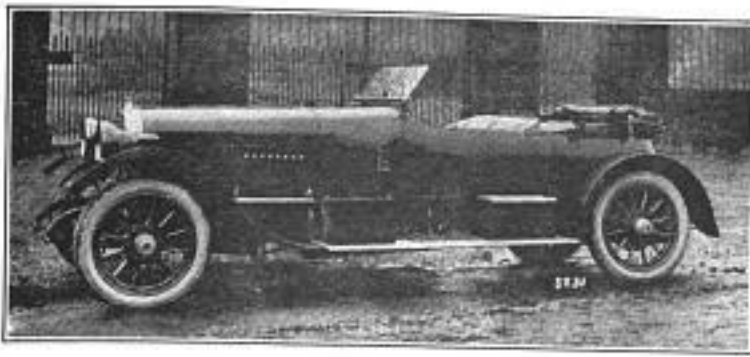
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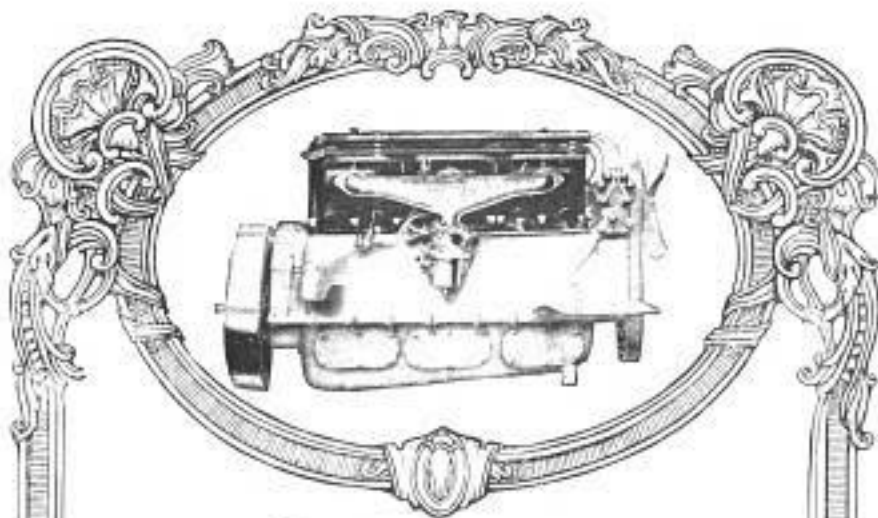
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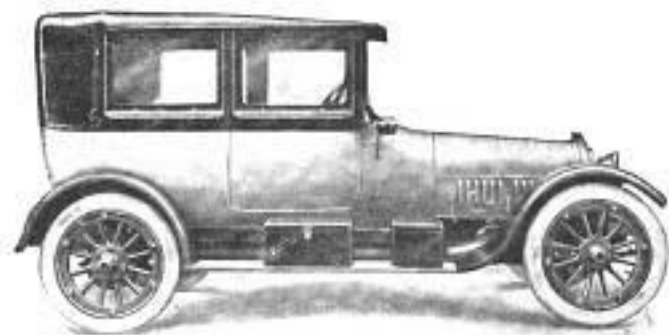
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Vol. 59 - No. 1544.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1916.

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HER SON'S V.C.: THE KING PRESENTING THE VICTORIA CROSS TO THE MOTHER OF A FALLEN HERO.

On November 16, the King performed one of the most gracious and touching acts in the story of the war: the presentation of Victoria Crosses to parents and next-of-kin of soldiers who had won the great decoration for valour, but had not lived to wear it. The recipients attended at Buckingham Palace, where they were received with the customary royal courtesy and sympathy. Our illustration shows his Majesty presenting the decoration to Mrs. Warner, of St. Albans, to whose son, the late Private

Edward Warner, Bedfordshire Regiment, the Victoria Cross was awarded for most conspicuous bravery. Others who received Crosses were the mother of Captain John Franks Vallentin, South Staffordshire Regiment; the mother of John Cornwell, boy on H.M.S. "Chester"; the mother of Private Edward Barber, Grenadier Guards; and the mother of Captain Theodore Wright, R.E. Mrs. Walford received the Cross awarded to her husband, Captain Garth Neville Walford, R.A.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SUCH people as the Conscientious Objectors might be very amiable people if only they had any consciences. But it is literally true that right and wrong are to them like red and blue to a blind man. I am willing to listen patiently to those who say they are suffering for a principle; but they seem to suffer chiefly from not knowing what a principle is. Take, for instance, the plot of certain Pacifists to whitewash the Prussians in Belgium. I will not speak of the methods by which this Prussian picture was painted on the spot and brought back to England. But take the substance of the pleas themselves, the nature of the case which such sophists make out for the aggressor and the tyrant. The arresting quality of that case itself is that it is intrinsically immoral, inherently indifferent to the point of justice and injustice. For instance, the Pacifist earnestly explains that the invader did not burn a fourth of a neutral city, but only a sixth: I forget the precise fraction, and (being myself the possessor of a moral sense, however battered) I am cheerfully content to forget it. Now, if such a Pacifist heard that his own house had been set on fire merely for fun by his next-door neighbour, I think he would regard the fact as more important than the fractions. Suppose the Pacifist saw a private enemy in broad daylight deliberately run into his motor-car and wreck it (this sort of Pacifist is almost certain to own a motor-car). I do not think that, when he picked himself up out of the road, he would argue about whether a fourth or a sixth of the machinery had been damaged. If the Pacifist went to his own stables (he probably has stables) and found a humorous fellow laming the horses by cutting off their legs, I fancy he would not (in the heat of the moment) count the limbs very carefully, or make quite sure whether he was meant in the future to ride a horse with two legs or a horse with one. The fractures, not the fractions, count.

Well, it was not the limbs of horses but the limbs of human beings that the Teuton barbarians cut off in the villages and fields of Flanders. It was not uncommon for them to cut off the hands of a baby; but I have no doubt that some of these strange English humanitarians will tell us eagerly that the phrase has been misunderstood. They will assure us that the Germans only cut off one hand of one baby, and were careful never to cut off both hands of the same baby. They are very methodical, and they may have gone on the principle that half a baby is better than no infanticide. And yet all this naked and frantic criminality is not the largest matter to which the Pacifist immoralism is blind. The worst crime committed by the Germans in Belgium consisted of being in Belgium, just as certainly as the worst crime of a housebreaker consists in breaking a house. When the lady to whose proceedings I have alluded attempts to suggest that the German invaders did not do much to Louvain, she executes a sort of symbolic dance of the moral anarchist. She does not see that to do anything to Louvain was to do much to Louvain, and more than can ever be wiped

out. The fun of the situation is, of course, that it is precisely these people who are conspicuously incompetent to understand that morality exists as an idea who are conspicuously talkative in lecturing us about moral idealism. The fact suggests a picturesque reconstruction of Nathaniel Hawthorne's weird and graceful fancy called "Transformation." Hawthorne imagined the utterly unmoral man as a kind of Faun—the re-birth of that remote Greek ecstasy which conceived a hilarious hybrid of a goat and a god. He conceived that if such a creature could reappear, he would rejoice in nature and in man as a part of nature; but would be unable to understand that profound truth of religion—that nature itself is only a part of man. The unmoral man has reappeared after all: the Faun is among us. But he does nothing so sensible as dance all alone in the forest or roll in the grass like a young colt. The unmoral man lectures on the higher morality; he writes laborious books about international ethics and economics; he is less likely to be found in a cavern than in a college. He does not look very like a god, and he has a new way of playing the goat.

of the foreigner on the soil. Prussia has bribed the Belgian with a university; but she has not abandoned the claim to beat him with a stick. She has flattered the Fleming by calling him a German; but she is treating him as if he were a negro or a Chinese coolie. The race of Teutons does not count for very much the moment it is convenient to create a race of Helots. The German Government is taking its labour precisely as the blackest slave-raider in Africa takes it; and that not among dubious or hostile savages, but among Christian neighbours and neutrals. And when he was asked to defend this indefensible thing, he said something that is almost too good to be true.

He said—he really and truly said—that if the Belgians had been left behind they would only have hung about public-houses. This is the sort of thing which does indeed advance, if not the brotherhood of men, at least the Brotherhood of prigs. It is a sacrament of that universal modern religion of which the festival is not All Souls' Day, but rather All Fools' Day. Some of our philanthropists and social reformers, I suppose, will instantly become Pro-Germans and ardently wish they could become Germans. But the development of this doctrine among the Germans themselves will be the most entertaining to watch, for the application of it to their own apologetics is obviously infinite. By such efforts the Teutonic reformers will in time give us a wholly tectotal Belgium; and the excessive consumption of beer will be as unknown in Flanders as it always has been in Germany. Seriously, however, the old Germany of the "beer-duel" was a cleaner place than the Germany of the tectotal Emperor and the hygienic professor. When the German was drinking, drinking, drinking, as the song says, he may not have been a

dignified object; but when he is only thinking, thinking, thinking, he is not only less genial, but actually less sober.

For the rest, as I say, the practical applicability of the excuse seems quite unlimited. Sailors are left to drown because sailors hang about public-houses; soldiers are gassed, for fear they should hang about public-houses; the working-classes in the London slums are pelted with bombs from a Zeppelin because it is notoriously their habit to hang about public-houses; and Nurse Cavell was shot because she had let men escape without exacting from them a pledge never to hang about public-houses any more. They cut off from the child the right hand that might offend by carrying his father a pot of beer; and they nailed up another child on a door, like a bat or an owl, in order to make it impossible for him to enter the inn and be contaminated by the conversation in the bar-parlour. I have heard arguments in England on this subject which were mentally, if not morally, of similar value; and some of our philanthropists are almost capable of sending men to the gallows to save them from the tavern. If you are hanging on a gibbet, it is quite impossible to hang round a public-house.



RECAPTURED BY THE ALLIES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CAPTURE BY THE SERBIANS ON NOVEMBER 19, 1912:
MONASTIR—A GENERAL VIEW.

A French communiqué of November 19 stated: "Troops of the Army of the Orient entered Monastir at 8 a.m. to-day, the anniversary of the taking of that town by the Serbians in 1912." This event was rendered possible by the fine victories of the Serbians advancing from the east, while a Franco-Russian force came up from the south. Monastir, which has been called the key to Macedonia, lies in a gorge about 2000 ft. above sea-level. Commercially, it is the second town of Serbia, after Belgrade, in importance, and has a population of about 60,000.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

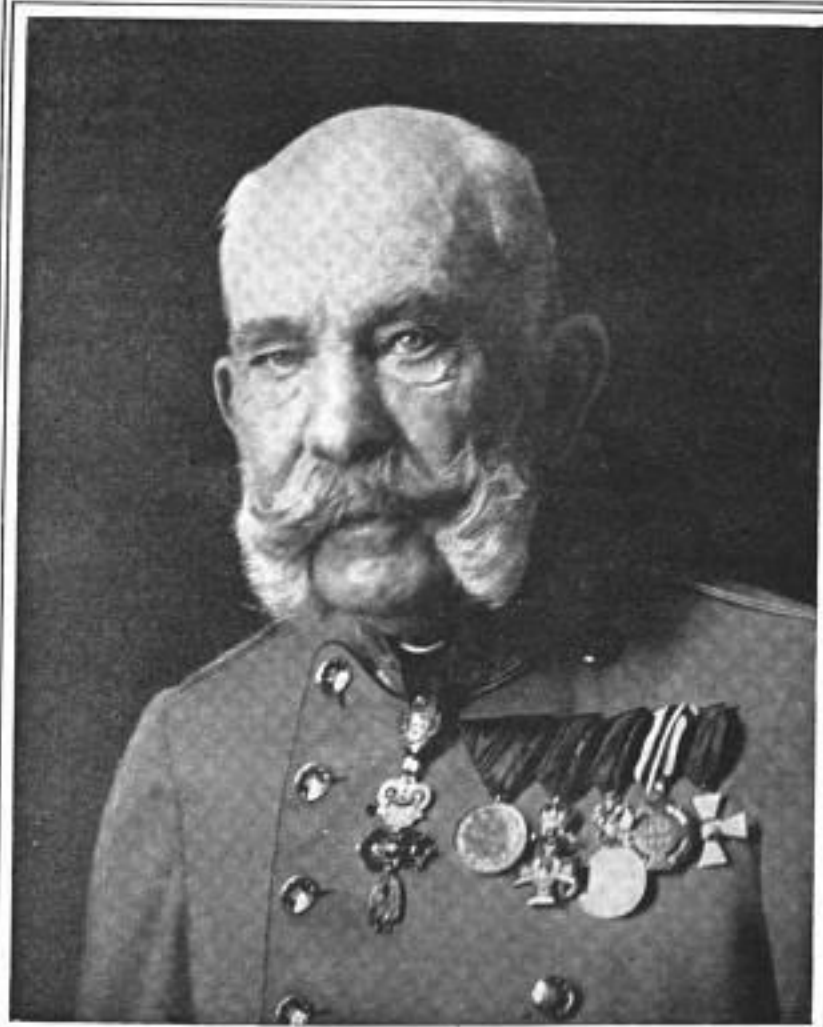
It is probable that the prig has a native sympathy with the Prussian; it is certain that the Prussian has just lately been using one of the favourite arguments of the prig. It is one of the best and worst jokes of the war; but it needs a little prefatory explanation. The men of Belgium are now quite literally enslaved. I say quite literally, and the point is of rather pressing moment. One thing which our Pacifists and cosmopolitan idealists were very fond of saying was that a foreign government was no worse than a native one. The poor man was coolly informed that he would be no worse off under German than under British authorities. The poor man was not in the least impressed, for the poor man is far too close to realities to despise ideals. A man does not live for life, like a vegetable, but for a view of life; and the view is like an English landscape. But leaving the materialism, and therefore the muddle-headedness, of this view out of the question, it is not true even in the external and practical sense. Being conquered seldom means being well governed, and never means being secure of good government. Even where the conquered man has been accepted as a citizen, he can afterwards be used as a slave. If anyone doubts this, what is happening in Belgium at this moment will end his doubt, and teach him all that our fathers meant by the fear

A REIGN OF MISERY: THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR; AND HIS HEIR.

PHOTOGRAPH 1 AND 2 SUPPLIED BY STANLEY J. BY PERTZNER.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH'S HEIR, REPORTED RECENTLY TO BE ABOUT TO BECOME REGENT ARCHDUKE CARL FRANZ, AND HIS WIFE, ARCHDUCHESS ZITA.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA, WHOSE DEATH ON NOVEMBER 21 AT SCHÖNBRUNN CASTLE WAS ANNOUNCED ON THE 22ND.

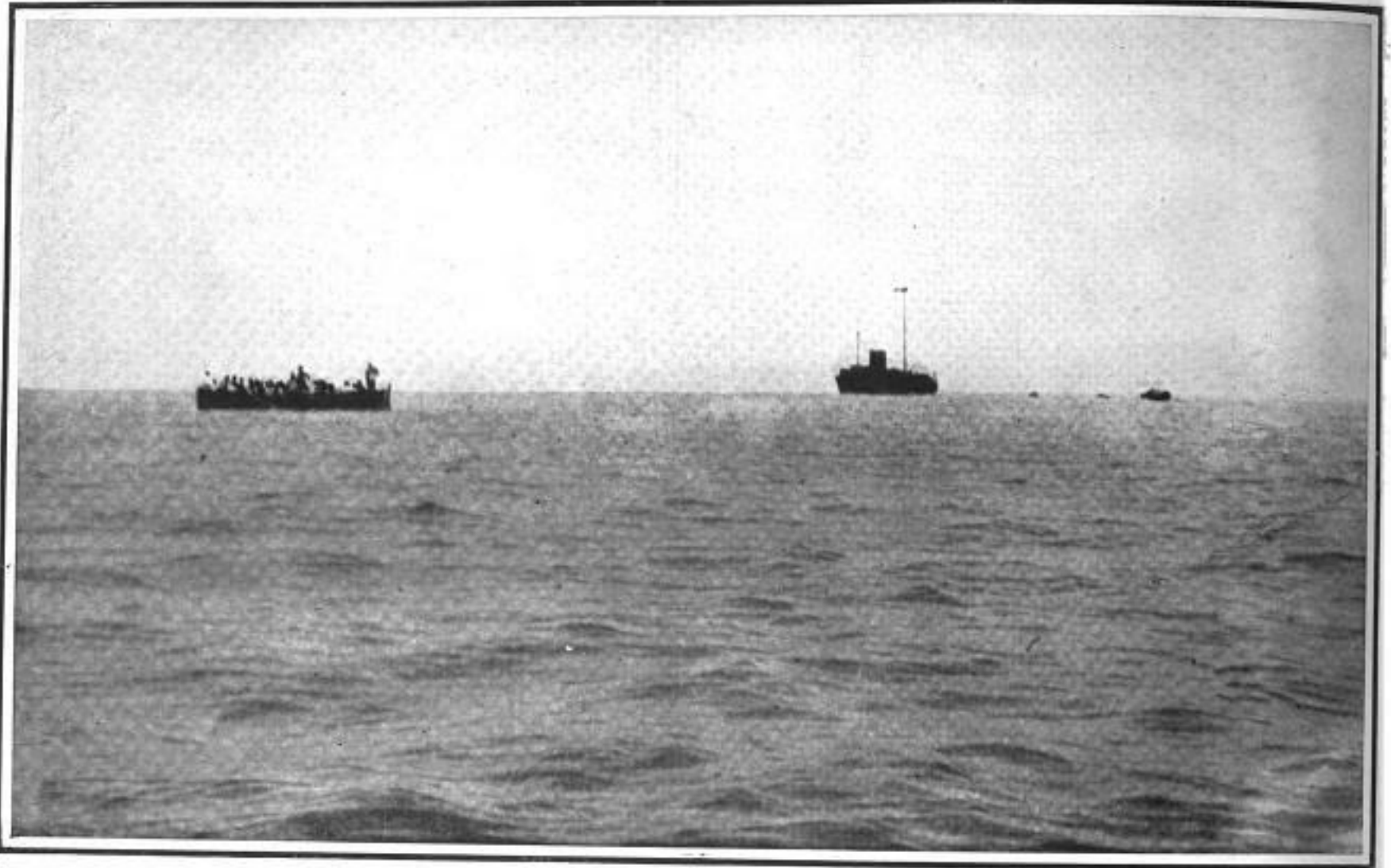
It was reported in a Reuter message of Wednesday, November 22, that the Emperor Francis Joseph died at 9 o'clock on the previous evening at the Castle of Schönbrunn, and the same news was given in a wireless message from Berlin. Thus passes out of European history one of the most sinister figures of modern times, whose reign and private life had been a long succession of tragedies, culminating in the great war which was largely due to Austrian aggressions. At the end of a career of misery, the Emperor Francis Joseph has left his country in a state of chaos and under the dominance of his



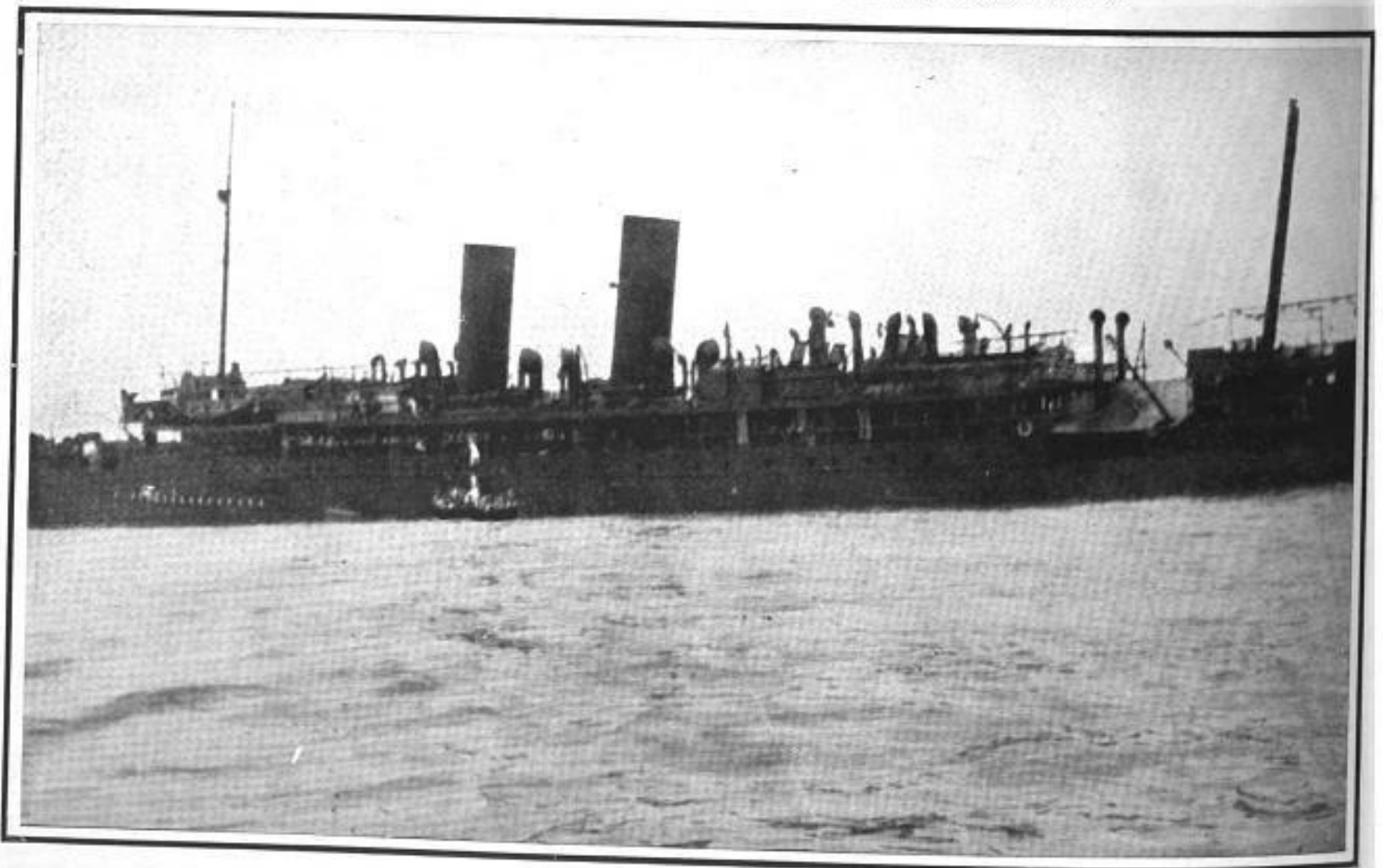
LEAVING HIS COUNTRY UNDER GERMAN DOMINANCE AFTER PLUNGING EUROPE INTO WAR AT THE END OF A TRAGIC REIGN: THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

overbearing German allies. He was born on August 18, 1830, and was thus in his eighty-sixth year, the oldest of European Sovereigns. He acceded to the throne, at a time of revolution, on December 2, 1848. The Emperor's successor is his nephew, the Archduke Carl Franz, who is now thirty. On November 17 it was stated that the Emperor would issue, on December 2, a proclamation largely increasing the rights of sovereignty of the Archduke Carl Franz, who would in future "have charge of affairs of the realm conjointly with the Emperor." This would have amounted practically to abdication.

ANOTHER LINER TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING: THE "ARABIA."



"ALL THE 437 PASSENGERS HAVE BEEN SAVED": RESCUE-BOATS FULL OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN LEAVING THE "ARABIA" SOON AFTER SHE HAD BEEN TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE, WITHOUT WARNING.



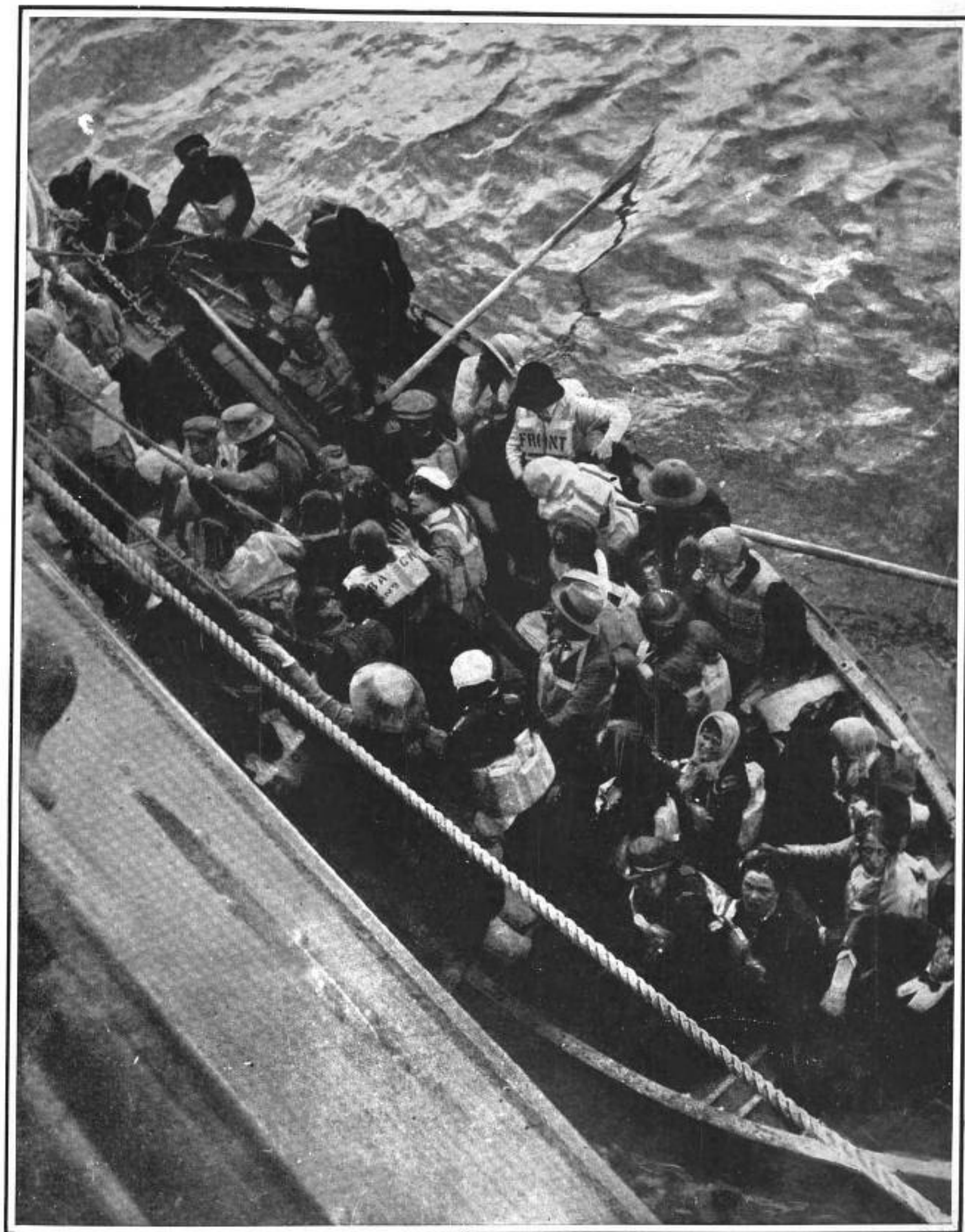
"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST": A WOMAN BEING LOWERED INTO A BOAT FROM THE P. AND O. LINER "ARABIA" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN TORPEDOED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It was no fault of the German submarine which torpedoed the "Arabia" that the passengers on board did not suffer the same fate as those of the "Lusitania" and so many other helpless victims of Germany's murderous outrages at sea. By intention, the attack on the "Arabia" was one more case of wholesale massacre of civilians, women and children included. The official account of the event issued by the Admiralty was as follows: "The homeward bound P. and O. mail steamer 'Arabia' was torpedoed

without warning and sunk in the Mediterranean about noon on November 6. The vessel had 437 passengers, including 169 women and children. All the passengers have been saved by various vessels which were diverted to the scene of the disaster. Two of the engineers are missing, believed killed by the explosion; all the rest of crew saved." The "Arabia" was on a voyage from Sydney to the United Kingdom. The German Government tried to excuse the infamous crime by issuing an official statement that

(Continued on p. 625)

GERMANY LIES AGAIN! THE "ARABIA" NOT "A TRANSPORT."



IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE "ARABIA" WAS A PASSENGER SHIP: A BOAT-LOAD OF SURVIVORS, INCLUDING MANY WOMEN—AMONG THEM LADY GRAHAM.

[Continued.]
 "On November 6 a German submarine sank by torpedo a hostile transport ship of about 12,000 tons, eighty sea miles west of Malta." The Admiralty's comment was: "This is an obvious attempt to explain away the outrageous and inhuman act of torpedoing a mail steamer without warning. The only ship sunk in the Mediterranean on November 6 was the P. and O. mail steamer 'Arabia,' of 7933 tons, which was sunk without warning about 300 miles east of Malta." Among the passengers in the boat shown on the

right-hand page above is Lady Graham, widow of the late Sir James Graham, formerly Lord Mayor of Sydney. She is seen on the right, seated with her back to the boat's starboard side, and raising her right hand, next to a man in a sun-helmet holding an oar. Lady Graham stated that four or five trawlers came up very soon after the passengers took to the boats. Everything was done quietly, and splendid discipline was shown. "My boat," she said, "and two others were picked up by the 'City of Marseilles.'"

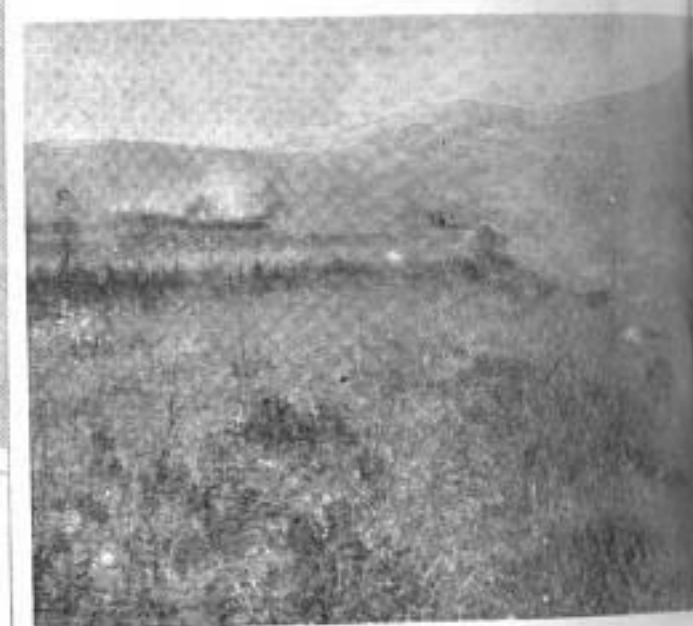
THE CAPTURE OF MONASTIR BY THE ALLIES: THE



WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS: A FRENCH GUN NEAR THE SERBIAN FRONTIER.



THE BATTLEFIELD ON THE MONASTIR FRONT: SERBIAN FRONTIER.



FRENCH ARTILLERY IN ACTION NEAR THE SERBIAN FRONTIER.



WITH THE FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT: BULLOCK-DRAWN CONVOYS CROSSING A FORD.

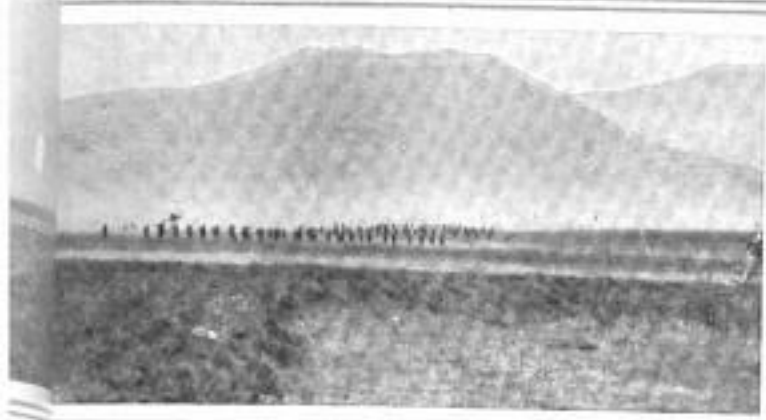


FRENCH TRANSPORT WAGONS ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.

The capture of Monastir was the culminating point of many weeks of hard fighting by the Allied troops in Macedonia. While a Franco-Russian force was moving towards Monastir from the south, the Serbians were advancing from the east, and it was their series of fine victories in that mountainous region—at Mount Kaymakchalan, the Chuke heights, on the Tcherma River, and at Iven—which rendered possible the occupation of the town. The French forces entered Monastir on the morning of November 19, exactly four years after its capture by the Serbians from the Turks in the First Balkan War. In this connection it is interesting to recall the statement made to the Press by the Serbian Minister in Paris after receiving the news of the fall of Monastir. "Serbian Macedonia," he said, "is now ours for ever, delivered from the Turks and defended against the Bulgarians. It has cost much."

RENCH SIDE OF THE FRANCO-RUSSO-SERBIAN ADVANCE.

TOGRAPHIC.



FRONT LINES—INFANTRY MOVING ACROSS OPEN GROUND.



"120" BATTERIES FIRING ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.



FRENCH COLONIAL FORCES NEAR MONASTIR: IN A RAVINE 2000 FT. UP.



SUPPLY CONVOY RESTING IN A MACEDONIAN LANE.

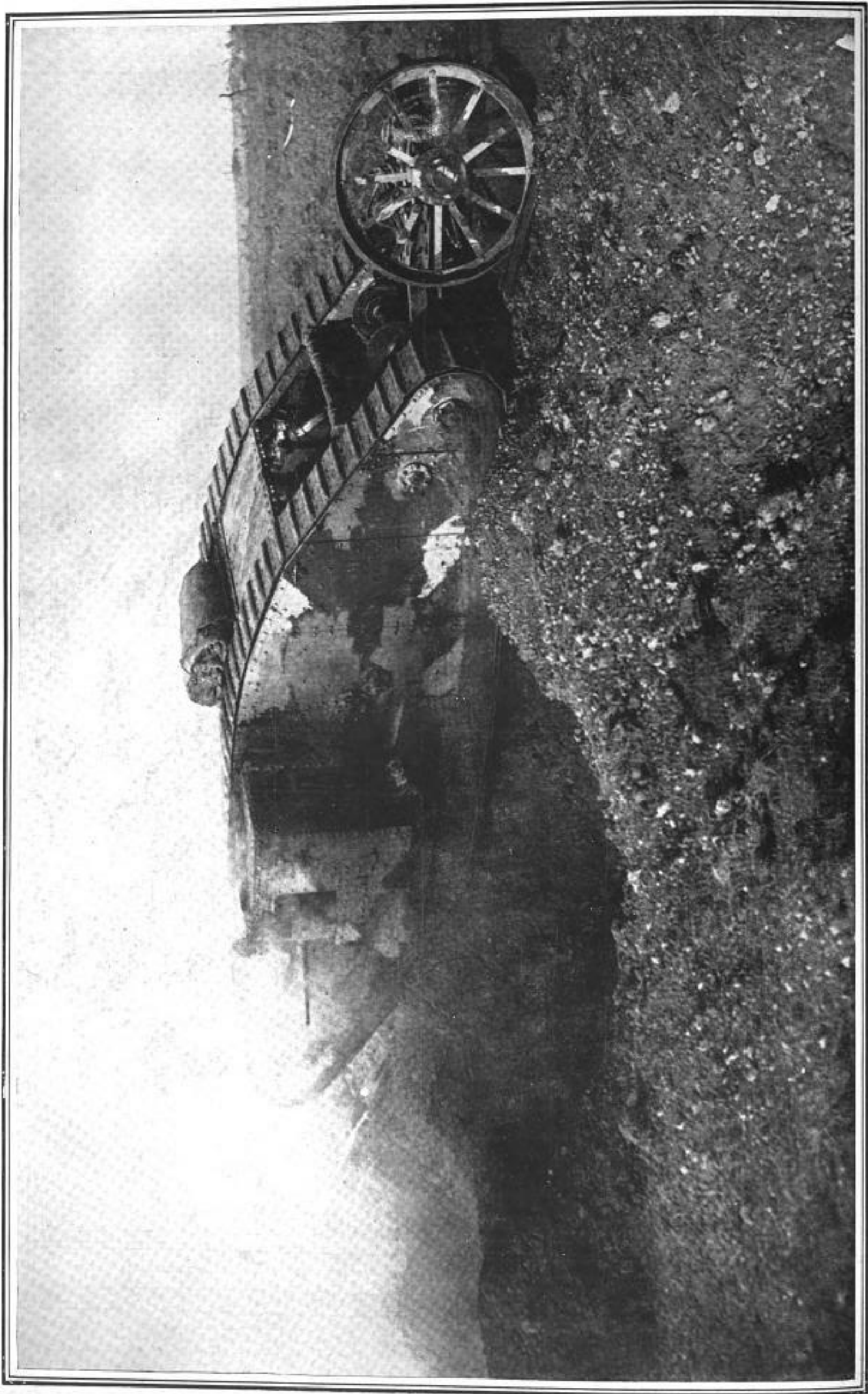


ONE WITH A DECORATIVE FIGURE: PAINTED FRENCH AMBULANCE WAGONS WATER-LOGGED.

but less than in the Balkan War. To-day it is a Prussian General who is being chased from Macedonia, and the struggle has become European. The work accomplished is indestructible. It is the Entente which is re-establishing the Serbian people as a barrier against German expansion to the Aegean Sea. No one will again risk the breaching of the rampart. The capture of Monastir will have its effect on future events in the Balkans and at Salonika. The words of General Sarrail that he would enter Monastir before the winter appeared audacious in view of the difficulties. As mentioned on "Our Note-Book" page, where a view of Monastir is given, it is the second town in commercial importance (after Belgrade) in Serbia. Its fall must be a great blow to the Bulgarians, who had long coveted it, and will have a strong moral effect in the Balkans.

A TANK IN ACTION: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "NEW TYPE OF HEAVY ARMoured CAR."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



A TANK REVEALED: ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S LAND-SHIPS, WHICH "EAT UP" TREES AND HOUSES, AND CRUNCH IRRESISTIBLY OVER TRENCHES, GOING INTO BATTLE.

Hitherto the celebrated Tanks have been almost as mythical as the various mythical monsters—Leviathan, Behemoth, and so on—to which they have been so lavishly compared. Now, at length, it is permissible to publish illustrations of them as in themselves they really are. The Tanks were first officially mentioned in despatches on September 15, when, in a communication from General Headquarters in France regarding the great British advance which opened on that day, it was stated: "In this attack we employed for the first time a new type of heavy armoured car, which has proved of considerable utility." This brief

allusion was much amplified by the correspondents. The Tanks have been described as able to knock down houses and trees, and crawl over trenches and shell-craters, spitting fire, and impervious to anything but a big shell. The Germans call them "Panzerkraftwagen," and hold them in due respect. Officially, they call themselves His Majesty's Land-Ships (H.M.L.S.), and each has a name, such as "Cobra de Meville," "Gordon House," etc. Their numerous nicknames include "Crocodile," "Rhino," "Humming-Bird," and "Willie." They are painted with "protective" colours.

BUGLERS PLAYING TO A DYING FRENCH HERO: HIS LAST REQUEST.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



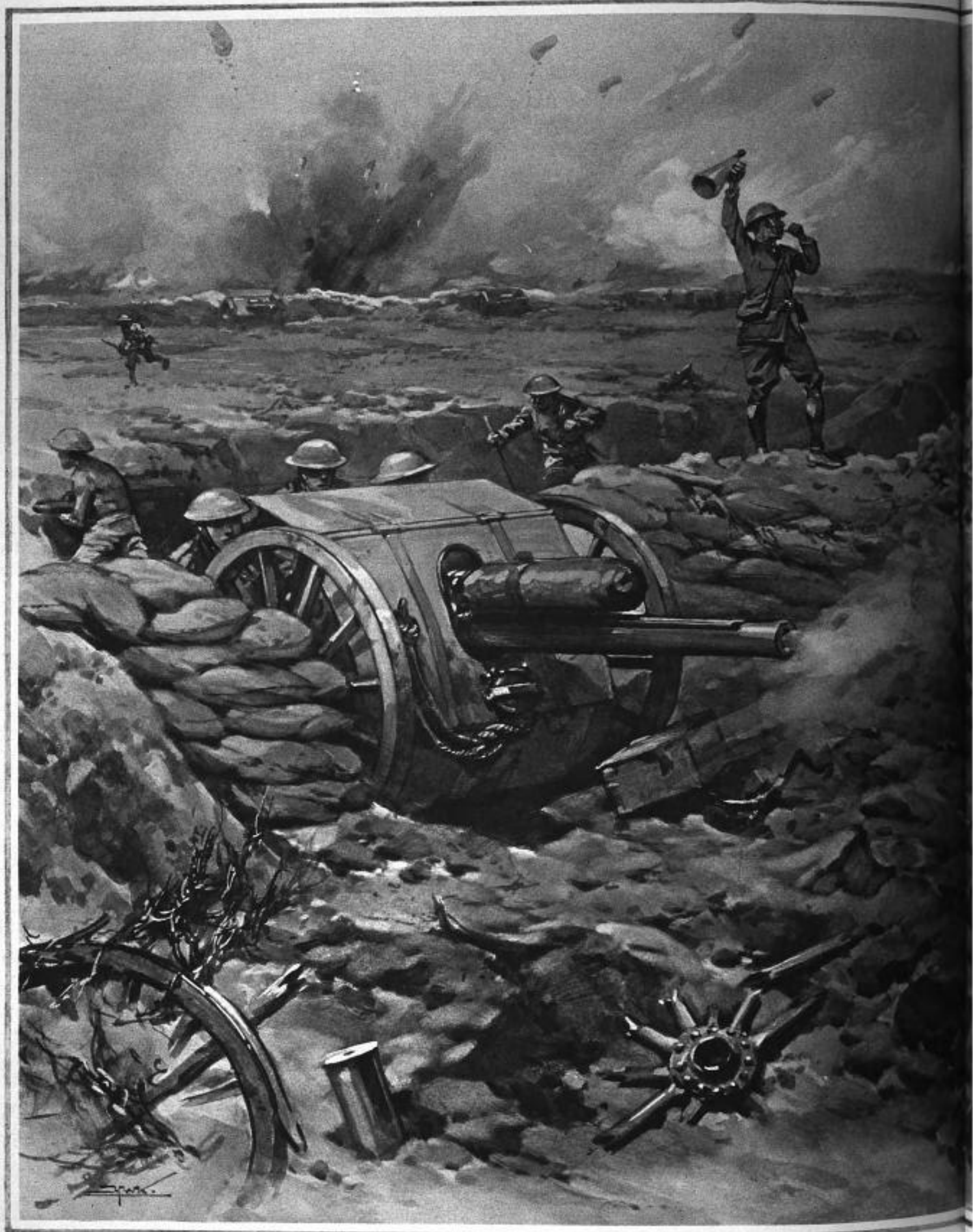
CHEERED BY HIS REGIMENT'S FAMOUS "SIDI BRAHIM MARCH": THE DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS.

The commanding officer of a battalion of Alpine Chasseurs stationed in the Vosges fell mortally wounded on a road in an exposed position. As it was discovered that his case was hopeless and that life was ebbing out, he was asked what his last wish was. "Let the buglers come," said the dying officer, "and sound the 'March of Sidi Brahimi'." The buglers came, placed themselves round their chief, and sounded the glorious march, while he sank into death lulled by the strains of the martial music of his Chasseurs. The name of Sidi Brahimi was given to that march in commemoration of the desperate defence offered by three companies of Chasseurs of the Montagnac column attacked by

a swarm of Arabs under Abd-el-Kader during the Algerian conquest, on September 22-23, 1845. Most of the little column were massacred. The survivors took refuge in the mosque of Sidi Brahimi, a neighbouring village, where they held out, without food or water, for two days, and then cut their way back to the French camp. In the present war the 6th Company of the 7th Battalion of Chasseurs performed a similar exploit in the Vosges last year (illustrated in our issue of August 14, 1915) and were honoured by being officially named "the Company of Sidi Brahimi." The dignified and touching incident we illustrate may well become historic.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHEN COMBLES WAS STORMED: THE MOMENT

DRAWN BY H. W. LORRAINE

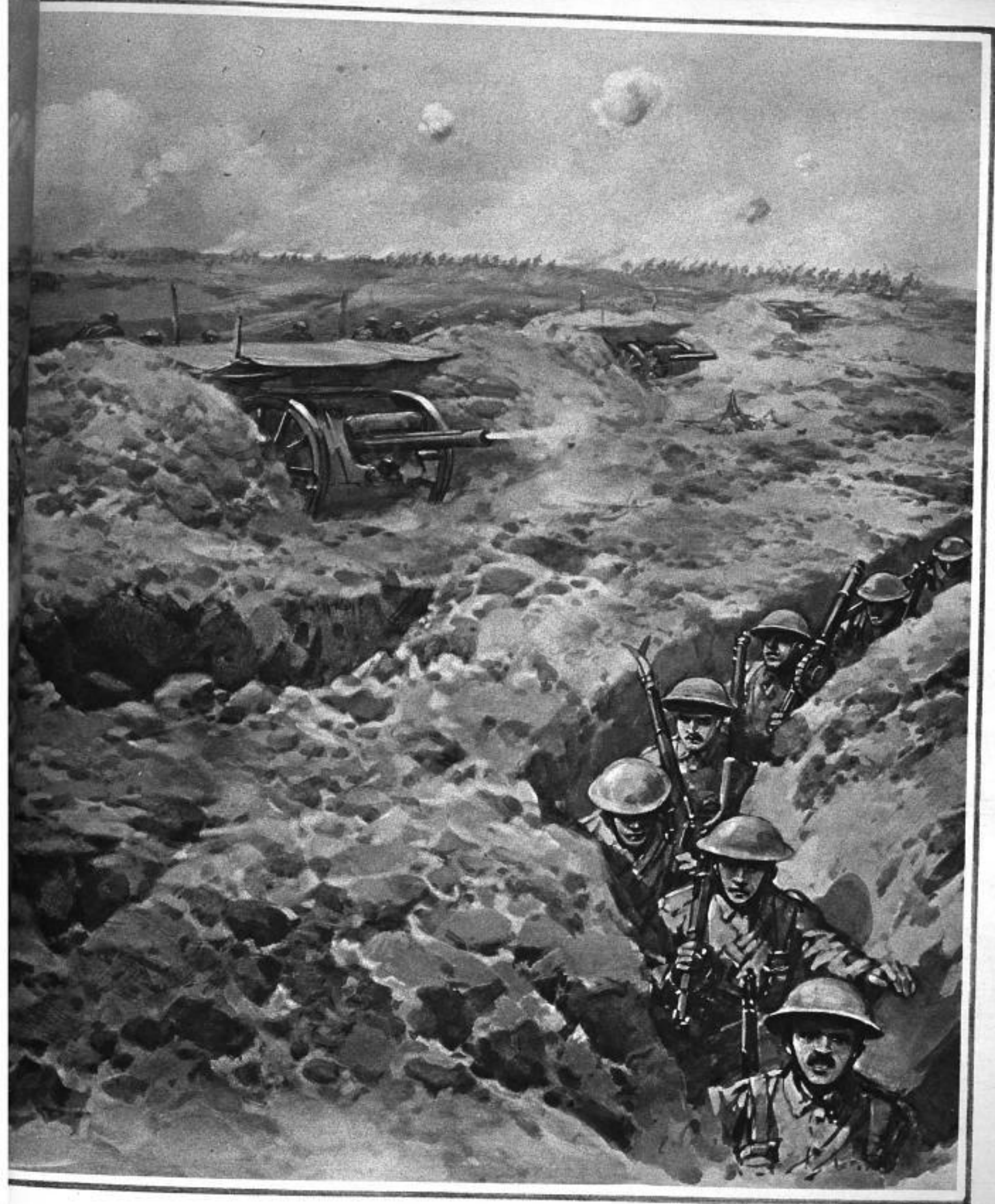


ON OUR ARTILLERY FRONT DURING THE BARRAGE BOMBARDMENT WHICH CUT OFF THE GERMAN

"More than 1800 rifles, four flammenwerfers, and many thousands of rounds of artillery ammunition and grenades were taken by us at Comblès, where our Allies have also made large captures of material." So Sir Douglas Haig reported in his despatch, after recording the capture of Comblès at the time of the Thiepval victory. Comblès was taken by the British and French in co-operation, attacking from two directions. The entire German garrison of the fortified village stronghold, which the enemy had made both a big place d'armes with elaborate underground defence works and also a central ammunition and stores dépôt, was cut off by the barrage fire maintained up to the last moment before the Allied double attack. The enemy were overpowered and practically all shot down, the few survivors being made prisoners. The bodies of between 1500 and 2000 Germans were found in the

BEFORE THE BRITISH BARRAGE FIRE LIFTED.

DETAILS RECEIVED.

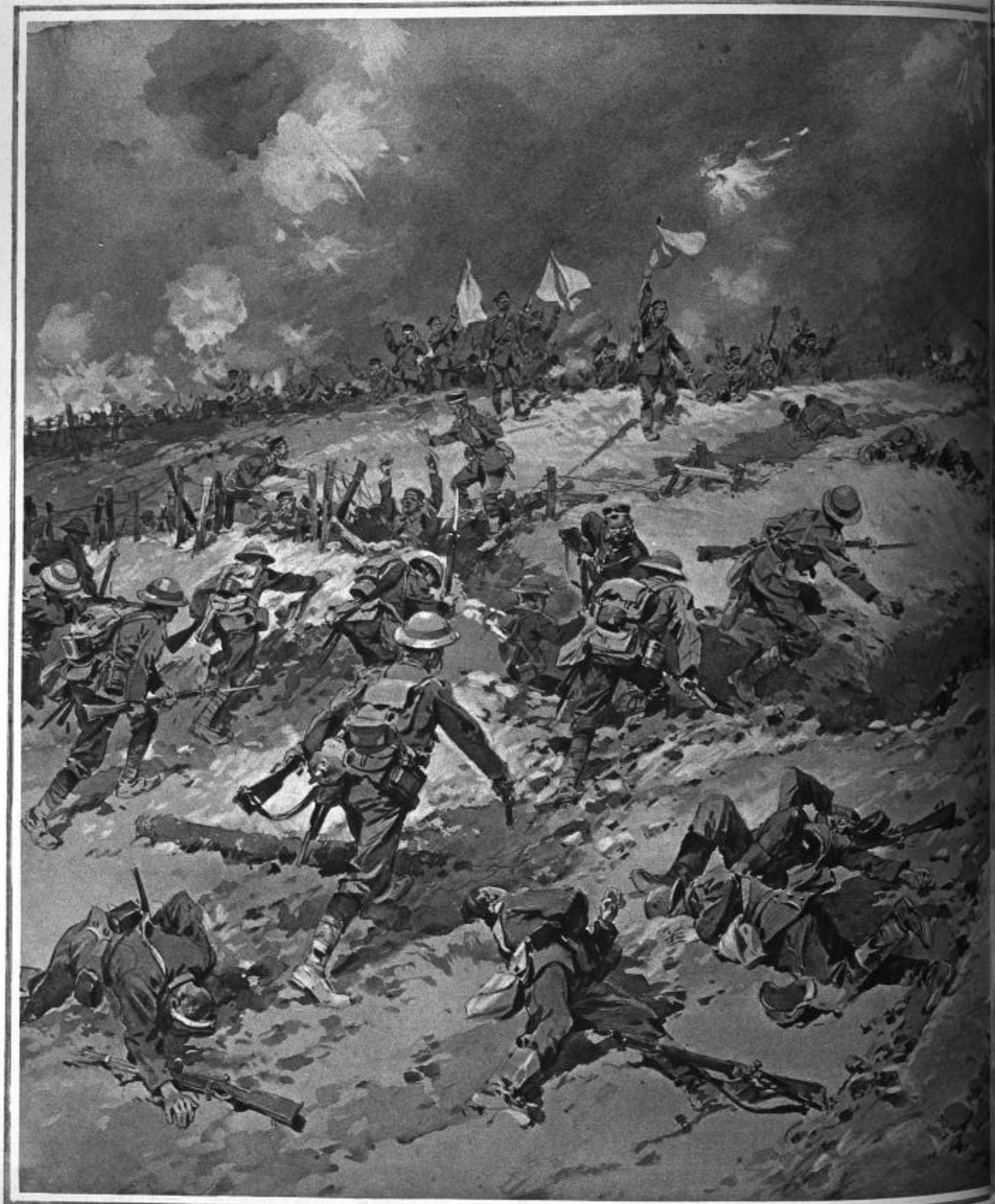


HARRISON IN COMBLES: THE BARRAGE ORDERED TO LIFT, FOR INFANTRY TO ADVANCE.

streets, houses, cellars, and dug-outs at Combes. Our illustration shows the British attack opening. The exact moment is indicated by the officer seen standing up on a battery earthwork little to the left centre. With one hand raised to attract attention (holding a megaphone), with the other he holds to his lips his whistle giving the signal for the barrage fire to lift and the infantry go forward. All along the general line of background are our heavier guns, ranged in close formation. Overhead, to the left, are some of our kite-balloons, "spotting" and range-checking. On the right in the background infantry in extended order are advancing. Some may be observed threading their way through the maze of our guns. Other infantry (the right foreground) are making their way along a trench with a Lewis automatic gun. To the right centre is seen a big shell crater.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE STORMING OF SCHWABEN REDOUBT: BRITISH INFANTRY

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAYMON

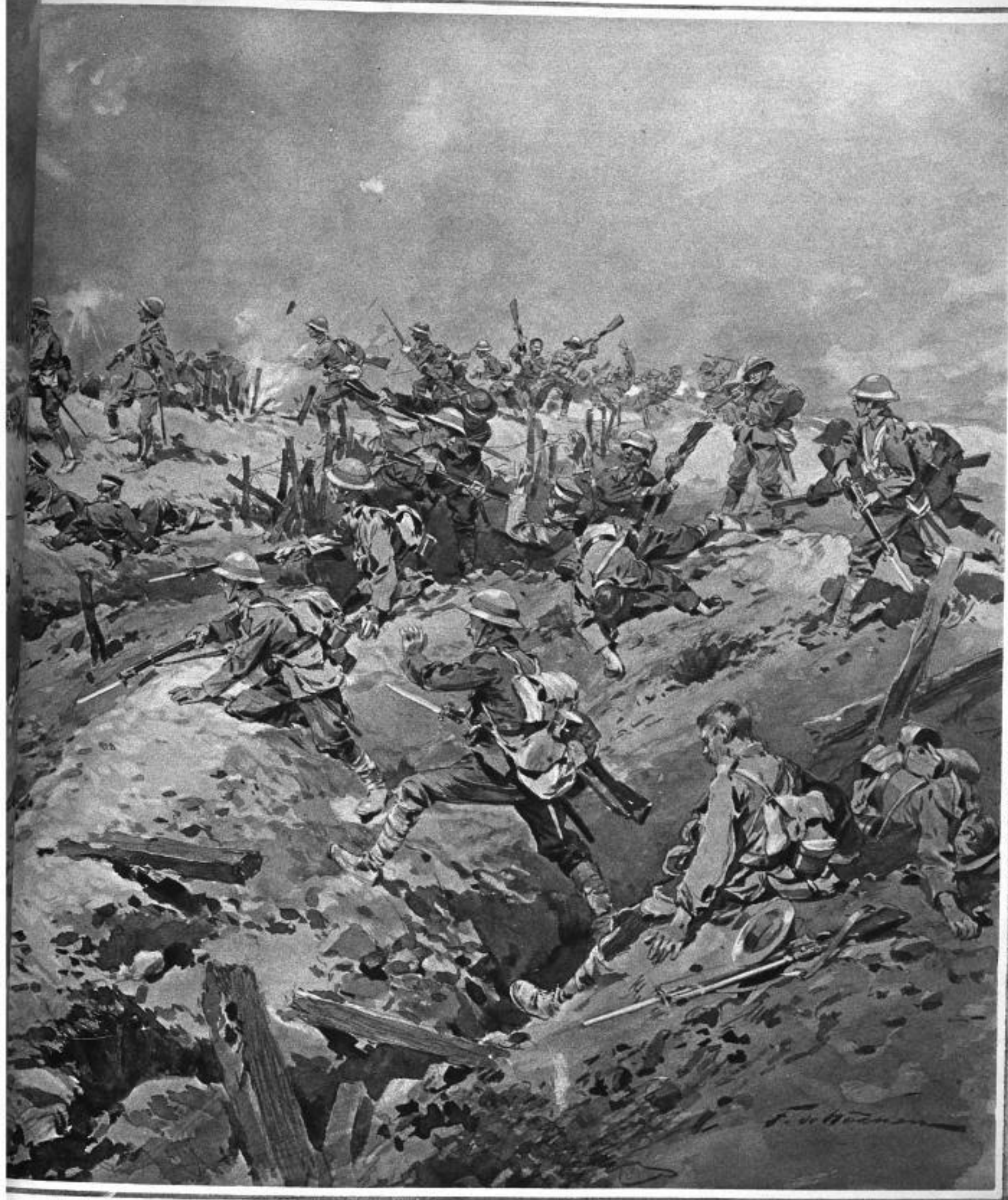


THE SURRENDER OF THE FRONT GERMAN LINE AT THE SCHWABEN REDOUBT: WHITE FLAGS

The Schwaben Redoubt was one of the strongly fortified positions of the German line, and was the scene of stubborn fighting. Our illustration shows British infantry carrying the assault, where the ground was a tangle of trenches and pits. Three white flags were raised at different points by the enemy, to indicate the surrender of their front line. Meanwhile, isolated encounters were going on in various places. In the background is seen the smoke of the British artillery's barrage fire, working ahead of the infantry advance. An official British communiqué regarding this battle said: "To-day we attacked the Schwaben Redoubt, most of which is in our hands. During the past twenty-four hours in this area nearly 600 prisoners have been taken. The Redoubt occupies the crest 500 yards north of Thiepval, and represents the highest ground on the Thiepval Spur, with a full view over the northern valley of the Ancre." A day or two later it was officially stated: "We increased our gains at Schwaben Redoubt, only a minute portion of which remains untaken." Describing the original attack, a "Times"

CARRYING THE SUMMIT—A TANGLE OF TRENCHES AND PITS.

DETAILS RECEIVED.

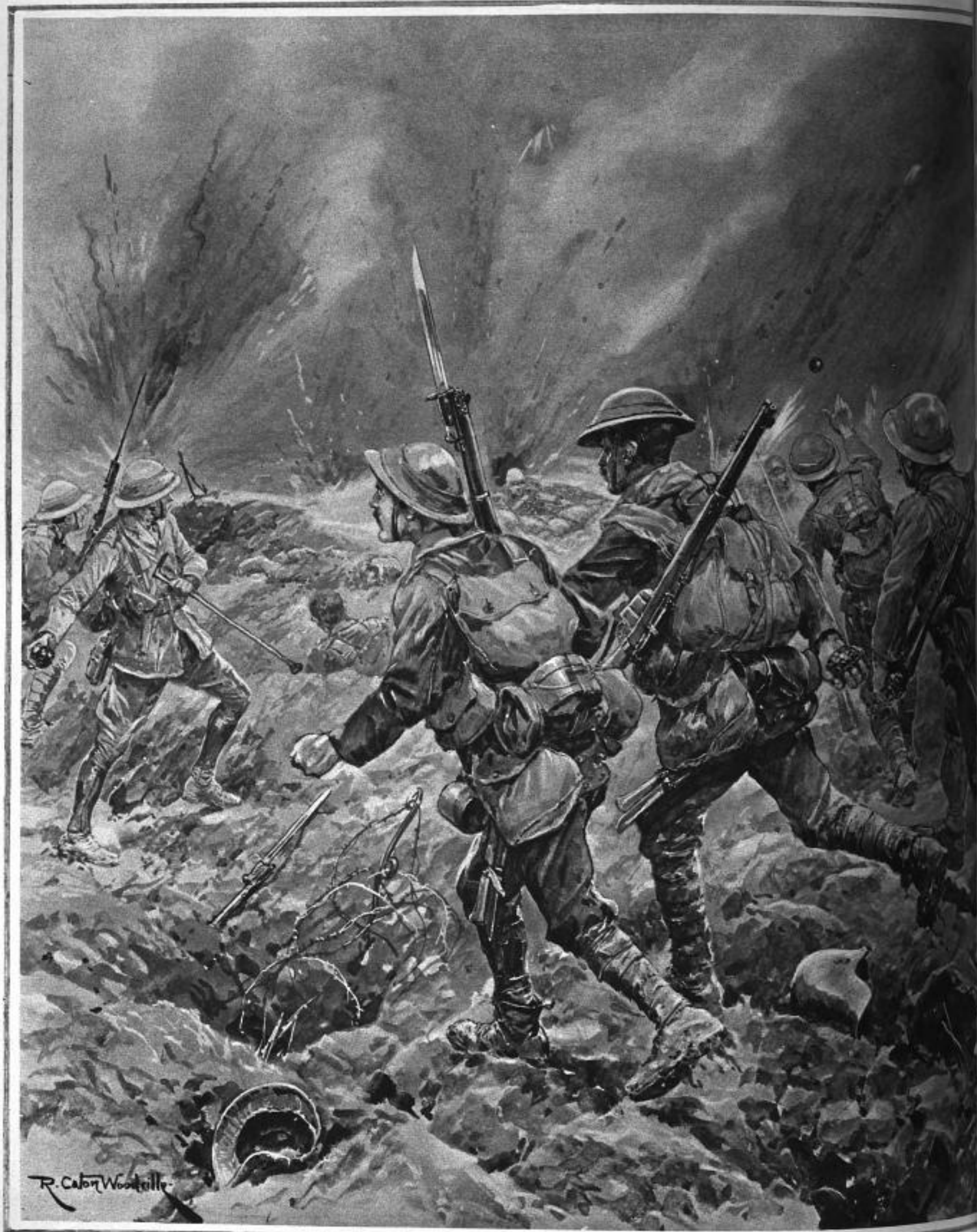


RAISED BY THE ENEMY AS THE BRITISH ATTACK REACHES THE CREST OF THE RIDGE.

correspondent writes: "The barrage lifted for a moment, and we knew that the infantry were going into that hell of smoke and fire and death. We saw the cloud spread northward as our guns increased their range to positions beyond, and, as the wind drifted the smoke away, the region on which our storm had first broken came out peacefully into the sunlight again. Our men had gone beyond it. Presently on that same region the enemy's shells began falling—sure sign that it was our ground now and not his—and still the tide of battle moved on. Ever northward the curtain of our bursting shells passed steadily, until it engulfed only the further side of the Redoubt and down to the German first line on the Ancre. . . . We broke through the position at the cemetery, and stormed into the Redoubt. . . . All the ground from here down to the valley is a maze of trenches, the German front line which he has held for two years, and all the support lines and communication trenches and strong points with which in that time he has supplied himself."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON THE

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

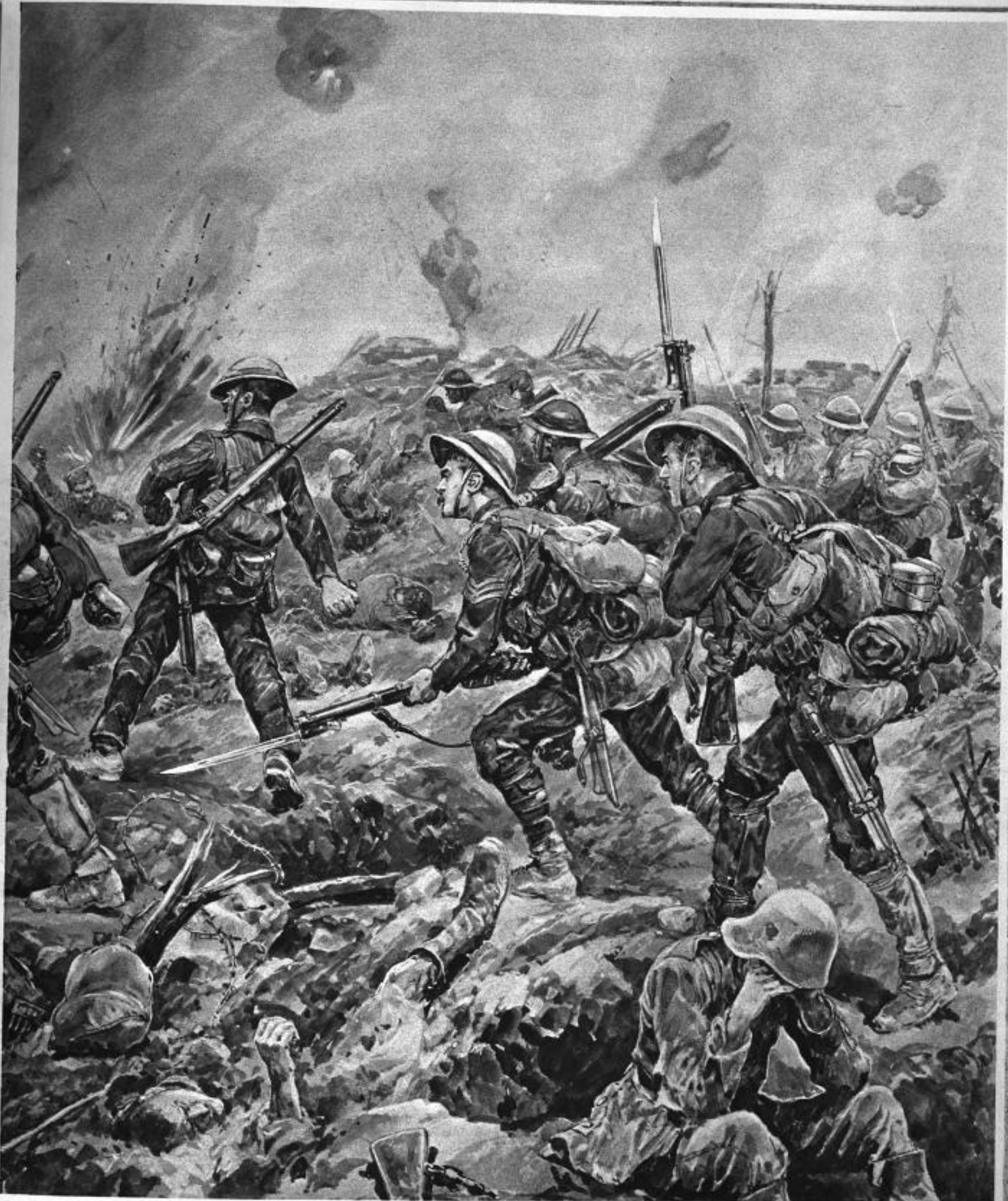


CHARGING BEHIND A BARRAGE: THE

The capture of Thiepval—which had been made a veritable fortress, and for weeks blocked the progress of the British at an important point in their advance in Northern France—was assuredly one of the finest storming exploits of the war. The immensely strong position was won after a prolonged and terrific bombardment of the German lines by our artillery, followed up by the infantry, who took the place at the point of the bayonet. Much fierce and protracted hand-to-hand fighting inside the German fortifications took place, but in the end the enemy were mastered. Our illustration shows the battle at its height—just as our men in their victorious onrush were breaking through the German outworks and had already won a

WESTERN FRONT: THE TAKING OF THIEPVAL.

FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.

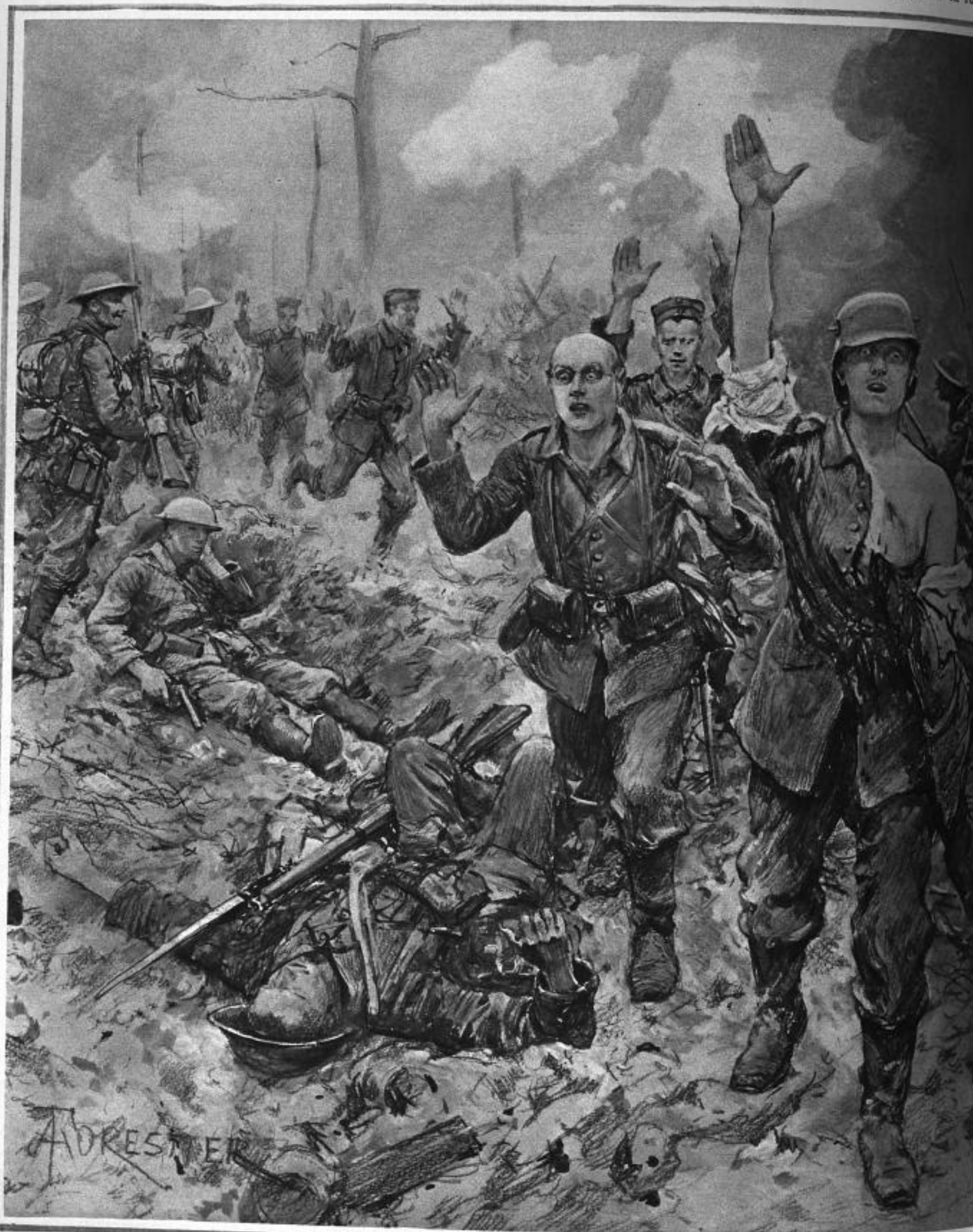


STORMING OF THIEPVAL BY BRITISH TROOPS.

footing within the fortress itself. They are seen charging through; following up the barrage fire of our guns, which preceded the storming columns closely, continually lifting over short spaces ahead, as every few yards of ground were carried by the attacking infantry. Leading the infantry, our bombers are seen to the left, going forward with impetuous dash. The explosions and smoke from the barrage fire can be seen towards the background to the left. To the right may be made out the remains of Thiepval Château—a heap of masonry debris. In the foreground is a wounded German; passing near him is a British soldier, seen wearing sand-bags instead of puttees.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GERMANS SURRENDERING PASS THROUGH BRITISH TR

DRAWN BY A. F.



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED: BRITISH INFANTRY ADVANCING ON THIEPVAL

At the taking of Thiepval, that stronghold which the Germans had considered impregnable, the remnants of the German infantry in the front line trenches who escaped from the barrage fire with their lives came forward with their hands up, as shown in the drawing, and passed through our advancing infantry, who took no notice of them at all, towards safety in the British lines. The German on the right in the picture, it may be noticed, is wearing his steel helmet the wrong way round. Among the shattered trees in the background on the left are seen the bursting shells of the British artillery's barrage. The ground is all full of shell-holes and littered with all kinds of debris, wire, and broken guns, as well as men lying wounded or half-buried in the torn soil. An official British despatch regarding the victory, it may be recalled, stated: "On our left we have captured Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, including the Zollern Redoubt. This ridge was very

BRITISH

POPS ADVANCING: A DRAMATIC INCIDENT AT THIEPVAL.

FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.



ALLOW SURRENDERING GERMANS TO PASS THROUGH THEIR RANKS UNREGARDED.

strongly fortified with an elaborate system of heavily wired trenches, and was defended with desperation." Of the prisoners captured at Thiepval Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "I have been talking with the German survivors of the garrison. They were nearly all men of the 180th Regiment, and they have held Thiepval for two years. . . . I was struck by the superior bearing and intelligence of them all. They were certainly the best type of Germans I have seen on this front—Württemburgers all, and handsome fellows, who had kept their spirit—one of the last groups of men who fought against us in the early days, and survivors of the first-line troops of the German Army. . . . They gave us a good fight on land, and underground, this garrison of Thiepval, and with a few exceptions they fought honourably, so that our men have no grudge against them now that they are prisoners of war."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HOURS OF WAR WORK.

THE Minister of Munitions tells us that, to reach the output on which he has set his mind, he will require at least 350,000 more men and 100,000 more women. As we know from other sources that under the substitution scheme

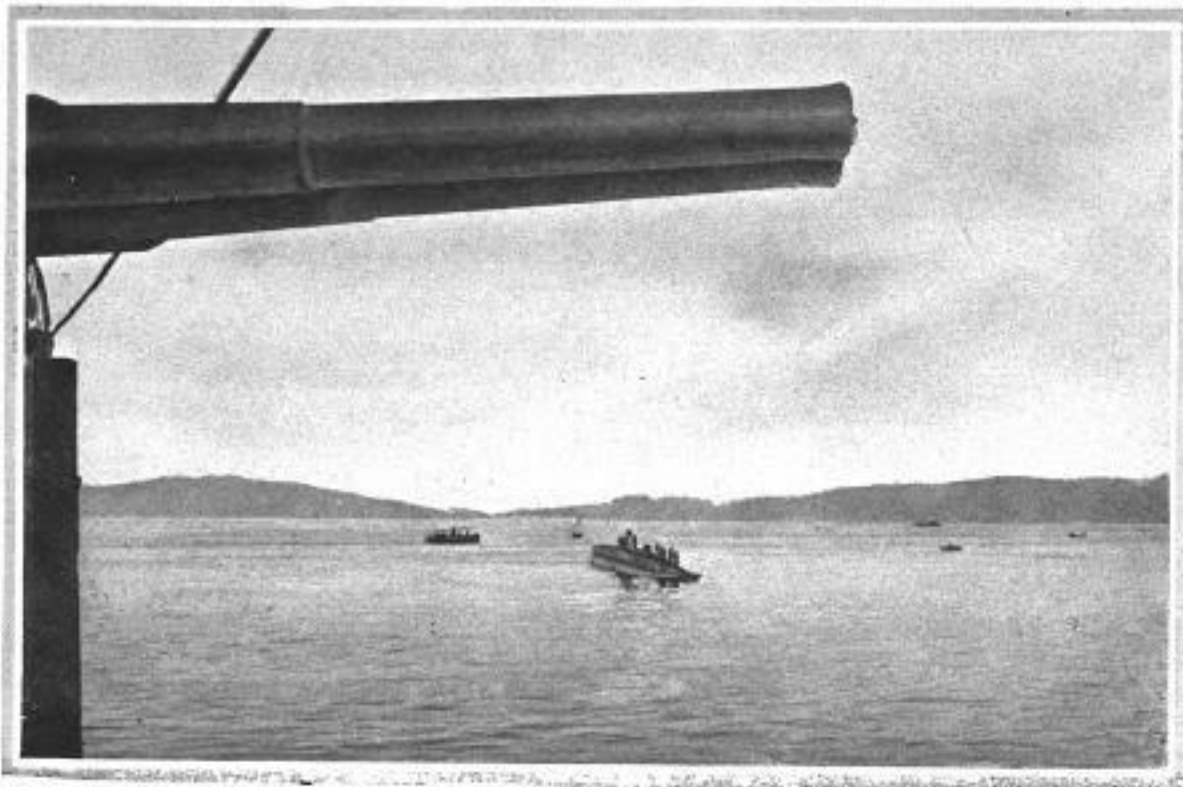
it is this last which really sets the time. A good manager or supervisor will, of course, speedily discover those workers who from no fault of their own, but from what is called the personal equation, are below normal in this respect, and will set them to work by themselves. After this weeding-out, he will be left with a fairly level team of equal speed, and the question before him will then be how much

the willing, but is, on the contrary, only evident in the dropping-off of the speed of his work; and this is borne out by Professor A. F. S. Kent's report to the Chief Inspector of Factories on the association between fatigue and output. It follows, therefore, that, in order to get the maximum result of his or her effort, every worker should leave off work before he or she begins to be tired; and this means short shifts.

Here, however, the difference between the sexes begins to complicate matters. Dr. H. M. Vernon, in a memorandum to the Health of Munition Workers Committee, showed by the amount of power used that women are at least seven minutes longer in starting on machine work than are men. Consequently, the more you multiply the number of spells or pauses in the work, the greater number of seven-minute periods you lose in working time when women are employed, and this mounts up to something serious in the course of the day. It is true that, according to the same authority, they work right up to the end more than do men; but as this mainly comes into effect at the end of long relays or shifts it need not, perhaps, be considered here. The net result is that, if you want to get the best result from women's labour, you must make them work without ceasing for a considerable period of time.

Another point is that a "spell off" of at least one day a week is necessary in the interest of the work. Sir Arthur Whitelegge, in his report as Chief Inspector of Factories for 1915, shows conclusively that for either men or women to work for seven days a week in the long run reduces, instead of increasing, his or her output over that of those who only work six. The whole result, therefore, seems to be that, while we all want the maximum amount of work at this crisis to be done at the greatest speed possible, we can only get this by working in as short shifts or relays as may be found expedient with regard to sex and skill. But this all points to a shorter day than even the eight hours which our workmen in time of peace set before themselves as the ideal condition, and which may, perhaps, be dealt with later.

F. L.



IN TOULON HARBOUR: A FRENCH SUBMARINE.

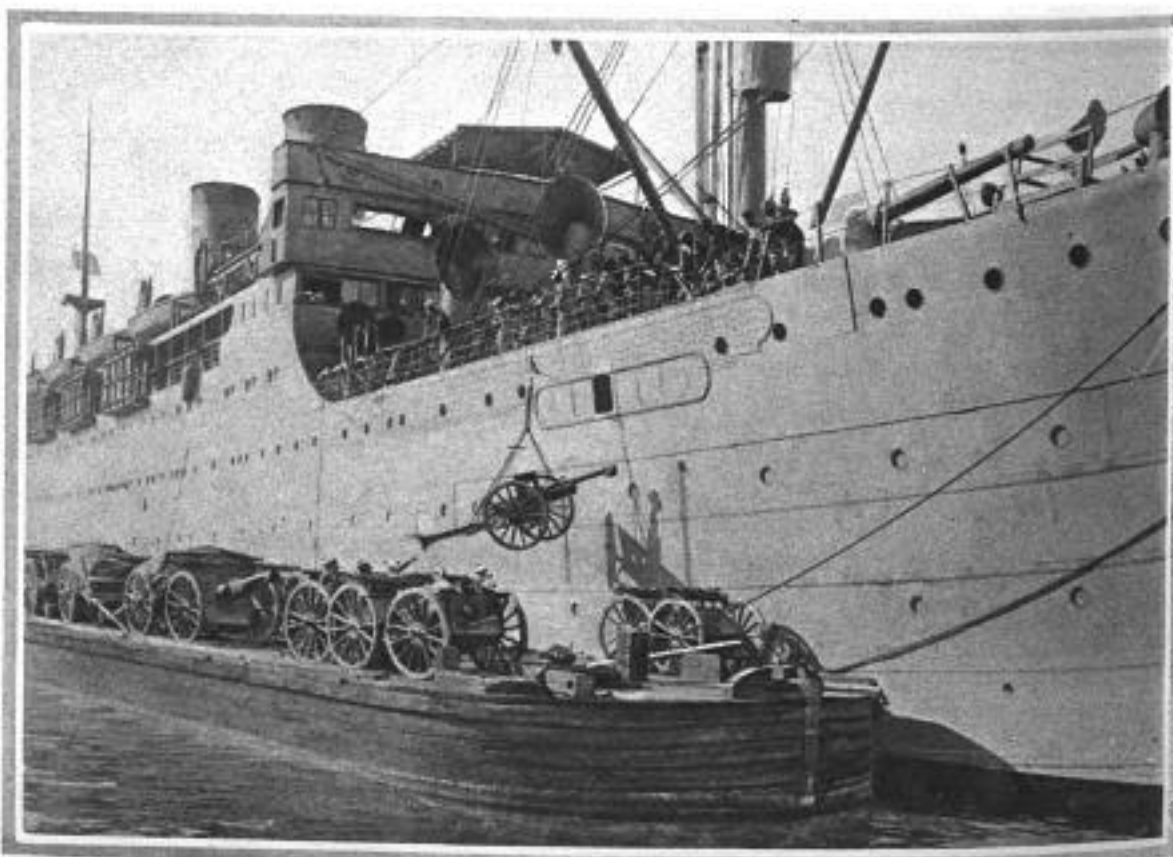
French Official Photograph.

a very large number will be required in other occupations to release—as it is patriotically called—all the fit men between twenty and forty for military duty, it follows that pretty nearly the whole civil population not incapacitated by age or infirmity, with the exception of the few left in the learned professions and those necessary for direction and supervision, will before long be employed in some form of manual labour. Hence the conditions in which they work are of considerable interest for most of us, and the Government has done wisely in setting Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and other popular writers to describe them. On the whole, their accounts are satisfactory enough, and no one can read the eloquent articles they have written on the subject without noticing that everything has been done by regulation and inspection that it is possible to do for the comfort of the workers.

What remains, however, from the State point of view is the problem of how to get out of this vast body of (for the most part) amateur workers the maximum amount of efficiency in the discharge of their work. This is not a counsel of perfection, but is the very essence of the business, and of the most vital importance for everybody at the present juncture. If the reserve of weapons, munitions, and equipment that our armies require can be accumulated quickly, it will not only bring our final victory nearer, but will release the civil population to its own normal occupations and will lessen the enormous drain on the national finances that the war involves. It is actually a case of a stitch in time saving nine.

Now this speeding-up is much more than most of us would suppose a matter of arrangement of the hours of work. Given the maximum of good-will—which we may fairly assume in the present case—it is plain that in all labour in concert the quickest must conform to the pace of the slowest, and that

he can get out of them in a given time. This is not so simple as it looks; for, as Professor Stirling has just told us in his Chadwick Lecture, fatigue is not at first consciously experienced by



FOR SALONIKA: TAKING "75s" ABOARD AN AUXILIARY CRUISER AT A FRENCH PORT.

French Official Photograph.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., WALTER BARNETT, WHITLOCK, AND NAUGHTON.



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LT. WILLOUGHBY E. CHATTERTON,
CANADIAN INFANTRY.

Major Aytoun was the son of Mr. Robert Aytoun, Stockton-on-Tees, and his engineering knowledge was "of very practical value to his battalion."—Captain Falkner previously held a commission as Captain, but enlisted as a private to get into the firing-line.—Captain Herschell was the brother of Mr. Arnold Herschell, the County tennis player.—Major Wellesley was twice mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the Military Cross.—Captain and Adjutant Westby served with distinction in South Africa.—Lieut.-Col. Dalzell-Walton served with distinction in Burma and South Africa.—

Sec. Lieut. G. K. Welsford was school champion light-weight boxer, and swimmer, at Harrow.—Captain Oliver J. Sykes was late Accountant-General of Kashmir.—Captain Bagshawe was the son of the late Judge Bagshawe, K.C., and served with distinction in South Africa; mentioned in despatches, Queen's medal, with two clasps.—Lieut. Stuart Boyd was well known as a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, and was the son of the well-known artist, Mr. A. S. Boyd.—Lieut. Willoughby Chatterton was son of the late Mr. George Chatterton, M.I.C.E., of The Sanctuary, Westminster.

LITERATURE.

Lord William Beresford. There are certain men and women whose lives, though hardly demanding the honours of a biography, deserve some wider record than can remain in the minds of their immediate circle. The late Lord William Beresford, V.C.,

irresistible. He had the Irishman's gift of repartee, though Mrs. Menzies hardly succeeds in justifying the title of wit that she confers upon him. The truth is that the world loves daring, dashing personalities, and there was ever a touch of d'Artagnan about Lord William that appealed equally to the three Viceroys under whom he served in India as Military Secretary, to stern soldiers like Redvers Buller, and, at home, to all classes of society. He was fond of what modern slang calls "ragging." Horse-racing in all its forms was his favourite pastime, but, stirred by any great occasion, he could at once cease to be a racing man and show himself something infinitely greater. Had serious responsibilities rested upon Lord William Beresford, he would in all probability have travelled even farther than he did, for his life gives evidence of quite elastic capacities. He would have made a fine leader of men: there was in him that which all daring seeks to emulate. Mrs. Menzies has written with great affection, and something less than an equal capacity.

Sentences like the following, for example, would certainly be the happier for revision: "India felt lonely when he had gone, especially amongst some of his 'fair' friends" (page 188). But those who loved Lord William Beresford will offer thanks rather than criticism in return for the author's labours.

"The Romance of Escapes." Mr. Tighe Hopkins has found a very attractive subject in "The Romance of Escapes" (John Murray). When we consider how appropriate its title is, and how inappropriately named would be a volume on "The Romance of Captures," we get a clue, perhaps, to the nature of romance itself. It holds a success and a surprise; it is, when fulfilled, the very negation of tragedy, and yet contains an experience to have failed in which would have been tragic. Mr. Hopkins's book is much more than a compilation, though composed for the greater part of famous incidents, already detailed in printed narratives from which he quotes copiously. Upon these historic flights he supplies, as

his sub-title has it, "a personal commentary"—quasi-philosophical, variously illustrative of the matter in hand, and in manner always brisk. One point which he makes—artfully helpful to him as story-teller—is that in every fine escape there is some signal and memorable moment, though it is not always, and need not be, the culminating one of the adventure. Louis Napoleon, when crossing the courtyard of the prison at Ham with the plank on his shoulder, stooping to pick up under the eyes of the sentries the broken pieces of the pipe he had dropped, is a case in point. That was a master-stroke. Another general principle of escapes discussed by the author is one enunciated by Dr. Goëde—that every celebrated case, when analysed, discovers, in addition to adroit combinations, and superhuman efforts, patience, and perseverance, the fact that the hero is aided by the connivance of some person or persons within or without the prison. This arises out of the dubious narrative of Giovanni Jacobo Casanova de Seingalt, who does not admit, though Mr. Hopkins thinks it is certain, that the sequins flowed into the pocket of the egregious gaoler Lorenzo. To this law of connivance, the cases of Mary Queen of Scots at Lochleven, Grotius at Loevestein, Trenck at Magdeburg, Latude in the Bastille, all lend support. Jack Sheppard, on the other hand, broke out of



WITH THE ITALIANS AT THE FRONT: A FLEET OF CARS CARRYING LARGE GUNS.—[Photograph Supplied by Topical.]


for example, was one who would never have claimed that the story of his career could fill a book; but his friend Mrs. Stuart Menzies, thinking differently, has rendered him posthumous honours nearly seventeen years after his death. "Lord William Beresford, V.C." (Herbert Jenkins) is a collection of "memories of a famous sportsman, soldier, and wit," and has been written by a loving hand. Perhaps the volume has not gained its considerable bulk without padding—in fact, it may be said that the general interest of certain chapters is to seek—but presumably what may not appeal to those who did not know Lord William will be sought eagerly by those who did, and his circle was a wide one. Some men go through life making a great name and no friends; he was content to maintain his name honourably and make friends everywhere. An Irishman of the best type, generous to a fault, brave as the bravest, reckless perhaps and extravagant, he was eminently responsible in the big affairs of life. It was his gift to radiate personal charm, to delight all sorts and conditions of men—even those to whom his life interests were foreign. Above all things, he was a sportsman; he loved horses and rode them straight, chose them with care and raced them honourably. His career as a soldier was brief, but the dash and daring he brought to active service were

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ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: SERBIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY.—[Official Photograph.]

Newgate (and not once only) unaided, and there are other exceptions to the general rule. Of classic examples, Captain (now Major-General) Aylmer Haldane's escape from Pretoria already counts as one. Its hero has sent



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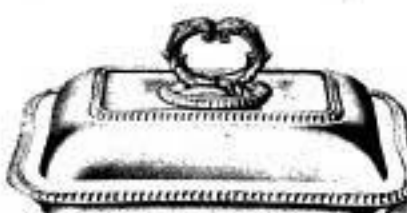
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Mr. Hopkins from France a postscript for the story, telling how both his companions in that adventure are now dead, Captain Neil le Mesurier falling at Ypres in April of last year. For this entertaining book (which ought to have had an index) Mr. Hopkins has searched his subject very thoroughly, but he has not exhausted it. There is available at least one story of escape in the Mutiny days which would have given still further variety to his readable pages.

"Portraits of the 'Seventies," a less accomplished memorialist than the famous Mr. Russell—the "G.W.E.R." whose books

are almost as lively and informing as his table-talk—might have shirked the writing of "Portraits of the 'Seventies" (Fisher Unwin). The 'seventies, one would have said, were finished with. They commenced the chapter which Mr. Shane Leslie rounded off the other day in "The End of a Chapter"; and though they made in a sense a decade of beginnings, they were, it seems, full of elderly people. Judging from the photographs in Mr. Russell's volume, everybody was elderly forty years ago. While his prose is charmingly genial, and persuades one that the befringed ladies and frock-coated gentry carried, in their day, the authentic roses of youth, the photographs themselves create a stubborn illusion. Here, for instance, is Lady Spencer—"Spencer's Faerie Queen"—robed in a large check and coiffured in hair that suggests a twenty-five shilling lodging-house rather than the Viceregal Court. Anne, Duchess of Sutherland, whose firmament of diamond stars and whose impressive figure adorn the letterpress, looks, in the picture, the least decorative of great ladies; that "glorious hostess," Constance Duchess of Westminster, nothing more than "correct" in the illustration, Mr. Russell describes as beautiful beyond any beauty that France could produce, and possessed of a manner that shepherded the most diffident of her thousand guests into a haven of self-assurance. But here, apart from the unconvincing pictures, Mr. Russell's adjectives and anecdotes are difficult to reconcile. When he describes her she is glorious, radiant; when he quotes her, all she has to say is: "My

dear, I wish I had a new pair of feet; you young people don't half wait." Sometimes, obviously, the illustrations do less than justice to Mr. Russell's heroines. Lady Somers, for instance ("the first woman in London to drape herself; the rest of us only dressed"), appears in a drawing that makes far more of her hair-net than of her incomparable grace. Thus it is that Mr. Russell is, from the picturesque point of view, at a considerable disadvantage. But he has seen the generations with his very eyes. He does not, like some folks, form his opinions on the strength of the carte-de-visite albums. He knows the

on illustrious medicine-men; on Lord Acton, "a gossip diligent in collecting information, political and personal, and eager, when it was unimportant, to impart it"; on Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose letter mentioning the Kaiser supplies one of the few topical allusions in the volume. When the Kaiser went from the Eton and Harrow match of 1891 to the "Zoo," Sir Wilfrid's comment was "it would be well, perhaps, if Emperors were kept in cages also. They would do less harm than when they are loose." Of Gladstone there is much excellent report, but the tale of him we like best does not come into his proper chapter, but in the account of Sir Andrew Clark, who evidently would have made a great statesman if he had not been a great doctor. Somebody expostulated with Gladstone for crowning a champagne dinner with port. "But Clark tells me," answered the G. O. M., "that if I allow ten minutes to elapse between the two kinds of wine, there is no mixture."

The war has had no ill-effect upon that ever-popular annual, "Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, the stories and illustrations of which are up to their usual high standard, and the Presentation Plate—another of the long series of historical war pictures which have been published annually with "Holly Leaves" for more than twenty years—is particularly timely. It is a fine photogravure reproduction of Lady Butler's vigorous and impressive painting, "Steady, the Drums and Fifes!" the scene of which is the battle of Albuera in the Peninsular War. Stories by

well-known authors, illustrated by clever artists, form the literary and artistic contents, the high quality of which may be judged from the list of contributors. Among the writers are: Eden Phillpotts, W. Pett Ridge, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Barry Pain, and Keble Howard; while the artists include Fred Pegram, the late Cyrus Cuno, Arthur Garratt, Balliol Salmon, and Stanley Davis, illustrating the stories; while humorous and other drawings are by Gordon Browne, R.I., Lawson Wood, R.I., Briton Riviere, R.A., G. E. Studdy, Charles Crombie, H. M. Bateman, Wal Paget, W. Barribal, and Fred W. Burton.



A DEAD VILLAGE AT THE FRONT: COMBLES.
French Official Photograph.

smart ladies of the present day, but does not feel inclined, like them, to dismiss the past with a comment of the dowdiness of those hair-nets. Indeed, he combines an extreme of fastidiousness with a most kindly knack of appreciation. The kindly knack, by the way, deserts him for the few pages on which he describes Parnell, "the uncombed King of Ireland," whose eyes "when he was angry, which was not seldom, seemed to emit a red light." To Mr. Russell, who watched him closely, "Parnell's master passion appeared to be the humiliation of England." Themes less stale are found in Mr. Russell's amusing chapter

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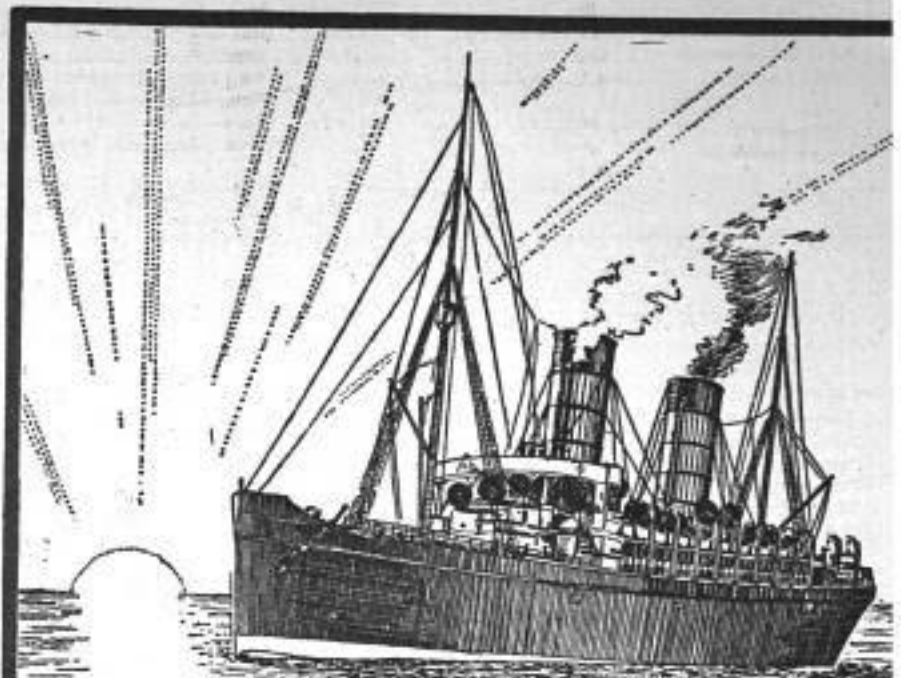


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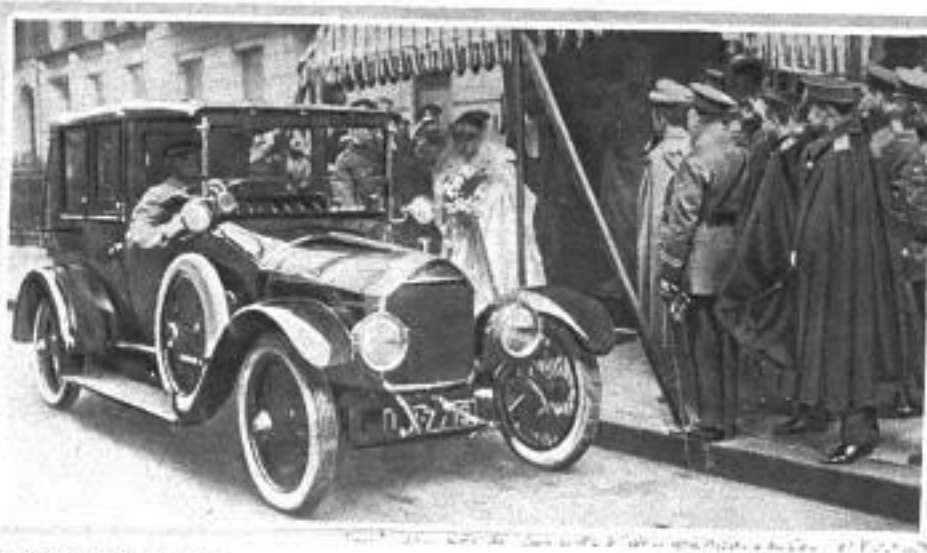
The Woman Driver.

Although one sees a very much greater number of women at the wheel than in the days before the war, I do not think the increase is at all proportionate to the number of women who have taken the places of men in other occupations. There are several reasons for this apparent anomaly, for anomaly it is on the face of it. In the first place, many cars have been laid up as a result, in some cases, of loss of income due to the war. Many more have been laid up through sheer inability on the part of their owners to obtain petrol. Then, so far as public-service vehicles are concerned, the police authorities, in London at any rate, cannot bring themselves to look with a kindly eye on the licensing of women taxi-cab and motor-bus drivers. Most of the women drivers one sees are either driving their own cars in the absence of their men-folk on active service or are themselves working as ambulance drivers. In commercial motoring, women do not appear to have made any headway to speak of. I remember some time before the war there was quite a discussion on the subject of whether women ought to drive cars at all. Now the question seems to be: Why don't women drive cars? Personally, I believe the answer to be that the proportion of women who are really capable of driving is a comparatively small one. I have never been in accord with the extremists who laid it down that no woman ought to drive, for I have known quite a number who were really skilled, capable drivers. The measure of the skill of any driver, I think, can be gauged in terms of the confidence his passengers feel in his or her ability to drive safely. If that is so, then I have known several women drivers whose skill was beyond reproach, for they have been among the few in whom I had perfect confidence. I recollect driving with one once, and, through the carelessness of the driver of a wagon, we got into about as nasty a corner as I have ever been in without an accident resulting. Of course, the girl ought to have let go the steering-wheel and screamed. The emergency certainly arose suddenly enough to have excused anyone for a momentary loss of presence of mind. But, on the contrary, this girl did exactly the right thing, and saved what must otherwise have been a nasty accident. Therefore, the case as put, that no woman ought to drive, completely falls to the ground.



A "DAIMLER" MODEL: A CORNER OF QUEEN MARY'S WORKSHOP AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

The one-time palace of King George IV., the Pavilion, Brighton, has been turned to useful account and has long been used as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Our photograph shows a corner of Queen Mary's Workshop for the Wounded in this hospital; and as part of the equipment may be noticed a working model of a "Daimler" engine, lent by the well-known Daimler Motor Company for the instruction of the inmates of the hospital.

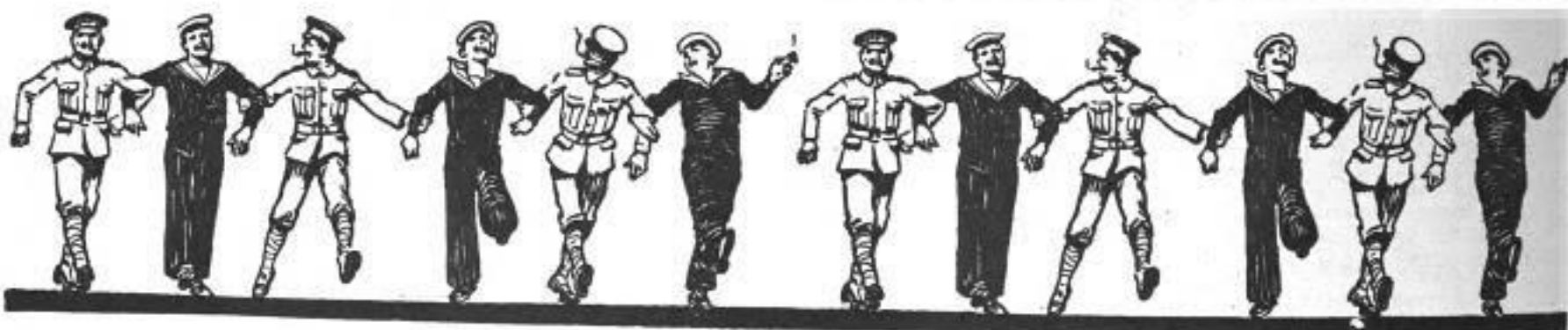


THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S WEDDING PRESENT TO HIS DAUGHTER: PRINCESS GEORGE OF BATTENBERG (COUNTESS NADA TORBY) ENTERING HER "NAPIER" CAR AFTER HER MARRIAGE. The most notable wedding of the year took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Nov. 10, and our photograph shows the bride about to enter the car which was one of her father's gifts to her. It is a fine "Napier," with a handsome Conard cabriolet body. On this occasion it was drawn by bluejackets from Prince George of Battenberg's ship, H.M.S. "New Zealand."

On the other hand, I do not think the majority of women are fitted to withstand the constant nervous strain of driving. There certainly is a strain, and it is felt in varying degree by every car-driver. Some hardly notice it, while others feel it to a positively painful degree—and then, if they are wise, they give up driving. But it is certain that the number of women who feel the strain is proportionately much greater than among male drivers.

Women and Public-Service Vehicles.

Although I hold strongly that women are not inherently incapable of making highly skilled drivers, I do think that it would be a mistake to allow them to drive public-service vehicles. I know that in some places there are women taxi-cab drivers and I believe they have done fairly well—in fact, I should not be disinclined to admit them to the ranks of licensed vehicle drivers, provided they were confined to taxi-cabs and light vehicles only, and that their hours of work were strictly limited. Neither physically nor psychologically is the average woman fitted for long hours at the wheel in heavy traffic, with the additional strain on her nerves of "plying for hire." When it comes, however, to women taking the places of men as motor-bus and lorry drivers, then I am most emphatically against it, and that for very obvious reasons. I should say that those who advocate it have no idea of the severe physical effort entailed in driving these heavy vehicles. I should say that the average healthy woman would be converted into a physical wreck in a couple of months. However, I do not suppose for a moment that the Commissioner of Police would sanction the granting of licences, even if the motor-bus companies were willing to adopt the experiment. The heavy industrial motor is in a different category, in that it requires no special licence to drive it. Its owner can employ anyone he likes to drive, but he is not at all well advised when he hires a woman to conduct it about the highways. We are very proud of our women in these days, and with justice. They have done wonders, and have filled the most unexpected gaps in the social and industrial life of the country. But there are certain things they ought not to be asked to do—and one of them is the driving of heavy motor-vehicles. W. W.



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Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilized Glass Bottles at 1/-, 2/- and 3/-; the Tablets also in convenient packet flasks, 6d. and 1/-.

Accept No Substitute. There is nothing "just as good."

Liberal sample bottle sent post free for 4d. in stamps.

Sole Manufacturers:
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.,
ENGLAND.



EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS

THERE is much satisfaction in possessing a Gown or Coat in the height of fashion, yet exclusively one's own, differing from all others that are met with.

Burberrys have designers and artists constantly engaged in making original drawings, which may be inspected at their Haymarket House, and the Gown or Coat ordered from one of these is, if desired, exclusive to that order.

New Models of many different characters are illustrated in Burberrys' Catalogue, sent post free on request.

Coats & Gowns cleaned by Burberrys. All Weatherproof Garments reproofed by Burberry processes. Price list sent on receipt of postcard.



A Burberry Gown of exceptional charm and distinction.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON
Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; Basingstoke; also Provincial Agents.

Lotus

125-21/-

Black Cloth
top Boots



Waited weeks for them

"OF course, you might," said the smart little woman, doubtfully, glancing down at her own neat, new, nicely fitting pair of Lotus cloth-top boots. "You might find a pair of your size still left in the shop. But I couldn't swear to it. Do you know, I've had my name down for these, oh for weeks? And I only got them the other day."

"But can't the shop send to the Lotus factory for more?" persisted the friend who wanted a pair too.

"No, I've had all that explained to me. The factory is so busy that it can't promise any more of these boots until after Christmas. You should go as soon as ever you can and see if there's a pair left in the shop. It is now or never if you are to get a pair for the winter."

"Well, I hope it will be 'now.' I'll go this very afternoon."

Lotus

Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford

Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Shoes Agents everywhere

Christmas in the Shops.

AGAIN this year Christmas presents will be expressive in their mute way of the manner in which the war has intensified the desire to be "remembered." And nothing could be a more charming expression of this feeling than jewellery. The show-cases at that storehouse of jewels, Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., prove this. The officer who is going to the front should see the rare jewels of which we illustrate just one or two. The long brooch is composed of an exceptionally fine emerald and of diamonds; the necklet is of fine diamonds; and the diamond ring on the left is cut emerald shape, by which the fire and flash are emphasised. The fourth gem is a superb emerald surrounded by diamonds. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have an exceedingly fine row of specimen pearls, which took ten years to collect. But they also offer pearl necklaces from £10 upwards, and make a specialty of necklaces for children. A regimental wristlet, of any regimental ribbon, with an initial in diamonds, costs five guineas; and there is a large stock of badges in gold and enamel, or mounted in precious stones.

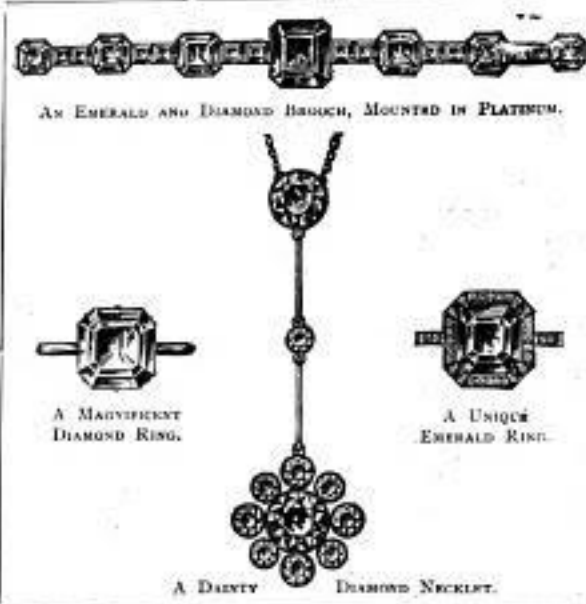


PRESENTS FOR THE FRONT: THE ALWAYS-WELCOME CIGARETTE.

(No. 555) or of Turkish (No. 444) will make equal appeal to the smoker who appreciates fine tobacco. They all love "The amulet That charms afar unrest and sorrow," and among the most popular Christmas boxes are boxes of the State Express.

Beauty is a gift of the gods, and at times like this, when the world is full of hideous happenings, anything which can turn the thoughts to pleasant things is welcome. It is for that reason that

our women-folk should not neglect their appearance, but rather should take care to be at their best to welcome their men-folk home. And a valuable aide in achieving this is



Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd.

the well-known specialist, Mrs. Adair, of the Adair Ganesh Establishment, 92, New Bond Street, W. Her latest achievement is "Dara," a reliable home treatment for removing superfluous hair. Ladies who suffer from this disfigurement should write to Mrs. Adair for particulars, or call upon her at 92, New Bond Street.

Always a welcome possession, new virtues have been discovered in the fountain-pen by men at the front; and a fountain-pen, reliable and self-filling, will be one of the most welcome presents. Letters—never too long—from "Blighly," and letters, necessarily brief, from the front, are the greatest



SAFE AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT: AN "ONOTO" PEN.—Messrs. De La Rue.

palliatives of war; and an Onoto Pen, self-filling, safely stowed away in a pocket, is a real boon. Onoto pens can be bought at any stationer's or stores from 10s. 6d.

That no woman can be considered well dressed unless she is well shod is one of those truisms which have passed into a proverb, and no one understands this to-day more keenly than the Englishwoman. Time was when Paris gave the lead in such matters, but to-day not even Paris could provide a well-dressed woman with anything at once more smart and more serviceable than a pair of Lotus cloth-top boots. These boots, which are as comfortable as they are good to look at, are in immense demand; but, fortunately, the Lotus Company, Ltd., of Stafford, have agents everywhere where their "Lotus" boots and "Delta" shoes can be obtained. But the demand is incessant, for "Lotus" £15, black cloth-top boots, cost only a guinea a pair, and no time should be lost in securing some for the winter. They look well, wear well, and are as suggestive of ease and comfort as their name. The Lotus factory at Stafford is very busy, and it is well to decide at once to buy these excellent boots, for just now it does not do to delay, even in so personal a matter as buying boots.

In these days the great majority of people, which means those to whom money is an object, will send, and receive, "useful" Christmas presents, among which few will be more welcome than tea. To ladies in particular, tea is an ever-welcome gift, enjoyed in the homes of all classes—high and low, rich and poor, regarding it as the one little necessary luxury of life. Fortunately, the United Kingdom Tea Company, Ltd., of the Empire Warehouses, 1, Paul Street, E.C., offer so many excellent varieties at so many moderate prices,



A FAMILIAR GIFT: The United Kingdom Tea Co.

and suited to every taste, that their price-list should be sent for, as in it will be found every kind, to suit all tastes, and at prices to suit all purses. For presents the teas are put up in decorated canisters, and delicious kinds can be bought from 2s. 4d. per lb., including the company's specially delicate "Volera" tea for invalids, which is 3s. 4d. per lb. But the interesting price-list should be sent for without delay, especially as it offers tea for hospitals on exceptionally favourable terms.

Bell's THREE NUNS TOBACCO

"I chose my wife," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "as she chose her gown—for such qualities as would wear well."

Choose your tobacco on the same principle, and choose carefully.

You will find in "Three Nuns" a perfectly harmonious blend of fine tobaccos—so wisely selected, so skilfully blended that a man may smoke it all his life and never tire of contemplating its many charms.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

PER **8^d** OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
MEDIUM. 4d. for 10.

No. 26



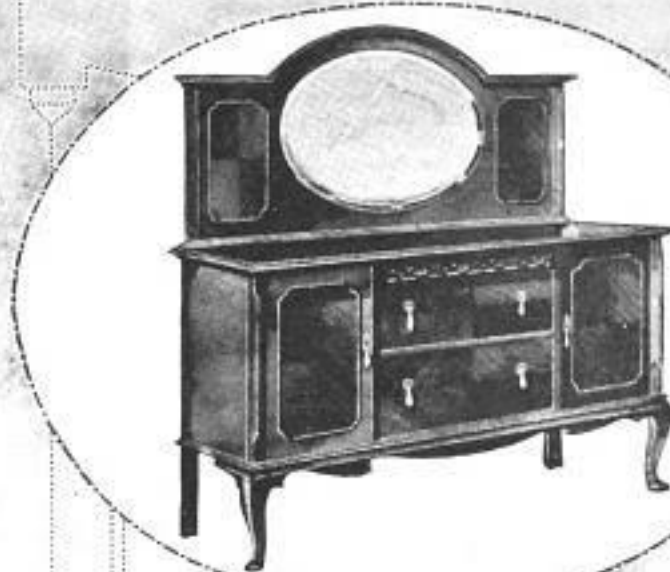


Fine Old Virginia,
Oval, Cork Tipped.

1/4 per tin of 20
2/6 per Box of 50



R&J HILL LTD
LONDON



THE "QUEEN ANNE" SIDEBORD

in Mahogany with quartered panels, antique brass fittings—
British Bevelled Mirror.

4 ft. 6 in. size:

£11:10:0

5 ft. size:

£14:17:6

DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Sent Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom,
on receipt of first payment.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

Orders for post receive prompt and careful attention.
Colonial and Foreign Orders especially dealt with.

FREE A Valuable Guide to Complete Furnishing. Whether you are
immediately furnishing or not, it will repay perusal. Write for
it to-day. It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.

GLOBE Furnishing Co.

(J. R. GRANT, PROPRIETOR)

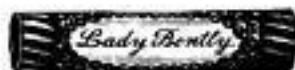
(Dept. B), Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

Post early "Swan"
Pens for Xmas
to Service Men and
Friends abroad.



Engraving on Pens

Names, initials, or monograms engraved on the pen
add a touch of individuality to the gift.



The charge is 1/-
for six letters or
less, and 2d. per
letter for each letter
over six.

Description of Pens illustrated:—

Size 1.—Barrel covered handsomely
chased silver ... 27/6

Size 2c.—Safety pattern with screw-
on cap, cannot leak ... 12/6

Size 2c.—Full-covered sterling
silver ... 32/-

No advance in price of "Swan" Pens: other makers
have put up their prices about 20%.

The Last Xmas of the War and an increased demand for "Swans"

The powerful interest of the Last Phase will enter into
the letters from the Front. Those with friends "out
there" will want more of these historic letters, and they
will want them in ink for clearness and permanency.
Realising this, you will see that your soldier is among
the many thousands who will receive "Swan" Pens
this Xmas. The "Swan" is the trusty soldiers' pen
—the one that suits him best.

Unsuitable nibs
may be exchanged
free of charge
after presentation.

THE
SWAN FOUNTAIN
PEN.

Write for
Illustrated
Catalogue
Post Free.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE.

Standard Pattern with slip-on cap, from 10/6

Safety Pattern with screw-on cap, from 12/6

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester.
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.
Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



Christmas in the Shoes—Continued.

Comfort in war work, and even in the war area, is not wholly impossible, thanks to the makers of smart waterproof coats; and ladies who are working diligently in one way or another for the war, and whose efforts take them out in all weathers, know that they can brave the worst by doing as their men-folk in the Army do—adopt "Burberrys" as their safeguard against the inclemency of the winter. "Burberrys" have become a proverb with well-dressed women, for, while they afford perfect comfort and protection, they have the air of distinction only to be obtained by faultless cut and fit. Burberrys' weather-proofs, no matter what form they take—costumes, gowns, hats, or top-coats—are always "good form," as their catalogue, which will be sent on application to Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W., will show. The well-dressed woman to-day is the woman who dresses wisely, taking care for her appearance, but at the same time studying her health. Exclusive, yet in the height of fashion, distinctive yet thoroughly practical, "Burberrys" are the ideal coats and costumes alike for the war area and for the



AN IDEAL WEATHERPROOF COSTUME, WITH ANTHRACITE COLLAR AND CUFFS. Burberrys.

West End. Our illustration shows a "Burberry" costume and hat combining perfect taste with simplicity.

Again the coming of Christmas finds us at war, and a natural result is that "useful" presents are the vogue,



USEFUL WAR-TIME PRESENTS. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver.

such as the handkerchiefs found in infinite variety at the "Linen Hall," 156-170, Regent Street, W., where Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver offer a wonderful selection, including some of the linen handkerchiefs made on their own looms in Ireland. Our first illustration shows a lady's fine Mull scalloped embroidered handkerchief, costing 6s. 6d. per dozen; a superfine lace-edged handkerchief at 5s. 3d. per dozen; fine Mull hemstitched, embroidered handkerchiefs in assorted designs at 3s. 11d. a dozen; and a fine Mull handkerchief, tucked and reversed, at 5s. per dozen. Our second illustration shows a pure linen, fancy-stitched handkerchief at 10s. per dozen; one with embroidered initial, 12s. per dozen; a sheer linen embroidered handkerchief at 12s. 9d. per dozen; and an embroidered one of pure linen at 18s. 6d. a dozen. In the "Linen Hall" are also all kinds of knitted wool waistcoats, khaki sets of comforts, and other special presents for troops. Catalogues will be sent on application.

The vogue of the cigarette has never been so great as it is in this time of war and worry. To-day, too, we have the super-cigarette, in the form of the "Spinet"

brand of fine old Virginia cork-tipped ovals, made of super-selected tobacco, and blended by a firm with nearly a century and a half of experience. They are not dear, enamelled pocket cases of twenty costing only a shilling, or fancy boxes of fifty half-a-crown; and they can be had, through any tobacconist, specially packed for officers and men on active service. Each tin or box contains a reproduction in facsimile of some famous painting. The makers are Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Ltd., Badminton Tobacco Factories, London.

For obvious reasons there never was a Christmas season in which there was so great a demand for inventions designed to alleviate the condition of the suffering and the wounded, such as are the ingenious apparatus made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, W. Their "Burlington" adjustable reclining chair, for example, is a real boon to those who are invalided by illness or by the fortune of war, and, by its easy adjustability to any desired position, the occupant is able to read, write, sit up, or recline at will, and the adjustments are effected by simply touching a button, when the back assumes the desired position automatically. Messrs. Foot and Son make a host of other equally valuable automatic rest-chairs, couches, reading-stands, bed-tables, bath-chairs, and apparatus for minimising the sufferings or inconvenience of those who are ill or wounded, and their illustrated catalogue should be sent for. In this will be found illustrations and full technical particulars



AN INVALUABLE BOON FOR INVALIDS! THE BURLINGTON ADJUSTABLE REST CHAIR.—Messrs. J. Foot and Son.

of a great variety of the company's invaluable inventions, adapted for all imaginable cases. (Continued next.)

JUBOL

CLEAR THE COMPLEXION.

Constipation
Hæmorrhoids
Enteritis
Giddiness
Insomnia

Sallow Complexion
Coated Tongue
Fœtid Breath
Pimples
Boils



The regular use of JUBOL keeps the complexion clear, the eye bright and the skin soft, smooth and flexible.

If you want to be perfectly healthy, take one tablet of JUBOL every night.

"You would not need to use cosmetics to 'improve' your complexion if you followed my example and took JUBOL every night."

MEDICAL OPINION:

Sufferers from ECZEMA should bear in mind the fact that JUBOL has almost entirely superseded the use of ordinary purgatives and laxatives, owing to the regularity, constancy and unvarying action of this medicament. No matter how stubborn the condition of constipation, or how irritated the intestine may be, JUBOL is always well tolerated.

G. LEGEROT,
Last Professor of General and Comparative Physiology at the "École Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box. (Complete course of six boxes, 25/-). Prepared by J. L. Chate-lain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free from the British and Colonial Agents, **Heppells**, Pharmacists & Foreign Chemists, 166, Piccadilly, W., from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies"; and "Treatise on Diet."

URODONAL

Dissolves Uric Acid

URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar; it cleanses the liver, purifies the blood and tissues, imparts suppleness to the arteries, and prevents obesity by oxidising fat.

URODONAL also cleanses the kidneys, which it frees from the presence of uric acid crystals and all the toxins and impurities which injure the renal tissue; it also removes obstructions.

Numerous experiments have proved the great efficacy of URODONAL and have established its constant action. Eminent members of the French Medical Faculty, as well as of other countries, have duly recognised the therapeutic value of URODONAL, which has likewise obtained the sanction of many leading members of the English Medical Profession.

URODONAL stimulates nutrition and modifies the arthritic diathesis. The children of arthritic parents undoubtedly inherit the tendency to rheumatic disorders, and URODONAL alone can counteract this.

Those who regularly take URODONAL avoid Rheumatism, Migraine, Gout, Sciatica, Stones, Obesity, etc., and maintain the youthful condition of their arteries.

It is always advisable to take URODONAL regularly, as there is always a tendency to an accumulation in the system of uric acid—that most pernicious of poisons.

URODONAL, prices 1s. and 2s. Prepared by J. L. Chate-lain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents.

Heppells

Foreign Chemists, 166, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.

Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GED. WALLAU, 2, 4, & 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A. Agent for Australia & New Zealand: BASIL KING, Malcolm Building, Malcolm Lane, Sydney. (Box G.P.O. 2259.)

Sub-Agents for India, Burma & Ceylon: G. ATHERTON & CO., 8, Clive Street, Calcutta.

Eliminates Urea.
Stimulates the
Kidney Functions.
Dissolves Stones.



Hors Concours,
San Francisco
Exhibition, 1915



Those who now and realise the pain and distress of uric acid diseases might well look upon URODONAL as the gift of an angel sent to relieve their sufferings and safeguard them against future attacks of their dread enemy.



A Treat in store

You can taste the delicious Oriental fruits and spices which are blended with Pure Malt Vinegar.

Everybody likes the new and delightful flavour of the one and only

H.P. SAUCE

Buy a bottle to-day.

Of all Grocers.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. & 3s. each
THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING.
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER OR RUSSEL.
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.
The Label of the ORIGINAL and BEST EUXESIS is printed with thick ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears the TRADE MARK.
We bought the business, with the name, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executors of the late A. W. Lloyd. The business is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory, 100, Old Church Lane, Huddersfield, Lanes.
Wholesale only: H. HOFMEYER and SONS, Ltd., 10, Broad Street, N., and City Road, E.C.

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE
"It Worked Like a Charm"
writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

BEWARE OF Umbrellas made on Foreign Frames
THE VITAL POINT in an UMBRELLA is THE FRAMEWORK.
INSIST ON HAVING
FOX'S FRAMES
for UMBRELLAS & SUNSHADES
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.
LOOK FOR THESE MARKS
S. FOX & CO. LIMITED
PARAGON
ON THE FRAME.
Purchase BRITISH Goods and Refuse all Substitutes.

The R.N.A.S.

"One of my college chums chips me if the letters I have mean 'Rather naughty after sunset,' or 'Really not a sailor.' If being up at all times and in all weathers short of a hurricane, cruising through space at 100 per hour in an atmosphere that seems specially manufactured in the Polar regions is not seafaring, well—it's not exactly like lying in a feather bed in a hot-house, I can tell you. I'm not sorry to come down and 'thaw out' with the aid of a Cavander 'Army Club.' They're great—the finest I've struck yet; and you can go on smoking one after the other without a touch of 'nerves.'"



CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES

9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow (The Firm of Three Centuries, London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.)



Cavander's "Army Mixture"
7½d. per Oz.



Tasteful Lighting.

THE most artistic and pleasing effects in the illumination of a Dining Table or a Drawing Room can only be obtained by the use of a soft light; otherwise subtle contrasts in light and shade are impossible. The mellow light of

PRICE'S CANDLES

(93 Awards)
casts the softest of shadows.

Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, "through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

Moreover, it is not an exaggeration to say that the softer the light the more brilliant the conversation.

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE CANDLES
for use under shades that descend automatically.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES
are especially recommended for general Dining and Drawing Room use.

Of all dealers in High Grade Candles.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED,
London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow.

FOR THEIR BURLINGTON

Registered Brand of Ladies' and Gent's DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR



HAVE BEEN AWARDED 188

Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene



Stocked in a wide variety of Stylish Boots and Shoes.

Price 18/9



A true Guarantee of Quality and Supreme Value.

Price 21/-

To places where we have no branch, goods will be sent by post on receipt of order and remittance. Foreign remittances must include cost of postage.

FREEMAN, HARDY & WILLIS LTD
LEICESTER. Over 470 Branches in ENGLAND.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
£3:0:0 IN STRONG SILVER CASE



ACCURATE RELIABLE

The "Service" Wrist Watch, with luminous figures and hands visible at night. In silver case with leather movement and leather strap suitable for rough wear. Air, damp, and dust tight.

£3:0:0

A large selection of other varieties from £2 to £6

WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELLERY of every description.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
65, Cheapside & 105, Regent Street, London.



NO CRUSHING! NO CONFUSION!

Every part is instantly get-at-able, the bottom being as accessible as the top. Any article can be removed without disturbing remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Under and Outer Garments, Articles of Toilet, Hats, Boots, &c.

IN SIX SIZES WITH 2, 3 OR 4 DRAWERS.

Write for Catalogue T.T. Sole Makers:—

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

The war seems to have had a stimulating effect rather than the reverse upon that always popular publication, "Pears' Annual," for never has it been brighter or more interesting from both the literary and artistic standpoints than it is in this third year of the world-combat. "Pears' Annual" for 1916 is a vigorous, optimistic answer to the familiar question, "Are we downhearted?" and, as they would say in the House, "the answer is in the negative." Three fine presentation plates—"Reverie," by J. W. Godward; "A Bid for Friendship," by J. Sheridan Knowles, R.I.; and "The Match-maker," by C. E. Brock, R.I.—make wide appeal; and there is a delightful four-page supplement in colours by John Hassall, R.I., entitled "An Old-Time Christmas," and imbued with the old-time spirit. The cover is a reproduction in colours of a charming drawing by Frank Dadd, R.I., entitled "Home from the Wars, 1815," and is singularly apropos in this century-later crisis. The stories and poems are, as usual, well chosen, among the authors being Boyd Cable, Max Pemberton, and Keble Howard; and the illustrators include Frank Reynolds, R.I., Charles Pears, and other well-known artists.

Science, with its ready adaptation to small things and great, has achieved remarkable success in the production of imitation jewels, notably Sessel pearls, made with such skill that in delicacy of tint and even in durability they rival the real gems, while the cost is, by comparison, nominal. The possessors of pearls of price may find Sessel pearls an excellent substitute on occasion, as, should they be dropped or stolen, the loss would not be ruinous. A necklet with



"HOME FROM THE WARS, 1815."
The Cover of "Pears' Annual," 1916, by F. Dadd, R.I.

gold clasp is £4 4s.; or Sessel pearl ear-rings, studs, scarf-pins, or rings, with gold mountings, cost from £1 10s. A brochure, No. 18, will be sent by Sessel (Bourne, Ltd.), 14 and 14a, New Bond Street, W., from which dainty presents can be chosen.

A welcome Christmas present to everyone, young and old, here at home, and especially to our soldiers and sailors who are braving incalculable discomforts for Duty's sake, is one of sweetmeats; and of all sweetmeats none are more enjoyed than a tin or two of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. Officers and men equally appreciate it, and it is mentioned with high appreciation in letters home. Its sugar, butter, and cream give it a perceptible warming and stimulating value as food, whether for children or grown-ups. It is made by Mackintosh, of Toffee Town, Halifax, and will be a welcome gift to any recipient, and to none more than to our soldiers and sailors, to whom it will be a seasonable reminder of "Blighty" and all that it means.

It is scarcely a poetical fiction that "the rain it raineth every day," for the dark days of December are upon us and there is little hope that the month will fail to live up to its depressing reputation. Fortunately, in small things as in great, manufacturing progress and inventive skill enable us to combat foul weather by the use of reliable and durable umbrellas, and the vital point in an umbrella is its frame. With a "Fox's Frame" umbrella, which is entirely a British production, the elements may be defied. With the name of S. Fox and Co., Ltd., and the "fox" trade-mark, even the moeth of wind and rain may be braved with impunity.



CRÊPE-DE-CHINE SUITS

Adapted from the latest Paris Models and made by our own workers from very heavy rich Crêpe-de-Chine.

CRÊPE-DE-CHINE SUIT, in very rich quality heavy weight Crêpe-de-Chine. Coat becomingly cut with narrow belt, pockets and fancy stitching, and finished with large collar of natural skunk fur. Full, well-cut skirt with pockets to match. In black, navy, and a few art shades.

PRICE $10\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

EXHIBITION SALE OF ANTIQUE EMBROIDERY.

A particularly interesting collection of samplers, worked between the years 1650 and 1830, including many fine lace examples, is now offered for sale. Lovers of old needlework and embroidery are invited to visit the Antique Gallery, where many particularly interesting samplers, needlework pictures and panels are now on show.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

A slogan from the front:
"The finest car on active service"

Vauxhall

THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENCE

Will it be possible to get a new high-grade English car *quickly* after the war?

I.

Many motor-car works to-day are making anything but cars, and as a consequence of the order recently issued by the Ministry of Munitions, none at all may now construct cars for private use. What cars, then, will be available on the arrival of peace? Only those produced in a factory that continues up to that time to be making its standard article for national purposes.

II.

It is therefore pointed out that the Vauxhall company continues to produce its 25 h.p. model, in standard form, for military use. The Government demand for these cars, which have established the reputation of being the best at the front, is maintained in such manner that at the end of the war both ample supplies and an attractive price are assured.

III.

If, therefore, you wish to ensure getting a high-grade English car *quickly* after the war—and above all the dominant car of the war—your name should be added to the Vauxhall waiting-list. Write to-day for a catalogue and waiting-list particulars. Each day's delay puts another name before yours.

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LIMITED,
114-112, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.
And at PETROGRAD. Works: LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.



PEARLS
IN
YOUR
MOUTH.

Your teeth can be made whiter and more beautiful—decay can be prevented—tartar can be removed—simply by the daily use of

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

"For Your Teeth."

The daily use of this dentifrice will remove and prevent the accumulation of Tartar, which is the most destructive Enemy of the Teeth, will purify and sweeten the breath, harden the gums, and make the Teeth beautifully sound and white. 2/6 per box. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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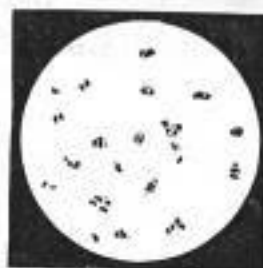
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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3745.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2nd. B to R 2nd.
2. Kt (K 6th) to Kt 7th (ch). K moves.
3. B to Q 2nd.

If Black play 1. B to B 2nd, 2. Kt (K 6th) to Kt 7th (ch); if 1. K to Kt 3rd, 2. B to K 4th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 4th; if 1. P to B 4th, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to K 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3746.—By J. T. ANDREWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

We have received a brochure entitled "Chess Whimsies," by E. pertus (Chess Amateur Office, Stroud). It is the work of a well-known Chess journalist, and combines much lively humor with the ingenuity peculiar to problem composition. Around some critical phase of the game a story is spun which finds its climax in an apparently hopeless difficulty, from which extrication is found by means best understood by the solver of chess problems. As the pleasant companion of an idle hour, we can commend this little volume to our readers.

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IN YPRES THE WOUND: THE SHATTERED CATHEDRAL—A FRAGMENT OF THE CLOISTERS.

Mr. H. G. Wells wrote the other day, in an article describing various ruins caused by the war, that he was not so deeply moved by the "great architectural wrecks," such as Ypres, Arras, and so on, as by the obliteration of villages. It is interesting to compare this view with that of a Russian author, Mr. K. Chukovski, who recently

visited Ypres. "It is not a town," he writes, "but a wound. I literally felt nausea from horror. I had never known that ruins could inspire squeamishness. . . . It was impossible to make out where was the pavement and where the interior of the houses and churches; all was confounded into a loathsome chaos."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

POEMS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

WHEN the literature of the war comes to be classified, an honourable place will be found for the verse written by men on active service, in the trenches and dug-outs, in billets, on board ship, or in hospital. This is the real poetry of the war, faithfully revealing the soul of the soldier and the sailor. It may not all be great poetry, but it has the note of truth and actuality. By the end of the war these modern lays of a greater than Homeric conflict will form a fine body of work.

Among the best of it will be reckoned "Soldier Songs" by Patrick MacGill (published by Herbert Jenkins). The well-known young author of "Children of the Dead End" enlisted in the London Irish Rifles in September 1914, and after going through many a hard fight was wounded at Loos. He has given his experiences of the war also in several other books—"The Great Push," "The Red Horizon," and "The Amateur Army." His "Soldier Songs" are the work of an artist who has mastered his implement; who has lived through tragic things without losing his sense of beauty. Some of them mingle the terrible realism of war with moods of tender feeling; others are the sort of verses Kipling might have written had he been twenty-six and a private in the Irish Rifles. In many pieces there are wistful reminiscences of the poet's early Irish home—

A candle stuck on the muddy floor
Lights up the dug-out wall,
And I see in its flame the prancing sea
And the mountains straight and tall;
For my heart is more than often back
By the hills of Donegal.

Quotations, however, cannot do the book justice; it deserves to be read through, and read again.

As in the case of Patrick MacGill's verse, so with another new book of war poems, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service (Fisher Unwin), a recollection of "Barrack-Room Ballads" is almost inevitable. It obtrudes itself, indeed, on the very wrapper of the book, where Mr. Service is described as "the Canadian Kipling." There is no doubt that Kipling is the progenitor of a whole race of poets who have more or less unconsciously adopted his manner and outlook. He is the founder of a school of song represented by the modern ballad of action, in which sentiment is racily combined with slang, and pathos with humour. One might easily find, not only a Canadian Kipling, but an Australian Kipling, a South African Kipling—a Kipling, in fact, for every constituent country of the Empire. "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" are by no means limited to ambulance experiences; in fact, save for "The Stretcher-Bearer," and one or two other pieces, that side of war is almost conspicuous by its absence. These full-blooded poems paint a complete picture of trench life and the battlefield, with its humour and its horror and its softer memories. A good example in lighter vein is the lament of the British soldier who could never get a chance of using his bayonet for the purpose for which it was made—

I'm 'untin' for someone to christen me bay'nit,
Some nice juicy Chetton wot's fightin' in France;
I'm fairly down-hearted—'ow can yer explain it?
I keeps gettin' prisoners every chance,
As soon as they sees me they ups and surrenders,
Extended like monkeys wot's tryin' to climb;
And I uses me bay'nit—to slit their suspenders—
Part of me outfit every time.

An interesting contrast to these lines is to be found in a Frenchman's apostrophe to the bayonet in another book that here claims notice, "Songs of Botrel," translated into English verse by Winifred Byers (Holden and Hardingham). The opening poem is entitled "Rosalie," which is, of course, the French soldier's well-known sobriquet for his bayonet—

Red is she, and so we name her,
He's a traitor that would shame her,
Ever tame her,
Pledge her deep in blood-red wine
This love of mine.

Théodore Botrel, "Chansonnier des Armées," the well-known Breton singer, was born at Dinan in 1868, and when the war began joined an infantry regiment as a volunteer. He was sent to the front as Conférencier-chansonnier, and has sung his homely ballads to many a gathering of hardy poilus. The author's and translator's profits from the book go to the French and British Red Cross Societies.

In reading T. B. D.'s "Songs of the Sailor Men" (Hodder and Stoughton) one can trace again the Kipling lineage in such pieces as "Provisioning Ship," "The Old Salt," and the "Song of the White Ensign." But, apart from the Kipling touch, these poems have a distinctive character of their own, and they express, with straightforward sincerity, a fine spirit of patriotism. "The Crystal Palace Army," for instance, has a humour that owes no literary debts—

Then we all of us sweated with shovels and fixed up a nice little 'ouse,
Where we waited and talked about 'arms and didn't do much of a grouse.
Till at last they 'ollers "Get ready," and I thought that I'd lead on the charge,
And, thinkin' I'd killed all the Turkos, woke up in the 'ospital barge.

This phase of the "good ole Palace Army's" adventures, thus breezily recorded, occurred in Gallipoli; and that brings us to the next book on our list—"Song of the Dardanelles; and Other Verses," by Henry Lawson (Harrap and Co.). These poems are the work of a well-known Australian writer. They are of the breezy type that admits plenty of slang and colloquialisms, and most of them go with a good swing, though the historical pieces about Russia tend to be rather rambling and inconclusive. The title-poem is good, but there are better ones on the same theme—i.e., the Australian Army—strangely separated from it and placed at the end, such as "The Route March," and "Fighting Hart"—

Fighting hard for little Tassy, where the apple orchards grow;
(And the Northern Territory, just to give the place a show),
Fighting hard for Home and Empire, while the Commonwealth prevails—

And, in spite of all her blunders, dying hard for New South Wales.
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PIERROT'S CHRISTMAS" AT THE APOLLO.

SO far as its story goes, "Pierrot's Christmas" is very well from the inevitable comparison with "L'Enfant Prodigieux." In this wordless play we meet with a Pierrot no longer young, yet no less the victim of love than heretofore. His is the love of the man past his prime for the young girl, that love which is always more torment than happiness, yet is held on to desperately as the last flicker of youth. Such love has often a tendency to be cruel and vengeful; and so, quite characteristically, we see this Pierrot punishing his Fanette, and the young rival she prefers, by driving them out of doors. Years pass, during which Pierrot has grown grayer and more lonely, and then, as at first, a little ray of sunshine dances into his life. It is not Fanette, but Fanette's living image, her daughter; and this time Pierrot is not going to be so foolish as to banish that sunshine from his home because it cannot be all his. Age recognises, now, the only terms on which it can have youth and beauty as a home-mate, and Pierrot receives back only too gladly the child's parents for the sake of the child; on this Christmas reconciliation scene the curtain pleasantly drops. The only quarrel one could have with M. Ferdinand Beissier's tale can be expressed as the question, Why call its hero Pierrot, when Pierrot has always been recognised as the symbolical figure of youth that is wilful, madcap, and dreamy? The music, unfortunately, which is the work of M. Victor Monti, cannot be praised as heartily as the plot. It has none of the distinction and gracious gaiety of M. Wormser's score; it is sugary stuff, which soon cloy. All the more credit, however, belongs to Mr. Norman McKinnel and his stage-comrades that they time themselves so carefully to its phrases. Mr. McKinnel's Pierrot is a dear but pathetic figure, with something of the North Country stammer in its composition. Fanette, the child, has a sweet little representative in Miss Joan Morgan; and Fanette, grown-up, gives Miss Mary Glynn some opportunities for charming acting. Fantasy in Mr. McKinnel's bill is coupled with realistic farce—the latter item supplied by Miss Gertrude Jennings, who, in "Poached Eggs and Pearls," gets the most rollicking fun out of the idea of a soldiers' canteen run by smart Society ladies. Miss Denis Lytton, as one of the latter; Miss Betty Ward, as a spinster afflicted with a weakness for dropping things; and Mr. Ber Field, as a polite soldier, enter with delightful thoroughness into the author's joke. True pantomime, then, and very nearly a harlequinade, we get at the Apollo. Surely, appropriate Christmas fare!

"HOUP-LA!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

It was the theatre more than the entertainment which put everybody present in good humour at the opening of the St. Martin's, though "Houp-La!" has got all the makings of a good show, and will doubtless soon be knocked into shape. Mr. Cochran has made a cosy and distinctive addition to London's pleasure-houses, and his wood panels and blue upholsteries are an agreeable change from the average theatre-decorations. His musical comedy is equipped with gorgeous dresses, a brilliant cast, and more of a plot than most pieces of its kind, and its score is as varied as it is tuneful; and yet just at present there is not quite enough vivacity about it, not use enough made of its company's talent. Mr. George Graves and Miss Gertrude Millar, for instance, seem for the moment only feeling their way in their parts. But there are plenty of possibilities in such a rôle as that of the old circus manager, whose turl investments are so unfortunate, that such a master of art as Mr. Graves will soon exploit. And already Miss Millar has one song with dance, "The Fool of the Family," which is sure of a big popularity. Even more successful than this is a French item, "L'Amour est Bon," which Mlle. Madeleine Choiseulle renders with refreshing verve; meantime, Mr. Nat D. Ayer is well provided with the chansonettes that have brought him into favour; and Mr. Hugh Wright does well in an Alfred Lester type of character. The circus scenes, it should be added, are most picturesquely staged.

"MR. WU" REVIVED AT THE STRAND.

Since "Buxell" has not quite answered to expectations, Mr. Matheson Lang has fallen back, at the Strand, on that old and tried favourite, "Mr. Wu," in which his own performance in the title-rôle has always provoked admiration. Here is something more—much more—than the star Celestial, and if we had not been told, we might have guessed that the actor's portraiture was based on actual experience and study of the race to which Mr. Wu belongs. There is an impressiveness about his dignified Chinaman, which is as impressive as it is uncanny. Just as it is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with Mr. Lang's impersonation, so it is to see Miss Lillian Braithwaite as the white woman who fights so desperately a duel with the implacable Oriental: the actress's emotion is as affecting as ever in the big scene of the play.

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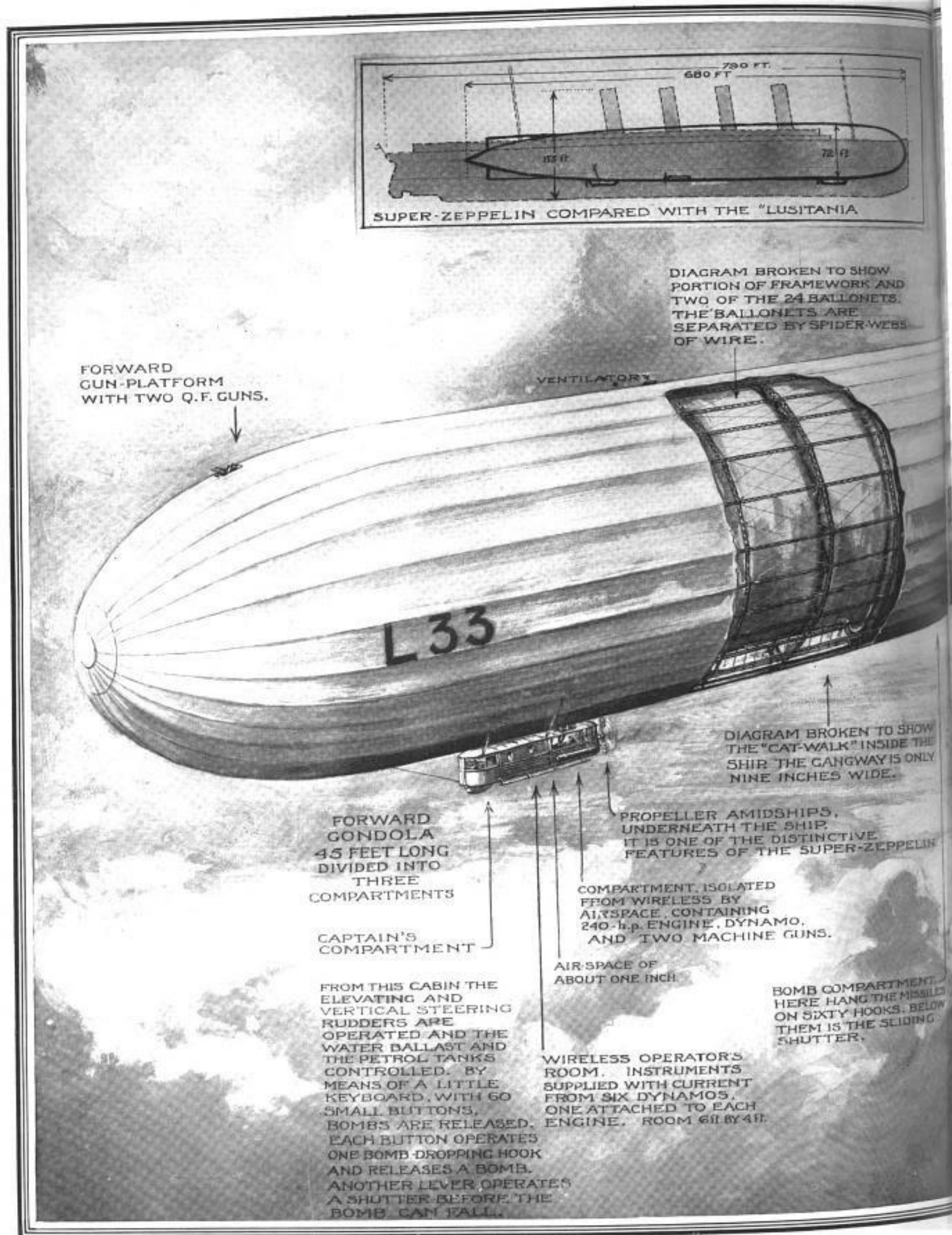
CALLED TO RULE OVER A "RAMSHACKLE" EMPIRE WHICH HIS PREDECESSOR LEFT UNDER THE DOMINATION OF GERMANY:
THE EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA.

The Emperor Charles is a grand-nephew of the late Emperor Francis Joseph. His father, the late Archduke Otto, was a younger brother of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination at Serajevo in 1914 led to the Great War. His mother is a sister of the King of Saxony. He was born in August 1887, and is thus in his thirtieth year. In 1911 he married Princess Zita, daughter of the late Duke Robert of Parma, and has two sons and one daughter. He represented the late Emperor Francis Joseph at the Coronation of King George. In the early part of the war he was on the Austrian Staff in Galicia, and then in Serbia, but was recalled to Vienna. Then he was put in command of the

Austrian offensive in the Trentino which turned out a disastrous failure, and was afterwards transferred to the command in Lower Galicia. Just before the late Emperor's death it was reported that he was to be appointed Regent. Since his accession he has issued a Rescript to his Army and Navy, and also a Proclamation, in which he says: "I ascend the throne in stormy times. Our aim is not yet achieved. The enemy's illusion of being able to overthrow my Monarchy and my Allies is not yet shattered." We may add that a portrait of the Emperor Charles and his wife appeared in the greater part of our issue of November 25.

MUCH MECHANISM FOR NO MILITARY RESULT: GERMANY'S

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM DETAILS GIVEN IN THE "DAILY MAIL" BY

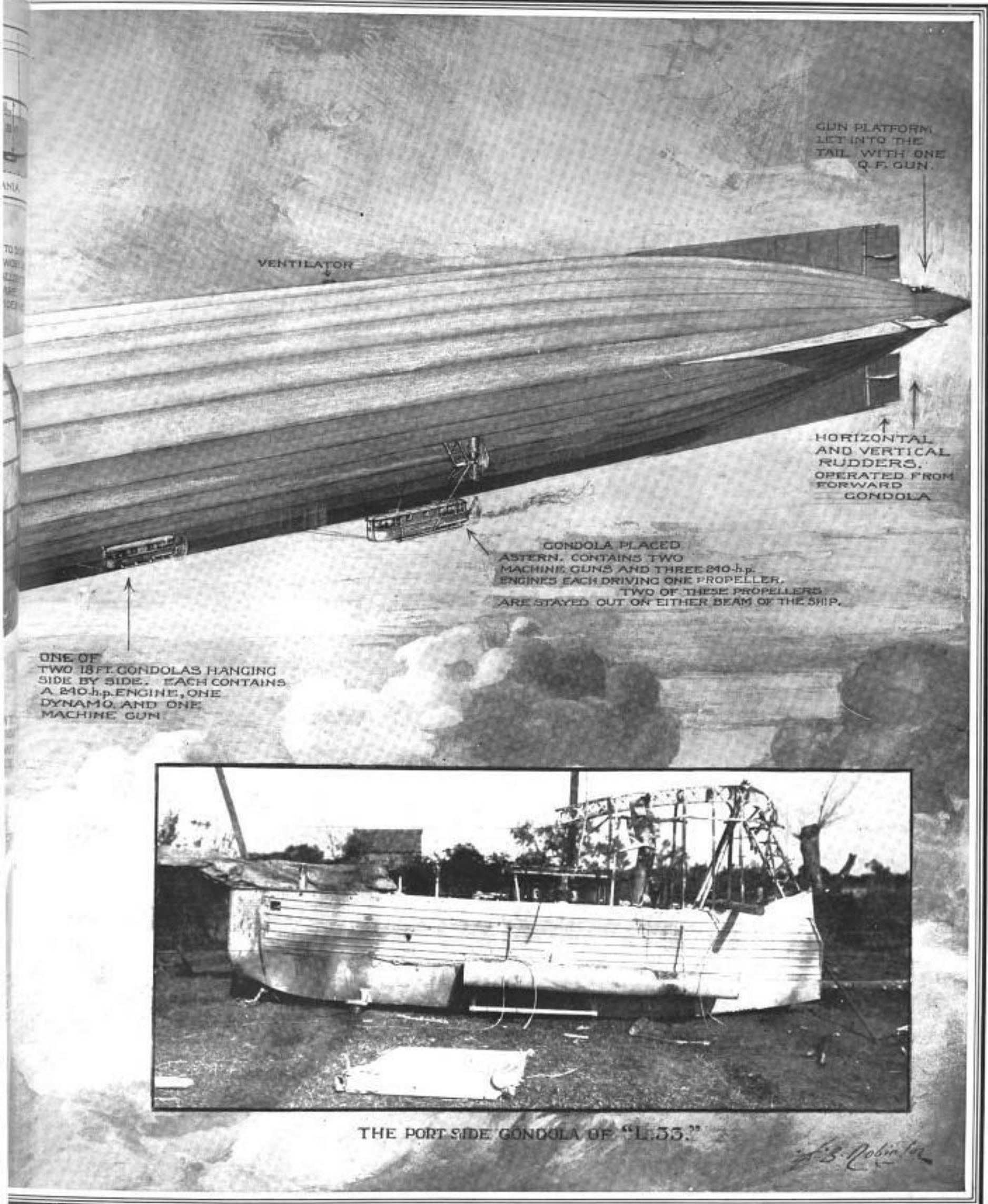


"ALL THE SECRETS OF THE MYSTERIOUS SUPER-ZEPPELIN": DETAIL

Once more the destruction of two Zeppelins, in the raid on the North-East Coast on November 27-28, has proved the futility, for war purposes, of these enormous gas-bags. When it is remembered that Zeppelins, though they have caused the deaths of a number of civilians, and damaged a certain amount of private property, have achieved no military results, the elaborate construction of these aerial monsters can only be regarded as a colossal waste of money and ingenuity. This is more than ever the case since our airmen have not only learnt how to bring down raiding Zeppelins, but have also discovered all about their construction and mechanism. As Mr. H. W. Wilson said recently in the "Daily Mail," by whose courtesy we are enabled to publish the above diagrams: "All the secrets of the mysterious super-Zeppelin are now known to the British air services." The details were obtained

WASTED INGENUITY IN RAIDER-AIRSHIP CONSTRUCTION.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "FLIGHT," AND REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



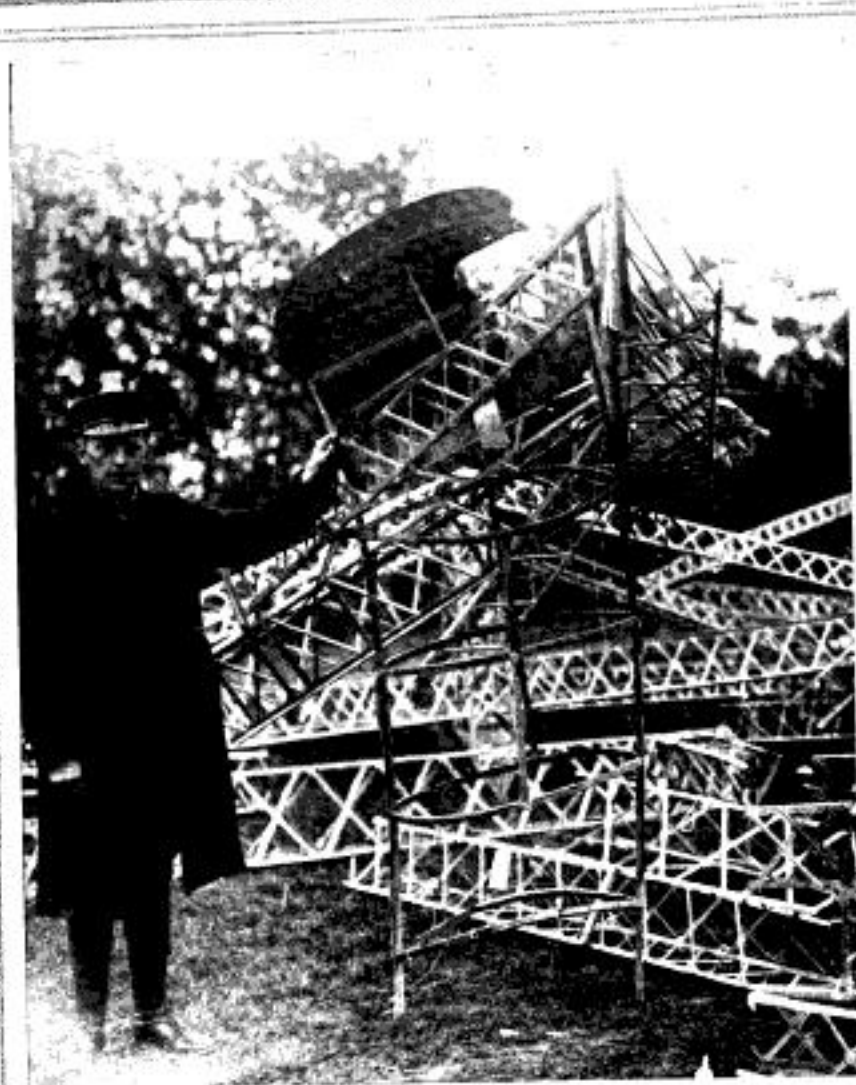
THE PORT SIDE GONDOLA OF "L.33."

OF THE "L 33" (BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX) SHOWN IN DIAGRAM.

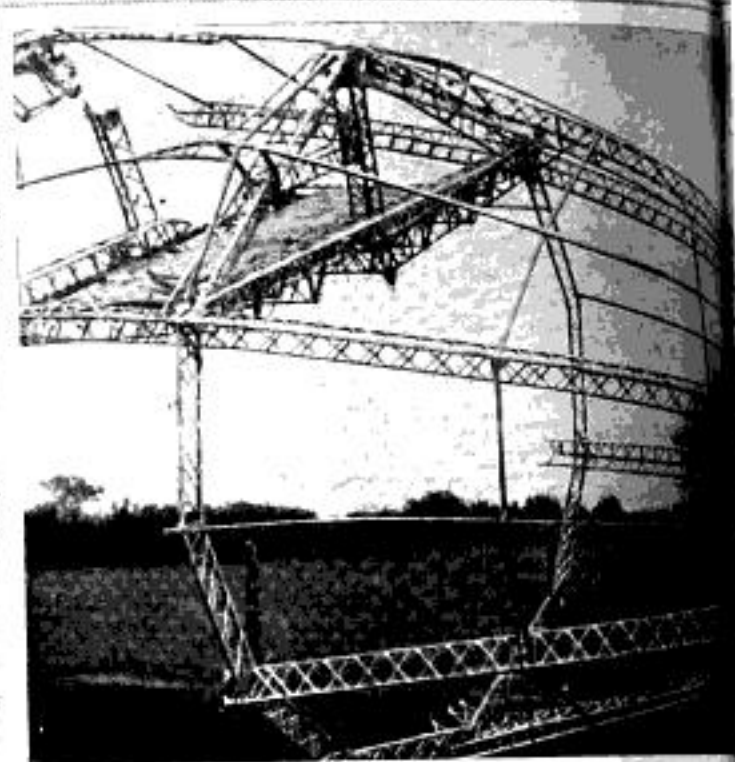
from the "L 33," one of the two Zeppelins brought down, it will be recalled, during the raid on the night of September 23. It was forced to alight in Eastern Essex, and though the outer fabrics and gas-bags were destroyed by fire, the essential parts of the airship's mechanism remained. The particulars of the various features of her structure, which are based on Mr. Wilson's article, are given in the lettering on our illustration. Inset at the top is a smaller diagram showing the comparative size of the "L 33" and the "Lusitania." A second inset below shows the airship's port-side gondola. Several interesting photographs of the wrecked "L 33" are given on another double-page in this number. The moral of the whole is an illustration of that "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BOMB-CHAMBER, CAT-WALK, AND OTHER PARTS OF

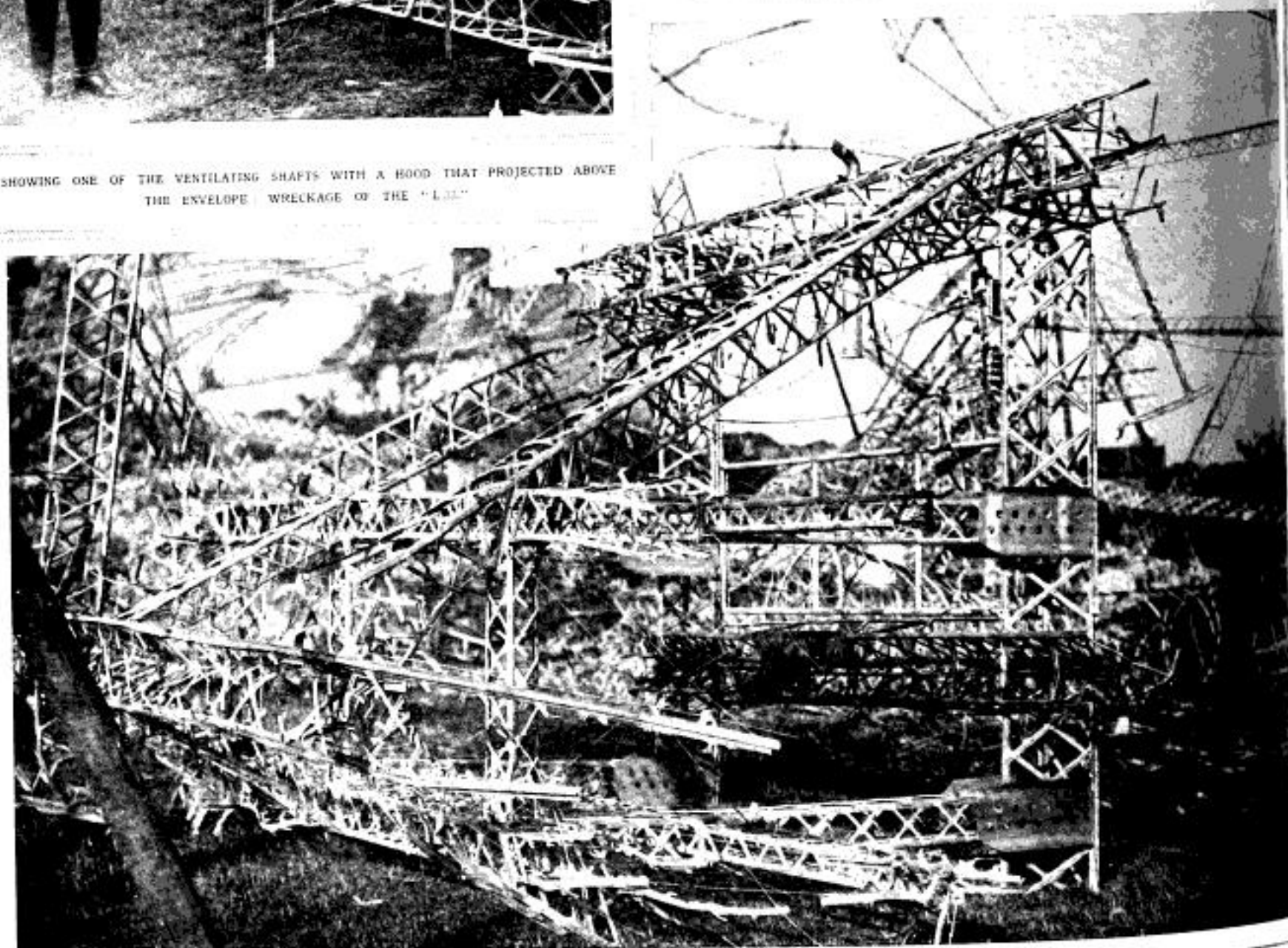
PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



SHOWING ONE OF THE VENTILATING SHAFTS WITH A HOOD THAT PROJECTED ABOVE THE ENVELOPE WRECKAGE OF THE "L.37"



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE PLATFORM ON WHICH THE

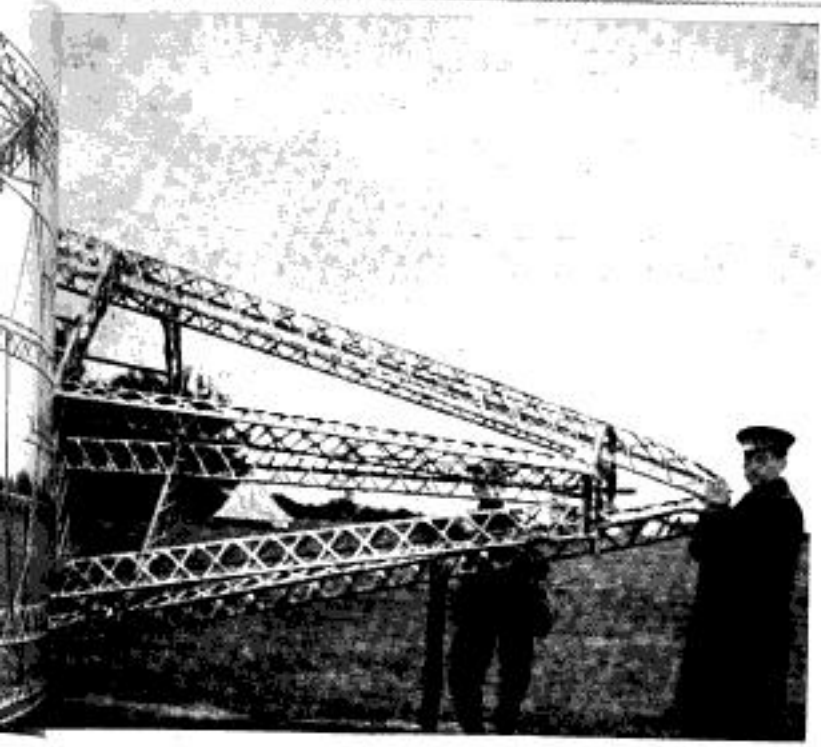


THE MURDER-MECHANISM OF A ZEPPELIN: PART OF "L.37" BOMB-CHAMBER (ON ITS SIDE) FROM WHICH BOMBS HUNG IN TWO ROWS, ONE EACH SIDE OF THE "CAT-WALK"

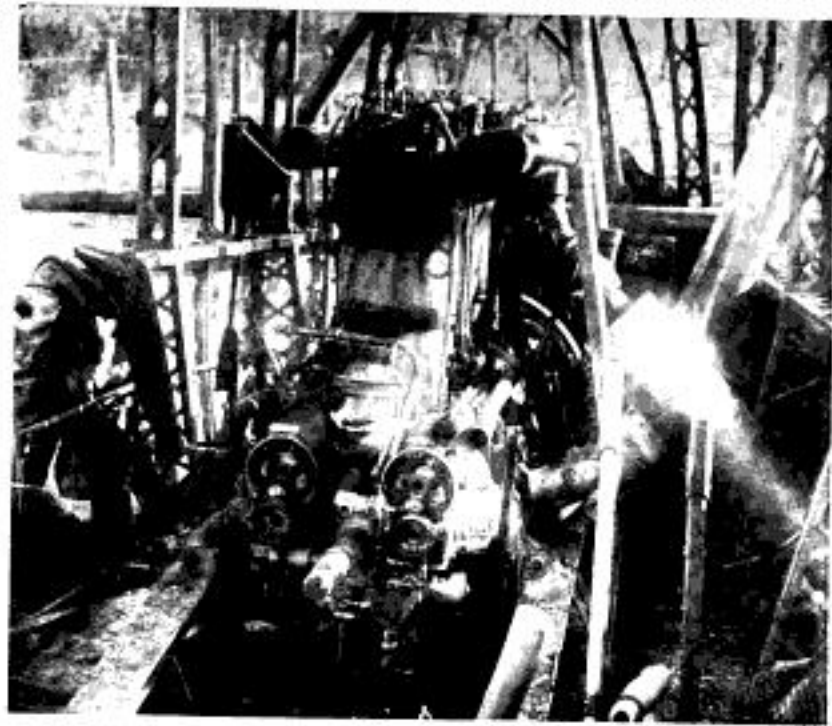
Once more a Zeppelin raid has ended in disaster to the raiders. An official announcement of November 28 stated: "A number of hostile airships approached the North-East Coast of England between ten and eleven last night. Bombs were dropped on various places in Yorkshire and Durham, but the damage is believed to be slight. One airship was attacked by an aeroplane of the Royal Flying Corps and brought down in flames in the sea off the coast of Durham. Another airship crossed into the North Midland Counties, and dropped some bombs at various places. On her return journey she was repeatedly attacked by aeroplanes of the Royal Flying Corps and by guns. She appears to have been damaged, for the last part of her journey was made at very slow speed, and she was unable to reach the coast before day was breaking. Near the Norfolk coast she apparently succeeded in effecting repairs, and was proceeding east at a high speed and at an altitude of over 8000 feet when she was attacked nine miles out at sea by four machines of the Royal Naval Air Service and an armed truck and brought down in flames at 6.45 a.m. Full reports of casualties and damage have not yet been received, but they are believed to be slight." During the present year ten Zeppelins

WRECKED ZEPPELIN: FEATURES OF GERMANY'S RAIDERS.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



THE GUN WAS MOUNTED: THE FRAMEWORK OF "L 33's" TAIL.



ONE OF "L 33's" ENGINES, WITH EXHAUST-PIPES: THE INTERIOR OF THE PORT-SIDE GONDOLA SHOWN INSET ON ANOTHER DOUBLE-PAGE.



THE "STRAIT AND NARROW WAY" INSIDE A ZEPPELIN'S KEEL: PART OF THE "L 33's" CAT-WALK, WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE GREATER PORTION OF THE AIRSHIP.

are known to have been either wrecked or destroyed, and six of them have been brought down in raids on this country—one at Cuffley, near Enfield, on September 3; the "L 32" and "L 33" in Essex, on September 24; one north of London on October 1; and now the two in the raid described above. The photographs given here show various portions of the aluminium framework and other details—bomb-chamber, cat-walk, engines, and so on—of the "L 33," which came down practically intact. The ventilating-shafts carry away gases, and render possible the mounting of guns on top of the airship at both ends. In the third photograph the large tube sloping downward from the engine is the exhaust-pipe carrying burnt gases to a silencer placed externally on the side of the gondola. The tube sloping upwards and outwards from the engine carries away the fumes and hot air from the crank cases. In the lower left-hand photograph the rectangular perforated plates are guards which prevent the bombs from catching in the framework. The cat-walk is the narrow gangway that runs most of the length of the airship inside the keel and gives access to the gondolas. Its position is shown in the diagram of the "L 33" on another double-page in this issue.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHENEVER there is again the time and the temper for romances, I should like to write a romance about the war—or rather, about the elements and origins of the war. The whole story would take place in a Soho restaurant, and consist of the quarrels between two waiters, a German waiter and an Italian waiter. There would, I suppose, be an epilogue written in red fire in which they crossed bayonets over the fall of Trieste. This masterpiece of fiction need not be pursued here, and is very unlikely to be pursued anywhere; I will merely remark that the German waiter is a very interesting character, being a quiet and respectful fellow who happens to be, in a quiet and respectful way, mad.

Another and more rapid way of reaching the same truth about the same type is to read the appeals issued by the Germans to each other. They mark very dramatically the real distinction between the barbarian and the Roman citizen, which I had conceived as raging in the restaurant over tips and table-napkins. Let me take an example. A sort of patriotic proclamation was addressed to the German Empire some time ago, in which it was said that the enemies of that Empire must beware, for in the last resort the *furor Teutonicus* would break forth, and all would be destroyed. Now this marks the presence of a very curious and interesting moral idea, which makes a great part of the real moral issue. The common-sense of the thing, which is rather of the comic sort, is, of course, on the surface. The obvious reply is that the *furor Teutonicus* has already done all that could be reasonably expected of it. If shooting priests and nurses, shattering cathedrals and hospitals, and carrying off schoolgirls into slavery are signs that the Teuton is still keeping his temper, we shall certainly be very much interested to see what he does when he loses it. The reaction from that particular sort of patience and self-restraint may well be a rather new phenomenon in psychology, and not one very easy to imagine beforehand. But it is not with the more obvious humour of the conception that I am here especially concerned. It is with this singular and suggestive German notion of keeping fury in reserve, of regarding wildness as the last and the worst weapon. It is doubtless a very common idea, not only in the literature of Germany, but in that considerable part of English and other literature which has been influenced by Germany. In our own novels, in our own newspapers, we know the ideal of the noble Viking who is primarily a Stoic and finally a Berserker. There is nothing in which the German spirit has been more poetical—or less practical.

Now, the Italian waiter in my imaginary restaurant had a way of breaking things. He broke them on purpose, though not with great premeditation. He broke them in a rage—glasses and bottles, and very probably chairs and tables. In other words, it is really true that the type of people rather loosely

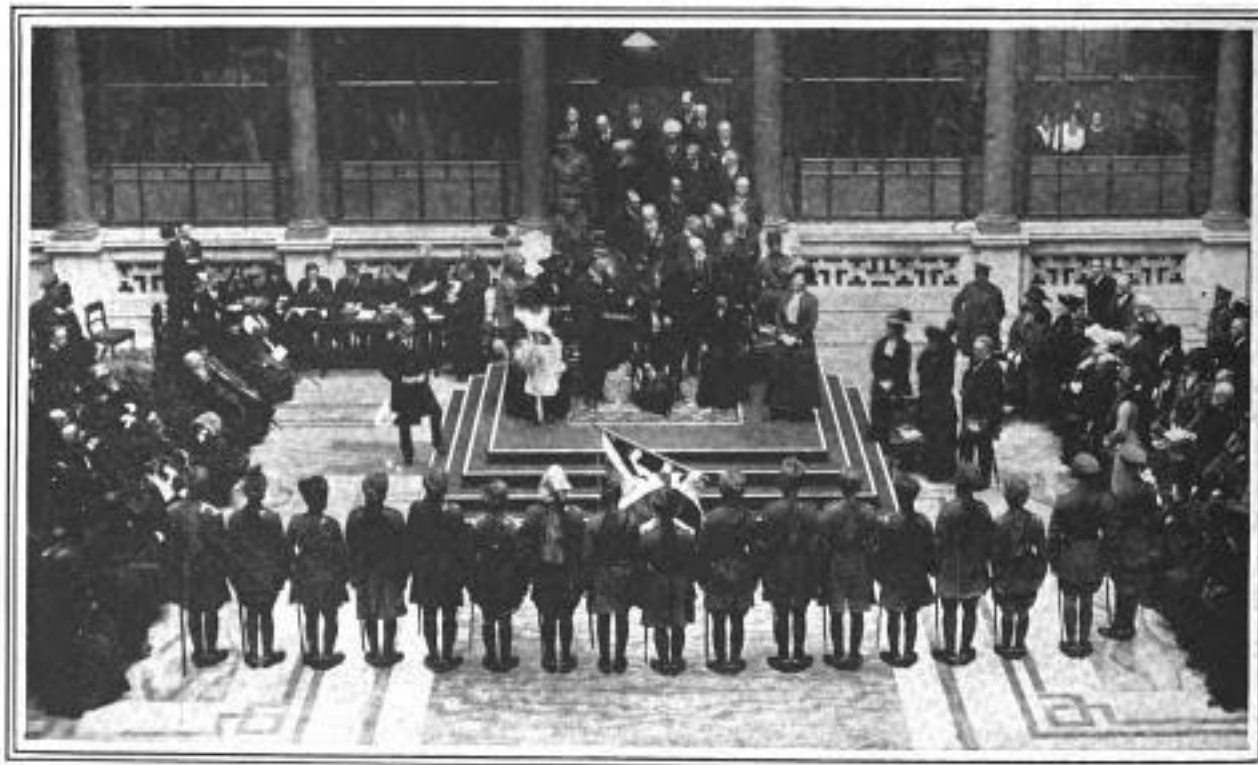
called the Latins (for the Latins include some very vivid contrasts among themselves) do generally strike an Englishman as having a certain abrupt bodily impatience, which sometimes passes beyond vivacity into a sort of brutality. It is really true that an Italian, or even a Frenchman, will sometimes break things where an Englishman would send for the manager or write to the *Times*. It is repeated in most of our plays and novels; but it is true for all that. But the inferences that were generally drawn from it were not true; they were very nearly the reverse of the truth. We misunderstood the Frenchman because we vaguely supposed that his impatience was unpracticality, whereas it is more like over-practicality. It is our instinct to say that he is making a fuss about trifles. But, indeed, it would be near the truth to say that he is making a fuss about them because they are trifles. He does not make a fuss about the things that are not trifles. He does not imagine that death or destiny, or a great war, can be controlled by the

working models of the Battle of the Marne. As it was, strategy could not save him; it is probable that he did not think that it could save him; but it is certain that he did not think that Italian excitability could save him. But the modern German, even when he is a General of experience and intelligence like Hindenburg, does really feel disposed to deal with his Leipzig by showing his teeth and saying "I will now exhibit Teutonic Fury, and the armies of the Allies will flee before me." The awakening of the Teuton to wrath was prophesied like something distant and partly divine—like a Day of Judgment or a Golden Age. The Prussian professor was always telling us with the most flaming excitement what would happen when he lost his icy calm. Nor is it wrong here for the professor to call himself a philosopher. Nor is it merely antagonistic or abusive for us to call him the philosopher of barbarism. He has stood for a certain idea; and the phrase does express that idea. It is not easy to get any idea out of him just now;

but that is because the necessity of seeking a patched-up peace has produced pure chaos in all the original Prussian ideas. We are now fighting with a wolf in sheep's clothing; and by biting him we only get a mouthful of wool. But a year or two ago, when he was simply a wolf, he was a philosophical wolf, and was willing and even eager to explain to us his own law of the jungle. In that state of genuine Germanism, he would say of himself most of what I am saying of him. Ten to one, if I told him his culture was the veneer of a savage he would take it as a compliment. I suspect he really meant was something like this: that the part of us is strongest which is nearest to nature—that in this sense the sub-conscious is stronger than the conscious, and even the impersonal than the personal. In this

sense he thought, and thinks, that there is a final form of self-assertion which can only come with the disappearance of self-control. In this sense he thought, and thinks, that there is a power called the *furor Teutonicus*. And it is in this sense that he is most distinctively something which is more definite than a barbarian—a heathen.

I have been criticised for the remark that the essence of modern Germany is Atheism. I will repeat the remark, for this notion of an impersonal power is the soul of Atheism. One may almost say that it is the god of Atheism. Compared with this, a mere verbal or logical denial, like that of the French Atheists, is not only a mistake, but almost a misunderstanding. The Latin sceptic, when he cannot believe in the personal aspect of Deity, believes all the more tenaciously in the personal aspect of humanity. Even when he does not believe in God he believes quite strictly in the image of God, for he believes that man can be a creator and a judge. And that, when it is understood, is the real reason why Napoleon might lose his temper about a button, but not about a battle; and why my Italian waiter would be wild about wine, but not about blood.



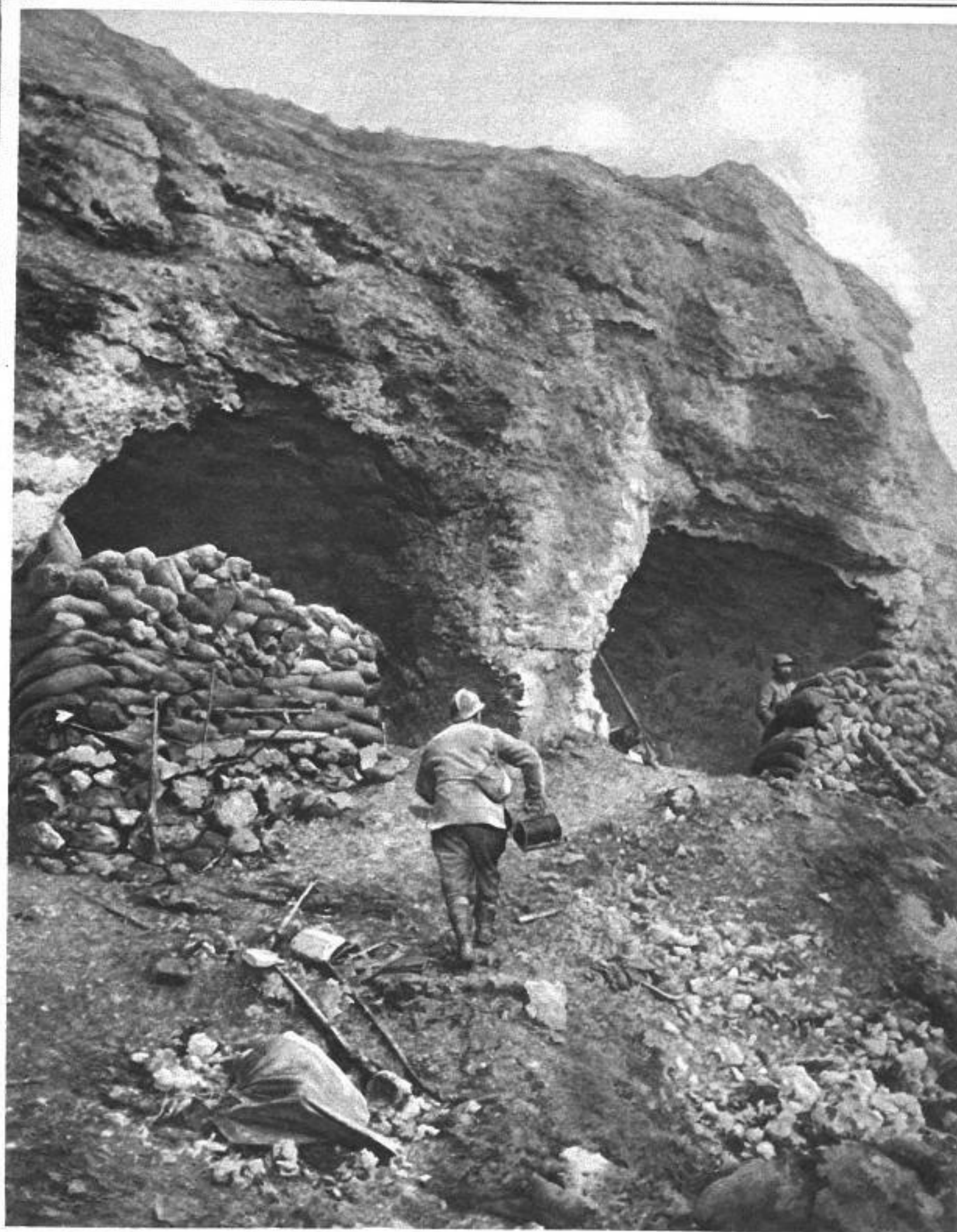
"A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE INDIAN ARMY FOR THEIR BRILLIANT SERVICES DURING THIS GREAT WAR":
QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PRESENTATION OF A FLAG AND SHIELD.

At the India Office on November 23, Queen Alexandra presented to representatives of the Indian Army a Union Jack and an inscribed silver shield, the gift of the women and children of the British Isles, made through the League of Empire. Her Majesty spoke of it as "a tribute to the brave Indian Army for their brilliant services in this great war." In front of the group on the platform are (from left to right) Mrs. Austen Chamberlain and her daughter, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and Miss Chamberlain (speaking).—[Photograph by G.N.]

animated gestures which may serve to startle an inattentive shopkeeper or galvanise a *concerge* into life. He does not think he can break a battle-line as he breaks a wine-glass, or achieve the fall of a great city as he kicks over a small table. The Latin has no use for the *furor Teutonicus*, or any corresponding *furor Latinus*, when he comes to his oldest trade, which is war.

It is probable that Napoleon impressed many people with a brusquerie which amounted to mere bad manners. It is probable that he sometimes broke glasses and kicked over tables. But when Napoleon was outnumbered and defeated at Leipzig he did not show his teeth and say, "I will now exhibit Corsican Revenge, and the armies of the Allies will flee before me." He had no illusion that mere rage could be a magic, still less that mere rage could be a reserve. It was with his coolest science and his strictest realism that he withdrew his forces into Northern France and discomfited the pursuers by sheer sterility at Montmirail. It was almost with the abstract rationalism of a mathematician drawing diagrams that he drew those plans upon the plains of Champagne which were partly, I believe, the first

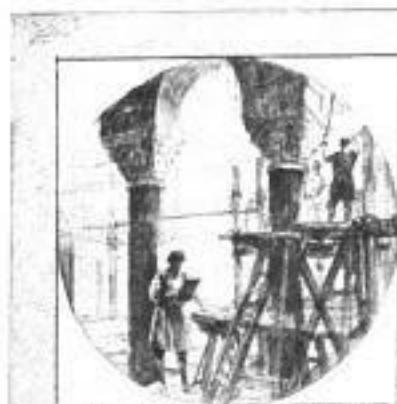
AS RETAKEN BY THE FRENCH: THE FAMOUS FORT VAUX.



THE COMPLETE CIRCLE OF OUTLYING WORKS DEFENDING VERDUN IN FRENCH HANDS AGAIN: BATTERED CASEMATES PARTIALLY BLOCKED BY SAND-BAGS, FRONTING THE DITCH OF FORT VAUX.

The retaking of Fort Vaux, on November 2, replaced in French hands the complete circle of outlying works defending Verdun. The French attack on the general position Douaumont-Vaux, opened on October 24. Douaumont was retaken by a brilliant onset within a few hours. The Vaux position was of yet more importance to the enemy, because their occupation of the fort and plateau enabled them to mass troops unseen along the Woëvre side of Verdun. Vaux was held by the German 50th Division, and resisted for a week, until November 2. During that time the French persistently

bombarded Vaux with massed heavy artillery, while incessant infantry attacks sheared away piecemeal sections of the German outer position. The enemy had held Vaux since June, when the fort was given up by the French Major Raynal, after a most heroic resistance. Immense additions to the fortifications had been made, but the works were rendered untenable by November 2. Thereupon, immediately the French storming columns appeared in front, the Germans evacuated Vaux and the whole plateau, drawing back to where they had stood when their first attack on Verdun opened last February.



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN, AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN DRAWN FOR HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR DARKENED STREETS.

NOWADAYS dwellers in our large towns who venture abroad after dark do so at no inconsiderable risk. But the knowledge that any attempt to lessen that risk will incur a far greater makes him accept the inevitable with a good grace. But in course of time, should the war last, we may—to a limited extent, perhaps—contrive to lessen our sense of helplessness and timidity in the dark by the cultivation of some latent sense of the existence of which, so far, we have no suspicion.

The insectivorous bats may be cited as examples of creatures in which this mysterious sense of direction in the dark, and the proximity of obstacles in the fairway, is developed in a high degree. Popularly, these creatures are supposed to have no eyes—hence the reproach "Blind as a bat." But this is a mistake, for they have eyes, though they are not to be found without careful exploration amid the fur of the face, when presently two little black specks will appear. These are the last vestiges of what were once functional eyes. To-day they can do no more than distinguish between light and darkness. That a winged creature should be thus deprived and yet retain the power to fly would seem incredible did we not know for a fact that such is the case. In spite of such a handicap, the bat is one of the finest of performers on the wing, turning and twisting with amazing skill and speed in his pursuit of prey invisible to our eyes, even when—on rare occasions—that pursuit takes place in the full sun. Experiments have shown that bats, deprived even of the feeble vestiges of eyes that remain to them, will pursue their way about a darkened room crossed and re-crossed by a maze of threads without once touching any one of them with its wings. So far, nothing but surmises can be offered by way of accounting for this extraordinary power. It is supposed that the wing-membranes stretched between the long, slender fingers are endowed with a peculiarly subtle sense of touch, and that in many species further powers are conferred by the strange leaf-like out-growths of skin which surround the nose and mouth. These, in some species, form a large "rosette," giving an almost diabolic appearance to the face. But, so far, we have but surmises to work upon. If it be proved by-and-by that these were well founded, the marvel will be increased rather than otherwise, for the bat rivals the bird in his ability to turn and twist in mid-air.

The mole affords another instance of the successful pursuit of prey without the aid of eyes. But one can well understand the suppression of such sensitive organs in an animal which passes its life not merely underground, but in forcing its way through the ground much as a fish makes its way through the water. Eyes in such an environment would be a positive source of danger from the inflammation which would be set up as a consequence of the entrance of

large, act as a microphone conveying very accurate information as to the direction the flying victim is taking by means of the vibrations set up in the water.

The deep-sea fishes furnish us with a fine series of stages in the degeneration of the eyes. Such as live in the abysses have in many cases lost every trace of eyes—at any rate, so far as the surface of the body is concerned. It must be remembered that in these

depths there reigns eternal night—thick darkness which may be felt, indeed; for the pressure on the body at a depth of, say, 2000 fathoms is more than 2½ tons to the square inch. But there are some species, curiously enough, which have large eyes. These are such as dwell on the bottom, and they apparently hunt by the aid of the phosphorescent light emitted by crustacea and other lowly forms of animal life which have contrived to hold on to existence even here. For plants such an environment is impossible.

Among the crustacea alone the variety in the character and manifestations of this light is surprising. Thus, in some species luminous matter is discharged much as cuttlefish discharge ink, and it may serve a like purpose—namely, to baffle enemies. In other cases, light is emitted in the form of rays from special organs, in various parts of the body and in varying degrees of intensity. The light clouds discharged from the body, to which reference has just been made, are of considerable power; while some of the rays passed, in the case of other species, through lenses give no more than a feeble glow. But the intensity of the light depends on the purpose it is to serve. In some cases it may play the part of warning coloration in a land animal; in others it may serve as a lure, or to attract the sexes, as with the glow-worm of our hedges.

Many of the deep-sea fishes, especially such as live just beyond the reach of daylight, though far from the bottom, carry powerful lights; and some of the blind species are also luminous, though they cannot be aware of this fact. Probably in such cases the light serves as a protection.

Since it can be switched on and off, under the control of the nervous system—as by fright, for example—it may well serve a very useful purpose. But how is this light made? If only some of our experts in chemistry and physics could discover this, they might be able to provide us with a very valuable aid in these our enforced pilgrimages through darkened streets and lurking motors! Incidentally, such a discovery would materially reduce our coal consumption for the purposes of lighting.

W. P. PYCAFT.



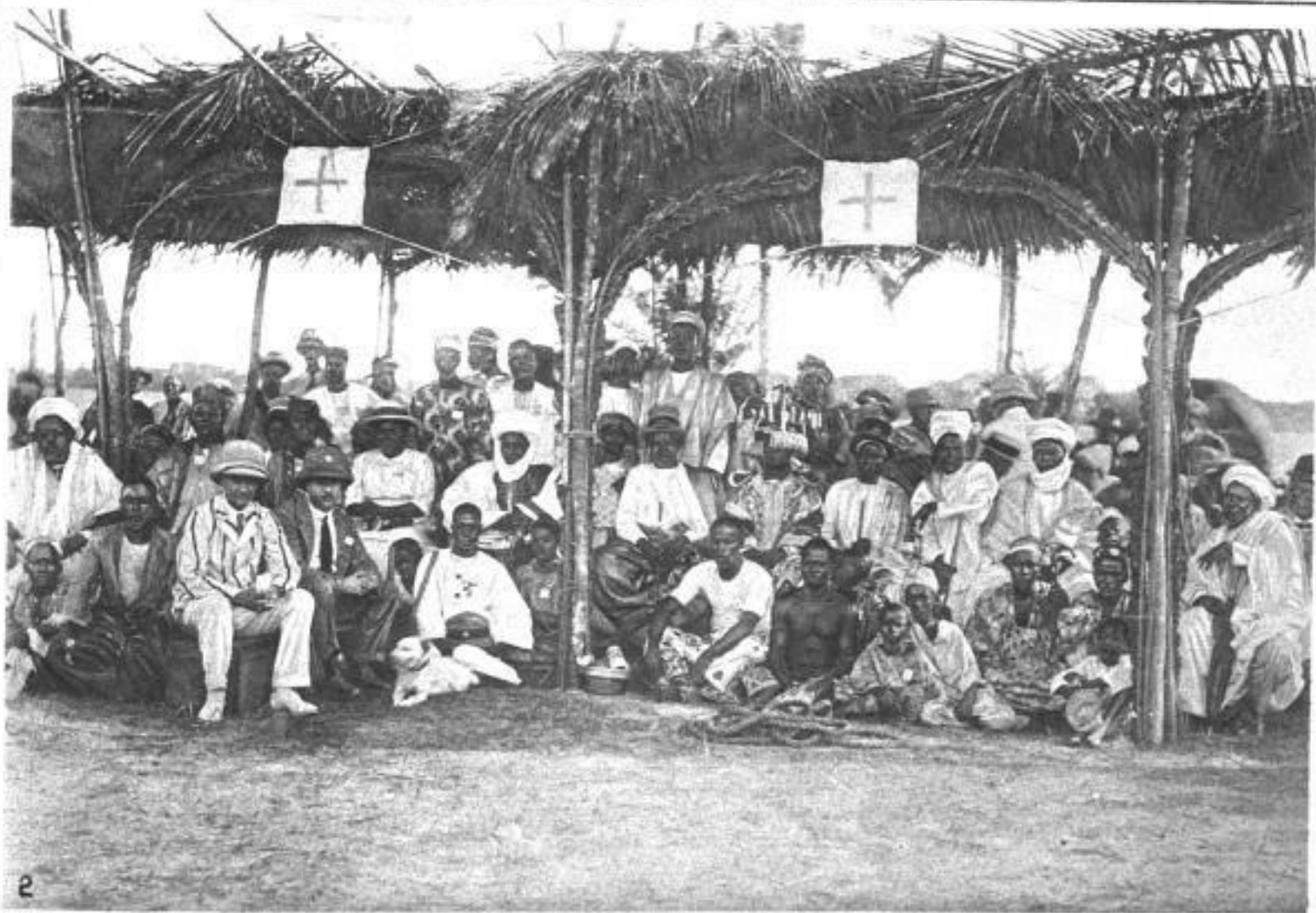
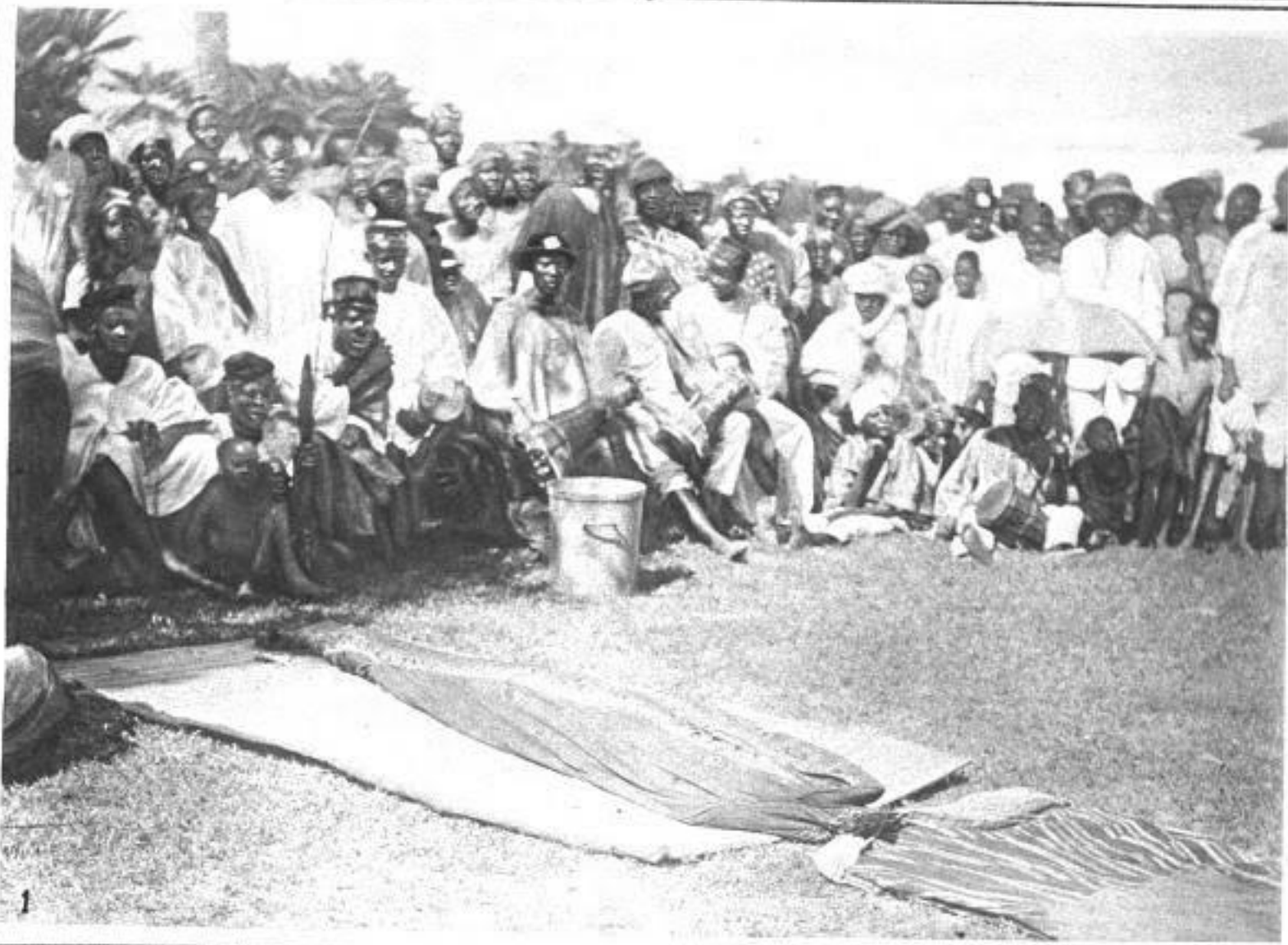
NIGERIAN NATIVE CONJURERS AIDING THE WOUNDED: ECUNCUN MEN AT BADACRI READY TO DANCE AND DO CONJURING TRICKS, AT SPORTS IN AID OF THE RED CROSS.

Some further photographs and particulars of the occasion here illustrated are given on the opposite page.

soil between the eyeball and the lids, to say nothing of the shock to the system from the pain caused by the entry of such foreign matter.

In the Susu of the Ganges, a species of dolphin, we have an instance of blindness in an aquatic animal. Here the eyes have become useless and have degenerated owing to the muddiness of the water. But we know nothing of the sense by which such rapidly moving prey as fishes are captured. It may be that the ear-bones, which in the whale tribe are extremely

RED CROSS SPORTS IN NIGERIA: "CONJURERS"; AND A GRAND STAND.



1. EGUNGUN "CONJURING": A PERFORMER REPRESENTING A SNAKE EMERGED FROM A BAG, INTO WHICH HE WILL RETURN AND REISSUE AS A LEOPARD OR ALLIGATOR.

2. THE GRAND STAND AT THE BADAGRI RED CROSS SPORTS: THE SERIKI AND OTHER NATIVE CHIEFS (ONE WITH A CROWN), BRITISH OFFICIALS, AND OTHERS.

The above photographs and that on the opposite page were taken at the Red Cross Sports in aid of "Our Day" held on October 11 at Badagri, in Western Nigeria. A letter describing them says: "With the co-operation of the Seriki, the head chief, the day was a conspicuous success; the money came to over £75. In the photograph of Egungun men [opposite page], you see a man on the left covered with strips of skins.

If the performer shown in the other photograph [the upper one above] makes a mistake which the onlookers are likely to notice, he signals to this man, who immediately takes a whip and sets about thrashing anyone near him in the crowd. This naturally causes a palaver, and some scrapping, whereby attention is diverted." In the lower photograph are the native doctor's wife, then the Seriki (white cloth under chin), then other chiefs.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHWABEN REDOUBT, AS SEEN

Drawn by E. H. Bly

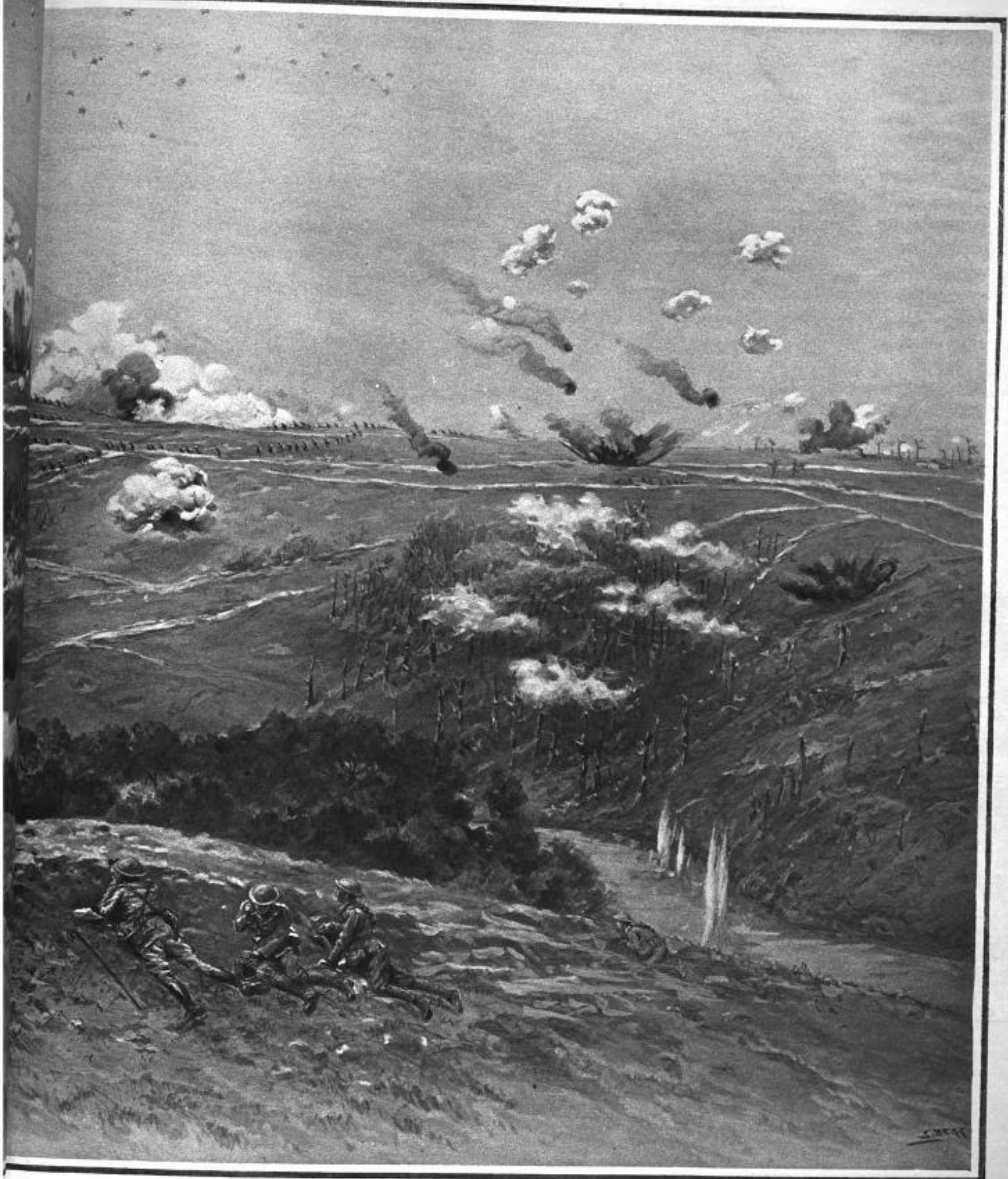


BETWEEN OUR BARRAGE FIRE (OVER THE RIDGE TO THE LEFT) AND GERMAN SHELLS

The Schwaben Redoubt, near Thiepval, was one of the most formidable positions in the German line, and its capture by British troops was a fine feat of arms. The redoubt itself is seen on the hill in the background, and over the ridge are rising clouds of smoke and explosions from the British artillery's barrage-fire working ahead of the advancing infantry. Lines of British troops are visible in the centre background moving towards the redoubt on the left. They are bombing their way along trenches. Further to the left are retreating Germans running down the slope after being blown out of their trenches. In the air on the right of the drawing are German high-explosive shells "uncurling themselves" as they come over, and higher up in the air above (in the centre) is a flight of British observation aeroplanes mingled with bursting shells from German anti-aircraft guns, commonly called "Archibalds." On the extreme

FROM AVELUY WOOD: A "SMOKE-SMEARED PANORAMA."

FROM DETAILS RECENT.

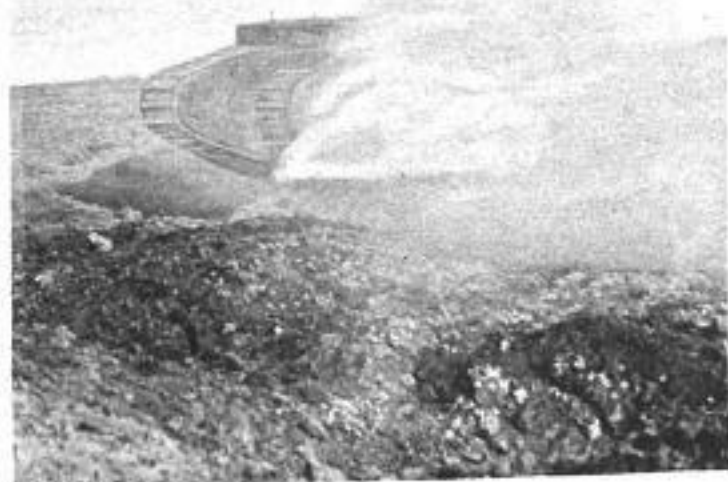


(BURSTING ON THE RIGHT): BRITISH INFANTRY ATTACKING THE SCHWABEN REDOUBT.

right in the background may be noted the remains of the Château of Thiepval, and near the right foreground is Thiepval Wood beside the stream of the Ancre, in whose waters some shells are bursting. The lines of trenches are marked by the white chalk which forms their parapets. In the near foreground some British officers are seen watching the progress of the battle. Describing an action in this neighbourhood recently, Mr. Perceval Gibbon writes: "Upon a front of some 5000 yards, from the corner of the Schwaben Redoubt to near the north end of the Regina Trench, our troops went forward in the wake of the barrage-fire, captured and held the whole of the positions which formed their objective, and added upwards of a thousand new prisoners to the population of the 'cages.' From west of Pozieres . . . there was an outlook over the whole smoke-smeared panorama of battle."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"JUGGERNAUTS" GERMANS THOUGHT "AN IMPERTINENCE"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY



LIKE A "BLIND CREATURE EMERGING FROM THE PRIMEVAL SLIME"
A TANK IN ACTION ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



WITH ITS GUNS FIRING AS IT WENT INTO ACTION: A TANK PLOUGHING ITS WAY OVER
THE SHELL-TORN BATTLEFIELD.



WITH A TANK IN THE DISTANCE HEAVING ITS MONSTROUS BULK ACROSS THE STRICKEN FIELD: A

In the greater part of our edition last week we gave a full-page photograph of one of the famous Tanks in action—permission to illustrate the subject having just been given by the authorities. Here we give some further photographs. Describing their first appearance in battle, Mr. Beach Thomas writes: "They looked like blind creatures emerging from the primeval slime. To watch one crawling round a battered wood in the half-light was to think of 'the Jabberwock with eyes of flame' who 'Came whiffing through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came.' . . . One German officer I met said it was 'an impertinence' to use them; and some of the German soldiers regarded them with some sort of superstitious terror for the first few minutes, till daylight disclosed their true nature. Even then they were alarming enough. With ludicrous serenity they wobbled across the gridiron fields . . . But while

TANKS IN ACTION; AND PRISONERS AS STRETCHER-BEARERS.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



A SIGHT SAID TO HAVE FILLED THE GERMAN TROOPS WITH SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR: A TANK LOOMING OUT OF A CLOUD OF SMOKE.

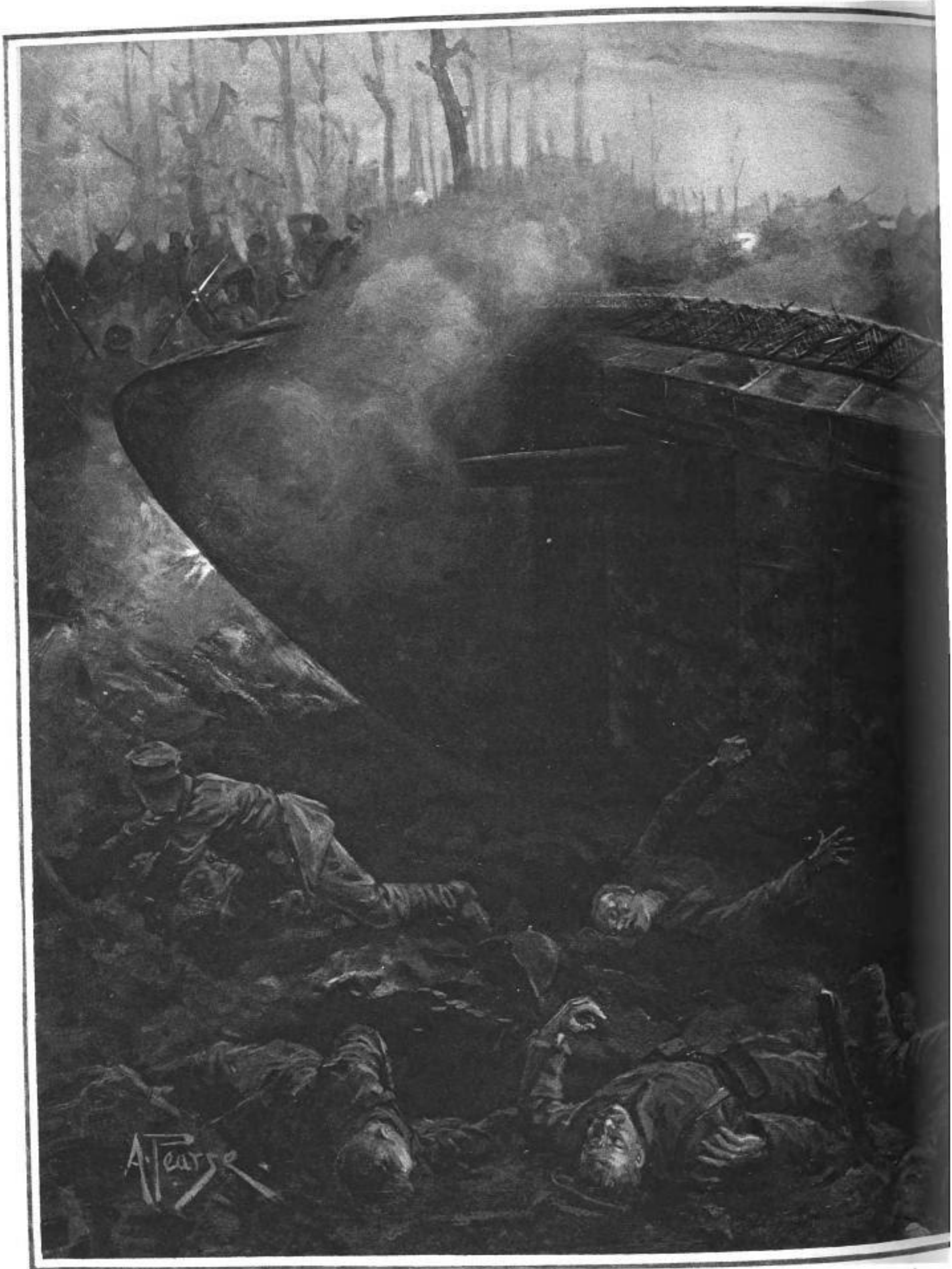


MANNED BY MEN POSSESSED OF "THE VERY HIGHEST TYPE OF COURAGE": A BRITISH TANK COMING INTO ACTION.



PARTY OF GERMAN PRISONERS UNDER GUARD HELPING TO CARRY A WOUNDED CANADIAN ON A STRETCHER.

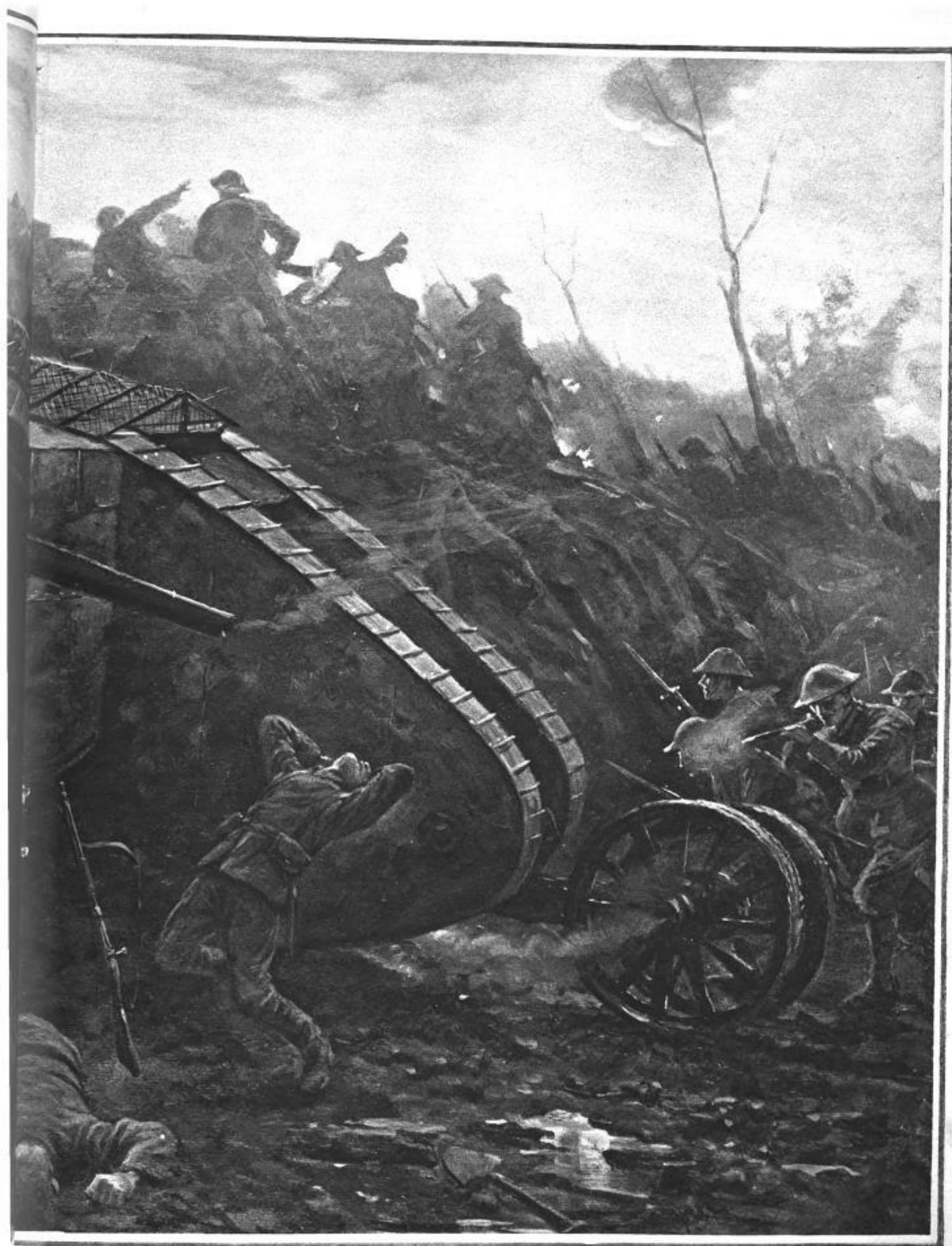
all the Army talks with unceasing humour of the Tanks . . . let no one be carried away by his humour into contempt of the animal or disregard of the crews. The very highest type of courage was possessed by the men who boxed themselves up and, embarked on this new thing, sailed straight into the hottest parts of the fight. . . . They needed, as the ancients said, 'the triple brass of courage' all the more for being encased in metal. At Courcellette, where battalion-commanders came out and gravely surrendered to the monster; at Martinpuich, at High Wood, at Flers, the Tanks, those humorous juggernauts, won points and saved good British lives." Courcellette was captured by the Canadians. In the large photograph above is seen a wounded Canadian on a stretcher which some German prisoners are helping to carry; while in the background on the left a Tank is seen heaving its monstrous bulk over the stricken field.



A TANK IN ACTION: ONE OF "HIS MAJESTY'S LAND-SHIPS" ACCOMPANYING

Mr. Alfred Pearse, who made this dramatic illustration, has had the honour of painting a picture of a Tank in action for his Majesty King George. Our painting gives and also affords co

PAINTED BY ALFRED PEARSE FROM DETAILS RECU



AN ADVANCE OF BRITISH INFANTRY AND DEALING DEATH TO GERMANS.

ivid idea of the ponderous progress of the armoured monsters, and the way in which they are able to act in support of an infantry advance, dealing death to the enemy, to some of our troops.

(COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

"A NEW ENGINE OF WAR": THE TANKS AND THEIR

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAYMON



"IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE DAWN": THE FIRST SIGHT OF TANKS GOING INTO ACTION IN THE EARLY MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 15



TANKS AT THE TAKING OF COMBLES: A PANDORIC VIEW OF THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH ATTACK

The Tanks first came into action on the British front in the great attack opened on September 15. "We had a new engine of war to destroy the place," writes Mr. Philip Gull in describing how one of them dealt with a German redoubt in the ruins of a sugar-factory near Courcellette, which was giving trouble to our infantry. "Over our own trenches in the twilight of the dawn one of those motor-monsters had lurched up, and now it came crawling forward to the rescue, cheered by the assaulting troops. . . . It waddled forward right over the old German trenches and went forward very steadily towards the sugar-factory. . . . Bullets fell from its sides harmlessly. It advanced upon a broken wall, leaped up against it heavily, until it fell with a crash of bricks, and then rose on to the bricks and passed over them, and walked straight into the midst of the factory ruins. . . . In all the accounts of this fighting the story of the Tanks—those weird and wonderful armoured monsters—runs like a humorous thread. . . . They had astounding adventures." The

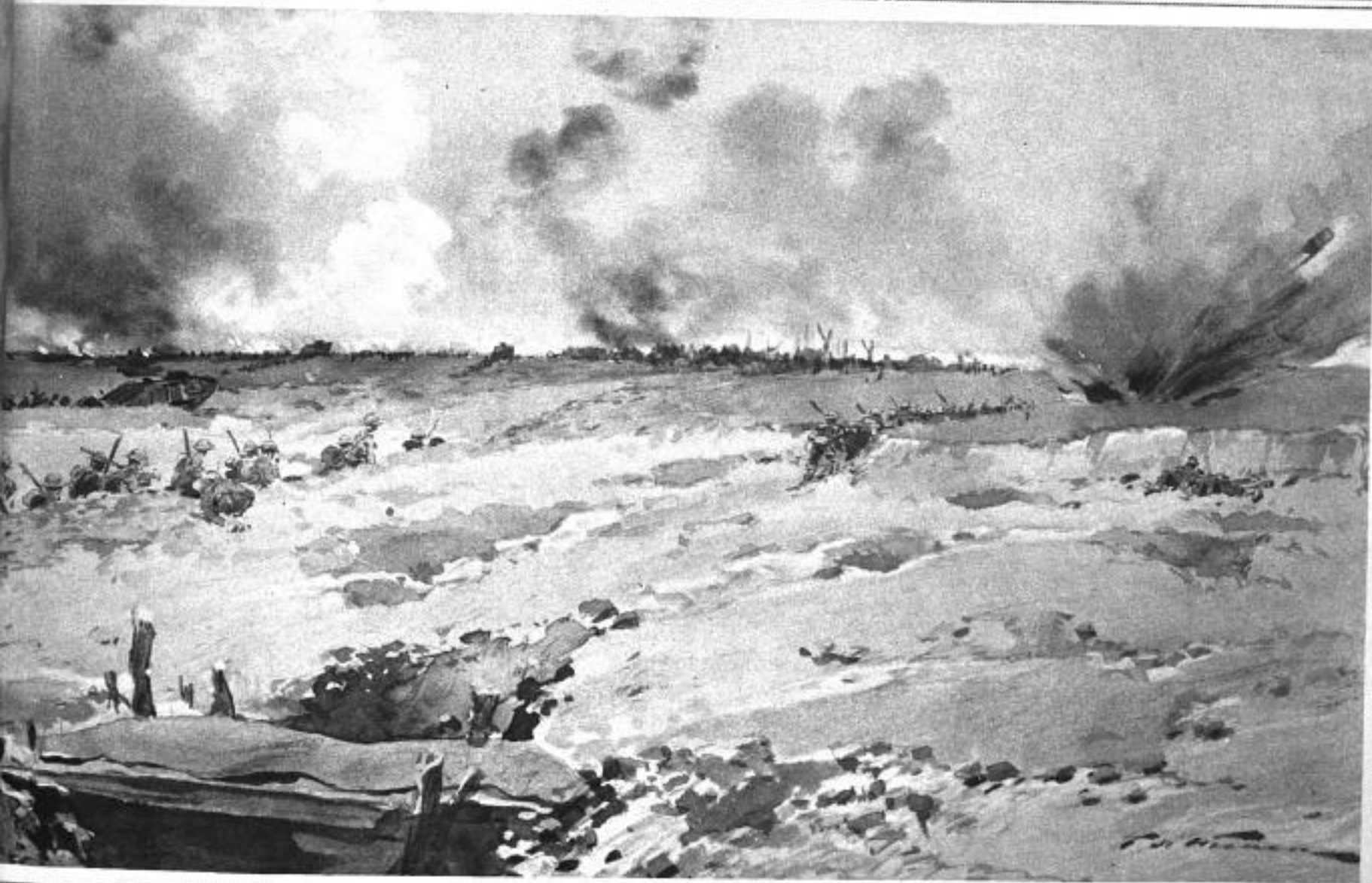
AND

"ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES" IN THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

DETAILS RECEIVED.



BATTLE-SCARRED, BUT VICTORIOUS: A TANK, MUD-CAKED AND SLIGHTLY DAMAGED, COMING INTO ALBERT AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 15.



SEPTEMBER 25, SHOWING A NUMBER OF TANKS GOING INTO BATTLE WITH THE INFANTRY.

After British advance which resulted in the capture of Comblès, Morval, Lesbœufs, and Gueudecourt, was made on September 25. Some details of our drawing of the battle may be pointed out. Several Tanks are visible: one on the extreme left; a second in the middle distance in the centre, followed by infantry; and others beyond it in the background moving over the ridge. All along the sky-line rises the smoke from the tremendous barrage of our guns. Comblès lay beyond Bouleaux Wood (in the distance on the right). On the extreme right is a German "crump" exploding, and to the left of it British troops moving along a trench. Others are seen coming up in support in the centre of the drawing. In the left foreground is an 18-pounder gun in a rough trench-shelter, recoiling just after being fired. In the air on the extreme left is a big German shell known as a "Woolly Bear," and further up, a little to the right, an aeroplane flying over Irons Wood.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TWO NEW WAR BOOKS.

THE fine work done by the Red Cross Society ensures a sympathetic public for Mr. Granville Barker's little book, "The Red Cross in France" (Hodder and Stoughton), and the Preface by Sir Frederick Treves gives it a professional cachet. The volume is crammed with information, but the light and unconventional form in which it is given makes it very readable. In July 1914 the headquarters staff of the British Red Cross Society consisted of a secretary, two clerks, and a boy. It owned not a single ambulance, nor could provide a single bed. But it had "one great wonder-working asset—the goodwill of the people of Britain." Sir Frederick tells us that it has now ambulances in hundreds, battalions of nurses and orderlies, can despatch from its stores medical comforts to the value of many thousands of pounds a week, and has "hospitals, hostels, rest stations, and convalescent homes in England and abroad that are almost beyond the counting." Of the V.A.D. worker Sir Frederick says: "The men are devoted to her, and in that devotion she finds the sole reward she seeks." Mr. Granville Barker, although his task is to "hail a book" to get "four thousand pounds a day" to run the Red Cross Society, sets about his work in a cheery and unconventional fashion which ensures that every page will be read. Before setting out for France as "the meekest of civilians," to tell of "what he saw"—which he does with humour as well as sympathy—he learns from the secretary that the Red Cross Society is not only the "great clearing-house for voluntary work for the wounded," but also "the father and mother, and the uncle and aunt, and the doctor, the solicitor, the banker, and the parson of voluntary workers for the wounded." But Mr. Barker's book must be read by everybody. It is a wonderful record of and tribute to the work of the most remarkable organisation of beneficence which the world has seen.

Intensely human, and an intimate revelation of a most lovable nature, is "Soldier and Dramatist: Being the letters of Harold Chapin" (The Bodley Head). The references to his career and ability as actor, dramatist, and stage-manager, made by Mr. Sidney Dark and Mr. William Archer, are interesting, but it is for its insight into the very heart of the young soldier-artist: his tender love for his wife and three-year-old boy; his half-humorous, half-pathetic letters to them; his longing for a sight of his little son; his dreams of the future; his humorous descriptions of life in camp, which make up a little chronicle unique in the literature of the

war, that the book will be widely read. The man, the soldier, and the poet are all revealed in these often touching and beautiful letters, and the kindly humour in them does not discount the charm which makes the reader feel that literature and art are poorer by the death of Harold Chapin. As one reads some of the pages one

complain; its tragedies, which culminated in his own untimely death—a victim of "the brute hazard of the battlefield," as Mr. Archer expresses a feeling which we all understand. Harold Chapin was American by birth, so that the fact that he voluntarily joined our Army is the more significant; and his unselfish enlistment was emphasised by the fact that he had given hostages to fortune in the wife and little son who were so dear to him. Poet, soldier, and man, we repeat, are in this revelation of the heart and soul of the writer—a point to be emphasised, as it gives the work universal interest.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ROLLING A BIG SHELL UP TO THE GUN.

Official Photograph.

feels how true it is that he who kills a nightingale kills the thousand songs it might have sung; and other pages reveal the young soldier as an ideal father, thinking always of the little boy in London whom he missed so sadly and to whom he was never to return. Some of the pages give vivid little word-pictures of life in camp: its humours, which he enjoys; its hardships, of which he does not

of Honour," designed, with water-colour drawing, by A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S. An opening is left for the insertion of a portrait of some fallen or wounded hero. It need not by any means be used entirely as an "in memoriam" card. The Medici Christmas productions include a number of well-known series, which are sure to be as popular as ever.

Not only for its own sake, but for that of the excellent cause in which it is published, there should, and surely will, be a great sale for the volume called "Made In The Trenches" (George Allen and Unwin), which is "composed entirely from articles and sketches contributed by soldiers." It has been edited by Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, and Mr. George Goodchild. All profits from the sale are to be devoted to the "Star and Garter" Endowment Fund in aid of totally disabled soldiers and sailors, on behalf of which Sir Frederick Treves puts in an eloquent plea in his Preface. "Made In The Trenches" is in itself well worth the three-and-sixpence that is asked for it. Though some of its contents, in verse especially, reveal the tragedy of war, it for the most part reflects the abounding humour and high spirits of the British soldier, and this lighter mood is seen throughout in the numerous drawings with which it is illustrated.

For those who favour the artistic touch in their Christmas greetings to friends, the Medici Society has again provided, through its publisher, Mr. Philip Lee Warner, a rich assortment of attractive cards and calendars. Naturally, the associations of the war have had their influence on design and choice of subject, though the works of old masters, so excellently reproduced, are not all on sacred subjects suggesting thoughts of life and death. Pride of place is given in the society's list to a beautiful example called "Our Soldiers and Sailors' Card

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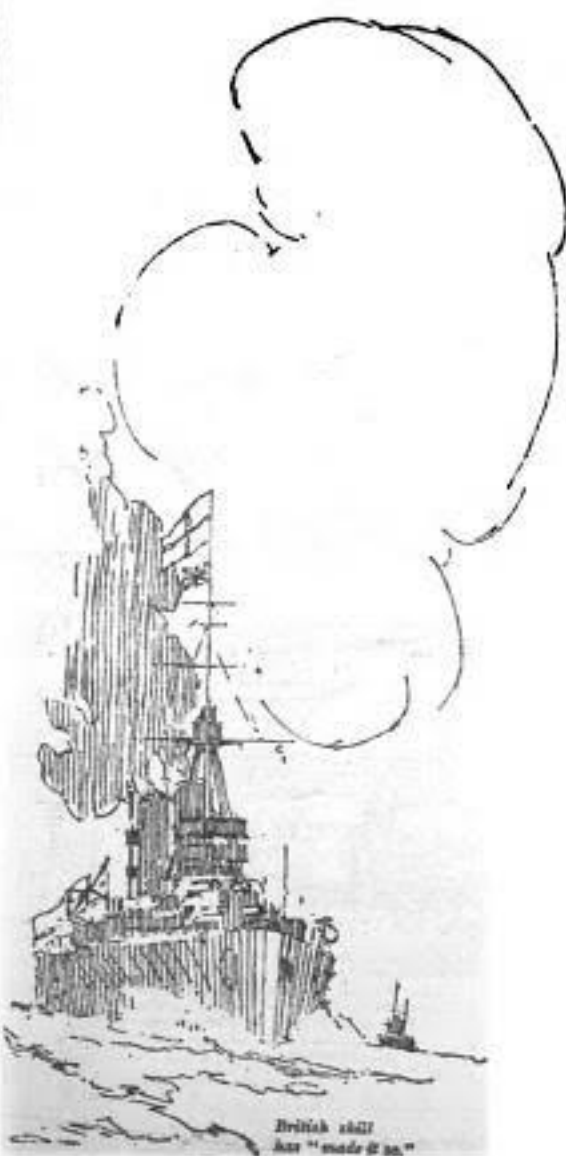
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LITERATURE.

"The Balkan Freebooter." "I think I should state quite definitely that these adventures are not invented," says Mr. Jan Gordon in introducing his "Balkan Freebooter" (Smith, Elder). After this assurance, we are bound to accept Petko Moritch, Serbian outlaw and comitaj, as a living man whom the author met and listened to, and to believe these to be his true exploits, as told by himself. At the same time, we permit ourselves a very liberal interpretation of Mr. Gordon's hope that in setting them into English he has "made them solid." "Solid" they are with the credibility of artful telling, and artful illustration as well, for Mr. Gordon's pencil is as cunning as his pen. They are not (to apply one of Charles Lamb's criticisms) "vague and unlocalised" adventures, but "full, material, and circumstantiated." Petko was born in 1868, in Uzhitze, and as a child moved with his family to Kosevitch, both places, if we remember rightly, in the Sanjak, then still ruled by the Turk. At any rate, Macedonia was still under that unspeakable suzerainty, and it is as well to have some notion of Balkan history and geography before following Petko's fortunes, for those turn frequently upon Balkan politics, and are sought from the Black Sea to the mountains of Albania. They are, indeed, a luminous comment upon the present campaign in the East, though they close before it opened. Serbs, Bulgars, Turks, Greeks, Macedonians, and Roumanians also, crowd these pages; and in them the hero, in seemingly long-leagued boots, is now on the Cerna, now on the Danube, and again on the Vardar or the Struma; now in Belgrade and next in Salonika, now in Uskub and next in Sores; at one moment adventuring among the lakes and woods between Georgevo and Bucharest, and at another in the Southern Balkans, with a hand against every Turkish and Albanian hand. Of the adventures themselves, it can only be said here that they are breathless and "bluggy." Petko is the figure of a robber bred by oppression, a murderer inspired by a thwarted patriotism. He will knife a man and break his safe as soon as look at him; but only when, somehow, his victim shall have deserved his fate, if only by gross boasting

of his riches. Concerning Petko's veracity, it is, perhaps, ungrateful to cite the evidence of his own story to his being an adept in "lying competitions." The reader has reason to be thankful to Mr. Gordon for having preserved Petko's skill in the same. He makes it "solid."

"The Soul of Russia." With the war a new class of books came into being, or, rather, grew to an extent unknown before; that is, books designed to interpret Russia and Russian ways of living and thinking to British readers. An interesting

Mr. Arnold Bennett on "Adventures in Russian Fiction"; Mr. Harold Begbie on "After-Dinner Memories"—that is, experiences of Russian social intercourse; and Mrs. Rosa Newmarch on Russian Folk-Songs. Among the essays translated from the Russian are: "The Task of Russia," by Professor Paul Vinogradoff; "Shakespeare's Influence on the Soul of Russia," by Nestor Kotlyarsky; "How Far Russia Knows England," by Professor Karov; and "Tolstoi and Dostoevsky," by A. L. Volynsky. The volume is abundantly illustrated with colour plates and drawings, including a Frontispiece called "The Arrow of the Allies," by Léon Bakst, the famous decorative artist of the Russian Ballet; some new designs for the Russian Ballet in the United States, and a fine water-colour of the Kremlin, at Moscow, by Sir Walter Meville. There are also some interesting reproductions in colour of Russian ikons and religious paintings, such as the Vladimir Madonna.

Another entertaining phase of Russian literature is "The Russian Story-Book" (Macmillan), containing tales from the song cycles of Kiev and Novgorod, and other early sources, retold by Richard Wilson. It is excellently illustrated with sixteen colour plates, as well as line drawings, by Frank C. Papé. These fascinating stories add a new province to the "realms of gold" in which the young reader of to-day is enabled to travel. In his Preface the author modestly deprecates the fact that "he might have been a Rooshian," but is not. "This book," he says, "might have been written by a Russian who thoroughly

understands our language, or by an English author who has spent the best part of a lifetime in studying Russia and the Russians; illustrated by a native artist; and decorated by a Russian designer. When such a volume does appear, it will have a great interest for me. Meanwhile, I submit that there is some artistic unity, also, in a volume of Russian stories written by an Englishman, illustrated by an English artist, and decorated by an English designer, the whole production being for an English child." We feel sure that, however little the English child may trouble about artistic unity, he will certainly revel in the stories with which Mr. Wilson has provided him.



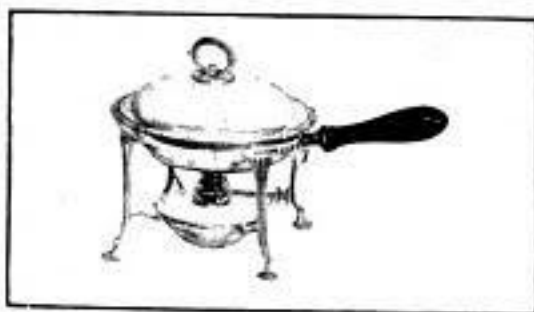
ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MORE GERMAN PRISONERS COMING IN.

Official Photograph.

example just added to the list is "The Soul of Russia," edited by Winifred Stephens (Macmillan). It forms a companion volume to the same editor's "Book of France" published last year, and all the profits will be handed over to Prince Lvov, President of the All-Russian Union of Zemstvos (Russian County Councils) for distribution among sufferers from the war. The contents are a miscellaneous collection of essays and poems on such various matters as Russian art, literature, folk-songs, music, peasant industry, and the Russian Ballet. Among the British contributors, Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes on "The English Blunder about Russia"; Mr. Hugh Walpole on "Epikhodov," a familiar character in Russian drama;

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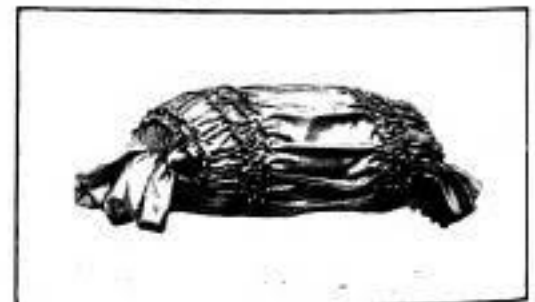
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LADIES' PAGE.

NOW that food is becoming so expensive, and that the Government are taking steps in the direction of rationing the community, more attention ought to be given to the too frequent practice of many tradespeople of giving short weight and measure. This matter should be dealt with, and that very drastically, by law, for it is not possible for the consumer in many conditions to protect himself. In a country district, the only baker or the one general shop can inflict heavy penalties on a customer by refusing to serve the household, in revenge for an effort on the part of the purchaser to secure fair and honest treatment. A friend of mine was refused service by her village butcher, and had to send three miles daily to get her supplies; and I have seen a baker snatch a loaf back from a customer who asked that it should be weighed, and replace it on the shelf. As to the purveyor of that now costly fluid, milk, the milk-carriers seem to be in agreement to leave short measure, so that the customer's changing from one dairyman to another is of no avail. The London County Council some years ago took up the question of short weight in coal; a few heavy penalties reformed that particular trick. The baker's case is, perhaps, most urgent at this crisis. The "quartern" is supposed to be four pounds in weight, but there is no compulsion on the baker to make it that weight. The law is habitually disregarded altogether, and bread is sold at random unweighed, and often some ounces short of the weight. A few women inspectors and proper penalties from magistrates would soon protect the public.

Christmas, now so near, will not be entirely disregarded, especially where the little ones are concerned. To "kill two birds with one stone," let the present-giving parent hie her to the special "Toyland; a Yule-Tide Exhibition of British Toys," at the handsome premises of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, opposite Bond Street, W. The toys are all made either in the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops for disabled soldiers or by reliable all-British manufacturers. It is an amusing place to take the children to, for it is prettily got-up with white imitation snow and icicles, and a floor-covering that sparkles like the handiwork of Frost himself. I was told that officers on leave from the front are already generous patrons of "Toyland," at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and that they are particularly fond of buying small daughters or nieces the "dinky" dolls'-houses that are provided in abundance in "Toyland." Some of the houses are so up to date that they are flats instead of complete mansions—kitchen and all complete in each suite—most amusing. Others are artistic, garden-city sort of villas; one even has its own grounds, with a grass-plot, and a silver paper lake with ducks upon it, and all sorts of daintiness. The dolls to inhabit these charming abodes under the care of small, proud mammas are equally pretty and original. Then there are "Gollywogs," and funny animals, and comical soft toys in variety. In the rest of



A FUR-LINED MOTOR COAT.

A Christmas present: in a range of tweeds, lined with squirrel-lock fur, and with collar of grey opossum. (Marshall and Snelgrove.)

this great and finely stocked establishment, there were numbers of other desirable gifts; and perhaps amongst it all the bags for ladies stood out in beauty and originality. The latest fancy is for hand-bags trimmed with fur—very effective. One of blue-ribbed silk is trimmed with skunk, another with ermine; and then there are a number of bead-embroidered bags, some with tones as beautifully graduated in colour as silk embroidery. Light-tinted silk and satin bags for evening use are charming and various. In other pretty trifles, as well as in the substantial uses and values of dresses, tea-gowns, materials, and so forth, there are unlimited variety and beauty at this famous house.

Many good housekeepers know their way to the spacious premises of Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, for the fame of their provision department, where quality combined with fair value for price are well-established factors in business. If Christmas-present buying be in view, a very good choice in these times can be made in this department. A York ham, for one example, would, in many cases, be more appreciated than a less utilitarian gift, and the finest are to be had at Shoolbred's for 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. per pound. But this, of course, is only one of the numerous departments of this old-established and favourite "Stores," and practically every requirement or desire can be met in the establishment. The large variety of dress articles for ladies suggests gifts at once practically useful and pleasing. Such a gift as one of the charming silk petticoats on view there, for instance, would be the very thing for a girl known to delight in daintiness, yet with a dress-allowance whose limits are too easily reached. Blouses, again, are excellent at Shoolbred's, and on a smaller scale, gloves, lace collars, and other pretty accessories are plentiful in variety. Then there is the furnishing department, and cushions, draperies, footstools, and the like, or larger pieces, easy chairs, nests of tables, and escritoires, and so on, are to be inspected. There is an excellent and well-stocked toy department here, with every possible up-to-date toy for boys and girls. The ironmongery department providing cases of knives, and spoons, and silver and plated goods of all classes is an extensive and happy hunting-ground. An illustrated catalogue is ready, and will be sent free by post on request, but a personal visit is a real enjoyment.

"Glaxo" Baby Book," which is published by the "Glaxo" Company, 155, Great Portland Street, London, is an excellent handbook for mothers. It is sent post-free for sevenpence in stamps. "Glaxo" is an infant's food prepared from pure milk; the treatment given the milk in reducing it to the dried-powder condition in which it becomes "Glaxo" makes it germ-free, and also it cannot form the hard, leathery curd that unprepared cow's milk may do in baby's stomach. But the "Glaxo" Baby Book" is not confined by any means to telling of the virtues of "Glaxo"; it contains excellent advice and valuable information, and every mother would do wisely to obtain a copy.

FLORENA.

When sending a Xmas Present to your Soldier friend

be sure and include a Box of

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

It will be immensely appreciated, for the need for soap at the Front is constantly being emphasised.

Box of 3 Tablets, 1/-

Another very welcome gift would be a stick of **WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SHAVING SOAP**. The Ideal Shaving Soap for Soldiers. Protects the skin from every form of "rash," and gives a persistent creaminess, but not slimy, lather. 9d. each.

For XMAS 1916



A Dainty and USEFUL GIFT



The USES of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so universally useful as Luce's Eau de Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief or for spraying on the face and hands and clothing it is unequalled, whilst as an adjunct to the bath and wash-basin it is indispensable. As a mouth-wash after using tooth powder or paste it is delightfully sweetening and purifying, whilst ladies, after shampooing the hair, should rinse it with a jug of warm water to which a little

LUCE'S ORIGINAL Jersey Eau-de Cologne

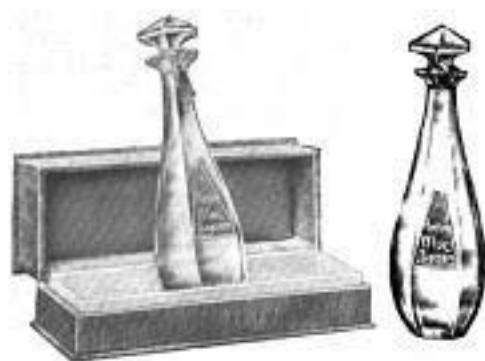
has been added. They will be surprised at its refreshing and comforting effect. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rug will prevent rooms getting stuffy in cold and stormy weather, when windows are closed and winter fires are burning.

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous gold medals and highest awards. Established Jersey 1837.

Prices, 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-
Wickers, 3/9, 7/-, 13/6

Of Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Harrods, Hoggins, Selfridges, Whiteleys, &c., or from Luce's, High Street, Southampton.





THE "BLUE LAGOON" PERFUME.



PARFUM "ARCADIE."



THE "HEART OF A ROSE" PERFUME.



BATH CRYSTALS in all the above odours. Prices, 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 7/6, 15/-, 25/- per bottle.

BATH DUSTING POWDER, for use with a large puff after the Bath, in all above odours. Prices 2/6, 4/6, 8/6, 17/6 per box.

A Choice Selection of DUBARRY'S XMAS GIFTS

WHAT can be more acceptable than a present of the choicest perfume in a crystal bottle worthy of the exquisite essence it contains? A present that will adorn the dressing-table, and one that every time it is used will bring fragrant recollections of the donor. These perfumes represent the highest perfection that the art of perfumery has attained.

THE "BLUE LAGOON" PERFUME. A lovely perfume reminiscent of the more refreshing odours of Tropical Flowers. It is a perfume of alluring charm. The bottles of the 10/6 size and upwards are of pale sapphire tinted cut crystal, the smallest size in white crystal.

Prices, 5/9, 10/6, 16/9, 21/- and 25/-
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

"NIGHT OF JUNE" PERFUME. Imagine an old world garden with the Lilies, Stocks, Roses, Carnations and Honeysuckle exhaling their dewy fragrance, and one will have some idea of the sweetness of this "Night of June" Perfume.

In lovely carnation decorated frosted bottles, 17/6 each.
Smaller size in clear cut crystal bottle, 5/9 each.
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

"PARFUM ARCADIE." A lovely rich mellow perfume which has won for itself the favour of the Parisian World of Fashion. A voluptuous, satisfying fragrance, without any trace of oppressiveness.

In beautiful sculptured crystal bottle, price 15/- each.
In smaller cut crystal bottle, price 5/9.
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

"PARFUM ROMADOR." A rich perfume of fascinating charm. One enthusiastic critic has described it as "liquid gold." A perfume of distinction. This perfume may be taken as an example of the enormous progress made in the art of perfumery within the last three years.

In cut crystal bottles, 15/-, 10/6 and 5/9
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

"THE HEART OF A ROSE" PERFUME. Smell a newly expanded rich red rose plucked in the early morning before the heat of the day, and one will then appreciate how true to Nature is this delightful perfume. A leader of Society describes it as the dainty Englishwoman's ideal perfume.

Prices, 15/-, 10/6 and 5/9, in cut crystal bottles.
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" PERFUME. Never before has the sweet elusive fragrance of a bunch of violets been so successfully captured and imprisoned within crystal walls. A perfume of charm and refinement.

Prices, 15/-, 10/6 and 5/9, in cut crystal bottles.
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

ANY OF THE ABOVE SENT POST
FREE ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE.



"NIGHT OF JUNE" PERFUME.



PARFUM "ROMADOR."



"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" PERFUME.



POUDRE DUBARRY.

The perfect face powder in all the above odours and five tints, Blanche, Rosée, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel Foncé. Price 4/6 per box.

SAVON POUR LE BAIN.—Large Wooden Bowls of Soap, perfumed all the above odours. 3 sizes 15/6, 21/-, and 25/- per bowl.



Beautiful Lighting



To reveal the grandeur of the Hall or the daintiness of the Boudoir suitable and beautiful lighting can be obtained by the exclusive use of

BRITISH MADE.

MAZDA

Drawn Wire
ELECTRIC LAMPS



The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.,
Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.
Branches in all large Towns.

Fine Old Virginia
Oval, Cork Tipped



Spinet

The SUPER
CIGARETTE

1/- per tin of 20
2/6 per box of 50



R & J. HILL LTD LONDON

PANAMA PEARL NECKLETS.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION.



Price from 3 Gns.

IMITATION IN PERFECTION

PERFECTION IN IMITATION

Real Pearl Necklets from 5 Gns. to £1000.

MACMICHAEL,

48, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream. Of all Chemists, 1/-, 1/2, 3/- or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOOT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.

Thorncliffe Ironworks, Near Sheffield.
Established 1899.

Telegrams: "NEWTON, SHEFFIELD" Telephone: 2208, 2209, 2210.
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF HEATING APPARATUS.



BRANCH OFFICES.

LONDON: 100, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.
MANCHESTER: 100, Cross Street, Salford.
LIVERPOOL: 100, Lord Street, W.
SHEFFIELD: 100, Market Street.

This Xmas give Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs as presents to your friends at home, abroad or in the Forces. If made by Robinson and Cleaver they are bound to please, for they will stand long and hard wear without losing their original whiteness.

Write to-day for our latest illustrated handkerchief list and samples. It contains particulars of handkerchiefs ranging from 2/1 per doz. and upwards. It is sent post free on request.

Robinson & Cleaver

40 D. Donegall Place
BELFAST

No. 35 - Gentlemen's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 21 ins., with 1 in. hem. Per doz. 7/11

No. 41 - Gentlemen's fine linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered Monogram in any two-letter combination, about 21 ins., with 1 in. hem. Per doz. 18/6

No. 34 - Gentlemen's pure linen bordered handkerchiefs, about 21 ins. Can be had with either tape or rounded borders. Per doz. 9/2

No. 50 - Gentlemen's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered Initial, about 21 ins., with 1 in. hem. Per doz. 11/3

For Men at the Front and in Training.



A parcel from home with something to eat in it is the soldier's delight. At this time of the year Gong Soups are the very thing to send. Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Scotch Broth and Lentil are but four of the twelve varieties of Gong Soups which fighting men specially relish. The other varieties are Pea, Julienne, Ox Tail, Thick Gravy, Celery Cream, Green Pea, Artichoke and Tomato, all one price - 2d. per packet.

GONG SOUPS

Made by OXO Ltd., London.

TO STOP ANY RHEUMATIC PAINS IN TEN MINUTES.

By CORP. JIM SULLIVAN,
Ex-Middleweight Champion.

Famous Physical Trainer explains a permanent cure and tells how he keeps free from all Uric Acid Disorders, Backache, Kidney Trouble, etc.

Perspiration is always strongly acidulous, and this probably explains why "sweating cures" so quickly liberate stiff muscles and joints by always dissolving acids or other pain-causing impurities out of the body. The heat also expands the blood vessels and thereby stimulates an increased flow of blood through the kidneys and other organs of filtration. This in turn washes sharp uric acid crystals out of constricted veins. But many readers will say they have no time for vapour baths or expensive spa treatments, so I shall explain a substitute which is even more effective. You can obtain at slight cost from any chemist about a half-pound of the common Epsom Bath Salts, a small handful of which, dissolved in a hot bath, will produce medicated and oxygenated curative water. Bathe in this and you will, at once understand just why sufferers travel to the thermal bath springs famous since Roman days, for the Salts contain exactly the same curative medicinal constituents found in the natural spring waters. We cannot improve upon Nature's own methods in treating kidney trouble, backache and rheumatic tortures, gout, sciatica, lumbago, etc., but to enjoy a natural cure no one, rich or poor, need journey to a spa. The Salts baths do more good than a dozen "sweats," Turkish Baths, patent medicines, ointments, liniments, or anything else. In specially severe cases, if you also wish to use an internal treatment to hasten a permanent cure, drink occasionally a level teaspoonful of refined Alka Salutaris. This is a wonderfully rapid solvent and thorough eliminant of uric acid which even the worst cases of chloranemia cannot resist.



severe cases, if you also wish to use an internal treatment to hasten a permanent cure, drink occasionally a level teaspoonful of refined Alka Salutaris. This is a wonderfully rapid solvent and thorough eliminant of uric acid which even the worst cases of chloranemia cannot resist.

THE STANDARD



ALL BRITISH
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. & COVENTRY.

Christmas in the Shop—Continued.

There is something singularly dainty and fascinating to women of refinement in the idea of using a perfume which shall permeate their whole toilette with its particular fragrance, and this idea is carried out to perfection by the well-known perfumers, Morny Frères, of 201, Regent Street, W., among the exquisite odours which they offer being "Chaminade," "Mystérieuse," "Serenade," and "June Roses." Each series includes the perfume itself, bath specialties (such as salts, body dusting powders, and soaps), and the whole toilet equipage (complexion powder, toilet-water, massage-cream, and other dainty preparations), all breathing out the same delightful fragrance. A selection of these fine perfumery products, in any one of the chosen odours, costs from 21s. to £10 10s. the set.

THE "NOTE" OF AN
EXQUISITE PERFUME
FOR THE WHOLE
TOILETTE.
Morny Frères.

Sir John Bennett, Ltd., of 63, Cheapside, E.C., and 105, Regent Street, W., are worthily sustaining the reputation of the house. For watches, clocks, dainty jewellery, and rich plate, Sir John Bennett, Ltd., is a house which is always reliable and up to date, and in no branch of their business—and how extensive it is their catalogues will show—are they more so than in their watch-bracelets, which they offer at all prices in silver, gold, and jewelled cases. The one illustrated



A GOLD BRACELET AND LEVER WATCH.
Sir John Bennett, Ltd.

is of gold and costs only £16 10s.; but they can be had from £2 in silver to £135 set in diamonds. Whatever the cost, the quality is good, as it is also in their jewellery; and those who cannot visit either of Sir John Bennett's shops should send for their illustrated catalogue without delay.

It was Mr. Wemmick, if our memory is not at fault, who was never tired of expressing his appreciation of "portable property"; and of all forms of portable property none assumes a more charming form than jewellery; and, incidentally, no form of Christmas present is more acceptable. A case in point might well be found in the attractive stock of Messrs. Charles Packer and Co., the well-known jewellers of 76-78, Regent Street, W., whose wares are always fascinating. Among the attractive items this season may be mentioned a charming pair of diamond earrings at the moderate price of £32 10s.; their "Badge" brooches at £2 2s.; a disc locket for holding a photograph, which, with a chain,



NOVEL DIAMOND EARRINGS.



A SIGNET RING
PHOTOGRAPH-HOLDER.



A GOLD DISC LOCKET.

DAINTY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.—Charles Packer and Co.

costs only £4 4s. in 15-carat gold; and hundreds of other dainty and inexpensive gifts.

The value of alcohol—in moderation, and of reliable quality—is scarcely a disputable condition with regard to dietary and health considerations, and whisky is largely recommended as a wholesome and beneficial beverage when a little stimulant is deemed advisable. A safe purchase always is the well-known "Four Crown" brand, described as "The Sovereign Whisky of the Age," and readily recognised by the four crowns which form its trade-mark. The proprietors are Messrs. Robert Brown, Ltd., of Glasgow, and 14, Jewry Street, E.C., and they are scrupulously careful that the high reputation it has won for mellow and wholesome qualities is maintained.

The arrival of the post is the most eagerly anticipated event at the front, and replying can now be done easily, thanks to the latest development of the fountain-pen—the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Pen, invented by the makers of the well-known Waterman's "Ideal." Its distinguishing features are the rapidity with which it can be filled, and simplicity. The self-filling device is a small lever which has to be raised and the nib placed in the ink. Users will find that it is the equal of the Regular Type Waterman's Ideal. It is sold at 15s. and upwards. Illustrated leaflets describing Waterman's Ideals may be obtained from Mr. L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, W.C.

"What? No Soap?" And he died!—and the impossible "she" married the barber. A time-honoured joke, but in its own way it might be applied to the appreciation of good soap which is one of the outcomes of the war. For in the Army nothing is more enjoyed after the discomfort of the front than a wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which, from its soothing, protecting, and healing qualities, has been aptly called "The Soldiers' Soap." A box of this soap is one of the most acceptable presents that could be sent to any man at the front. We at home also appreciate such practical presents, and Wright's Coal Tar Soap is recognised as a necessary luxury all the year round.

In these days of stress and sorrow the personal appearance is sure to suffer in some degree, and it is well that

preservatives, especially for the hair, are within reach. From reasons of health and comfort the hair cannot be too carefully tended and preserved. The inventor of the "Harlene" Hair Drill has done much in this direction; and by sending 4d. in stamps, to cover postage, to Edwards "Harlene," Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., anyone can obtain a trial bottle of "Harlene," a packet of "Cremex" Shampoo-Powders, a sample bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, and the "Harlene" Hair-Drill Manual. Ladies should write for the preparations and book of advice without delay.



"HAIR DRILL" AND PRESERVATIVE
PREPARATIONS.
Edwards' "Harlene," Limited.

URODONAL

and GOUT.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
NEURALGIA.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.

Urodonal

cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints.
It maintains the flexibility of the arteries
and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine
is to Fever.



A Martyr to Gout.

What is Gout?

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through arthritis (excess of uric acid in the blood). Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to remedy the condition by careful dieting, avoiding all excess or errors in living, leading an open-air, active life, etc. Even these precautionary measures may prove insufficient to prevent over-production of uric acid, and steps will have to be taken to eliminate the poison as fast as it is being formed. For this purpose, physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lacombe, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times more active than lithia, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless, unlike other remedies of a similar kind, and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

Dr. DAURIAN,
Paris Faculty of Medicine.

URODONAL, prices 5/- and 10/-. Prepared by J. L. Chatelet, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Foreign Dispensary, Ltd., Piccadilly, London W.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGHIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.
Agents in U.S.A.: Messrs. GEO. WALLAU, 2 & 4, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.
Agent for Australia & New Zealand: HAMIL KING, Salein Bldg., Macleay Lane, Sydney (Per U.P.O. 28)
Sub-Agents for India, Burma, and Ceylon: G. ATHERTON & CO., 2, Clive Street, Calcutta.

JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional
"re-education" of the Intestine.

JUBOL Cleanses the Intestine,

Prevents Appendicitis and Enteritis,

Relieves Hæmorrhoids, Prevents Obesity.

MEDICAL OPINION:

"JUBOL is an excellent combination of active agents for the treatment of intestinal disorders. It is highly successful for chronic constipation, re-education of the intestine, and facilitating the digestive process, while it assists in preventing the development of enterocolitis. Its well-established efficacy deserves the attention of physicians as well as sufferers to the merits of JUBOL."

Dr. JEAN SALOMON, Paris Medical Faculty.

Prepared by J. L. Chatelet, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **Heppells** Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 20, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet."

Constipation
Hæmorrhoids
Enteritis
Dyspepsia
Migraine

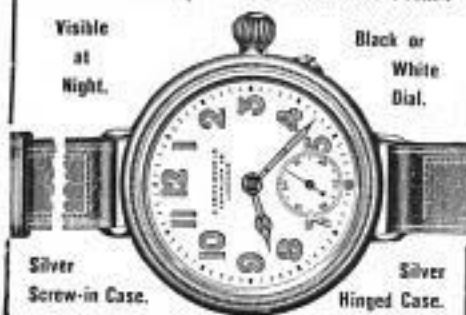


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six boxes
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Holders of 5 Royal Warrants, Est. 1857.
Watch & Chronometer Makers to the Admiralty.
Luminous 'Allies' Watch Unbreakable Front
No more Broken Watch Glasses! WHY??
Because it is impossible to break the Front!



Visible at Night. Black or White Dial.
Silver Screw-in Case. Silver Hinged Case.

£3 3 0 Guaranteed Good Timekeeper Jewelled Lever Movement. £2 10 0



Price Complete 20/-
Island Postage, 6d. extra.
Foreign 1/- extra.
Or including one extra bulb in lid, 2/-.
Extra batteries 1/- each.
Hermetically sealed in Tin box.
Extra bulbs 1/- each.
Further particulars on application.

Grand Hotel Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.

West End Branch—68, Piccadilly, W.C.

Please write for Special List of Accessories for the Front.



If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

"The Ideal Xmas Gift."

SESSEL PEARLS



SESSEL PEARLS
Are the finest imitations existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, brilliancy, texture and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in Strand with 14K Gold Chain. £4 4 0
Real Diamond Chain, with SESSEL PEARLS. £2 2 0
SESSEL PEARLS, Bracelets, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings with Solid Gold Mountings. £1 10 0

BROCHURE No. 15, ON REQUEST, POST FREE.
Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.)
14 & 14a, New Bond St., London, W.



BENSON'S ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Highest Quality. Best Value. At Lowest Cash Prices.
The economical "Times" System of Monthly Payments is still available. Illustrated List "C" post free.
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And 25, Old Bond St., W.

FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be sent.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
Telephone—GERARD 3782



Don't stand at an open street door to say "Good Night" to friends.

Nevertheless you can use

EDISWAN

There is no reason why you should not enjoy the finest possible light in your home.

Clear Skin, Bright Eyes, the Liver active and well

You will feel young and full of vigour if you take **Carter's Little Liver Pills**. Keep them on your dressing table and take a dose the moment you begin to need a liver and bowel regulator.

Don't wait for dizzy, bilious headaches, disordered stomach or sallow, blotchy skin to trouble you. Be well all the time!

Children take them without fuss.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature



Brent Good

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

DON'T DRINK EXPENSIVE WINES

BULMER'S CIDER IS ECONOMICAL. Its sale reduces imports.
PREPARED UNDER EXACTLY THE SAME PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE.
WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Manufacturers: H. P. BULMER & CO., Hereford. Wholesale London & Export Agents: FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.



Prescribed by the British Medical Association for 35 Years.

If foods were placed in order of merit—you would place Benger's Food first,

because it supplies life's requirements from infancy to advanced old age.

With a tin of Benger's, mothers are always prepared for family ailments—for anybody who is out-of sorts, unwell, over-worried, or seriously ill.

BENGER'S FOOD

differs entirely from other foods. You realise how distinct it is the moment you read the directions. While you make Benger's Food, always using fresh new milk, it undergoes the first stages of digestion, and by the time you serve it, both the milk and the Food are soluble—ready for bodily nutrition.

Benger's Food is delicious, with a delicate biscuit flavour. It is enjoyed when other foods disagree.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Please apply for a copy, post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD Ltd., Outer Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Office: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 30, William St.
SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 115, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA. Boro.



Wolsey the Safeguard

THERE has never been a time when human life was of such value to the nation as it is to-day. And if life is valuable, surely it is worth while safeguarding it.

Wolsey Underwear protects the bodily health in winter. Every Wolsey garment is made of pure wool and will save you from the deadly influence of our unsettled climate. Wolsey will afford you comfort and warmth on the most bitter day.

Wolsey is British made by British workers in British factories.

Wolsey PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made in weights and sizes to fit men, women and children, at prices to suit all. Any garment that shrinks will be replaced free. Sold everywhere.

See the Trade Mark.
THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
Memorial Brasses & Annular Windows.
LEO COLLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

TUCKEY'S

Ten Years' Old
Pure Malt Whisky
per 57/- doz.
Clear Free and Carriage Paid.
Soft, Mellow, old Pot Still Scotch Whisky, Sample Bottle, post free, 5/3.
The Lowest Price:
"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes, owing to its purity and quality."
12 Years' old Liqueur Whisky
50/- per doz. Sample Bottle 5/6.
Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 2A, 3, Mining Lane, E.C.)



Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

This year there are obvious reasons why "Comfort" furniture and appliances are much in demand for presents, and an admirable collection for mitigating the difficulties of the wounded are to be found in the well-known show-rooms of Messrs. J. and A. Carter, at 6, New Cavendish Street, W. If Messrs. Carter are not "eyes to the blind," they are "feet to the lame" in a very practical sense, relieving the wounded and affording them comfort by their ingenious inventions. A bed-table, which is a boon to all invalids, and can be used for meals, reading, games, and many other purposes, has an adjustable top, and costs only 26s. 9d.; and a self-propelling chair for the wounded is a model of what so helpful a contrivance should be, and can



A BOON TO INVALIDS.—J. and A. Carter.

be bought from 40s. Of adjustable chairs there are many kinds, as well as of other mechanical appliances.

An old-time writer laid down a rule for present-giving: "When," he said, "thou makest Presents, let them be of such things as will last long." Nor is there any need that the lasting quality shall preclude good taste; for the fine silver work and quaint English pewter designed and made by the world-famous house of Liberty and Co., Ltd., East India House, Regent Street, W., fulfils both conditions. Our illustrations represent an old-style salt-pourer, a silver flower-vase, a quaintly simple tea-caddy in English

pewter, and an ink-stand. Both in silver and in pewter there is a large variety. But our readers must write for a copy of Messrs. Liberty's comprehensive catalogue, "Yule-Tide Gifts," in which are hundreds of illustrations of presents, including jewellery and dress.



PRACTICAL AND TASTEFUL PRESENTS IN SILVER AND ENGLISH PEWTER.—Liberty and Co., Ltd.

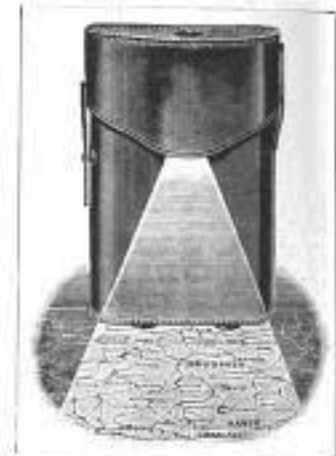
The great show-rooms of Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co. in Kingsway will be a revelation to many

people, as well as a fine hunting-ground for Christmas presents in the form of playing-cards, "Onoto" and other fountain-pens, letter-cases, purses, Treasury-note cases, and a hundred forms of high-class stationery. For a century past, the name of De La Rue has been a guarantee of fine quality, and, whether for ordinary uses or for dainty and useful presents, their fine show-rooms in Kingsway should be visited, and their illustrated catalogue should also be obtained.

All London knows the glittering windows under the shadow of Nelson's pillar, with their store of dainty jewels and admirable watches, and Messrs. S. Smith and Son, at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, have some specially useful gifts for officers on active service. In a neat punning phrase they offer "Smith's Allies' Watch" with "Front absolutely unbreakable"—an expression practical and prophetic. The trouble officers have had with broken watch-glasses has been a persistent worry, and this excellent £3 3s. watch—silver, with a luminous dial—obviates it. The need in the Army and the Navy of a compact electric reading lamp, for studying maps at night, is met by "Smith's" electric reading lamp. But a visit should be paid to 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, where these and hundreds of charming jewellery and other gifts are to be seen, or a catalogue will be sent.



THE ALLIES' WATCH.—S. Smith and Son, Ltd.



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"Let Mustard
prepare your bath."

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Taxing of the Motorist. In the current issue of the *Motor* there appears an editorial article dealing with the present taxation of the motorist. It is a good article, in which is set forth quite reasonably, as I think, the case against the present

the car to more than a limited extent, he is asked to pay, in addition, the full Excise Tax for keeping it. Of course, it may be argued that if a man can afford to keep a car at all, he can afford to pay for the luxury. But there is an answer to that, which is that the ideal taxation is that which spreads the burden most equitably over the whole community, and in this case I agree entirely with the *Motor* that the present position of motor taxation is very far from being equitable. The question is one that should receive close attention at the hands of the Parliamentary representatives of the motoring associations.

The Definition of Motor Spirit.

Apropos the discussion as to what constitutes "motor spirit" within the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, the Commercial Motor Users' Association has succeeded in getting this definitely and officially stated. According to authority, the term "motor spirit" is to be "interpreted as being only such spirit as is liable to duty under the Finance Act, 1909-10." The wording of that section of the Act in question in which the definition is laid down is as follows: "The expression, 'motor spirit,' means any inflammable hydro-carbon (including any mixture of hydro-carbons and any liquid containing hydro-carbon) which is capable of being used for providing reasonably efficient motive power for a motor-car."

There are at least two cases still *sub judice* in which the matter of this definition is involved, so it is inadmissible to discuss the exact meaning of it. Still, it may be permitted to remark that it is satisfactory to know exactly the official view of the matter.

The Fuel Question in America.

Apparently the fuel question is acute in the United States as well as over here. The fact has, perhaps, only a passing interest to us in England, but emerging out of it is the further and interesting one that considerable progress seems to have been made in the use of the heavier oils. A committee styled the Gasoline Relief Committee at work on the fuel question, and this body has issued a report

setting forth that the use of kerosene is the real solution of the fuel-supply difficulty. The Committee has also investigated various devices for the carburation of paraffin, with the result that two carburettors are recommended for use. These are the "Holley" and the "Good." Neither of them is known over here. They may be all the Committee thinks, but it is not without interest to note that in discussing this same matter of the paraffin carburettor with the head of a large firm of importers of American motor goods, I asked why they had not taken it up. He told me that his American house had gone very thoroughly into the merits of all the paraffin carburettors brought out, but that so far there was not one they considered entirely satisfactory. Evidently the perfect paraffin carburettor is still to seek, even in America. W. W.

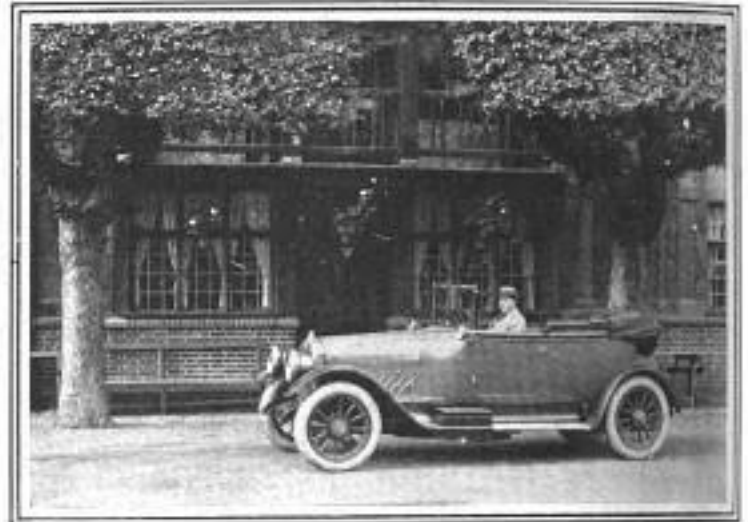


AN AMBULANCE CONVOY RUN BY WOMEN: A SCENE IN FRANCE.

Our photograph of this "Buick" Ambulance Convoy in France is of special interest, as, with the exception of three engineers, it is run entirely by ladies, with complete success. The "Buick" is manufactured by General Motors, Ltd. (Europe).

undoubtedly harsh system of taxation, by which the motorist is made to pay both coming and going, as it were. I am not one of those who hasten to condemn everything that is done by those in authority, and I should be one of the last to kick at bearing a fair share of the cost of the war. The money to finance the struggle has to come from somewhere, and that somewhere must include sources which, in normal times, it would be out of the question to tap. But abnormal though the times may be, there is ample justification for the registration of such a kick as that of the *Motor*.

The situation is briefly this. At the present moment the man who uses his car pays taxation at the rate of one shilling per gallon on every drop of petrol he uses. At that he does not complain. It is a part of his share of the war bill. He is only able to obtain a relatively small proportion of the amount of petrol he used before the war, or even during the period of the war before petrol was restricted. The effect produced is really that, owing to the restriction of his petrol supply, he is denied the use of his car, whether his intention be to use it for business or for pleasure. For the purposes of this argument it does not matter which—the point is that he cannot use it. Now, although he is heavily taxed on his petrol—300 per cent. more than before the war—and is prevented from using



LOOKING AHEAD: THE LATEST "AUSTIN" MOTOR MODEL.

Motor manufacturers are looking ahead and making their plans for "after the war." The Austin Motor Company intend to concentrate their energies on output and especially on a new model chassis of 20-h.p. with a completed landaulette body, "ready for the road." The final design will be of the well-known Austin high standard of quality and finish, at prices prompt and advance orders are being rapidly booked at the Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham.

There is a committee styled the Gasoline Relief Committee at work on the fuel question, and this body has issued a report gladly make the desired correction. We may add that the gallant officer, Captain Carrington, was also Brigade Adjutant.

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Ease of Control.

THE refinement of Daimler engineering and design is realised and appreciated in these "chauffeurless" days.

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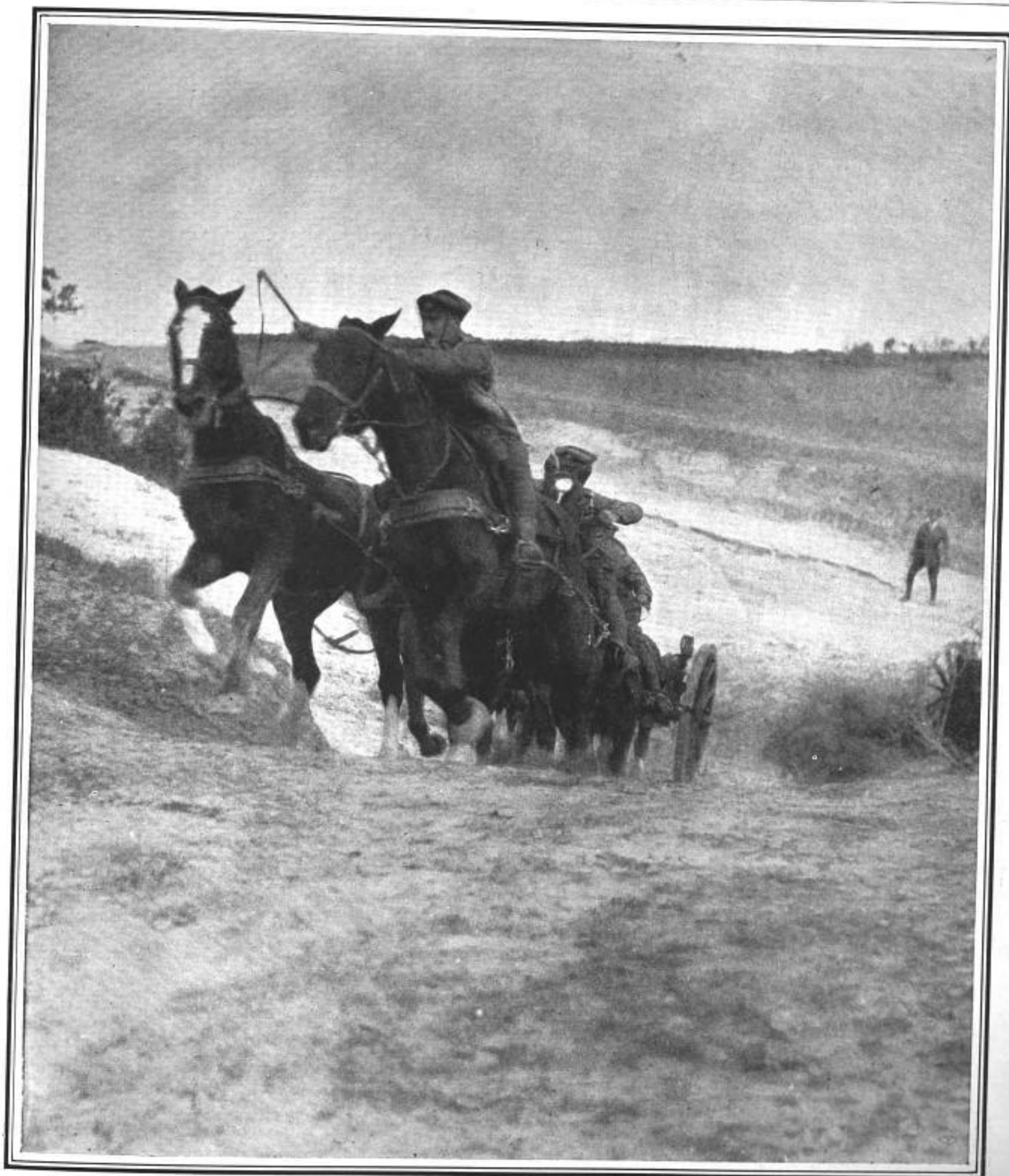
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Vol. 59—No. 1546

The International News Company, 83 & 85, Duane Street,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1916.

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\$7 a Year in Advance.



BRITISH ARTILLERY ON THE BALKAN FRONT: A GUN TEAM TAKING A STEEP SLOPE.

There has not been much news lately of our Army in the Balkans—that is, up to the moment of writing. A British report of November 28 stated: "On the Dobruja front, after the necessary artillery bombardment, our troops raided the enemy trenches north-east of Matchukovo (on the left bank of the Vardar). The attack was entirely successful: many of the enemy were killed, a number of prisoners taken, and the trenches destroyed."

A few days previously General Sarrail issued from Monastir a General Army Order to the Allied troops under his command, addressing those of each nation in turn. To the British he said: "Till now your task has been most thankless. You have had to labour on a front that so far has been a defensive one, but you have spared neither toil nor effort. You have fulfilled with honour the rôle confided to your troops."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

CHRISTMAS COLOUR-BOOKS.

IF the colour-books published this season do not, perhaps, reach the standard of pre-war times in number or in sumptuousness of production, it is hardly a matter for surprise, in view of the many difficulties with which publishers now have to contend, such as the increased cost and scarcity of paper. In one respect, at any rate, this year's books show no falling off, and that is in the admirable quality of the work of the artists who have illustrated them.

These two famous illustrators, Mr. Edmund Dulac and Mr. Arthur Rackham, are each represented among the examples which we have received for review. Curiously enough, both these two artists have illustrated collections of fairy-tales drawn from the various countries who are fighting against the Germanic league. "Edmund Dulac's Fairy Book" (Hodder and Stoughton) has for a sub-title "Fairy-Tales of the Allied Nations." There are two English, three Russian, and three French, while one each is drawn from Flemish, Belgian, Italian, Irish, Serbian, and Japanese sources. Mr. Dulac's thirteen colour-plates are in his best manner. All his well-known characteristics are shown again—beauty of design, richness of colouring, and that indefinable softness of atmosphere which pervades the whole composition. At the same time, he has introduced a greater variety of treatment, both in regard to the colour-schemes and design, and he has cleverly adapted the style of the illustration to the character of the story, notably in the case of the picture illustrating the Japanese story of "Urashima Taro." Then, again, there is a great difference between the rollicking scene illustrating "The Friar and the Boy" and the intricate decorative detail of such pictures as those of "Ivan and the Chestnut Horse" or the Serbian "Story of Bashtchelik." This beautiful volume will certainly add to Mr. Dulac's reputation. It is not stated by whom the collection of tales was made or edited.

"The Allies' Fairy Book" (Heinemann), with an introduction by Edmund Gosse and illustrations by Arthur Rackham, is a more modest volume in size and format, nor can it be said that the quality of the reproduction in the colour-plates quite does justice to the artist's work. Like Mr. Dulac's book, this also contains specimens of English, French, Italian, Russian, Serbian, Belgian, and Japanese fairy-tales, and, in addition, a Scotch, a Welsh, and a Portuguese story. Much greater success has been obtained in reproducing another set of colour-plates by Mr. Arthur Rackham—namely, those illustrating Washington Irving's story, "Rip Van Winkle" (Heinemann). It contains twenty-four colour-plates and a number of black-and-white drawings, and in both mediums the artist is shown in his happiest vein. Here is all his old skill, both of pencil and brush, with his luxuriance of detail and delicate tints of colour. He never sacrifices human interest to decorative effect, and takes the greatest care in the delineation of figures and facial expressions, nor does his work lack the humour that appeals to the young people for whom fairy-stories are supposed to be published. Take, for instance, the plate entitled "A Troop of Strange Children Ran at His Heels, Hooting after Him and Pointing at His Grey Beard." We do not remember that Mr. Rackham has ever produced a better set of illustrations, not even forgetting those of "Peter Pan."

"Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen," illustrated by Harry Clarke (Harrap), adds yet another to the numerous editions of a nursery author whose popularity never seems to wane. It is handsomely bound and printed on excellent paper, and abundantly illustrated both in colour and black and white. We like the colour-plates much better than the black-and-white drawings. As a rule, an illustrator of fairy-tales gives rein to his decorative fancy in colour-plates, and reserves for his black-and-white drawings the kind of realistic humour that appeals to young readers. In this case, however, the drawings are as decorative as the colour-plates, but the effects are naturally not so attractive in that medium. The colour-plates themselves are excellent as examples of the modern fantastic style, using the word in no disparaging sense.

Another and very distinctive style of illustration is represented in an edition of "The Human Tragedy," by Anatole France (John Lane), a translation by Alfred Allinson, with sixteen illustrations by Michel Sevier. This artist's style recalls the kind of scenery and decoration used a few years ago for the Granville Barker production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There is the same treatment, for instance, of trees, with perpendicular trunks and foliage suggestive of a toy Noah's Ark, and the same severely angular method is applied to architectural details like flights of steps, walls and pillars, towers, doorways, and so on. The method alone would not be particularly original or attractive, but it must be confessed that there is something about these colour-plates which is wonderfully intriguing.

Quite one of the best of the new colour-books, but in a very different style from those previously mentioned, is "Our Hospital A.B.C." (John Lane), with pictures by Joyce Denny, and verses by Hampden Gordon and M. G. Tindall. As might be divined from the title, it is "not to be taken seriously," a warning which is given on the fly-leaf in the form of a very realistic painting of a chemist's label. In other words, it is a humorous book, but it is none the less a colour-book; and, though the colour-schemes are extremely simple—consisting mostly of red, white, and blue, varied occasionally by black and green—the pictures combined with the verses are a pure delight, illustrating most happily the humours of life in a war hospital. This ought to be one of the most popular picture-books of the season.

The stories of famous operas have before now formed subject-matter for coloured books. An interesting new example of this kind of work is a new edition of Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen," translated by A. E. Johnson, with pictures by René Bull (Hutchinson). People who only know the story from Bizet's opera will be interested to read it in the original form on which the composer's librettists founded their book. At the end of the volume is an essay called "The Two Carmens," a comparison of tale and opera, in which the operatic version is subjected to some criticism. Here we are chiefly concerned with the question of the illustrations, and these, including sixteen colour-plates, are both numerous and of good quality.

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LITERATURE.

Lord Northcliffe's
War-Book.

Lord Northcliffe has shown true imagination in making his volume, "At the War" (Hodder and Stoughton), largely a record of fact. We cannot be too minutely informed about the great struggle, both other peoples' share in it and our own. Any indifference towards it that now remains in this country is due, not to lack of heart, but to lack of knowledge, or at worst to the heartlessness of not taking pains to know. Like everyone with the gift of organisation, Lord Northcliffe sets store upon the mastery of details, and wherever he went in the different theatres of war he wished to get at the bottom of things. And the success of his book is due very greatly to his having realised that nothing he learned for himself there is too small to be of interest to his readers. This is particularly the case in the chapters "With the Italians," which we consider the most valuable; but it is true of them all. The book has been issued for the benefit of the joint Red Cross funds in this country, which makes the section on "Red Cross Visits" specially appropriate; but it is also specially worth preserving because of the minutiae of information about "the people at 83, Pall Mall and elsewhere," the way they spend the money, and their methods of searching for the missing, which it contains. The same instinct for the little things that count which makes the few pages on "The War Doctors" so solid and satisfactory, also lends liveliness to the thumbnail portraits of Sir Douglas Haig, Joffre, and Count Cadorna. But, as has been said, it proves most valuable in the descriptions of the fighting on the Italian fronts. Lord Northcliffe arrived at the Italian Headquarters in time for the taking of Gorizia. He followed the fighting line in the Carso, and visited that is the Cadore and in the Trentino. Of the variety of conditions along this Italian 500-miles' front we get a really admirable impression in his pages. We begin to realise in them the harsh, inhospitable, treeless, rock-strewn Karst country, "where lizards alone find life bearable," which is the scene of our Ally's advance upon Trieste. From that parched and stony wilderness we pass to the summits, 9000 feet, where King Emmanuel asked him to picture his soldiers "up in the clouds for seven months, in deep snow, so close to the Austrians that at some points the men can see their enemies' eyes through the observation-holes; imagine the difficulties of such a life with continual sniping and bomb-throwing." English readers know far too little of the conditions in which the Italians are fighting, just as Italian readers are still too greatly kept in ignorance of the conditions in which the British effort is being made in France; and in thirty pages Lord Northcliffe brings them home to us in a series of impressions rendered vivid by just those touches of small fact and suggestions of little things which so many impressionists miss in their attempts to be grandiose. He himself is strictly sparing of purple passages. Of the "Neutral" glimpses which bring the book to a conclusion, that of Spain is the most interesting, and leaves one with no doubt as to the nature of the opinion of a section in that country, thanks to the curious tactics of A.B.C. and well-drilled battalions of residents and refugees, for the same influence seems to be everywhere. But, after all, it is not of the first importance.

Where Italy
is Battling
for Victory.

In June and July last Sir Sidney Low, at the invitation of the Italian Headquarters Staff, paid a special visit of inspection to the Italian front. He has embodied his impressions and his personal experiences in a book, "Italy in the War" (Longmans, Green), which not only sets before English readers a comprehensive and coherent narrative of events in the least understood and realised of all the European war areas, but also, to use a hackneyed phrase, "reads like a novel." From a *littérateur* of such eminence as Sir Sidney Low, no doubt, that was not a hard thing to do. His book is as far removed as could be from being a mere "war-book." It brings forward on every page the highest possible testimony to the magnificent spirit and whole-souled devotion with which the Italian nation is grappling with an apparently super-human task. The author in the course of his narrative explains in a concise and extremely lucid form, by the aid of carefully detailed maps, the abnormally complicated problems both of strategy and tactics which have confronted General Cadorna and his Staff. Sir Sidney Low visited in turn each of the four sectors of the Italian front, which as a whole extends, in fact, for between four and five hundred miles—the Isonzo sector, the Carnia or Cadore sector, the Trentino and the Alpine sector. Each of these differs in characteristics from the other as widely as it is possible to conceive. "Down on the Carso the fighting is done under a sun like that of Africa. But when you turn into the line that runs along the crest of the Carnic Alps . . . and when you follow it through Cadore and under the Dolomites, you are in a theatre of Alpine warfare, in the realms of snow and bitter cold." The amazing feats of the Alpini in scaling precipices thousands of feet high, the marvellous engineering exploits of the road-makers, the extraordinary achievements of the artillerymen in getting their heaviest guns up to peaks far above the snow line, the never slackening activity in munition-making all over Italy, in which women of all classes bear their full share—Sir Sidney's pages present in regard to these matters a marvellous romance of war and adventure and heroic endurance. Many of the numerous illustrations are from photographs courteously placed by the Italian War Office at Sir Sidney Low's disposal.

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THE CAMERA AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT: ON VARIOUS FRONTS.

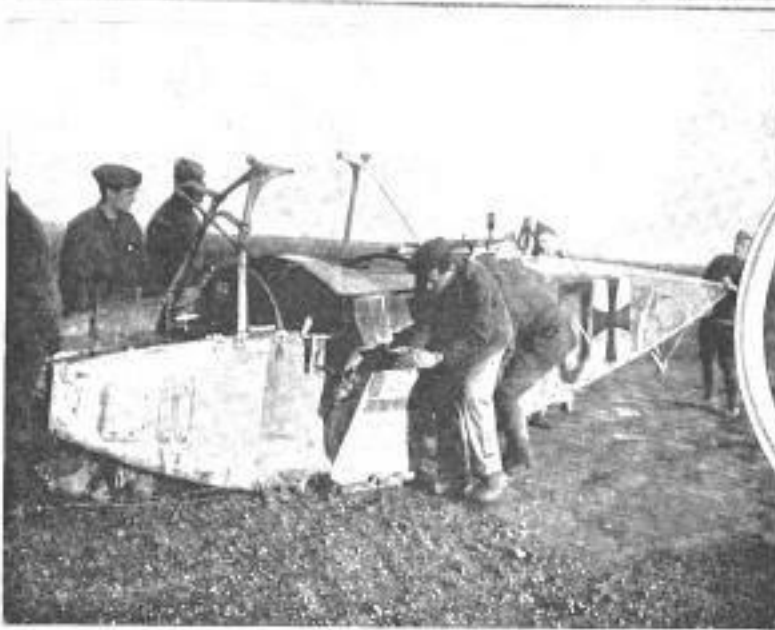
PHOTOGRAPHS—BRITISH AND FRENCH OFFICIALS AND C.N.



FORCES OF THE GREEK PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT THAT DECLARED WAR ON GERMANY AND BULGARIA: M. VENIZELOS' REVIEW AT SALONIKA.



THE VISIT OF A MOSLEM DEPUTATION TO FRANCE: THE DELEGATES, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF GENERAL GOURAUD, ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE MARNE.



A GERMAN AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN ON THE BRITISH FRONT: MEN OF OUR AIR SERVICE ENGAGED IN DISMANTLING THE MACHINE.



A GERMAN AEROPLANE THAT CAME DOWN INTACT INTO THE FRENCH LINES, THROUGH ENGINE-FAILURE: WHEELING AWAY THE CAPTURED MACHINE.



WHERE THE FRENCH ARTILLERY HAS RECENTLY BEEN DOING EXCELLENT SERVICE: TWO LONG-RANGE FRENCH GUNS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT.



A WELL-CONCEALED GUN POSITION IN A WOOD: THE SMOKING MUZZLE OF A NAVAL GUN PROTRUDING FROM A SCREEN OF FOLIAGE.

For the most part, these photographs explain themselves. In the case of the Moslem delegates viewing the Marne battlefield, it may be noted that the short figure in Eastern dress in the centre, just in front of General Gouraud, is a boy—the son of one of the delegates. With regard to the photograph showing M. Venizelos reviewing a Greek regiment before it marched out of Salonika, it may be recalled that Mr. G. Renwick wrote last month from Athens: "The National Defence Army has occupied Ekaterini (a few miles south-west of Salonika). . . . A message from Salonika states that the

Army of National Defence now numbers 30,000, of whom 17,000 are fully armed and equipped and ready to take the field. Equipment of the others is being rapidly pushed forward." It will be observed that the men are wearing steel helmets. On November 12, at Salonika, M. Venizelos presented colours to the new 4th Regiment of the Seres Division, and, addressing the troops, he said: "The eyes of all Hellenes are turned towards you. You are going once more to deliver Macedonia." On November 24 it was stated that the Greek Provisional Government had declared war against Bulgaria and Germany.



GERMAN GAS-SHELLS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE (ON THE LEFT)

When a gas-shell first explodes, the gas rises in a tall column, as seen on the left in the illustration. It then subsides and spreads along the ground, as shown on the right. At this happens in a fraction of a second. The remarkable photograph here reproduced is one of those now on view at the Official Exhibition of Canadian War Photographs, at the Gallery Galleries, which was recently declared open by Sir George Perley, Acting High Commissioner of Canada. It will remain open until December 16. The photographs were taken by

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH-CANADIAN WAR RECORDS



EXPLODING AND THE GAS FROM ANOTHER (RIGHT) SPREADING ALONG THE GROUND.

Lieut. Ivor Castle, the Canadian Official Photographer, many of them in circumstances of great danger. In the present instance he was so near to the exploding shells that he was slightly gassed by the fumes, and was laid up for three days. These photographs are some of the finest that have been taken at the front, and form an inspiring record of the work of the Canadians. Everyone ought to make it a point of patriotism to visit the Exhibition. Princess Patricia of Connaught was among the earliest visitors.

W. WITH MANY OTHERS, AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

WHERE HISTORY IS IN THE MAKING: SCENES OF THE RECENT



ON THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE ST. PIERRE DIVION AREA: THE WRECKED REMAINS OF A WATER-MILL CLOSE TO WHICH FIERCE FIGHTING TOOK PLACE.



NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE BATTLE AT THE VILLAGE OF BEAUMONT-SUR-LOGNON: A HEAPED MOUND OF DEBRIS.



ON THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE ST. PIERRE DIVION AREA: A PARTIALLY BEATEN-DOWN PALISADE AND EARTHWORK BARRIER THE ENEMY HAD ERECTED.



ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT BEAUMONT-SUR-LOGNON: THE RUINS OF A LARGE BUILDING.

These are among the places in the Western battlefield area where history is being made. After peace returns, they will assuredly be centres of pilgrimage from all over the British Empire in the same way that, for instance, the château of Hougomont and the Farm of La Haye Sainte became shrines of memory at Waterloo. St. Pierre Divion, where the first and fourth of the above photographs were taken, was the scene of Sir Douglas Haig's brilliant victory of November 14, "the biggest since Thiepval," as one of our Generals declared. The Germans had made under it an immense fortification bristling with machine-guns, the main feature of which was a long tunnel, with galleries extending hundreds of yards. In addition, a maze of vaulted dug-outs radiated from the tunnel. They were found crammed with stores and ammunition. St. Pierre Divion was stormed, a Tank leading the attack, and hundreds of prisoners were taken. The water-wheel mill on the Ancre, the centre of furious fighting, appears in the first illustration. The second photograph shows the key of the battlefield of Beaumont Hamel.

THE VICTORY—ST. PIERRE DIVION; BEAUMONT HAMEL; BEAUCOURT.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



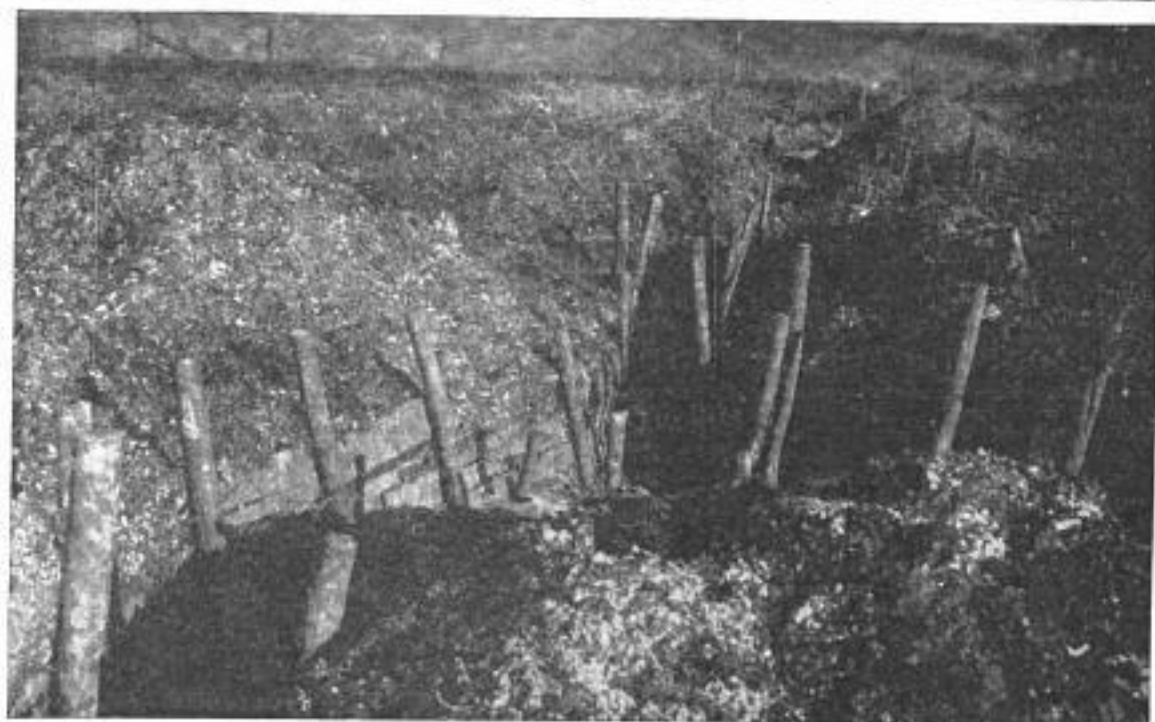
THE REMAINS OF THE GERMAN MILITARY CEMETERY, AND CHURCH STOOD.



INSIDE THE GERMAN MILITARY CEMETERY AT BEAUMONT HAMEL: THE SCARRED MONUMENT TO GERMANS WHO FELL AT THE ENEMY'S FIRST TAKING OF THE PLACE.



ENEMY MADE A FINAL EFFORT AT RESISTANCE—THERE WAS HOT FIGHTING.



AMONG THE FORTIFICATIONS ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND OF THE GERMAN "IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS," BEAUMONT HAMEL: A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH, AND THE ENTRANCE TO A DEEP GALLERY.

Stage of which the enemy had made "an impregnable fortress," as the Germans openly said. In the foreground is the half-destroyed German military cemetery, with its palisade mostly down, and many of the crosses on the graves broken and uprooted. The battered stone obelisk erected over Germans who fell at the taking of the place by the enemy, many months before, is seen in the enclosure. A near view of the monument appears in the third illustration. In the background of the second illustration the crater caused by the explosion of a British mine is seen, and nearer to the left, a heap of masonry and wood fragments, where stood Beaumont Hamel church. Part of a German communication-trench at Beaumont Hamel, leading to the entrance to an underground gallery, is shown in the sixth photograph. The fifth illustration shows the Mill of Beaucourt, a third village near by, where the Germans attempted to hold out after St. Pierre Divion and Beaumont Hamel had fallen, and whence they had to be bombed and bayoneted out of the underground "pockets" in which they took refuge.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is once more a too common tendency to the exalting of politicians—even by gibbeting them. The newspapers are in a flutter with phrases about this statesman who can make war and that statesman who cannot make war; how this politician must be trusted because he will win the war, and that politician must be driven from public life because he will lose the war. Now, politicians cannot make war. The one and only perilous attribute they have is that they can sometimes make peace. Upon that point I fully agree that vigilance is vital. That we, the people, will not accept a cowardly compromise with the Prussian pirates and slavers, that is a fact to be explained to the politicians unmistakably—not to this or that idol of the newspapers, but to all of them. The act of doing without all the existing politicians has generally been known in history as a revolution; and a real revolution would be far better than a sham peace. What we are fighting is a thing like a man-eater, and any truce we make with him will be a thing like a man-trap.

But while it is just to tell the politicians not to make peace, it is quite unjust that they should be told to make war. Armies and navies make war. And in the light of that simple fact we must reconcile ourselves to a certain paradox in the very position of the politician in war time. I have never had the smallest confidence in the cult of the Strong Man, even in provinces where the phrase has some sort of direct meaning. Praises heaped on a personality because he "knows his own mind" or that he "means to win" seem to me to prove, not that he is strong-minded, but only that his friends are weak-minded. The statement that he knows his own mind is about as comforting as the statement that he knows his own name. It only proves he is not quite literally an idiot, if it proves that. And it is certain that a man who merely "means to win" cannot know what winning means. No really powerful effort is made unless there is a possibility of failure. But though I believe the reputedly Strong Man to be sometimes a duffer and a fraud, there are some departments to which the term is tolerably applicable. Wherever a man is dealing directly with something which he is supposed to understand, there is a difference between strength and weakness, in the sense that there is a difference between activity and idleness, or between courage and fear. There is a difference between a strong blow or a weak blow on a blacksmith's anvil or a headsman's block; there is a difference between a strong voice or a weak voice at a public meeting; and in a similarly limited sense there may be a difference between a strong or weak speech at a public meeting—or even a strong or weak resolution at a public meeting. But a war is not won or lost by a voice or a resolution or a public meeting. It is won or lost by the commanders in the field and the troops under their command. They exhibit strength in their department, like the man with the hammer or the man with the axe; and they are obviously likely to

exercise it most if they are not hampered or controlled by another man in another department. All this, one would imagine, should be obvious to the point of tedium, and yet it is precisely this which produces the paradox which so many people cannot make head or tail of.

The paradox is, of course, that in war what is called a weak Minister is often stronger than a strong one. The Minister for War is never the man who makes war; he is too often merely the man who interferes with war. When he is strong, it is his interference that is strong; it is his ignorance that is strong; it is his limitations, his amateurishness, his vanity, his private quarrels that are strong. The more he knows his own mind the less he is likely to mind his own business. The more he means to win the more likely he is to have all the energy, courage, and confidence that are needed in order to lose. It is unnecessary to give supposed examples, even in the present war; for, indeed, the rule is illustrated as much by successes as by failures, as much by Verdun as by Gallipoli, as much by the successful defence of Paris as by the unsuccessful defence of Antwerp. In both

an experience like that of war. As Walt Whitman said, in one of the greatest sayings of modern literature, "If these thoughts are not your thoughts as much as mine, they are nothing." But the actual illustrations of such truths must always be individual. Thus, for instance, I have myself always felt the insular quality of England as an artistic shape rather than an intellectual limit. I have a positive pleasure in the idea of living on an island, the mother of a flock of flying islands which we call our ships. I could wish the island even smaller; and in this imaginative sense should always maintain that the most towering and triumphant patriot must be a Little Englander. I would not for a moment exchange such insular imagination for the vague European Continent and its vast conscript armies for all the hosts of Napoleon spreading about the Danube and the Rhine. But if a man were to allow this artistic nationalism to interfere with his practical patriotism, if it ruled him upon the point of Conscription or the influence of Sea-Power, we all know what he would be doing. He would be allowing a literary mood to turn him into a madman and a traitor. Nine times out of ten, what is true here of literary ideas is equally true of political ideas. Even when the statesman's particular notion is a sincere personal enthusiasm—and not, as is more often the case, a party cry or a political intrigue, or even a private interest—the chances are that it is quite unfitted for application to the ancient and self-governing science of war.

Worthy persons are now perpetually writing to the papers to make suggestions about what they should sacrifice. May I suggest that they should sacrifice their suggestions? If they must deny themselves something, let them deny themselves notoriety; or, if they demand from me the expression, glory. This middle-someness has already done a monstrous amount of harm to the morals of the community—raising a scandalous scare about war-babies, talking the most drunken nonsense about drunkenness, making a great nation look small by breaking it up into a litter of small and sectarian committees, and otherwise working its wild will to make us, so far as it conceivably can, unworthy of ourselves and of the hour of our visitation.

This advice, which is very much wanted for the small people of our community, is, I think, quite as much wanted for the great. The work of statesmen will come when the State has become normal—that is, when it has become a State once more. That work will be all that the most ambitious statesman can possibly desire; and I do not think that the most strenuous statesman the world has ever seen would be likely to envy the men who have to deal with it. In the time to come the politicians will be able to give us all their wisdom and not a little of their folly. To-day is not the day of statesmen, but the day of soldiers and sailors. The men in power will be judged not by what they do, but by what they allow the soldiers and sailors to do; and the less we hear any political voice whatever, the sooner we are likely to hear the bells and the trumpets of the triumph and the liberation of mankind. At present it is seriously true, in most cases, that the most statesmanlike thing a statesman can do is to do nothing.



THE LATE FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY:
ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON.

Sir Henry Jackson, who is vacating the office of First Sea Lord at the Admiralty for the high post of Governor of Greenwich Hospital, for many years past has been acknowledged as among the very foremost scientific sailors not only of the British Navy, but in the world. He is also the only Fellow of the Royal Society in the service, and was specially nominated for his researches in wireless telegraphy and electrical physics for naval purposes. Sir Henry Jackson became Controller of the Navy in 1905, and took command of the Third Cruiser Squadron in 1908. In 1911 he became Head of the Naval War College, and in 1913 was appointed Chief of the War Staff at the Admiralty. Sir Henry Jackson succeeded Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord in May 1915.—(Photo. by Elliott and Fry.)



THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY:
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELICOE.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe comes to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord direct from the Grand Fleet. With the sea experience of the past two years of war, no officer could well be better qualified for the all-important post at Whitehall. He is a gunnery officer with special training, one of Lord Fisher's chosen both in the "Excellent" and at the Admiralty, where, in addition, he has filled the rôle of Director of Naval Ordnance, and of, successively, Third and Second Sea Lord. Sir John Jellicoe was Second Lord at the outbreak of the war, and went direct from the Admiralty to hoist his flag at the head of the Grand Fleet. In earlier days he served as Chief of the Staff in the China War of 1900 under Sir Edward Seymour.—(Photo. by Elliott and Fry.)

events the paradox of the politicians has commonly been apparent. It is not merely that failure has come through the power of their ignorance. It is actually that triumph has come through the power of their impotence.

There is another sense, and a real sense, in which it is a magnificent thing for a man to know his own mind. It is a rare and precious thing for a man to know the limits of his own mind. It may truly be called his frame of mind, for a frame, while it is an outline, is necessarily a limit. None of us know it enough; and perhaps the limit is always more easily overflowed by any man whose trade is a sort of unlimited soliloquy, whether it be a politician such as I have been discussing, or merely a journalist like myself. But about the principle I have never been in doubt. And the principle is that ideas which may be lawful or fruitful as influences in time of peace ought not to be turned into catchwords or crazes in

WAR CATERING: COOKERY: WATER-SUPPLY: AND HOT COFFEE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



HOW THE ARMY COOK WORKS: BRITISH FIELD-KITCHENS AT THE FRONT IN RAINY WEATHER.



THE EXCELLENT WATER-SUPPLY ORGANISED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: A WATER-REFILLING POINT.



THE CUP THAT CHEERS: SOMETHING HOT FOR OFFICERS AND MEN ON THEIR WAY OUT FROM THE TRENCHES.



A CUP OF COFFEE FOR THE WOUNDED: A DISPENSER OF HOT DRINKS AT THE FRONT.



SOME WEARING THEIR WINTER OVERCOATS: PREPARING DINNERS FOR THE TROOPS AT A FIELD-KITCHEN.

Napoleon's remark that an army fights on its stomach has been so often quoted that it has become a commonplace. In this vitally important respect the British troops are well looked after. "It is now superfluous," said a writer in the "Morning Post" recently, "to praise the work of the Supply and Transport. From the beginning of the war, as soon as the two departments were amalgamated, the provision of good, ample food to our soldiers has been a marvel of perfect planning." Regarding the difficulties overcome by the Engineers, he says again: "Take alone the question of water supply. . . . There

is no water on those rolling downs over which we have been fighting, and in the villages the wells have been filled up by shell-fire. Bear in mind that each man wants two gallons of water a day, and each animal wants six gallons. . . . The historian of the Royal Engineers should begin to collect his facts now regarding the great work which they have done, and are doing every day, for it may soon be forgotten. When we move forward from the ground we now occupy, there will be but little evidence left of the enormous labour and the wonderful ingenuity with which they have provided for man and beast."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEAUFORT, LAMBERT WESTON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., CLAUDE HARRIS, AND LAFAYETTE.



MAJOR M. CLAUD SCARBROUGH,
Middlesex Regt. Mentioned in despatches.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Impey Scarbrough,
Telford, Shropshire.



LIEUT. DONALD A. HANKEY,
R. Warwickshire Regt. A brilliant writer
is the "Spectator" under the pseudonym,
"A Student in Arms."



LT. HON. VERE S. T. HARNSWORTH,
R.N.D. Second son of Lord Rotherham.
Showed fine courage and endurance in the
trenches. April 21.



LIEUT.-COL. ARTHUR STANLEY
TETLEY,
R. Marine Light Infantry. Was awarded the
Croix de Guerre at Gallipoli.



2nd LT. P. L. PATTERSON,
N. Staffordshire Regt. Son
of Mr. W. E. Patterson,
"The Advertiser," Knowle.



2nd LT. G. D. STEPHENS,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr.
Stephens, of The Bishops,
Hemel Hempstead.



LIEUT. H. J. L. HARRIS,
Hampshire Regt. A well-
known member of the King-
ston Rowing Club.



LIEUT. WILLIAM SCOTT
MATHEWS,
King's Royal Rifle Corps.
Killed in action.



LIEUT. W. E. CHRISTIE,
Worcestershire Regt. Son
of the late Capt. Christie,
42nd R. Highlanders.



2nd LT. C. J. FOWLER,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. George Jefford Fowler,
Oaklands Chase, Weybridge.



LIEUT. D. C. KENNEDY,
Highland L.I., and Machine-
Gun Corps. Son of Mr. Ken-
nedy, Kelmsdale, Glasgow.



LT. SYDNEY HAYWOOD,
R. Firing Corps. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Haywood,
of Greyfriars, Accrington.



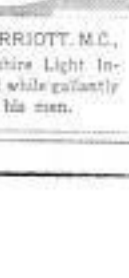
2nd LIEUT. FRANK GUN
DELAMAIN,
Royal Field Artillery. Killed
in action.



2nd LIEUT.
WILLIAM KELSEY,
Royal Field Artillery. Killed
in action.



2nd LT. A. W. PASSMORE,
Queen's (R. West Surrey)
Regt. Son of Mr. J. E.
Passmore, Wimbledon.



2nd LIEUT.
GERALD HARNER,
N. Staffordshire Regt. Of
Downing College, Cambridge.



LIEUT.-COL. CECIL S. TAYLOR,
R.G.A. Son of the late Mr. W. F. Taylor,
of Moseley Hall, Birmingham, and of Mrs.
Taylor, "Caraghmore," Canterbury.



LIEUT. F. S. KELLY,
R.N.V.R. The famous Ebbw and Gwent
carman, who won the Diamond Sculls three
times. Awarded D.S.C.



CAPTAIN W. E. ALGEO, M.C.,
Dorsetshire Regt. Son of the Rev. F. E.
and Mrs. Algeo, Studland Rectory,
Dorsetshire.



LT.-COL. J. C. STORMONTH-DARLING,
D.S.O.,
Cameronians. Second son of late Patrick
Stormonth-Darling, Fortrose.

THE GRAND FLEET'S NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: A FIGHTING ADMIRAL

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

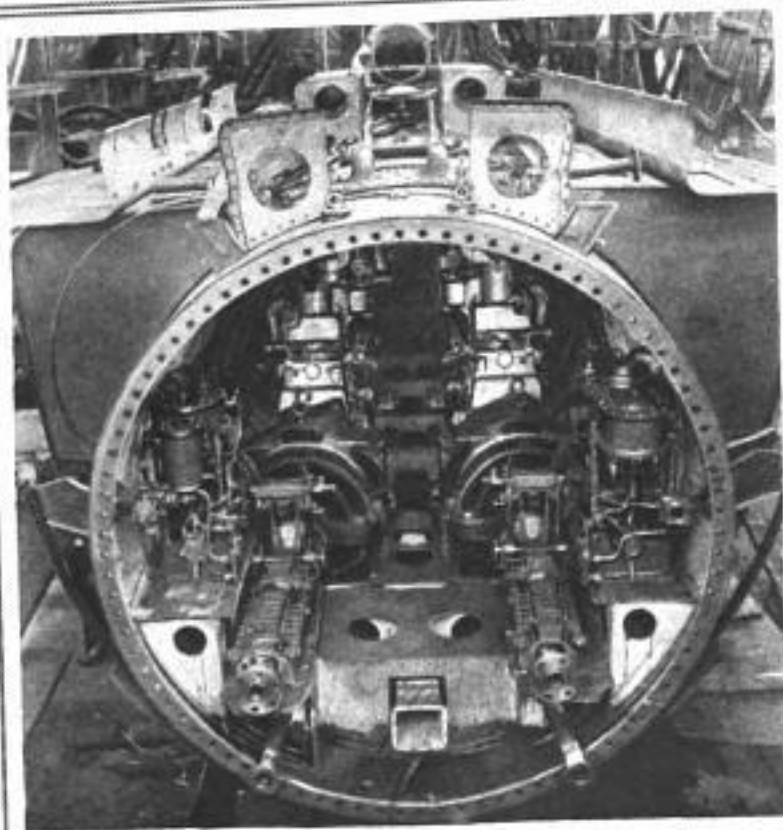


ADMIRAL JELlicoe's SUCCESSOR AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND FLEET; VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B.

It was announced on November 30 that Admiral Jellicoe had been appointed First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, in place of Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, who had become President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich; and that Vice-Admiral Beatty had assumed command of the Grand Fleet in succession to Sir John Jellicoe. The new Commander-in-Chief has already shown his splendid qualities of leadership in several naval actions of the war—at Heligoland Bight, at the Dogger Bank, and in the great Battle of Jutland Bank. He is essentially a fighting Admiral, with the energy and driving power of a man still in the prime of life, for he is only forty-five, and is the youngest officer of

his rank in the Navy. Sir David Beatty is an Irishman, the son of Captain D. L. Beatty, of Borodale, Co. Wexford. He was born in 1871, and entered the Navy in 1884. He won promotion very early, through his distinguished services with the Nile gun-boats in Lord Kitchener's Soudan campaign, when he was made Commander; and later, during the Boxer troubles in China in 1900, when he commanded the battle-ship "Barfleur," was twice wounded on shore, and was afterwards promoted Captain. He attained to flag rank, as a Rear-Admiral, in January 1910. In 1912-13 he was Naval Secretary to the First Lord, and in 1913 was in command of the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron.

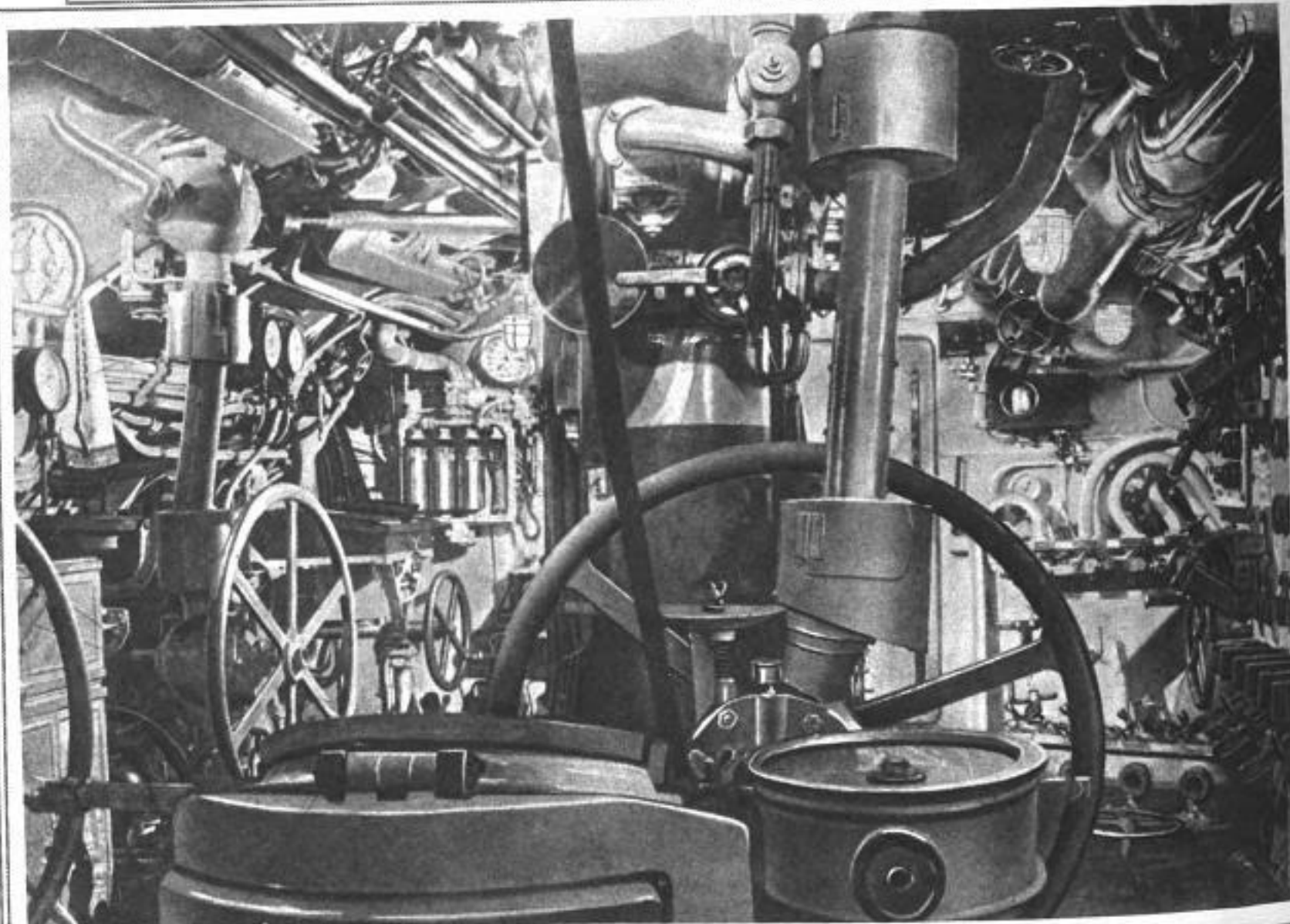
CRAFT THAT SINK HOSPITAL-SHIPS: GERMAN "U"-BOAT MECHANISM.



THE INTERIOR OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE: THE MACHINE-ROOM OF A "U"-BOAT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



SEEKING WHOM HE MAY DESTROY: A GERMAN OFFICER IN A "U"-BOAT USING A PERISCOPE.



INSIDE A NOTORIOUS GERMAN FREIGHT-CARRYING SUBMARINE: THE INTERIOR OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND"—SHOWING THE CENTRAL CONTROL.

These photographs, taken from a German illustrated paper, are of interest just now in connection with the recent renewal of the enemy's submarine activity, and especially with the sinking of hospital-ships. Although, as the Admiralty recently stated, it was not found possible to ascertain with certainty whether the "Britannic" and the "Braemar Castle" were sunk by torpedoes or mines, there is a strong suspicion that it was the work of German "U"-boats. Thus Mr. Archibald Hurd wrote regarding the "Braemar Castle": "There is no reason to doubt that the vessel was torpedoed, and without

warning of any kind. . . . It is only the other day that another hospital-ship was destroyed in the same part of the Mediterranean, the 'Britannic,' and then about fifty lives were lost. We have to recognise that these attacks are made in pursuit of a definite policy, for five of these vessels of mercy have now been marked down—the 'Asturias' (British), the 'Portugal' (Russian), the 'Vperioda' (Russian), the 'Britannic' (British), and now the 'Braemar Castle' (British). In addition, refugees have been drowned, as in the case of the 'Amiral Ganteaume.'"

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT WAR: FIGURES ILLUSTRATED.

THE BRITISH ARMY



THE BRITISH NAVY



THE OVERSEAS ARMY

CANADA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND
SOUTH AFRICA
NEWFOUNDLAND
INDIA
CROWN COLONIES



HAVE GIVEN
OVER 1,000,000 MEN

THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY

Although about 3,000,000 men have been drained from industry by military requirements, there are now more than 3,500,000 workers engaged in war industries, of whom some 666,000 are women.



THE GROWTH OF OUR FORCES: THE EVER-INCREASING NAVY; ARMY; OVERSEAS ARMY; AND INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

None will deny that Britain's part in the War has been very large; and that her forces are ever on the increase is common knowledge. Here, in diagrammatic form, are shown the growth of the Navy, the Army, and the Industrial Army between 1914 and 1916; and also the Overseas contribution to our fighting forces. Briefly: During the last two years the British Army has been increased eighteenfold and the British Navy two-and-a-half fold; the output of munitions has been increased more than thirty thousand per cent.; the finances of the Empire have been mobilised, and the Imperial

Government has sustained the money-power of the Grand Alliance by loans to her Allies and the Dominions aggregating £450,000,000; while the British Navy has kept open the seas for the transport of money, material, munitions, and men from every quarter of the globe. Great Britain is now manufacturing and issuing every week to her Armies on the Western Front an amount of ammunition equal to the total stock available for her entire land service at the outbreak of war. In one year of peace she spends 173,000,000 sovereigns; in one year of war she is spending 2,382,000,000.

TANKS IN ACTION; CAPTURED WAR MATERIAL; REF.

DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DE LAMOTTE



PART OF "AN ENORMOUS DEPOSIT OF VARIOUS STORES" CAPTURED AT ST. PIERRE DIVISION: BOMBS, HELMETS, AND OTHER MATERIAL ABANDONED BY THE GERMANS.



"THEY ALL SEEMED TO GO OVER TOGETHER LIKE ONE MASS IN THEIR HANDS."



"SALVO AFTER SALVO OF 'CRUMPS' SEEMED TO BURST CLEAN ON THE TOP OF IT": A TANK GOING THROUGH A GERMAN BARRAGE ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK A SUGAR-FACTORY.

An exceptionally interesting description has been supplied to us of the Tank incidents illustrated above. At the point shown in the upper drawing is a German communication trench, as seen half an hour after our first attacking line had gained a footing in it, with another trench at right angles to it. From this trench had been dug a number of small pits, mostly composed of joined-up shell-holes, the whole providing a system of considerable strength, which would undoubtedly have cost our infantry appreciable loss, had not one of our tanks (it was their first day in action) quite unexpectedly appeared on the sky-line and come lumbering towards the little strong point. The enemy holding the strong point had, as never seen or heard of such a thing as a Tank. Panic evidently seized them, and a number of them, losing their heads completely, were seen to leave their trench and start running across the open. Above the noise of bursting shells, the machine-guns of the Tank were heard to open, seemingly simultaneously. In less time than it takes to tell, the

EXAMINATION: INCIDENTS OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

DETAILS RECEIVED. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



GERMANS, PANIC-STRICKEN AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF A TANK, MOWN DOWN BY MACHINE-GUNS.



RIFLE EXAMINATION AFTER RELIEF FROM THE FRONT LINE: BRITISH TROOPS BACK FROM THE TRENCHES.



"THE DEMORALISED BOCHES REMAINED WHERE THEY WERE AS THOUGH PETRIFIED": A CROWD OF GERMANS HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS TO SURRENDER AS A TANK APPROACHED THEIR TRENCH.

ceased to run; they all seemed to go over together like shot rabbits. The Tank never paused, but went straight on over the trenches, firing right and left as it did so. The left-hand drawing underneath illustrates the "miraculous" Tank going through the German barrage on its way to the "Sugar-Factory." Those who were watching it were alternately catching breath and gasping, as salvo after salvo of crumps seemed to burst clean on the top of it. But nothing seemed to hurt it, and it was still going strong when it vanished from our sight in the haze and smoke of the bursting shells. Of the right-hand drawing it may be said here: Towards a German trench which appeared to be deserted, a Tank was slowly crawling. Nothing happened until the Tank was within a few yards of the trench. Suddenly a little crowd of men seemed to spring from nowhere, all with their hands up. The Tank went straight on. The demoralized Boches remained where they were as though petrified, and did not move until our infantry took charge of them.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DOUAUMONT: VERDUN'S LARGEST FORT AS THE FRENCH FOUND IT.



RESOLUTELY HOLDING GROUND REGAINED IN THE GREAT VICTORY AT VERDUN: FRENCH TROOPS OCCUPYING A CAPTURED GERMAN COMMUNICATION-TRENCH LEADING TO FORT DOUAUMONT AFTER ITS RECAPTURE.



"CHURNED INTO A TROUBLED OCEAN OF SHELL-WAVES": A FOSSE SEEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST BOMB-PROOF CHAMBER.



A FORT THAT "HAS WITHSTOOD A TERRIBLE HAMMERING": A WRECKED GALLERY IN THE NORTH-WEST TURRET AT DOUAUMONT.

The recapture of Fort Douaumont, it will be recalled, was one of the principal achievements in the great French victory outside Verdun. The French troops have since gallantly held the ground regained, and under very arduous conditions. After visiting the place a week or two later, Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett gave a vivid account of the scene. "The Fort of Douaumont," he writes, "is the largest and most important of the Verdun defences. . . . It is a two-storied structure; that is to say, there is an

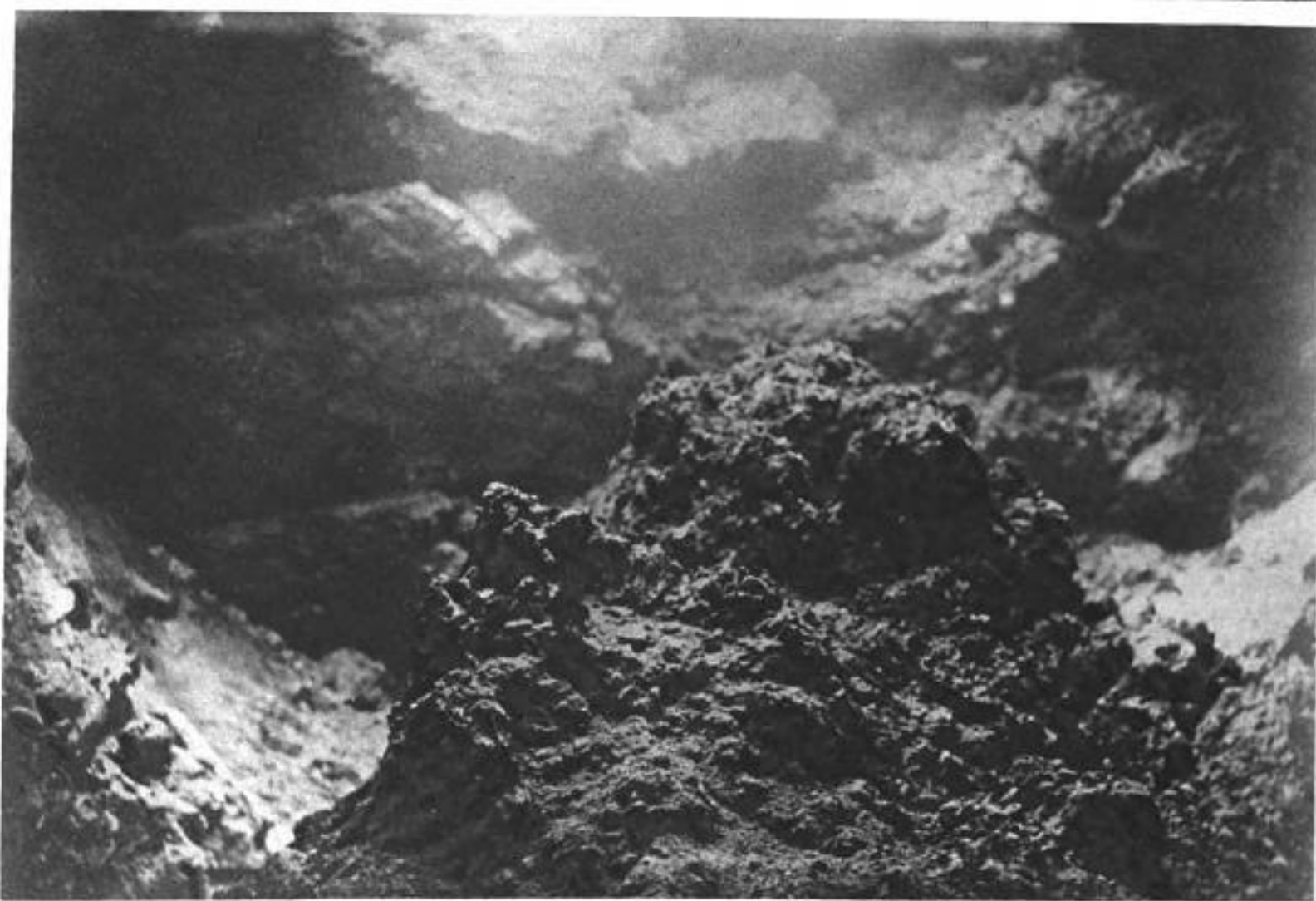
upper level of galleries and a lower. Above the concrete there is 30 ft. of earth, or, rather, there was 30 ft. of earth, but now the exterior has been churned into a troubled ocean of shell-waves. . . . The counterscarp galleries have been destroyed, except in two places, where machine-guns can still sweep what remains of the fosse immediately in front. . . . The fort has two 75-mm. guns mounted in a revolving steel turret, and also two 130-mm. guns similarly mounted. The material damage to these turrets has

[Continued opposite.]

IN DOUAUMONT: A FORT THAT "JUSTIFIED ITS EXISTENCE."



WHERE THREE FRENCH 400-MM. SHELLS ARE SAID TO HAVE CAUSED THE GERMANS TO ABANDON THE POSITION: A WRECKED CASEMATE AT DOUAUMONT FORT.



"THE LARGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT OF THE VERDUN DEFENCES" AFTER RECAPTURE—ENTRANCE TO A BOMB-PROOF CHAMBER IN THE N.W. FOSSE AT DOUAUMONT.

Continued.

been small, but the guns are out of action through the breakdown of the machinery and the smashing of the guns themselves at the muzzle. Although you can hardly recognise Douaumont as a fort from the outside, the interior has suffered extremely little damage, even after eight months of incessant shelling from the guns of both friend and foe. The lower galleries and the chambers which radiate from them are entirely intact, but the upper have been pierced in one place by the fire of the French 400-mm. guns. . . . It

is said that it was the entry of three successive 400-mm. shells which did the damage, and caused the Germans to abandon the position before the attack on October 24. The old fort has, in the eyes of the French, more than justified its existence, and has withstood a terrible hammering in a truly marvellous manner. . . . Especially interesting was the spot where the 400-mm. shells had entered. Dawn was breaking, and the pale light was shining through this arch cut out of the solid concrete by these heavy shells."



THE BOMBER AND

French infantry battlefield methods have been revolutionised within the present year. In the battles in Champagne in the autumn of 1915, "the French," as Mr. Warner Allen describes, "left their trenches in long, close-packed waves, trusting that their mere impetus would carry them over every obstacle. Under the new system there are at least ten paces between every man, and . . . progress is much quicker, since they can pick their ground and thread their way between the shell-holes." Bombers lead the

DRAWN BY LUCIES JONAS. COPYRIGHT



3 BAYONET-MAN.

Attack, each having one comrade at hand, or more, rifle and bayonet ready. "Thanks to the elasticity of the new system," again to quote the correspondent, "the proportion of bayonets can be varied in accordance with the ground and the resistance anticipated, without breaking up any of the units." Ordinarily, as the above illustration shows, the bomber and one bayonet-man go together, a combination quite strong enough in nine cases out of ten for the Germans they encounter!

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



LEARNING AT BARRERS—PREPARING ON THEIR GROUNDS.
STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16th CENTURY).

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLASSROOM OF A CATHEDRAL.
STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (16th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE "EXTENSION" OF BREAD.

THE Government measure for the eking out of our bread corn has been generally well received, no voice having hitherto been lifted up against it. What its exact effect will be is another matter, as to which both the Minister who announced it and his critics seem to have been more or less in the dark. Yet it may be said truly that it is at once needed and well designed for its purpose, which is neither to make bread cheaper nor more nourishing, but simply more plentiful.

The Order in Council enacts in effect that the miller shall in future get slightly more flour out of the bushel, or any other given amount of corn, than he has hitherto done. Thanks to the introduction of steel rollers instead of the mill-stones in use some thirty years ago, a trifle over 70 per cent. of the wheat put into a modern mill comes out again in the shape of flour of extreme fineness and whiteness, another 28 or 29 per cent., known as "offals" of various grades, being generally used for feeding cattle and other stock, and the balance being lost in the process. The Order in Council now prescribes that after Jan. 1 next, the miller shall extract from the wheat a quantity of flour varying from 73 per cent. in weight in the case of certain grains, to 76 in others, the difference being due to some varieties becoming harder or more difficult to crush than others. The result will be to add to the raw material of our bread a quantity which Mr. Runciman calculates—on what basis is not apparent—at 8½ per cent. A writer in *Nature* points out that this would add to the bread supply of the United Kingdom nearly 600,000 tons, or enough to give every individual an extra 2 lb. loaf every three weeks.

This is a very desirable result; but no Order in Council will work miracles; and, as in other matters, what is gained on the swings is lost in the roundabouts. The amount of flour thus saved is taken from the offals, with the result that these last will become scarcer and, therefore, dearer. The cost of feeding stock will, therefore, be correspondingly increased, and the price of meat, poultry, and eggs will rise in proportion. Some enthusiasts have jumped to the conclusion that this will be partly compensated for by a rise in the amount of nutrition to be extracted from the bread; but that is not so. The article above referred to, which perhaps represents the best scientific opinion obtainable, says, as has been repeatedly stated in this column, that bread made from 80 per cent. flour (Mr. Runciman's figures) is not so nutritious, weight for weight, as that made from 70 per cent. flour.



AN ABBEY FOUNDED BY ST. LOUIS CONVERTED INTO A HOSPITAL:
SCOTTISH RED CROSS NURSES TENDING WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS
AT THE ABBAYE DE ROYAUMONT.

Photograph by C.N.



WOMAN IN MEDICAL SCIENCE: THE CHIEF SURGEON OPERATING AT THE ABBAYE DE ROYAUMONT HOSPITAL
FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS, ENTIRELY STAFFED BY SCOTTISH WOMEN.

The ancient Abbey of Royaumont, a French village in Seine-et-Oise, was founded in 1227 by St. Louis, who often visited it. Up to 1790, it was occupied by the monks of Cîteaux. Later the buildings were used as a cotton-factory. During the war the present owners, Messrs. Couin, have placed it at the disposal of the Red Cross, and it is now used as a hospital for wounded, presented by British women to France. It is in charge of the Scottish Red Cross, and all the staff, including the chief surgeon, 6 other doctors, 25 certificated nurses, and 35 volunteers, are women, as also are the attendants who manage the stove-hole and machinery and shovel coal. The hospital began with 100 beds, and now has 200.—[Photograph by C.N.]

substances found useful in what are known as deficiency diseases, than the finer; but these in our normal dietary are supplied by other foods, and, unless we are going to live on bread alone, their absence will make little difference to us. Nor will the flour supplied by the miller be any cheaper. The 3 or 6 per cent. which is the utmost increase he will obtain, will for some time do no more than compensate him for the cost of altering his process of manufacture and the extra weight of cartage.

Where, then, will the consumer come in, or how will he benefit by the alteration decreed? As *Nature* puts it, his bread will be neither cheaper nor more nutritious, but there will be more of it. This is, in fact, the policy adopted by our friend the enemy, who began to feel the pinch of short commons a long time before we did. On its first appearance, the German public turned, with the blind faith in the professor which is one of the Hun's least unamiable characteristics, to science for help, and the market was flooded with expensive "substitutes" for the food to which they had become accustomed with the increase of wealth. None of these nastinesses—blood bread was one of them—turned out to be of the slightest use, and a paternal Government, anxious that its citizens should not waste their money otherwise than on State loans, gave them their quietus by a really masterly exposure of their worthlessness. Since then both governors and governed have concentrated their inventive powers on "extending," as they call it, their scanty supplies by mixing with them substances of inferior food value. Perhaps a typical example, besides the adulteration of coffee with burnt barley, is the use of the inner bark of the birch, which has been found useful as a cattle food, and will, no doubt, before long, make its appearance on the tables of the cattle's masters.

It is along these lines that any further movement for economy in the use of foodstuffs must progress. Oats, barley, maize, have all been mentioned as good supplements to our own wheat supply; although at their present prices, they would hardly do much to bring down the cost of bread. Rice would, in this respect, be better; but with this comes in the difficulty of transport over thousands of miles of sea. A diluent, or "extender," nearer to hand would be the Egyptian *dourra*, or millet, which could be grown to almost any extent on the fertile lands of the Delta and Middle Egypt, and which, as most travellers in the Desert know, makes a most pleasant and palatable food. F. L.

SACRIFICING A BUFFALO TO A HINDU WAR GODDESS: GURKHA SPOOLS KEEPING A FAMOUS FESTIVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



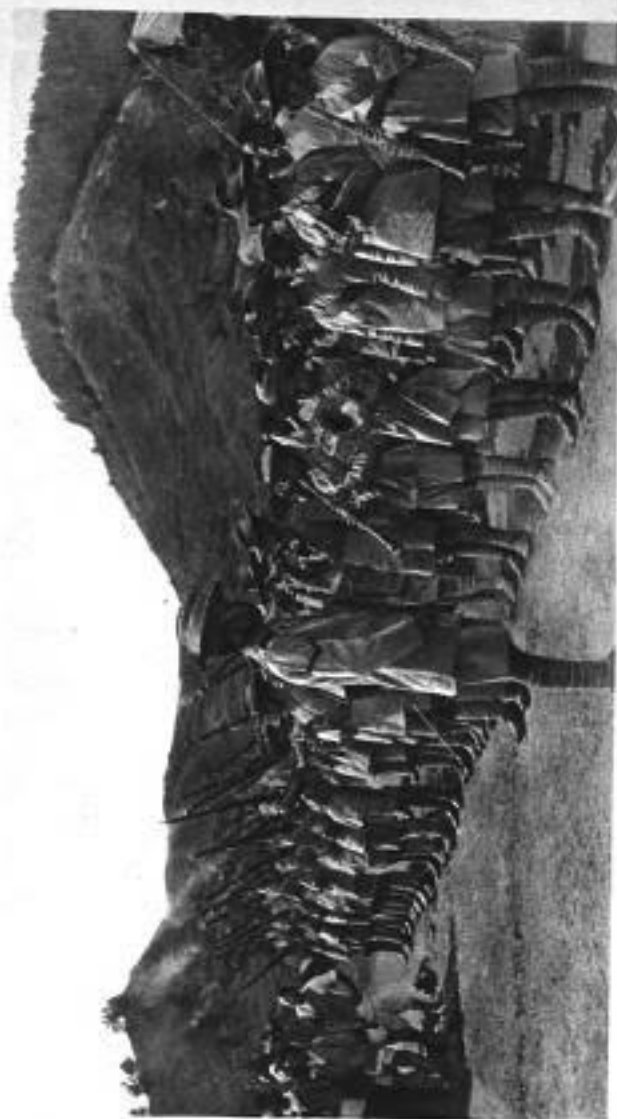
GURKHA RIFLEMEN DRESSED AS NEPALESE WOMEN, DANCING: A SCENE AT THE FESTIVAL OF DURGA PUJAH AT ABBOTTABAD.



READY TO SALUTE THE SACRIFICE WITH A VOLLEY: A FIRING PARTY OF 216 GURKHA RIFLEMEN.



CEREMONIAL PREPARATION OF THE VICTIM: A PRIEST (SEATED) READING AN INCANTATION OVER THE BUFFALO.



THE MOMENT OF SACRIFICE: THE GURKHA FIRING PARTY FIRES A VOLLEY, AND THE BAND PLAYS "GOD SAVE THE KING."

On another page in this number we give an article describing the Indian festival illustrated in these photographs, which show one of the many forms in which it is kept. This particular ceremony took place at Abbottabad, in the Punjab. In the right-hand upper photograph, giving a general view of the scene, the place of sacrifice is seen in the right background, where may be noted the post, or stake, in the ground that is shown more clearly in the left-hand photograph below, with the buffalo victim standing by it, and a priest reading an incantation. To the left of the animal is a man holding a bowl containing earth with freshly sown barley. The man with folded hands is a Gurkha officer, and behind him is the executioner of the buffalo.

An extract from the article already mentioned may help to explain the proceedings. "The great festival of Dasahara, or Dasara," the writer says, "is celebrated very generally by the people of Hindu race throughout India, including Gurkhas. It is also termed the festival of Durga Pujah, which means, literally, the worship of the goddess Durga. . . . The goddess is a war goddess, and it is to celebrate her victory over the buffalo-headed demon, Mahishasura, that the Dasara festival is held. . . . The chief feature of the festival is the sacrifice of a buffalo, in commemoration of the one slain by the goddess; and this is performed with regular religious rites, whilst the flesh is distributed."

BY PARACHUTE FROM A BURNING KITE-BALLOON: A DARING ESCAPE.


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY ALPINE.



AFTER THE "SPOTTER" HAD BEEN HIT: A BELGIAN OBSERVER MAKING A PARACHUTE DESCENT FROM A KITE-BALLOON, WHICH HAS PRECEDED HIM TO THE GROUND IN FLAMES AND IS SEEN BURNING (ON THE RIGHT).

Parachutes are attached to kite-balloons used for observation purposes at the front, and form the observer's only means of escape should his balloon be brought down. Even so, his position is extremely perilous, for there may be a hitch in getting his parachute free, or it may carry him down among the enemy. In the case here illustrated, a Belgian kite-balloon, or "saucisse," as it is usually called, took fire, and the observer is seen making his descent suspended in mid-air from his parachute, while the kite-balloon, which has already fallen to the ground, is seen burning to the right. A similar occurrence was reported recently from the Balkan front, where a Serbian observer's

kite-balloon was struck by lightning and set on fire. "Then," writes a "Times" correspondent, "we saw a long funnel-shaped appendage emerge below his car and then drop down. There was a moment of tense anxiety as the object fell; then, to our relief, we saw it slowly open out until it attained its full umbrella shape. But now the wind wafted the parachute towards the enemy lines, and the observer clinging to it seemed in danger of capture. Fearing this, he had the presence of mind to drop all his notes, but fortunately he alighted well within our lines with no other mishap than a sprained ankle."




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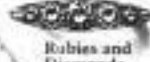
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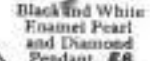
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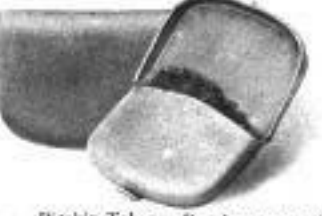
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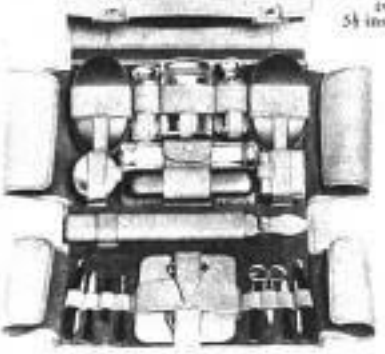
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A PAIR OF IRISH POETS.

"Love of Ireland."

Something of the sadness of Ireland's story seems to haunt the voices of her sweetest singers. The note of sadness—the sadness of regret, of memories roaming back to "the days that are no more," the sadness of unhappy love and the sadness of death—this is the prevailing note of a little volume of verse, "Love of Ireland" (Maunsell and Co.), in which Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) has gathered together various poems, some new and some reprinted, in which she has drawn inspiration from her much-loved native land. To say that her poems are for the most part sad, however, is not to disparage their exquisite charm. These are days in which sadness is more in harmony with the spirit of the times, and though there is no direct reference to the war in her book, one seems to hear its tragic echoes in one fine allegorical fantasy, "The Flight of the Wild Geese," that somehow recalls "The Flowers of the Forest"—

Flung the salt from their wings,
and despair from their hearts,
They arise on the breast of the
storm with a cry and are
gone.

When will you come home, wild
geese, with your thousand
strong?

(The wolf-dog loud in the silence
of night howls on.)

Not the fierce wind can stay
your return or tumultuous
sea,

Nor the freedom France gives to
your feet on her luxuriant
shore.

Many of the poems touch on the kindly superstitions of the Irish countryside, the setting of a chair for a lost loved one on All Souls' Eve, the bay of the sea-bound and the wail of the banshee, the witcheries of "the good folk" (fairies akin to the Cornish pixies), the enchanted tree of Hallow Eve, the piercing with pins of a waxen image of a witch to break her spell, and so on. All this, with here and there a snatch of Ireland's own language lends to the picture an authentic tint of local colour. What matters it if, as regards the Irish phrases,

one can only say (quoting the charming little poem "The Mountain Maid")—

Alas! Alas! the tale she told
In Gaelic low and tender;
A plague upon my Saxon tongue,
I could not comprehend her.

It is not necessary to be able to translate "Cean Duv Deelish" to understand John Masfield's description of it as "one of the most beautiful poems of the last decade."

receive due poetical acknowledgment—the former in a "Ballade of Fight," to "G. K. C.," and the latter in "For Any Good Cause At All," the ballad of Sir Kevin O'Keane, to "C. C." From the preface we learn that Mr. McQuilland is "an Ulsterman of the Catholic Nationalist minority," and that the war has made him "feel that he can give himself away ever so little to the English." So much for the introductory courtesies. Turning to the poems, we are glad to welcome a most efficient recruit to the ranks of song. Fortunately, there is little of politics in his verse, and, had not "C. C." told us, we might never have guessed in him an ardent partisan, for, like an earlier Irish poet, he sings much of woman and love, and the mood in which "fond memory brings the light of other days around me."

But in manner and technique his poetical ancestor is not Tom Moore. Rather one would be inclined to trace his lineage to Swinburne and Stevenson, with Praed among the collaterals. As these analogies indicate, there is a remarkable variety in his work, which it is impossible, within narrow limits, to illustrate by quotation, nor can any single poem be given as typical. Here, however, is a stanza—the last one of the title-piece—which would have pleased the author of "Songs of Travel," whose grave in Samoa, if we mistake not, inspired another of Mr. McQuilland's pieces ("Romance at Rest")—

Ho! for the rest of travel,
The wayfarer's romance,
The joy of the unexpected,
The hope of the noble chance.

We have girded our feet with sandals,
We carry the pilgrim's load;
In the ranks of the Free Companions
We take to the Open Road.

In one or two short, poignant pieces, such as "Flames," "Truce," "The Poisoners," and "The Song of Forgotten Heroes," there are allusions, more or less direct, to the war. For the rest, we can only say that Mr. McQuilland's book will not be among those that wait "dull and disconsolate" (to quote his lines "In a Library") and unread upon the shelves.



FOR ENFIELD MUNITION WORKERS: THE "GREYHOUND TAVERN," ENFIELD LOCK, PROVIDED OFFICIALLY TO SUPPLY WORKERS AT THE ROYAL SMALL ARMS FACTORY: AT THE OPENING CEREMONY. The Minister of Munitions (Mr. Montagu) is at the back, with Lord and Lady d'Abernon to right and left. Near Lord d'Abernon is Mrs. Winston Churchill. (Photograph by C.N.)

"A Song of the Open Road."

Mr. Louis J. McQuilland's little book of poems, "A Song of the Open Road, and Other Verses" (Heath Cranton) enters the world with distinguished sponsors. It has "a poem in verse by 'G. K. C.,' a preface by Cecil Chesterton, and an impression of the author and three decorative drawings by David Wilson." The poem and the preface

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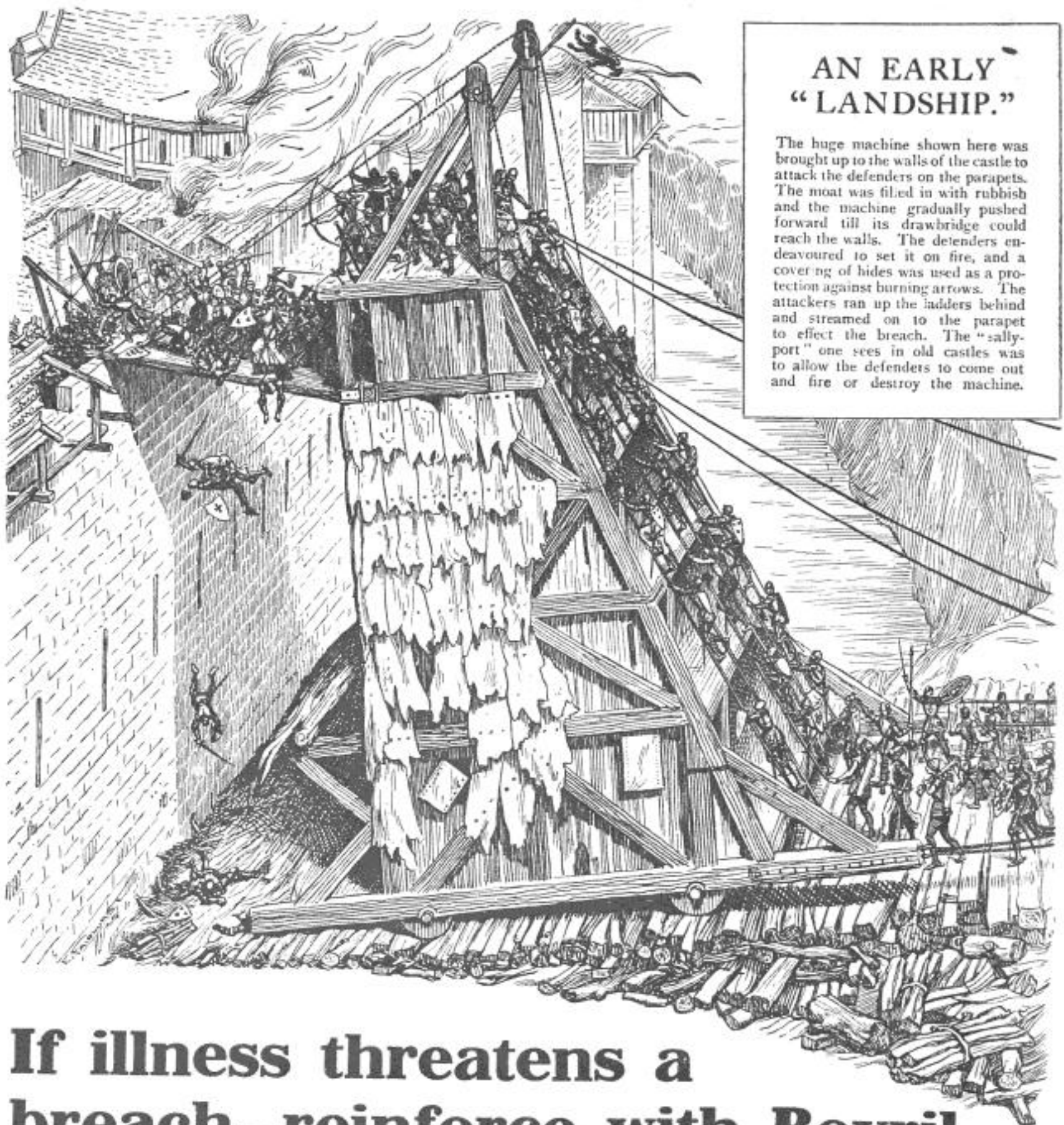
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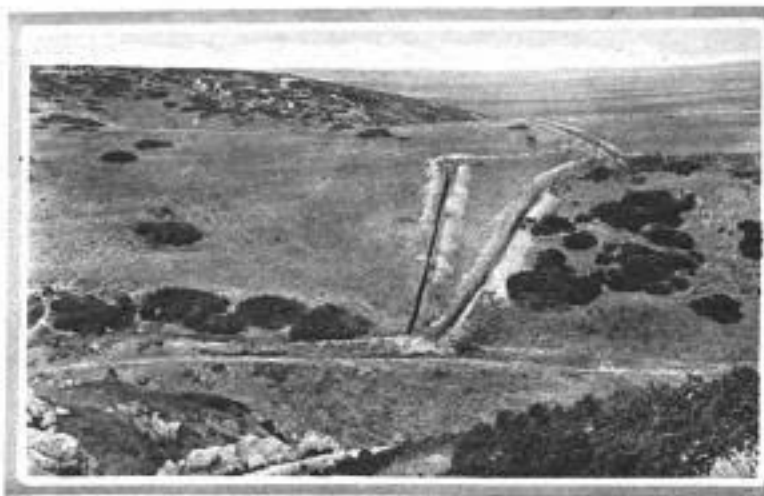


THE FESTIVAL OF DASAHA.

(See Illustrations on Another Page.)

THE great festival of Dasahara, or Dasara, as it is called more commonly, is celebrated very generally by the people of Hindu race throughout India, including Gurkhas. It is also termed the festival of Durga Pujah, which means, literally, the worship of the goddess Durga, *pujah* being the Indian (Hindu) term for worship. The goddess Durga is much better known by the name of Kali, in which guise she is looked upon as an avenging deity, and she is often represented with a body naked, save for a girdle of giants' hands suspended from her waist, whilst round her neck she wears a long necklace of giants' skulls; with four arms, in one of which she holds a weapon, and in another the dripping head of a giant; the two remaining hands are raised to bless her worshippers. Like the Egyptian Hathor, or Sekhet, the "Eye of Ra," she goes forth to slay her enemies, rejoicing in slaughter. In the form of Durga, the goddess is a war goddess, and it is to celebrate her victory over the buffalo-headed demon Mahishasura that the Dasara festival is held. It occurs at the time of the autumnal equinox, when the image of the goddess—one represented as having ten arms, holding a weapon in each hand—is worshipped for nine days during which Mahishasura ravaged the land, and thrown into the water on the tenth day, on which day the demon-king was slain, and which is called the Dasahara, *das* being the Indian word for ten, and hence the festival derives its name. The chief feature of the festival, and one which marks the zenith of the proceedings, is the sacrifice of a buffalo, in commemoration of the one slain by the goddess; and this is performed with regular religious rites, whilst the flesh is distributed. The precise manner in which the festival is celebrated varies in different parts of India, but the main essentials, as outlined above, are generally adhered to in all provinces.

There is what may be termed a special celebration of the festival in Mysore, the city and State of which take their title from the name of the "buffalo-



ON THE BALKAN FRONT—MACEDONIAN SCENERY: THE BARE AND EXPOSED NATURE OF THE COUNTRY OVER WHICH THE ALLIED TROOPS HAVE TO CARRY ON OPERATIONS.



ON THE FRENCH FRONT ON THE SOMME: A HEAVY ARTILLERY SHELL "DUMP" ALONGSIDE ONE OF THE LIGHT RAILWAY LINES CLOSE TO THE BATTLE-AREA.

French Official Photograph.

planted there. This phase of the proceedings is so strangely like the old English custom of "beating the bounds," that one wonders whether by any strange circumstance there can possibly be any connection between the two things?

Amongst the Mahrattas of the Deccan, those renowned warriors from whom sprang the redoubtable Sivaji, conqueror of the Moguls, the festival is seized as an occasion for the celebration of the declaration of the Great War in Bharata, the domain in Northern India of Bharata, that renowned mythical king of ancient India, whose descendants in Kuru-kshetra, "the country of the Kurus," in which they had settled, the Kauravas and the Pandavas, fought bitterly amongst themselves, and thus gave rise to that great epic the Mahabharata, "the Iliad of India." As Sir George Birdwood, the prose-laureate of India, and an infallible guide as to the manners, customs, superstitions, and festivals of Ind, says, in his charming book "Sva":—

"Heralded by the arousing, archaic sounds of shawms and bagpipes and kettle-drums—the last oft mounted on a camel—they forth from their palaces into the jungle in long, leisurely advancing cavalcades, their horses in full caparison of war, but festooned over their trappings with flowers; and themselves crowned and garlanded with flowers; and their spears, of many-coloured fluttering pennons, all hung with flowers. As they move along, gathering from every *pulas* tree they pass its yellow blossoms, on turning, at the gloaming, homeward, they joyfully heap them on every woodland altar or ruddled stone by the wayside, calling them 'gold,' as much as to say: 'It would be gold—if we had it—that we would heap on you, with the like largess of heart.'"

And Sir George concludes: "Wherever these gallant Mahratta princes ride that day, in their ecstatic vision, the good lord Sivaji rides on before." Is it not just possible that the Mahrattas of to-day, brought up in that faith by their parents and grandparents, see in Sivaji an incarnation of Durga, the goddess of deliverance?



After washing the hands care should be taken to dry them thoroughly, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping."

A little
BEETHAM'S
La-rola


gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the Skin Soft and White, and free from all Roughness and Redness. Cultivate the La-rola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your Hands.

La-rola, the natural skin emollient, is sold in bottles at 1/6 by all High-class Chemists and Stores.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHILTHAM, ENGLAND.

JUDGE STEWART'S WHISKY FOR YOURSELF

NO one can describe to you the pleasure of Stewart's Whisky; your own palate alone can tell you the delight of its mellow smoothness, its ripe maturity, the crisp perfection of its flavour.

All we can do is to give you substantial reasons why it is worth your while to test it for yourself. No single distillery can produce the perfect Whisky. To do that the best products of the best years of the best distilleries must be blended, in perfect proportion, with finished skill and experience. Stewarts have been blenders for over a hundred and thirty years. What do you think, now, the trial bottle to-day?

"Gold Medal," "Finest" & "Nonpareil" Brands
J. & G. STEWART, LIMITED,
EDINBURGH, LONDON & MANCHESTER

Burning the Candle at both Ends



Tens of thousands of men and women workers are to-day using up their mental and physical energies at double rate—literally "burning the candle at both ends."

The destructive results must be obvious—mental and physical—unless counteracted.

The best proved remedy which modern Science has produced is

Vitafer
The All-British Tonic Food

It concentrates just what is required for a bright brain, vigorous body and clear mental outlook.

It is recommended by Physicians the world over as an improvement on the German Sanatogen, being not only better as a Food but lower in price.

Sold by all Chemists in sealed tin, price 1/6 & 2/6. Larger sizes 4/6 & 7/6. No substitute is as good.

A test sample can be obtained by sending this paper and sealing tin, in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers: **SOUTHALL BROTHERS & SIBCLAY, Ltd.,** BIRMINGHAM.

The Wonderful New Shampoo

HENNA-GLINTA SHAMPOO POWDERS

These Shampoo Powders do not Dye or Colour the hair, but they have magical effect in bringing out the natural high-lights of the hair so much admired by artists.

**HENNA-GLINTA SHAMPOO POWDERS
CONTAIN THE GENUINE HENNA
LEAVES SHIPPED DIRECT FROM
PERSIA,**

where the use of Henna for the hair is universal, and as a consequence the Persian women have long been noted for the wonderful luxuriance, life, lustre, and natural beauty of their hair.

**HENNA - GLINTA SHAMPOO
POWDERS**

do not excessively dry the hair, and consequently the hair is not difficult to dress afterwards.

PRICE 1/6 PER BOX,
containing 7 powders.

*Obtainable from most high-class Chemists & Perfumers,
or post free on receipt of remittance.*



GD

Dubarry et Cie
Parfumeurs
81 BROMPTON ROAD · LONDON · S.W.

Christmas in the Shops.

PERFUMES are, literally, always in good odour as presents, and the vogue is veering round for scents like Lily of the Valley, Sweet-Pea Blossom, Night-Scented Stock, and other delicate odours of the English garden, such as are made to perfection by Zenobia, Ltd., of Woodgate, Loughborough, Leicestershire, and are supplied in many forms. The Zenobia perfumes can be got from 1s. 9d. a bottle in about thirty varieties, put up in cut-glass bottles, and also as handkerchief and glove sachets; and are used for soaps, brillantines, tooth-powder, and other dainty toilet preparations. "Zenobia" perfumes can be bought at all chemists, stores, etc., or for 3d. in stamps a bijou sample—of perfume, soap, and sachet—will be sent to anyone writing to the company.



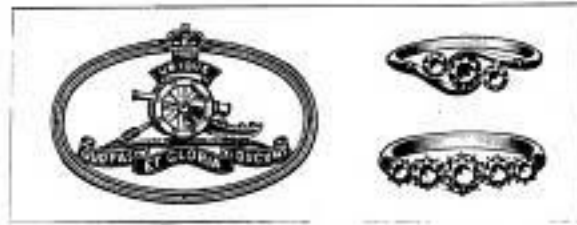
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES AND TOILET PREPARATIONS.
Zenobia, Ltd.

The approach of Christmas suggests much going about on foot. There is safety in numbers, and Messrs. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis have shops everywhere, and are the largest boot-retailers in the world—convincing evidence of the satisfaction given by their distinctive "Burlington" foot-wear for ladies and gentlemen, and that it cannot be said of wearers of their boots that "Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt." There is no faithless leather in Messrs. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis's boots, which can be bought in a great variety of styles for 18s. or 21s. a pair. A catalogue should be sent for to Messrs. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, Rutland Street, Leicester.

Among these productions which are useful and welcome, not only at Christmas, but all the year round, is that well-known preparation, "Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia," which, as all good housewives know, though sold by all chemists and grocers at only 1s. a bottle, is practically "worth its weight in gold"—it is so very useful in a variety of ways. It is wonderfully effective in giving a refreshing quality to the toilet water or the bath, and it is equally useful for cleaning silver, washing one's own faces at home, removing stains and grease-spots, softening hard water, and as a shampoo—a veritable *multum in parvo* of household requisites.

It is notable this Christmas that the thoughts of purchasers so frequently turn to jewellery, watches, and beautiful things, as though in these troubled days there

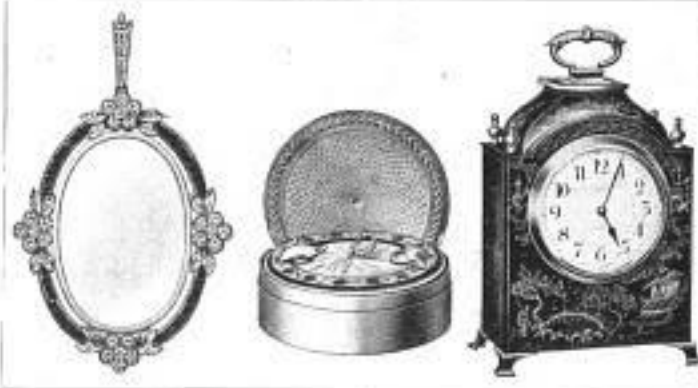
must be no doubt of the goodwill expressed by the gifts. At the establishments, for instance, of Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., there is a great demand for diamond and other gem rings, and in their catalogue these can be seen in colours from a guinea or two up to a hundred. This catalogue, and that of their gold watch-bracelets, should be sent for at once. Their "Active Service" wristlet-



A RESIDENTIAL "BADGE" BROOCH, AND RINGS OF FINE DIAMONDS.
J. W. Benson, Ltd.

watch, with luminous figures and hands, can be had from £3 3s. in silver, or £6 10s. in gold, or even less. Military or naval "badge" brooches have a great vogue, the one illustrated costing only £3 3s., and the diamond half-hoop rings range from £10 10s. The show of jewellery at 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 25, Old Bond Street, W.; or 28, Royal Exchange, is a feast for the eyes.

He was a wise man who said friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all



ATTRACTIVE GIFTS AND NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

mankind are agreed, and it was a wiser still who advised, "Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love." These words

of wisdom can be translated into action by a visit to the show-rooms of the famous Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, at 112, Regent Street, W., from whose beautiful assemblage it will be easy enough to choose "tokens" for anyone to whom you stand as friend. The only difficulty is danger of an *embarras de richesses*; but their "Gifts and Novelties" catalogue should be written for, and selections made at leisure. Naval and military badge-brooches, wristlet watches, rings, pendants, earrings of pearls, necklaces and rings, clocks, powder and vanity boxes, manicure sets, motor cases, and scores of other delightful gifts, are offered for everyone, whether the price is reckoned in shillings or guineas. We illustrate three items—a dainty eight-inch-high eight-day clock in black or red lacquer, costing only £4 10s.; a diamond and black onyx pendant for a miniature, costing £21; and a compact and pretty silver vanity-box, of 2 1/8 inch diameter, with inside mirror, costing £1 10s. But our readers should call at 112, Regent Street, or, if that be impossible, a copy of "Gifts and Novelties" should be obtained.



"A GREAT BRITISH SUCCESS!"
Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd.

"Great British Success" is a phrase of happiest omen in these days, and it is aptly applied to the playing cards entitled "Great British Success" published for the famous house of J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., of Bristol.

The cards are admirably got up and printed in colours, and are likely to prove as popular as the well-known "Hello, Daddy" cards, of which one firm alone has ordered from Messrs. Fry more than 130,000 packs. Messrs. Fry's artistic and inexpensive playing-cards, which include a pack called "Always Merry and Bright," and only cost 7s. 6d. a dozen packs wholesale, or 9d. retail, or 1s. 6d. free, have proved very popular, and carried the name of the Bristol manufacturers into millions of houses.

It has been said that cigarettes are practically the only "comforts" which the soldier at the front can enjoy almost as if he were at home, and hosts of cigarettes are being sent as Christmas presents by friends of officers and men alike. To suit all tastes, the "De Reszke" brands, Turkish and American, are sure to be appreciated. They are all of the best quality, but not expensive; and a price-list, or the cigarettes themselves, can be obtained of J. Millard and Co., Ltd., 86, Piccadilly, W., or all tobacconists.

There are not many houses that can boast that their origin dates back to the days of Charles II., but that is the case with Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known

Polished Surfaces Become as Mirrors

when polished with Johnson's Prepared Wax. In one operation, it cleans, polishes and finishes. It is very easy to apply and the result is permanent.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike coating of great beauty and durability. It never becomes sticky nor tacky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body; consequently it does not gather dust nor show finger-prints.

"The Dust-Proof Polish"

Every family has dozens of uses for it. Keep a tin always on hand for polishing your:

Floors Piano
Linoleum Furniture
Woodwork Leather Goods

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

contains no grit nor acid and so cannot injure or scratch the finest finish—simply cleans and prepares it for a polish with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Removes spots and stains that other cleaners will not touch.

Obtain Johnson's Prepared Wax and Johnson's Cleaner from your nearest shop. If you have any difficulty it will be well worth your while to send the coupon below for generous sample tin.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
244 High Holborn, London, W. C.
I should like to try Johnson's Prepared Wax and Cleaner. Enclosed you will find 8d for generous sample tin of each.

Name.....
Address.....
My Dealer is.....



Reliability and economy, with the special advantages of the B.S.A. Countershaft Three Speed Gear, are responsible for the great popularity of B.S.A. Motor Bicycles

Latest Catalogue free from The Birmingham Small Arms Company Limited, Small Heath, Birmingham



For XMAS 1916

A
DAINTY
and
USEFUL
GIFTThe
USES
of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so universally useful as Luce's Eau de Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief or for spraying on the face and hands and clothing it is unequalled, whilst as an adjunct to the bath and wash-basin it is indispensable. As a mouth-wash after using tooth powder or paste it is delightfully sweetening and purifying, whilst ladies, after shampooing the hair, should rinse it with a jug of warm water to which a little

LUCE'S
ORIGINAL Jersey
Eau-de Cologne

has been added. They will be surprised at its refreshing and comforting effect. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rugs will prevent rooms getting stuffy in cold and stormy weather, when windows are closed and winter fires are burning.

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous gold medals and highest awards. Established Jersey 1837.

Prices, 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-
Wickers, 3/9, 7/-, 13/6

Of Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Harrods, Heppells, Selfridges, Whiteley's, &c., or from Luce's, High Street, Southampton.

THE
"TANK"
Commander.

We caused "some" stir amongst our boys when we first galumphed up behind our lines, but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters. They thought anything we produced was a "wash-out," but we caught them napping for once. Our old "Caterpillar," as my Tank is nicknamed, acts as a tonic upon our boys, and with a good cig.—say an "Army Club," for choice—we can go anywhere, do anything, and over anything.

CAVANDER'S
"Army Club"
CIGARETTES

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces, for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow.

The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.



For a mellow, non-bite mixture.
Try Cavander's
"Army Mixture."
71d. per oz. 2/6 1 lb. tin.

To the little
wayfarer—

a grateful
oasis of light in the lonely,
trackless desert of the
night.

Price's
Night Lights

93 AWARDS

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'.
For Small Light.

To burn in a saucer containing
water.

PALMITINE STAR.
For Medium Light.

To burn in a glass holder
without water.



CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.
For Large Light and Heat.

The only Lights suitable for use in
CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP
AND FOOD WARMER.



SOLD
EVERYWHERE.

Use Antexema and
end Skin Illness

The one certain method of ending skin illness is to use Antexema. Skin sufferers, troubled for years by skin complaints, which medical treatment and so-called remedies have failed to cure, at last come to imagine relief is impossible, and that there is no escape from their misery, disfigurement and humiliation for the rest of their lives. Is this what you think? If so, listen to the hundreds of thousands of cured sufferers who all unite in saying that Antexema conquered their skin troubles.

Get Antexema To-day

Deal with skin illness instantly before your trouble becomes worse. Every day's delay in the treatment of eczema, bad legs, bad hands, a rash or skin ailment means a day's additional discomfort. Start your cure immediately. It is so easy, for in every part of the world you can obtain Antexema, and in most cases a small bottle is sufficient for a complete cure.

Antexema gives instantaneous relief and quickly cures every skin illness.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

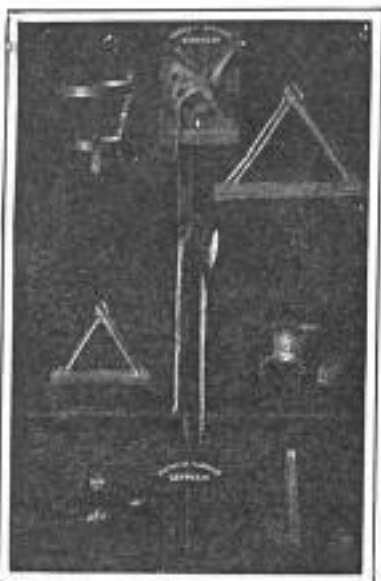


A message to Mothers

Get the Claxton Ear-Cap and let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will soon be corrected. Easy and comfortable in wear. Keeps hair from tangling during sleep, and promotes breathing through the nose. The Claxton Ear-Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Made in rose-pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to I. L. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W., and enclose remittance of 4/-. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, John Barnes & Co., Ltd., Garrold's, Woolland Bros., and other Ladies' Outfitters.

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

wine merchants of 155, Regent Street, who next year celebrate the 250th anniversary of the foundation of their business. The famous old firm, up to date in these troublous times, remind our readers of the Christmas season by announcing that they are prepared to forward whisky or port, duty free, to France or to the Near East, per the Military Forwarding Officer.



TURNING THE TABLES: DOMESTIC "COMFORTS" MADE FROM THE DEBRIS OF A WRECKED ZEPPELIN.

The military authorities gave the London and North-Western Railway Company a load of Zeppelin debris, and the aluminium girders and other parts have been transformed into such homely articles as pipe-racks, fern-pot holders, toasting-forks, etc., which are being sold to aid the fund to establish homes for such L. and N.W. Railway men as may be disabled in the war. Prices can be obtained from the General Manager's Office, Publicity Department, 7, Euston Square, N.W.

an excessive price for them. The well-known firm of Benson and Co., of Worthing—late of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, offer, during December, the remainder of some fine old shipments at greatly reduced prices. For more than forty years the cigars imported by this firm have been widely appreciated for their excellence, and a price list should be sent for

A perfume that first charmed the world of women in 1837, and has been literally in good odour ever

since, must have sterling merit, and that is the case with Luce's Isle of Jersey Eau-de-Cologne, which dissipates the notion that Eau-de-Cologne must needs come from Germany. Luce's Eau-de-Cologne is a purely British product, and the manufacturers will never lack purchasers for their delightful perfume. Chemists and stores everywhere keep it, and only a few years ago the firm presented a large quantity of the scent to be sold for the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. Since the war broke out, 5000 bottles of Luce's Isle of Jersey Eau-de-Cologne have been presented to the Red Cross Society, and the directors are generously arranging to duplicate their gift. Ladies who know the perfume pronounce it ideal, and welcome it as a Christmas gift.

MR. CLODD'S MEMORIES.

EDWARD CLODD was born at Margate, and—perhaps by way of contrast—his maternal grandfather was a Greenland whaler. He tells us he came in general from farmer and sailor folk; but he is at pains to explain: "To trace man's divergence, and that of the ape, from a common stem, through an ageless past, is to me a more fascinating subject than search after pedigrees." Nobody is quite consistent, and Mr. Clodd (himself born in 1840) here contents himself, and often his readers, by records of mere contemporaries, men and women who, in his own partial survey of the ages, are less than animalcule. The creeds that make every man momentous by making him immortal



A CLEVER WAR PICTURE: "RETURNING TO THE FRONT."

A picture which attracted much attention at this year's Academy was "Returning to the Front," by Richard Jack, A.R.A. The right to reproduce it was, acquired by Oxo, Ltd., and they are now offering admirable photographs in exchange for Oxo coupons. The picture, which depicts men returning to the front from Victoria Station, is full of actuality and makes wide appeal. Oxo, Ltd., are also offering two other photographs, "A Country Lane," by Yeend King, and "The Old Market, Bruges, Before the War," by Flora M. Reid.

afford no cover to Mr. Clodd. Nevertheless, to Strathford House, Aldersburgh, came many mortals, if not immortals, in whom we take an interest more than transitory—Meredith among them—and its hospitable owner had correspondence with FitzGerald and Herbert Spencer and Huxley, with Samuel Butler and Cotter Morison, with Alfred Lyall and Andrew Lang and Grant Allen, and, gentlest of them all, George Gissing. Sometimes a stray sheep seems to penetrate the fold, and we tremble for the wolves!

There is a clergyman, for instance; but we are soon reassured: "I

have given up all the creeds." Sir Henry Thompson is a neighbour, and Mr. Clodd is kind; so Sir Henry passes muster, though he says, "I regard the beneficence of the Infinite and Eternal energy to be proved beyond dispute." One faith, however, failed not among visitors to Strathford House: "I believe in Clodd." And that is a credulity with which, in certain relations, the reader of the "Memories" (Chapman and Hall) will quite happily associate himself. Incidentally we encounter with relief many a racy human record, from York Powell's allusion to the British Academy as "this damned flunkey thing—it's a job of Jebb's, I hear," to Holman Hunt's artless stories about himself. Hunt could tell a story of himself even if it told against himself—such as that of the man who said of his realism in art, "If Hunt had to paint a slab of Everton toffee, he would go to Everton to paint it." George Meredith is perforce the lion of this cage; but a lion whose growls are drowned by his purrs and roars in larger air. Mr. Clodd hints at him as a Proteus whose mind knew transformations as variable as his moods.



PRESIDENT OF A STALL FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE: MRS. J. E. JEWELL.

One of the prettiest of the many pretty stalls at the Christmas Fair at the Albert Hall, held for Our Dumb Friends' League, was the French stall, presided over by Mrs. J. E. Jewell. It was decorated in a novel scheme in which Queen Alexandra roses played a large part. Mrs. J. E. Jewell and her four charming French assistants were very successful, and the result of the first day's takings was over £50 for the coffers of the League.



JELKS' "BEATTY" 57/6 CHAIR

CANNOT BE EXCELLED FOR ELEGANCE & COMFORT THOUSANDS SOLD.

CALL AND INSPECT ONE, AND ALSO THE GREAT STOCK OF JELKS' HIGH-GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

ESTD. OVER 50 YEARS.

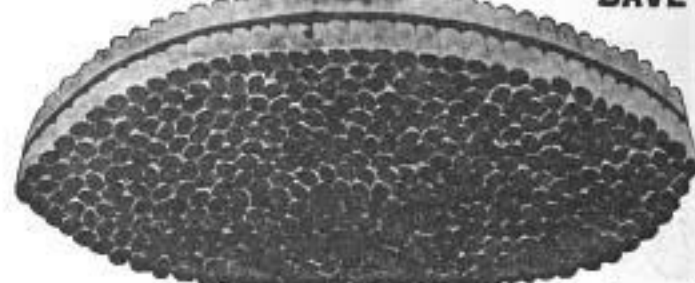
GOOD AS NEW—YET HALF COST. DOUBLE THE WEAR OF CHEAP NEW GOODS. FOR CASH OR UPON EASY TERMS. £50,000 Stock and 250,000 sq. feet floor space.

Large or small quantities of Genuine Second-hand Furniture purchased for cash, and on receipt of postcard a buyer would quote. Every Saturday afternoon special exhibitions take place, and visitors may spend a pleasant and instructive hour by walking through the showrooms and taking tea (which is provided free) in the oak room.

If you cannot make a call, write for Bargain List.

W. JELKS AND SONS HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N. DEPOSITORIES: 2 to 10, Eden Grove (adjoining) Phones: North 2198 & 2199 Telegrams: "Jelken, London." B. D. & Co.

ECONOMISE BUY DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS. SAVE 2/- per 100



We guarantee our cigarettes hand made of selected tobacco, blended by experts. The Value is Unquestionable. Owing to the exquisite fragrance and mildness they are ideal for ladies. Order to-day. Payment willingly refunded if you are not absolutely satisfied.

	3lb box	1lb.	Post free.
No. 1 EGYPTIAN.	8/-	15/7	320 per lb.
No. 1 DUBEC	8/-	15/7	320 "
No. 1 TURKISH	10/3	19/4	320 "
No. 2 VIRGINIA	6/9	13/-	360 "
SILK CUT	7/4	14/6	360 "

C. A. FOULTER, Esq., LANGFORD, writes us on April 2, 1914—"The Egyptian Cigarettes you sent me some weeks ago are excellent. I have been a regular smoker of Egyptian for quite forty years. I have never come across anything so good as yours except at about double the price. I enclose cheque 13s. 4d. for another 1lb.

H. C. SIMPSON, Esq., TISBURY, writes us—"Having lived in Egypt for the last eleven years I fancy myself I know something about cigarettes, and I have never found anything in this country so equal yours at the price."

J. G. TIMMINS and CO., Doncaster. Established 1827

ZENOBIAS TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

If you would really delight your friend, choose a dainty Zenobia Greeting Sachet to convey your Xmas message. There is a rare charm in the delicate fragrance of the perfumed sachet, and real artistic beauty in the choice greeting card which contains it (over 100 designs).

Three Specimen Perfumes are: Zenobia Night Scented Stock. Zenobia Lily-of-the-Valley. Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom.

A year's perfume in each.

Sachets (from 3d. each), and Zenobia Perfumes of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

ZENOBIAS, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Economise Meat this way

An excellent meat-saving lunch can be provided by the use of vegetables and a 2d. packet of Gong Soups. The method is to prepare an ordinary vegetable stew, and mix in a packet of Gong Mock Turtle, Pea or Mulligatawny Soup and simmer for 15 minutes. This appetising dish may be varied by the use of different Gong Soups as desired.



GONG SOUPS
Made by OXO Ltd., London.

FUR-LINED COATS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

Perfect in shape and design, thoroughly well tailored, in good quality warm Wool Velours and Tweeds, and trimmed with selected Seal Coney.

FUR-LINED COAT, in good quality soft-finished tweed, cut on plain, tailor-made lines and finished with large collar of selected Seal Coney. In four shades only.

SPECIAL PRICE
98/6

EXHIBITION SALE OF ANTIQUE EMBROIDERIES.

A particularly interesting collection of Samplers, worked between the years 1650 and 1830, including many fine lace examples, is now offered for sale. Lovers of old Needlework, Lace, and Embroidery are invited to visit the Antique Gallery, where many particularly interesting Samplers, Needlework Pictures and Panels are now on view.

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From an actual Micro-photograph of the Bacillus Influenzae—magnified 500 diameters—taken at the Ransom Laboratories.



From an actual Micro-photograph of the Diplococcus Pneumoniae—magnified 500 diameters—taken at the Ransom Laboratories.

This is a picture of your enemy — the Influenza Bacillus.

Bacteriologists to-day have enabled us to see and recognise many of the tiny organisms that make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat.

To recognise our common enemy—to classify him—ascertain his habits and mode of attack—has been the aim of modern scientists; and in establishing precautions against these deadly micro-organisms, leading scientists recommend the use of Evans' Pastilles.

How the Pneumonia Bacillus looks under the microscope.

A deadly organisation which may make its attack upon you sooner than you expect. Bacteriologists have determined its habits, classification and mode of attack—with a view to combating it, and scientists are unanimous in recommending as a first precaution the use of

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Q 4 A

NEW NOVELS.

"Dartmoor Days with the Forest Hunt."

Neither Mr. John Murray, the publisher, nor Major Knight-Bruce, the author, speaks in a preface of "Dartmoor Days with the Forest Hunt" having been written by a prisoner of war in a German fortress; and anyone who skips the note acknowledging the friendly co-operation of Lieut. Picard, of the 2nd Belgian Lancers, may fail to discover the fact. It is well to draw attention to it, for it heightens the interest of the book—this brave book of Devon moors and a Devon pack, with not a page overshadowed by the nightmare of the war. It is a cheerful and vigorous narrative, discursive rather than dramatic, full of touches of colour and pulsing with love of the county that, above all others, compels a deep devotion from its sons and daughters. The gentle Master in his shabby house, where, so long as the pack is maintained, any sacrifice can be willingly made, is sympathetically and truly drawn. He is the very type of the fine-bred Englishman, with generations of liberty-loving and sport-loving ancestors behind him. He is a lion in the field, but lamb-like in the local drawing-rooms; and for him Major Knight-Bruce provides a maiden after his own simple heart. The silhouette illustrations, head-pieces to the chapters, by Lieut. Picard, are charming, and in every way in keeping with the clean-cut atmosphere of a delightful book.



ON THEIR WAY TO TAKE UP THEIR POSITION: AUSTRALIANS GOING TO THE TRENCHES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
Official Photograph.

"Watermeads." If there had not been a Mr. Archibald Marshall in the present book season, it would have been necessary to invent one. His novels—"Upsidonia" apart—provide the grateful calm of the English countryside, tinted with the liveliness of the country (and county) English. They are full of nice young men and girls, of the comfortable ways of the squirearchy, and of a genial observation of human nature. In "Watermeads" (Stanley Paul) the affairs of the Conway family are unravelled, and the love-stories of the Conway eldest son and his two charming sisters followed up hill and down dale to their fitting end. Mr. Marshall excels in hitting off

the easy-going, well-bred man; and the master of Watermeads, who has an excellent foil in Mr. Blumenthal, shows up to advantage in the new novel. There are other people, not so nice, to whose portraits also attention has been given with capital results—the Blumenthal aforesaid, for one; and Mrs. Conway, who is a priceless edition of a self-centred bore; and Penelope, surely one of the most finished examples of a horrid little girl to be found in fiction or (we hope) out of it. Freda Blumenthal, who is a rich suburban climber, is more obvious than these, and so a

shade less engrossing; but she, too, is neatly built into the fabric of this engaging book. Decidedly, "Watermeads" is one of the best novels of the year.

"William, by the Grace of God." Miss Marjorie Bowen does not evidently mean to give to the life of William the Silent the exhaustive exploration she allotted to William III. "William, by the Grace of God" (Methuen) is a novel covering the greater part of the Prince's career, introducing him after he had parted from his first wife, and carrying the tragic story down to the pistol-shots of Balthazar Gerard. It is put in with a broad brush—or,

at least, the intention has been to that effect. As a matter of fact, Miss Bowen cannot away with her fine strokes, and William, if not his story, is painted in detail. A few chapters, given over to the Court of Philip in the Escorial, are filled, too, with the small things of Philip's surroundings and character, and, though both he and his antagonists demand a bigger canvas, it must be conceded that the picture of the over-scented cabinet, the focus of bigotry and intrigue, is neatly done. "William, by the Grace of God" is less a novel than a coloured illustration of Mosley, and it sends its readers back to the "Dutch Republic," there to renew their knowledge of a masterpiece, it will have done them a good turn, apart altogether from the pleasure they may have experienced in reading another historical novel by Miss Marjorie Bowen.

"BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND." AT THE PRINCES.

CHRISTMAS is already upon us in the playhouse, or, at all events, at one playhouse, the Prince's, where "Bluebell in Fairyland" has been revived. The revival reminds us of happier days, when the new century had yet to begin, and war seemed the remotest of contingencies. In front of such a show, it is possible to forget momentarily the "iron" age through which we are living, for time seems to have stood still alike with the play itself and its two chief performers. So daintily child-like and appealing is Miss Ellaline Terriss as the heroine who sells flowers and is shown fairy visions, and so freshly does she render the old favourite song, "Only a Penny"; so lively and bustling is Mr. Seymour Hicks by contrast in all the sweep-boy's scenes and ditties, and so happy is he with a troop of children who dance and frolic as joyfully as those in the original cast, that we might be back again in '99, for all the difference we can detect. As we watch such a performance, we begin to wonder why "Bluebell" has stayed away from us so long. For it has a charming little story, full of fantasy and fun. Well cast, well produced, it should hold its own with any of the entertainments for children we are to have during what will be our third war Christmas.

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Medical
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Académie des Sciences
Paris, June 25, 1904
Académie de Médecine
Paris, Dec. 21, 1904

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GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Cars after the War.

A fortnight ago I mentioned that the Austin Company had announced in brief its post-war programme. Since then I have been informed by two other British firms that they are by no means losing sight of the future, and have their plans well in hand. They do not tell me, however, exactly what it is they intend to do, so I am afraid there is nothing to be said further than that it is satisfactory to know that the British manufacturer is alive to the requirements of the post-war situation. Apropos this matter of cars after the war, I read a most amusing dissertation in one of the dailies recently, in which the writer set out to explain what the post-war car will be like. It was not intended to be humorous—on the contrary, it was meant in all seriousness—but it was amusing, for all that. In it we were told that, after the war, the weight of a car for a given load will only be about half of that now prevailing! That is the veriest nonsense. Certainly, improvements in the metallurgy of steel, and a better knowledge of the aluminium alloys consequent upon the research in connection with the manufacture of war material, will affect the motor-car. One of the effects produced may quite conceivably be in the reduction of weight, but we cannot expect any such drastic reductions as that forecasted. There are considerations altogether apart from actual practicability to be taken into account. Even supposing that it be practically possible, by the use of some new light alloy, to reduce weight by the substantial proportion of fifty per cent., it does not at all follow that it would be commercially possible, which is one of the things that matter. In point of fact, the thing is neither practically nor commercially possible at the present moment, so we may dismiss anything in the way of tremendous weight-reduction as being out of the question. The post-war car may be a somewhat lighter vehicle than the car of 1914, but not very much. Then the same writer lays it down that cars after the war will be a blend of lightness and commodiousness. Progress in this direction will lead us to realise "the quality we associate with the Damascus blade." I suppose that means we shall arrive at the era of the elastic car—the car that one day we can contract to the dimensions of a cycle-car, and on the next expand it into a landaulette. If it does not mean that, then I don't know what it does mean.

The Real Line of Progress.

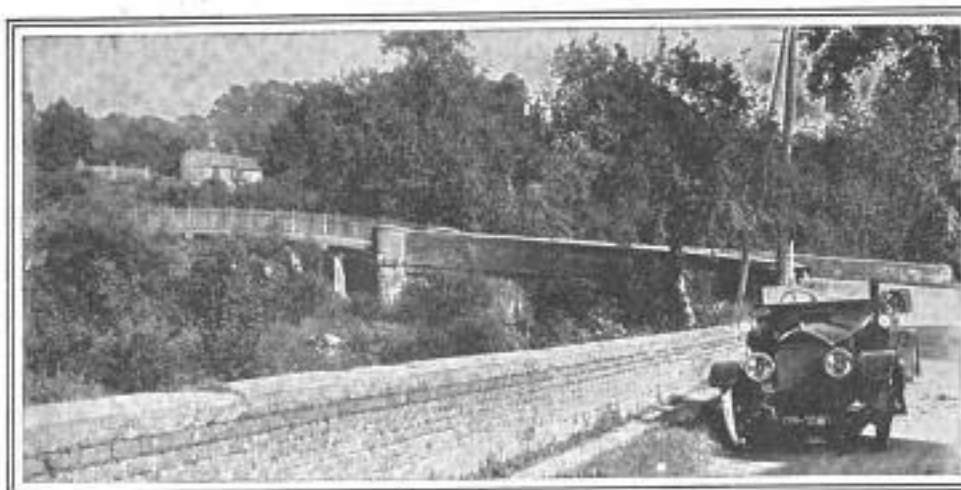
When at last we are able to turn our minds to peaceful motoring we shall find that the car of the day is not very dissimilar to that of 1914. In fact, it will be nearly enough

taking place in America—and to which I have directed attention on a previous occasion—to be able to forecast the future design of the British car. We shall not get the light, elastic vehicle of the dreamer, but we shall get one that is much improved in its general characteristics. In the first place, it will be found that electric equipment has made great advances, and the self-starter and electric-lighting installation will be a part of the standard fittings of the car. Secondly, there will be manifested a strong disposition to abandon the magneto in favour of battery ignition. At first sight this may seem rather in the nature of a retrograde move, but on examination I think it will be found to be anything but that. Conditions have completely altered since the days when we had to depend upon the storage-battery for ignition. Now we have our means of charging the batteries on the car. Then we had to depend on station charging. The battery of to-day is a vast improvement on its predecessor, and is thoroughly dependable. We depend upon electric current generated on the car for our lighting and starting, and the electric machine employed has shown itself to be absolutely reliable. Therefore, it is a useless addition to weight and manufacturing expense to carry yet another machine to generate current for ignition. The magneto will survive for some time, if only for the reason that we are too conservative to burn our boats, but the tendency will be as I have said.



A DAINTY CAR ON AN OXFORDSHIRE RUN: A STANDARD 95-H.P. IN A PRETTY ENVIRONMENT.

Our photograph shows an excellent Standard car near Shillingford Bridge, in Oxfordshire, and was taken during a recent run from Coventry to Farnborough.



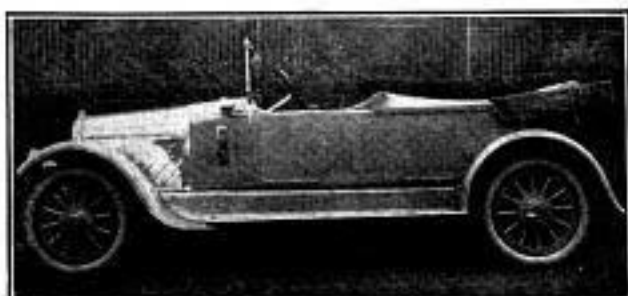
AN ADMIRABLE CAR ON A PLEASANT TRIP: A 1620-H.P. "WOLSELEY" TOURING.

This shapely car has all the well-known points of the "Wolseley" and is well turned-out in every respect. The photograph was taken just after crossing Stanford Bridge, near Shelsley Walsh, in Worcestershire.

the same car in its essentials, but it will have been improved very greatly in detail. We have only to regard what it

merely foolish to attempt to idealise when we really have no premises to go upon.

W. W.



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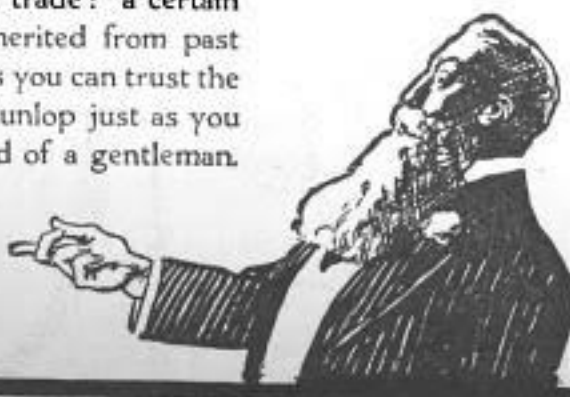
will be still more in evidence in the post-war 20 h.p. Car. All on, ready for the road, as Touring Car, or Landaulette, at a substantial reduction from pre-war prices.

Your new car SHOULD BE an Austin. Have your name added to the Waiting List, for earliest possible delivery after the war.

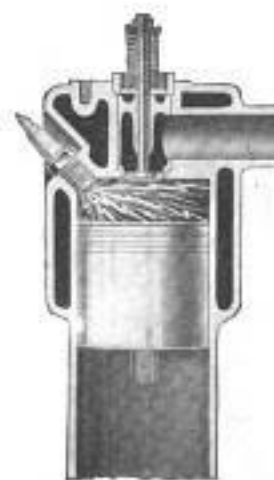
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Believe me, there is something in pedigree, even in trade: a certain noblesse oblige inherited from past traditions. Thus you can trust the behaviour of a Dunlop just as you can take the word of a gentleman.



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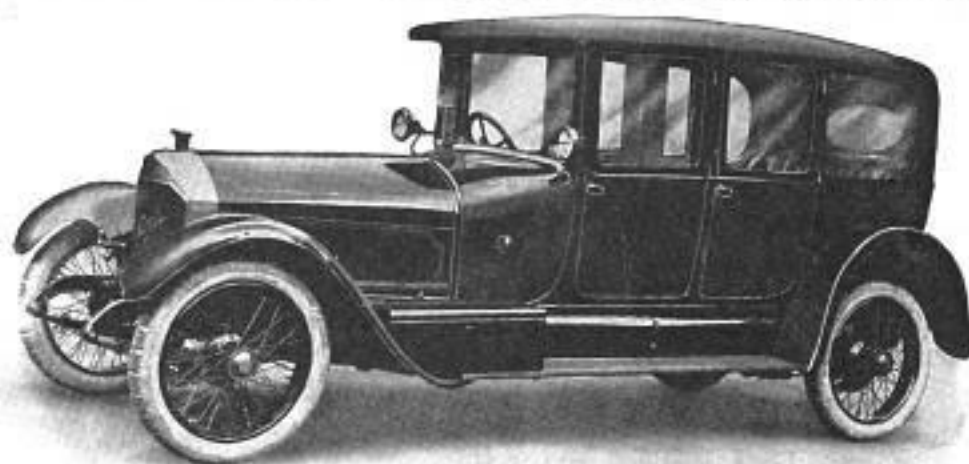
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Good to the last drop.

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is tempting in itself, and it makes the food more tempting, too.

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CHESS.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL (R.E.F., France).—It is a pleasure for us to know that anything we do can interest you in your arduous duties. We cannot, however, reconcile your solution with No. 3743. None of the moves you give are practicable with that problem.

A H LABORE.—We trust to find your problem acceptable as usual.

THE SKERFHAMIDES (Bayswater).—Thanks for problem.

N R DHARMAN (Padliham).—We are much obliged, and will report on the problem in a future issue.

S F ADAMS (San Francisco).—Your interesting letter covers so much, we can but briefly reply to the points raised. Mr. A. J. Fink is known to us as a fine composer, and we shall always be glad to hear from him. As regards two-move solutions, you are right. Dummy Pawns have no official sanction.

F W ATCHINSON (Nottingham).—We cannot recall any better books than those you have; but if you write to The Chess Amateur Office, at Stroud, Glos., or to the British Chess Magazine, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, they can supply you with a list of works on the subject.

NEIL (Stapleford).—Taking your query No. 2 first, it is part of the problem that the Black Bishop or Knight should take the Rook, because, in either case, Q to K R sq mates. Your own composition has nothing whatever of the problem about it. In regard to No. 1, each Queen must stand on a square of her own colour.

A MIRZA (Dacca).—Your problems are daily to hand. They shall be examined, and reported upon in due course.

A B, and OTHERS.—There is no solution of Mr. Sparkes' problem by way of 1. K to B sq.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3746 received from J S Forbes (Brighton), H Garrett Baldwin (Farnham), J Brint, J Fowler, and J L Stevens (Hoxton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3744.—By A. M. SPARKES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 5th any move,
2. Q, Kt, or R mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3747.—By M. L. PENCE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3739 from S F Adams (California) and F Ribeiro (Yokohama); of No. 3740 from Ethel Corbett (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.), of No. 3741 from A J Fink (California), C A M (Penzance), P J Mistr (Bombay); of No. 3742 from P J Mistr, C H Bailey, J V (Bosbury), and J C Gardner (Toronto); of No. 3744 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), of No. 3745 from Fidelitas, N R Dharmavir (Padliham), Jacob Verral (Rodeuil), E Bygott (Liverpool), E Cameron (Warley), J Brint, and P Brown.

We have received a copy of the Annual Report of the Devon County Chess Association. Like all similar bodies, the Association has suffered in numbers as the result of the War, and, in addition, by the deaths of some warm supporters, amongst whom may be specially noted Mrs. Winter Wood, the mother of a famous family of chess experts, such as Mrs. W. J. Ford, Mr. Carlisle Winter Wood, and Mr. E. J. Winter Wood, the President of the Association.

The Rice Memorial Tournament took the place of a larger and more ambitious scheme, which was unhappily thwarted by the death of Professor Rice, its generous and enthusiastic promoter. It was necessarily limited in its scope by the European War, and when the friends of the deceased Professor determined to carry out the arrangement as far as practicable, the entries were confined to residents of the United States, with the exception of Janowski, who went over expressly to play. The refusal of Marshall, however, to compete without a retaining fee, left Capablanca in a class by himself, and deprived the contest of all claims to be a journey of the first rank. The official record is now embodied in "The Rice Memorial Chess Tournament" (Kegan, Trench, Trubner, London; British Chess Magazine, 15, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, Price 2s.). The editing is well done by Mr. P. W. Sergeant; the notes are carefully selected where he is not the commentator; and although the games are not great, there is much good and interesting play to attract the student. We have already published the game by which Janowski won the brilliancy prize.

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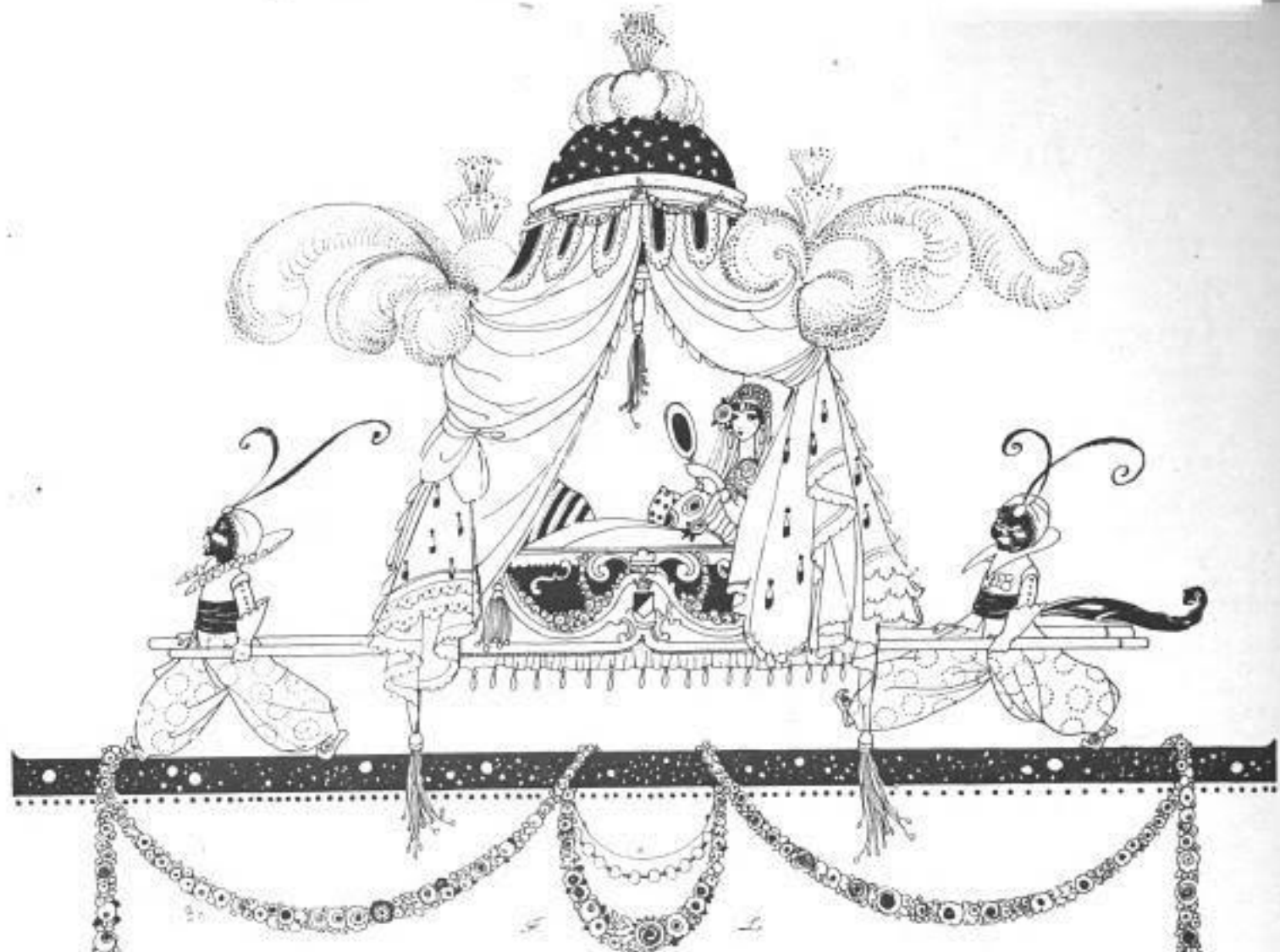
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Daddy's Christmas Dinner.

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Princess of Rosyposia

BY
E. NESBIT.

NEVER in all the world, since the world first began to spin round and round, was such a baby as the Princess Zuleika.

Even the Royal Family's Historian, who was very careful indeed of what he wrote down in his Book of History of the illustrious Royal House of Rosyposia, said that this was no more than the truth.

The Princess was born in the hour when the rose opens. The Historian took but one look at her as the Archnurse carried her out upon the Palace balcony to show her to the crowd and to the shining sun. Then straightway he went home to his study. Long before breakfast he had written the first three chapters of the part that was to be called "Concerning Zuleika, Crown Princess of Rosyposia: Her Life and Doings." Lots of things were to happen while he was writing the other chapters. But in those first three chapters he began well, saying in the longest and most beautiful words that there had never been such a baby.

For seven days nobody in Rosyposia was able to get anything by ringing the bell. That was because all the bells were ringing all the time. Nobody did any work in those seven days of high holiday, nobody but the Historian and the Master of the Court Ceremonies and the Archnurse and the nine Archnursemajds—each of whom wanted to hold the baby at least once in nine minutes—and the Rose-gardeners who came out every hour to strew fresh rose-leaves up and down the streets.

"But," said the Rosyposian people, "we must remember that this is holiday-time. One cannot be always toiling and moiling."

That is quite true. It was very true indeed in Rosyposia, where, to say the truth, nobody ever does any work at any time. For the Rosyposians are the happiest and merriest and idlest people on the face of the earth. They are lazy to the very bones of them, and as frolicsome as so many kittens. When they go out to business it is only to dance in the rose-gardens or to fill their hats with rose-leaves. They dine on peaches in the summer-time—which is eleven months long in Rosyposia; and in the winter month—a delightful month, with a party every evening—they borrow nuts from the squirrels, promising to pay them back the day after the blue moon is full. It is a very good thing for the Rosyposians that, long ago, a clever Rosyposian taught the silk-worms to make one job of it. Rosyposian silk-worms never leave off with a mere cocoon. That is why, if you are up in time to catch the early silk-worm, you will find him finishing some beautiful silk gown all covered with silken embroideries. If it were not for the silk-worms the Rosyposians would never have a thing to wear; but the silk-worms keep them gay as tulips.

On the seventh day the Princess Zuleika was christened. That was a holiday indeed. The nightingales sang till dawn, and then the bells began again. In all the kingdom nobody had been left without a royal invitation. Each guest was at the Palace before breakfast time, and in the highest spirits. Alone the Master of the Royal Ceremonies was unhappy.

"I do like," he would say, "to see things done properly"—and how can you do things properly when the guests arriving at Court, instead of waiting to be arranged in their places according to the Golden Book of State Etiquette, come romping in, pelting each other with flowers, and dancing "Ring a Ring of Roses" round the Master of the Ceremonies? He was happier when the Fairy Godmothers began to arrive at the front door.

Each Fairy Godmother drove down the air in her gold coach. They are old-fashioned Princesses, the Fairy Godmothers; they have the grand manner. The Master of the Royal Ceremonies was quite pleased with them; he bowed until his spectacles fell off. But so soon as the Fairy Godmothers saw their new little godchild they fluttered round her like so many butterflies about a rosebud. They were almost pushing each other aside; each wanted to be the first to give the fairy gifts. Then they all spoke together like sparrows in a cherry-tree. The Historian, writing as fast as he could scribble in his note-book, could not



put down half the list of what was bestowed on Zuleika. Never was such a baby: never would there be such a Princess for pretty ways and good luck and beauty and happiness.

It was over at last. The last Good Fairy Godmother had flown back to kiss the baby once more for the very last time when there was a noise in the air, a leathery flapping. Everybody looked up, and at once stopped laughing and dancing and singing and cheering.

For there was the Bad Fairy Godmother, the Fairy Malevola herself, getting out of her black cobwebby coach drawn by eight vampire bats. She was very late and very cross.

Royal Families are all afraid of Malevola. They do not dare to refuse her a place at christening parties. It is strict Court etiquette to send her an invitation: no good ever comes of it. Now on this occasion the invitation had been written. But the Queen had picked it out of the letter-bag and dropped it on the mantelpiece of the Throne Room. "We can always say," she said, "that it was an accident."

You cannot deceive Malevola. She takes no excuses. When the Queen faltered out the story of the envelope that had slipped out of the bag, Malevola looked at her with eyes like bradaws and said that she quite understood. She knew, she said, that she was growing older and that nobody loved her—that nobody wanted such an unfashionable old fairy at their parties. But she was such a very old friend—at least they would let her give one little gift to her godchild:

And with that she bent over the baby Princess, hissing in its face. "Born in the land of roses," she said, "my Zuleika shall be tended like a rose." The Queen gasped: was Malevola really going to behave nicely for once? She was not. With a last hiss, Malevola added, "Like a rose, for she shall have a gardener's boy as her husband." King and Queen and Historian—he was always listening—were the only ones to hear those words. Malevola skipped back into her coach, flicked the off-leader vampire-bat with her whip, and was off with a clamour of bat-wings.

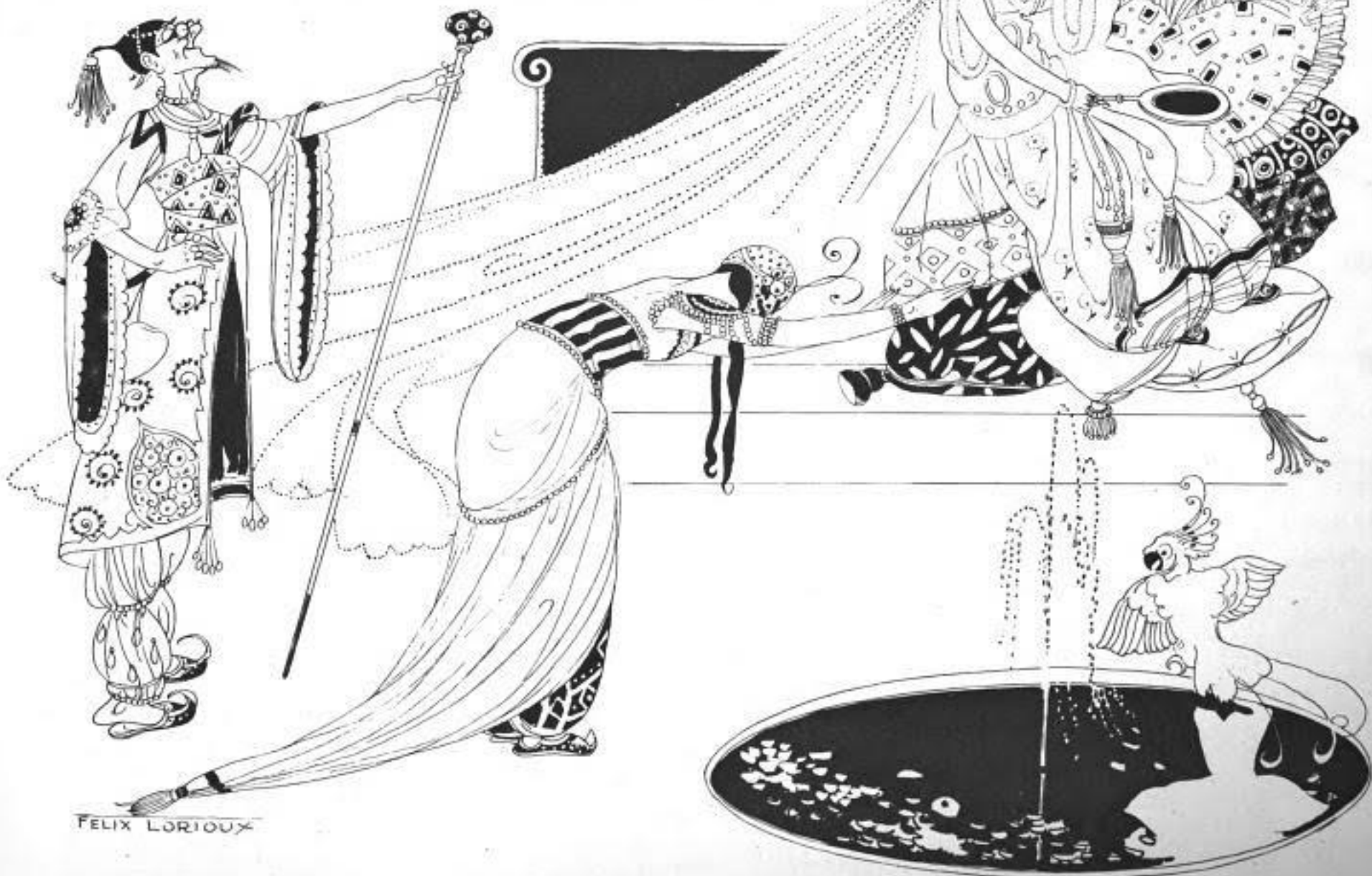
So that was Zuleika's doom. She was to grow up dear and lovely and wise, to marry a gardener's boy.

The King died of it. He lingered for a week, refusing his peaches, refusing to smell a rose. He had been a very proud King, the only person in all Rosyposia who listened to his Master of the Ceremonies; and the Master of the Ceremonies had taught him out of the Golden Book that a Princess of the House of Rosyposia can only marry with the son of one of the other six Kings who have the right to be called "Your Most Majestic Majesty." Gardeners' boys have no real right to be called anything: you say "Come here" to them. The King thought about it until he died. The Queen did not want to live without him; she was buried on the same day under the same rose-bush.

Only the Historian knew what was to be Zuleika's fate. He wrote it in his book, which kept the secret: in Rosyposia the people do not read history—they hate it almost as much as they hate geography and sums.

Only the Historian knew, and that was why the Arch-nurse allowed Zuleika to grow up with a gardener's boy for her companion. The nearest Most Majestic King lived nine hundred miles away over the Blue Mountains: if his little children had come to tea with Zuleika they would never have got home by seven o'clock. There was some talk of a little Duke being allowed to play at ball with Zuleika: once he was brought by his nurse. But the Master of the Ceremonies worked the matter out, and decided that the Duke would have to kneel when Zuleika threw the ball to him, and bow seven times before throwing it back. The little Duke put out his tongue at the Master, and had to be carried away at once out of the Palace. There was Zuleika with no playmate but the Palace Ape and the Palace Cockatoo. Even the Master of the Ceremonies pitied her; he had a kind heart, although he knew that the Book of Etiquette must be obeyed. And when he found her playing with a Gardener's Boy hide-and-seek in the peach-garden, he let her go on playing with him. For the Book of Etiquette says nothing about Gardeners' Boys: they are like kittens or skittles or parrots—you may pretend that they do not really exist.

So Zuleika played every day with the Gardener's Boy, who was good and wise, and always ready to play. He taught her what to say to the ladybird when she drops from the rose-bush on to your hand, and how to tell the time by dandelions, and why it is lucky to find a pod with twelve peas in it, and the words you say to the new moon when you turn the money in your pocket. He played with her, and talked with her, and walked with her.



The Master of the Ceremonies smiled when he met them together; the more he studied the matter the more sure he was that Gardeners' Boys do not really exist. The two played on until the day when the Archnurse, chasing a moth away from the royal wardrobe, slapped the Historian's book upon it. When she opened the book to see if she had caught the moth, her eye caught the words which Malevola had spoken.

The Archnurse, a very sensible woman—whose rank, as the Master of the Ceremonies used to explain, was equal among women to that of an Archdeacon among men—went straight out into the garden and told the Boy to go away for ever. She added that the Princess Zuleika had asked her to see him off and lock the garden gate after him. He went very sadly through the gate, and did not answer the Archnurse when she said "Good afternoon." The next day the Princess had, once again, nobody to play with—nothing to do but to be a Princess. After she had been twice carried round the city in her State litter with the ermine and velvet curtains, with the great ostrich-feathers wagging above the star-spangled canopy, she bade her ebony-black pages carry it home again. When she got home she cried.

She cried until she awakened the secret of her mother's magic mirror. This mirror was of pale pearl: it had been fashioned out of a piece of one of the old moons. If your tears fell on the face of it, the mirror would do its best to cheer you. It was wet with the Princess's tears when the mirror-face showed her two eyes looking up at her. She knew them, for she had looked in them before—the eyes of the Gardener's Boy. But never before had she known that she loved the Gardener's Boy with all her heart, and that he loved her. She dried her own eyes, and took another peep in the mirror. The mirror was dry too: she saw nothing but the pearly stuff of the old moon. She moped. Said the Archnurse, "The Princess wants something to occupy her mind."

The very next morning she had it. Historical things began to happen in Rosyposia, where nobody wanted them to happen. If you had asked any Rosyposian the history of Rosyposia since the year when the Princess was born, he would have said, "The weather has been simply lovely." That was all the History they wanted: they were wise enough to know that History generally means something uncomfortable.

It was Zuleika's seventeenth birthday when History came meddling with the pleasant Rosyposian land. The morning was calm and fine—mornings were always like that in Zuleika's realm. Her first visitor was the Dolorous Princess.

The Dolorous Princess would not send up her name: she said she was the Dolorous Princess. Nobody could doubt it, for she was very beautiful, wore a Princess's clothes like a Princess, and had been weeping until her very slippers were soppy with tears at the toes of them. Her tale was as princessish as it was dolorous. So the Master of the Ceremonies himself led her to the Throne Room, where Zuleika, to whom he had sent a respectful warning, was sitting to receive her, perched up on the twenty cushions of her cosiest throne. The Master of the Ceremonies was happy enough: he was always happy when he could persuade anybody to ceremonialise nicely. But the Dolorous Princess splashed her tears on to the marble stones of the floor as she bowed to Zuleika, who was crying bigger tears for the loss of her Gardener's Boy. Even the Palace Cockatoo screamed woefully from his place at the edge of the fountain, whose waters fell like falling tears.

History is bad enough. The Dolorous Princess had not only History to tell. She began with Geography. One of the reasons why Zuleika's people hated Geography was that their Geography Book, before they threw the last copy of it behind the chest of drawers, began with "Rosyposia is a country bounded on the North by the Empire of Crawkarrion—" Everybody knew that if you were to go northward out of Rosyposia you would come to Crawkarrion; but who would be so silly? Crawkarrion—Crawkarrion was a place about which nobody would even whisper.

The very thought of Crawkarrion and its Eagle Emperor was enough to blight a Crimson Rambler. Between Crawkarrion and Rosyposia ran an iron railing laced with barbed wire: not the most curious of the Rosyposians ever wanted to climb over it. For if a Rosyposian, running a race with a butterfly or looking for the rainbow's end, came to the prickly fence, he turned his head and trotted homeward. For there, on the other side of the fence and beyond miles of black cinder-heaps, lay Crawkarrion, and Crawkarrion was a dreadful place.

It was just the sort of place that its Emperor had tried to make it. Its people were the crossiest, most ill-natured people in the world. Anybody who so much as said "Thank you" or "Please" went to prison as soon as the Imperial policeman could take him there. Crawk XIII., Eagle Emperor of Crawkarrion, lived at the middle of his realm in a palace built at the cross-roads. He spent his time in ordering his subjects to be cross, and to look sharp about it. Also he made long speeches about his ancestors, Emperors of Crawkarrion, praising them all from Crawk I. to Crawk XII., all except Crawk VII., who had disgraced his line by once speaking politely to a visitor. It was Crawk the Thirteenth's fancy to be taken for a real Eagle. Therefore he would sit all day on a perch, clad in a winged cloak of rusty eagle-feathers, pecking at raw meat and throwing lumps of it to his two pet eagles that always bit the fingers of callers at the palace. Everybody in Crawkarrion had to eat raw meat and pretend that he liked



FELIX LORTOUX

it. There were no flowers, no fruits, and no singing-birds in Crawkarrion: the place smelled like a bird-cage that has never been cleaned.

Now it was the ambition of Crawk XIII. to make the world into a place just like Crawkarrion. He reckoned that with three million thoroughly cross people, trained to obey him with a jump whenever he spoke, he could just about manage it. Already he had one million under training in Crawkarrion. Rosyposia had exactly two millions whose stupid happiness could be banished if he had the dealing with them. So had the land of Honeypotia on the other side of Crawkarrion, which was ruled by another Princess.

Crawk XIII. proposed marriage to the Princess of Honeypotia. She burst at once into tears, gave her country to the Archduke of the Purple Islands—who had always wanted it—and fled far away, calling herself the Dolorous Princess. She stopped only an hour in Rosyposia—time enough in which to tell Zuleika that Crawk XIII. had his eye on Rosyposia and that its Princess was next on his list of possible brides. Then she cried her way out. It is said that she was happy at last in the remote city of Dumcrambo, where she lived very quietly, giving lessons in building card-houses. But she left Zuleika in a shocking state of mind.

For Crawk's offer of marriage came the very next day in an envelope with a deep black border, sealed with an eagle, and smelling of raw meat. Crawk wasted no paper in compliments: as he put it, he should fly over the fence for her within twenty-four hours.

Of course, she tore up the letter and trampled on it. Then she cried again, and begged everybody to give her the best advice. Most of the Rosyposians could give her nothing better than the advice to have a picnic, and try to forget about it on such a fine day. But the Master of the Ceremonies and the Historian thought as hard as they could. There was, they said, only one way out of the trouble.

She must marry somebody else before Crawk came over the fence.

"Very well," she said. "If I must, I must. I will marry the Gardener's Boy if you will find him."

The Historian turned pale. He thought of Malevola's prophecy. The Master gasped. It was quite, quite impossible. If she married outside the Seven Most Majestic Royal Families she would lose all her royal rights under the law of Rosyposia, which would pass at once to the nearest Sovereign—who was Crawk XIII. "We must send out messages," said the Master, "to all the Most Majestic Majesties, asking for a young Prince of cheerful habits." So messages were fastened under the wings of six doves that flew off at once.

Zuleika went on crying gently till tea-time. She was just going in to tea when the Historian, looking out anxiously for signs of Crawk, saw a little procession of seven royal pages in sky-blue silk and pearl necklaces coming with banners and nosegays up the front-garden path. With them was a handsome young Prince in a very great hurry, who rushed up the steps and into the Palace.

He behaved as a Prince should when he comes to offer his hand to a Princess. He laid on a cushion a box of very large rubies and diamonds and sapphires as though it were something not worth mentioning. He fell on his knees before Zuleika. And Zuleika, clasping her hands, purred like a Persian kitten.

It was the Gardener's Boy.

"But—" said the Master and the Historian together.

The Prince understood them. "I am the Gardener's Boy," said he.

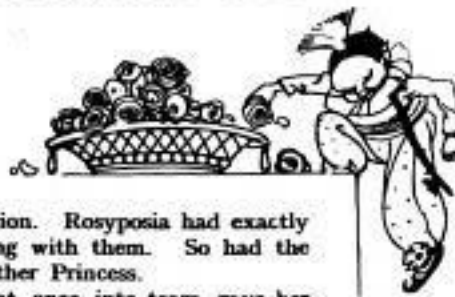
"Princess Zuleika," said the Historian, opening his book, "cannot marry anybody who is not—"

"But I am," answered the Prince. "I am the Prince Royal of the Marchpanian Mountains, where the nightingales are born. We are the oldest of all the real old Most Majestic Royal Houses, the rightful heirs of Adam. In honour of our founder, we have a golden spade on our banners: one of my father's oldest titles is Grand Duke of Eden Garden, and all our Crown Princes for a thousand ages have had to serve for seven years as Gardeners' Boys. It is the family custom! I obeyed it, and liked it very much. Yours is a lovely garden. Princess, will you marry the Gardener's Boy?"

She had to marry him. The Historian, jumping for joy, told her of Malevola's prophecy. The Master said that he felt sure Crawk would be there before supper-time. They were married in ten minutes. All Rosyposia came skipping and singing to the ceremony. An exceedingly inquisitive people, they had been waiting round the corner.

As for Crawk XIII., he never came after all. He also had been reading a prophecy that told how the Thirteenth Crawk, if he should be bold enough to step out of a nine-storey window, would soar upward with the eagle. He tried it just before starting for Rosyposia, and it was quite true. He fell to the ground with a smash and a crash, but the two favourite eagles swooped down after what was left of him and soared upward with Crawk XIII.

Before the eagles were out of sight several Crawkarrion folks had said "If you please." They eat no more raw meat, preferring strawberry-jam. Most of them have learned to dance, and their Parliament has had the fence taken down before inviting Zuleika to rule over them.—[THE END.]



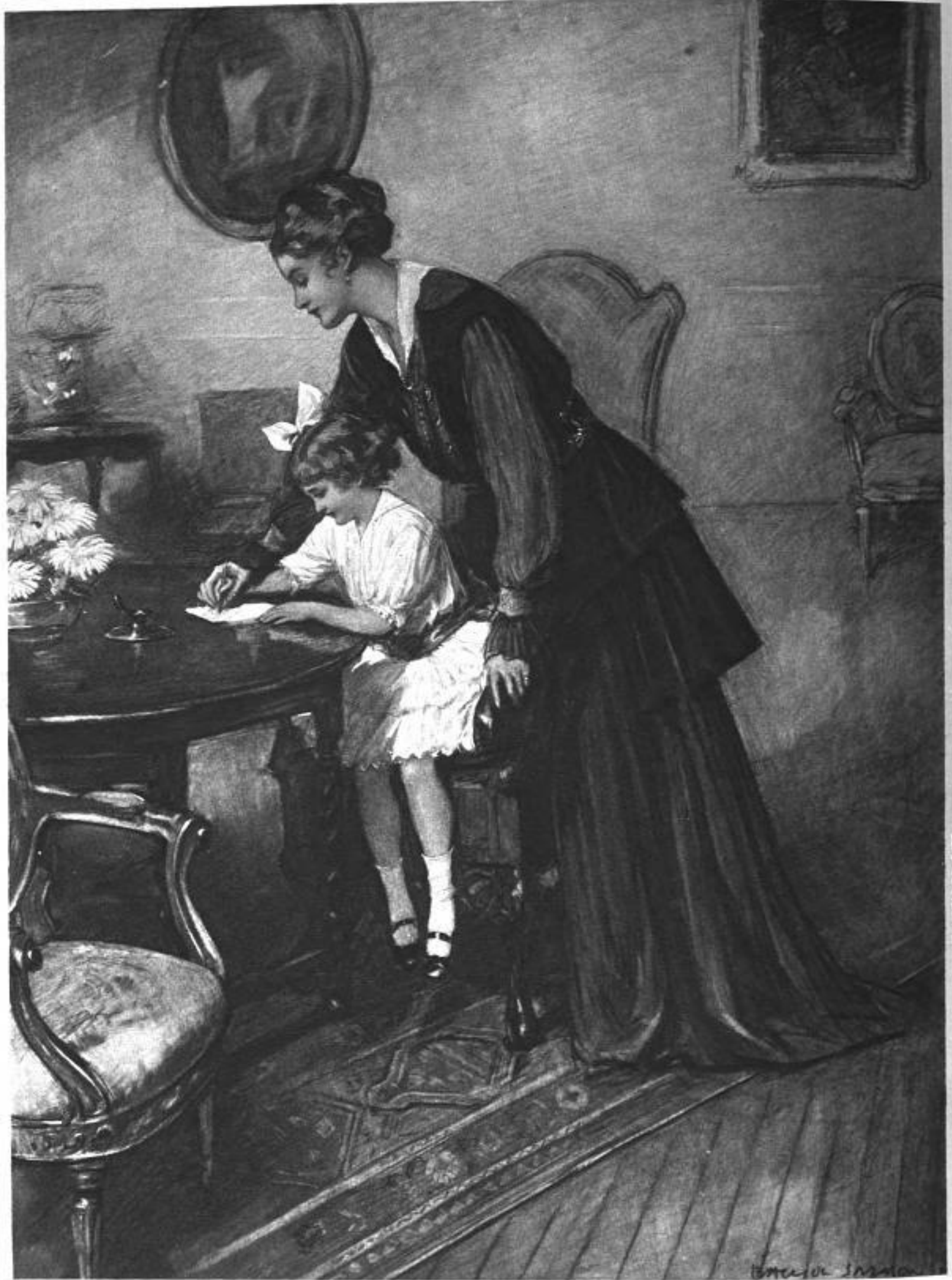


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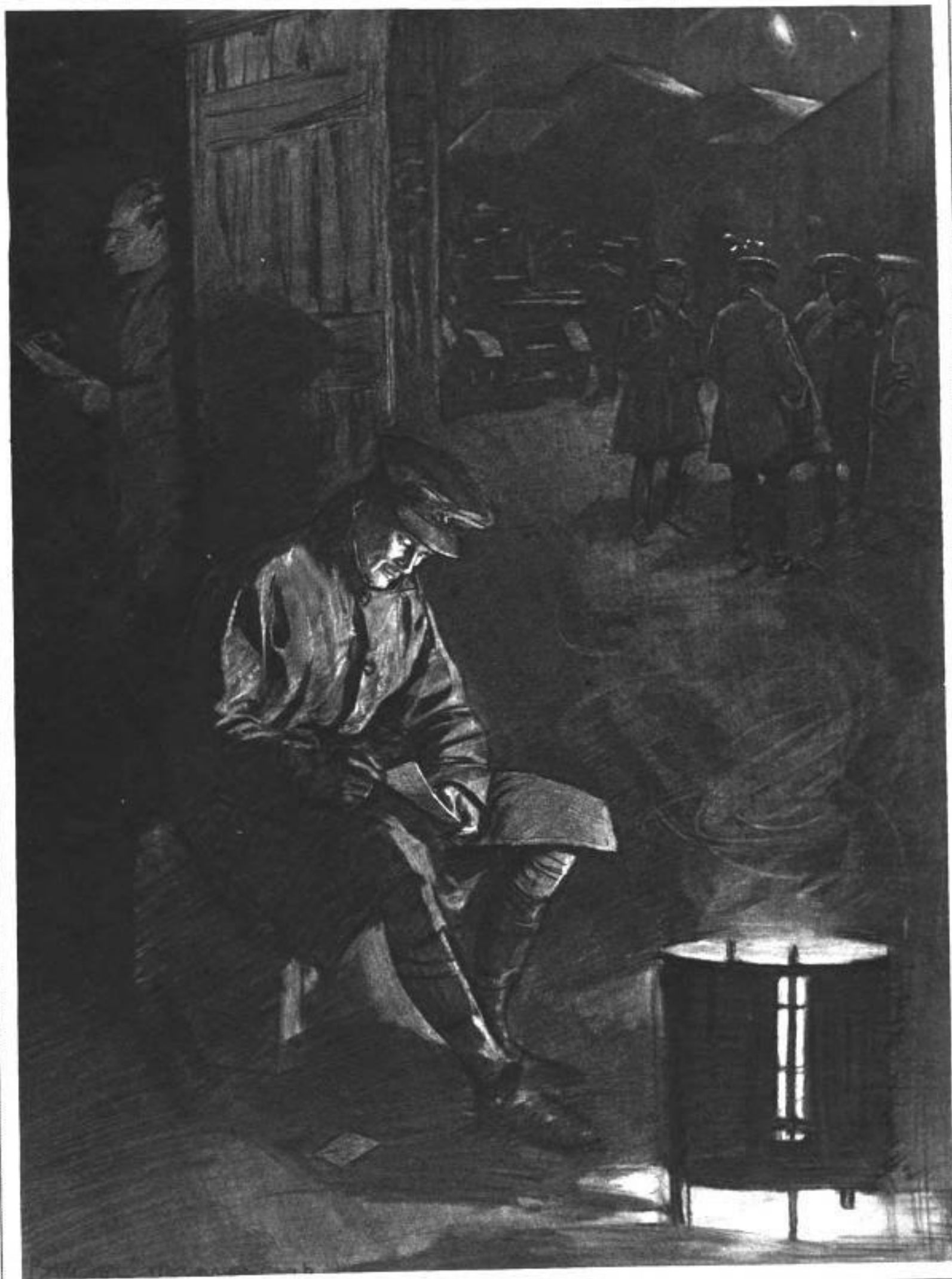
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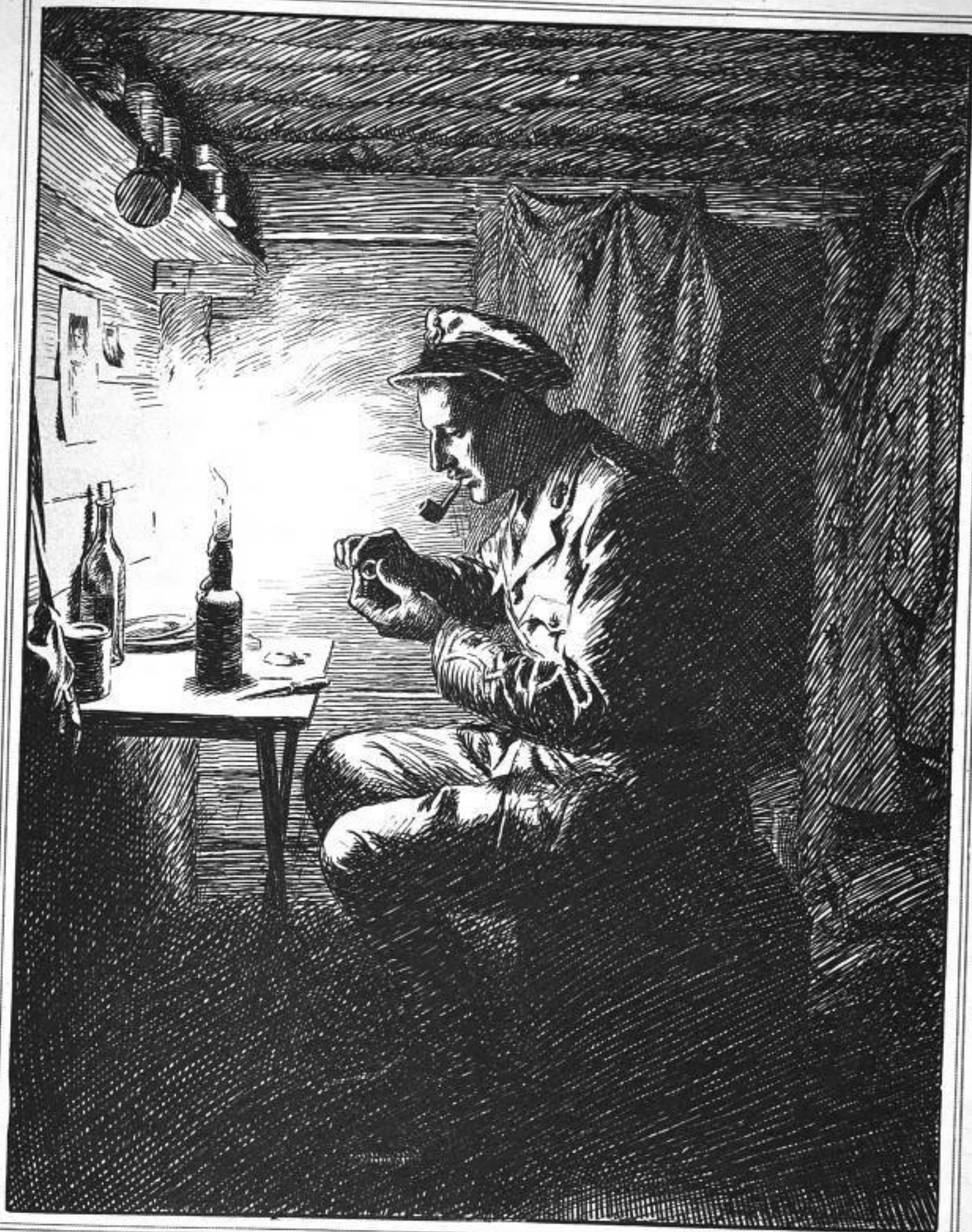
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CHRISTMAS
FROM THE PAINTING



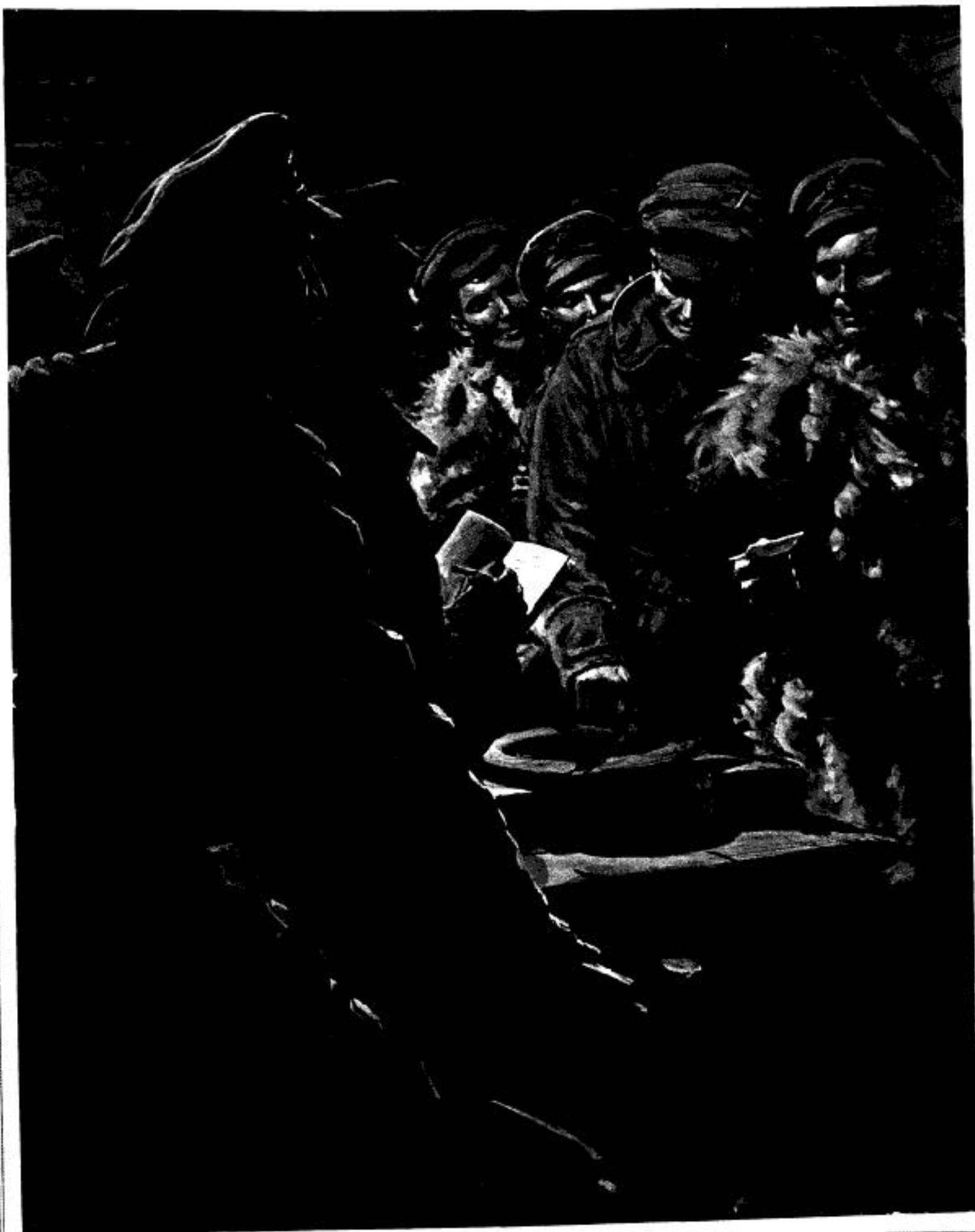
S LEAVE.

BY A. C. MICHAEL



A Kiss from the Trenches.

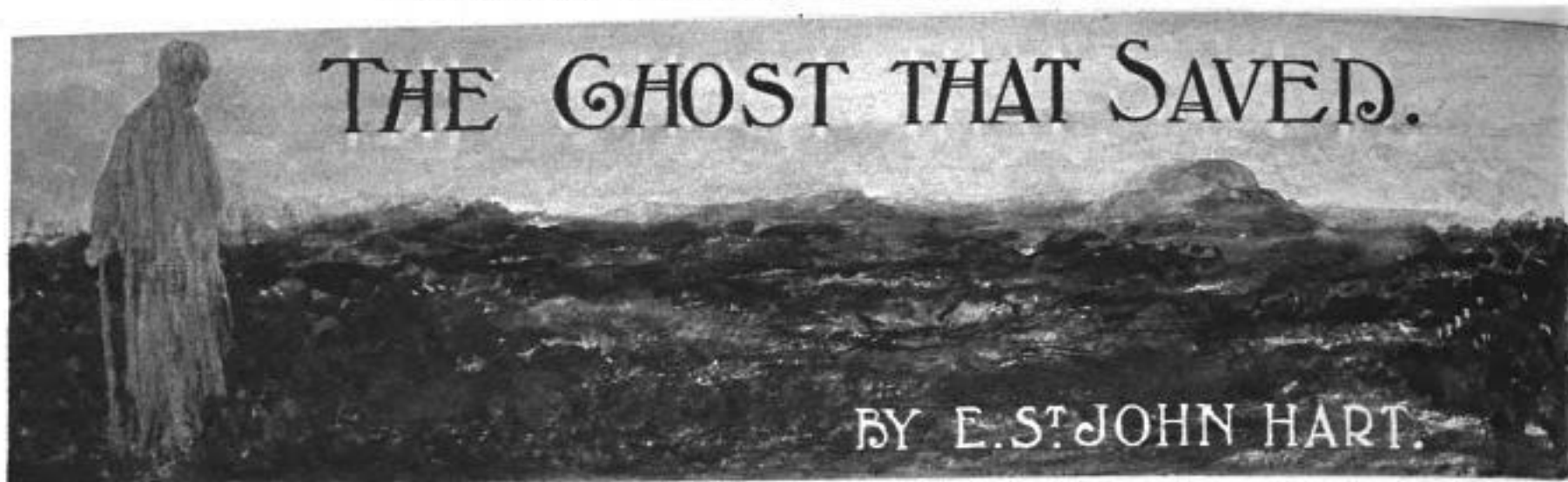
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN H. SUTCLIFFE.



Drawing Lots for Christmas Leave.

(This is done on occasions by those to whom leave is due at about the Christmas Season.)

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. BHOOG.



THE GHOST THAT SAVED.

BY E. ST. JOHN HART.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

THE wind was howling dismally through the streets of the old city of Exeter, bringing with it at intervals fierce flurries of snow. The flickering gas-lamps—at times flaring explosively, and at times almost extinguished—fitfully illuminated half-whitened and deserted streets; and the cathedral, shrouded with snow on its weather side, loomed up spectrally in the gloom.

But in the warm and well-appointed study of William Meldon's comfortable house, situated about a mile from the cathedral, the wild, rough weather out of doors only accentuated the comfort of the bachelor host and his guest, James Halstock, when, having dined, they settled themselves in the easiest of chairs on either side of a small table, and for a brief silence gazed at the fire as they listened to the howling of the wind outside.

The two men were friends, their friendship dating from the time when Halstock had been saved from death by drowning. He had been swept by a wave into the sea when crossing the Channel to France; and Meldon, with great bravery, had jumped in after him and kept him afloat until he was rescued, with much difficulty, by a boat's crew from the steamer.

Meldon was a Devonshire man, with a serious though pleasant face, and a rather grave demeanour.

He had lived for a decade in South America, whence he returned prematurely aged, but with a small fortune, and had settled down at Exeter, in his native county. Halstock belonged to a West Country family, and was a member of the Junior Bar. He was several years younger than Meldon, with a lighter and more irresponsible temperament, and was now staying for the first time under his friend's roof.

"I see by this evening's paper," said Halstock, as he lit a cigar, "that they hanged that scoundrel Laban Ridge all to rights this morning in Exeter Gaol."

"Poor devil!" said Meldon. "I saw he was sentenced, and have avoided reading anything more on the subject."

"And I, on the contrary, have read everything about it, even down to the 'horrid details.' I noted with interest that he was almost the same weight as myself, so they gave him a long drop. If ever you come to be hanged, Meldon, they'll give you a short one. Big man, short drop; little man, long drop. That's the formula, I believe."

"What a gruesome idea," said Meldon, "to go about the world appraising your friends from the hangman's point of view!"

The other laughed. "I suppose it's in my blood to take an interest in these things. My grandfather

was one of the last of the 'hanging judges'; and I must say that, after a man has had a fair trial and been found guilty, I rather like to hear of them vindicating the law and—stringing him up."

"When John Bradford, Protestant Divine and Martyr, one of the purest, kindest, and best of men," Meldon said gravely, "in the heyday of his prosperity and influence, saw some criminals going to execution, he exclaimed, 'But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford.' That is what I always feel inclined to say when I hear of a man being hanged."

"Oh, really! But why?"

"You ask me why? Think of the possibilities within us all. Think of the narrow line between what, half the time, the world calls innocent or stamps as guilty. When I was on the nitrate fields there was a man who was haunted by the thought of a crime he had never committed. It was very lonely out there, and I came to know this man—the only man I ever really knew or ever shall know. It is not every day one can look into a man's soul. This Englishman, before he came to Chili, never had a chance. He had been tempted almost beyond the limit; his thought and intention had yielded, and all but committed some awful crime, but had been saved somehow. The details of his temptation? Oh, I forget.

It was to save someone—a woman probably—I think his mother," Meldon continued vaguely. "Whoever it was, she had 'used some money' entrusted to her. They were both in the direst straits, but had managed to refund all but a small sum. Discovery meant arrest and imprisonment, which in turn meant death, for she was desperately ailing. This all so over-set his mental balance that he planned some desperate measure worse than the whole sum of evil he wished to avert. But he was prevented; and then Fortune did a *volte face*—the unexpected friend turned up and put all things right. But this man so brooded over what he might have done that at times I thought he would go mad."

"You were the unexpected friend," said Halstock, who had followed the recital with much interest. "I am always hearing of your giving away money and doing generous acts. You saved this man, just as you rescued me from the Channel."

"Oh, no," Meldon replied coolly; "I had nothing to do with saving him."

"Well," resumed Halstock, "crimes of passion and impulse are not in the same category with the acts of a professional criminal like Ridge. Twice sentenced to long terms for robbery with violence, suspected of one murder, and caught almost red-handed in another, he well deserved his death; and," he continued, looking whimsically up to the ceiling, "if his



"I see by this evening's paper that they hanged that scoundrel, Laban Ridge, this morning, in Exeter Gaol."

ghost is hovering above me now, it will share the proverbial fate of listeners and hear no good of itself."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked Meldon, with interest.

"Not—exactly. Firstly, because I know of no well-authenticated instance of a ghost's appearance. Secondly, because their reputed acts seem so purposeless. But why do you ask?"

"Your mention of the word, and because I expect the Vicar to come in every minute"—Meldon wheeled round in his chair and contemplated the old clock in the corner which ticked loudly and monotonously—"and he believes in them."

"The man to whom you gave two thousand for his rescue-work?"

Meldon nodded.

"An old friend of yours?" queried Halstock.

"I knew of him before I left England," Meldon said. "I have only known him personally since my return, four—nearly five—years ago. He is one of the best fellows living, but he tells a strange ghost story about which I rather chaff him. You must hear him tell it—and here he is," he added, as the manservant threw open the door for the entrance of a small, dapper man with alert, kindly eyes set in a grave, clean-shaven face, with the unmistakable air of a clergyman of the Church of England.

"Standwick, I was but this second speaking of you—you and your ghost story," Meldon said, rising to his feet and shaking hands. "My friend, Mr. Halstock—who, by the way, is anxious to hear you tell it if you feel in the mood for so doing, after you have rested. Only, I must warn you that Halstock is like me—he doesn't believe in ghosts."

"But he will," Standwick struck in, with a purposeful ring in his voice; "and so will you, Meldon. Last night I received so striking and absolute a confirmation of my story that he must indeed be perverse who refuses to be convinced by the proofs I have to offer."



A small, dapper man with the unmistakable air of a clergyman of the Church of England.

As he spoke, he seated himself at the table and drew from his pocket what looked like an ill-written

letter on a half-sheet of blue foolscap, his movements, in spite of the firm voice, betraying the man of a nervous, highly strung temperament.

"Last night," he continued, "my friend the prison chaplain wrote saying that the condemned person Ridge wished to see me, and at the same time enclosing the necessary permission for me to have the interview. I at once went, and was greeted by a strange look of welcome when I entered the condemned cell and—"

Halstock and Meldon exchanged a glance of astonishment.

"This," interrupted the latter, "of course, has nothing to do with your ghost-story."

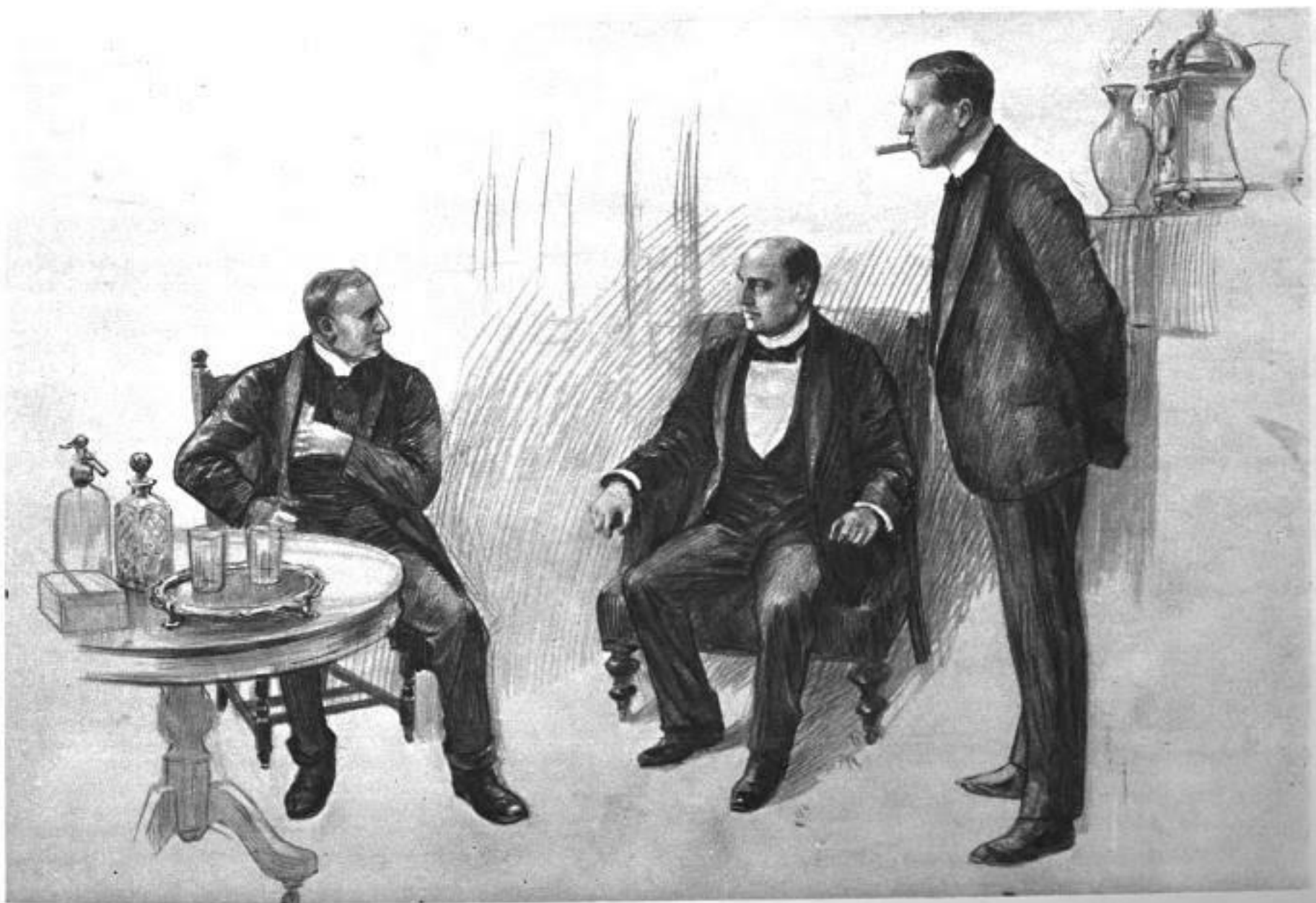
"It has everything to do with it," Standwick rejoined.

There was a pause during which the clock ticked more audibly than ever.

"Well," said Meldon, evidently much surprised, "then it must concern the end, seeing that it only was known to you last night. Halstock, here, has not yet heard the beginning. Why not tell the tale in its proper sequence?"

"Certainly, if you wish it so; only I'm afraid your friend may find me a bit long-winded," said the Vicar, and placing the letter face downwards on the table, under his hand, he began—

"Mr. Halstock, you must know that some sixteen or more years ago, during my first curacy I was living at Wenleigh, near Exmoor, and was, by a parishioner's will, trustee of his estate, in which his widow, a Mrs. Elbery, had a life interest. She received her income from the bequest quarterly, so four times a year I trudged seven miles across a corner of Exmoor to the bank at Dalcombe. There I received in gold and silver a sum of money sometimes amounting to over a hundred pounds and sometimes less, and returned with it to the widow, who farmed some land and required the cash for various expenses. Sometimes I was late in returning, and, except in the summer, my journey was made by twilight or after dark. To have gone by road would have involved my walking another five miles, but such an idea never entered my head, for I believed I knew every inch of that bit of



He drew from his pocket what looked like an ill-written letter.

Exmoor, wild, rough, and desolate as it appeared, and I made this trip some five times without meeting with adventure or mishap of any kind, and, as far as the return journey was concerned, without seeing a living soul.

"On the occasion of my sixth journey, which happened to be the 18th of April nearly fifteen years ago, I was rather later in leaving Dalcombe than usual.

"It had rained all the previous day, and all that morning. The rain had now ceased, but the sky was still heavily overcast, and the countryside was sodden, sombre, and forlorn.

"I set out from Dalcombe feeling strangely sad and depressed, partly, no doubt, on account of the sad aspect of Nature, but chiefly because that morning I had received a letter announcing the death at Cambridge of my dear friend and college chum, Forsyth. I had heard the church clock striking half-past six as I started on my return journey, but though the sun only set at six-twenty, owing to the weather it was already growing dark. The first three miles out of Dalcombe were all up hill, but this notwithstanding, I splashed along at a good pace, for I felt a stronger desire than usual to reach Wenleigh and deliver the money I was carrying, to Mrs. Elbery.

"As I pushed on my up-hill way, the gloom settled down all about me; there had been a weird suggestion of light where the sun had set when I started, and this was still unobscured, and its effect even heightened by a great, dark cloud, that, after rising in the north-east, quickly overspread the sky, and then seemed to descend until it shrouded the very earth.

"When I had ascended to the vast, deserted level of the moor, I seemed to be walking amid the trailing fringes of this sombre, pall-like cloud, curling and wreathing themselves over immeasurable distances in the close and windless atmosphere. My spirits now drooped still lower, and, quite contrary to my usual habit, I allowed my mind to drift into a sad and tragic vein.

"I felt physically weary and worn out, and the small leather bag I carried seemed unduly heavy and cumbersome, to a degree altogether disproportionate to its size. It contained a hundred and twelve

been attacked and robbed, seeing that my movements and habits were known to a score of people at Dalcombe and elsewhere, and that the amounts of which I was temporary custodian were not likely to be minimised by rumour. Men had been stopped and plundered—aye, and murdered—for less than a tithe of what I carried, on scores of countrysides; and at this thought a miserable fear began to possess me, and I found myself looking sharply to the right and left, starting in affright at a clump of bushes, and involuntarily quickening my pace till twice I pulled up breathless from bursts of running, fleeing like the wicked whom none pursueth.

"On the second occasion, my career was stopped by my blundering over a stone and falling headlong into a slight depression which clean knocked out of me what little wind was left in my body. But on picking myself up and resuming my tramp at a soberer pace, imagine my fright, from what I have told you of my previous sensations—to find that I was no longer alone.

"What I took to be the figure of a big man—a huge fellow he seemed to me, with a big cudgel in his hand—a menacing-looking sort of man—was walking beside and keeping step with me at a distance of less than three paces.

"I stopped short on making this discovery with my heart dead within me, and the figure stopped also. I then started forward at a greatly accelerated pace, but the mysterious stranger still kept abreast of me seemingly without effort, and still held me, as it were, within reach of its formidable cudgel. Owing to the dusk and the wisps of mist curling about us, for we were walking, one might say, in the cloud that had settled down on the moor—I could only make out that the figure was shrouded in a blurred white or grey garment, that the heavy cudgel was distinctly visible, though the face was strangely muffled or obscured.

"Then it suddenly came to me, with a yet added qualm of terror, that I had heard no footfalls announcing the figure's approach, and that I heard none

(Continued next)



"I set out from Dalcombe feeling strangely sad and depressed."

pounds, nearly one-half of it in silver; and now for the first time in all these journeyings it flashed through my mind that there was considerable imprudence in my being alone on the moor at night with so much money in my possession.

"No sooner had my brain given birth to this thought than the idea became magnified a thousand-fold, till I found myself wondering why I had never



"Four times a year I trudged seven miles across a corner of Exmoor."



The Pudding in Danger.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. M. PADDAY.

now. My own nail-studded stout walking-boots rang sharply from rocks and squelched through wet heather, but the unknown kept beside me stride for stride as noiselessly as the trailing vapours of the mist.

"Then I knew I was in the company of no earthly form, and in my sudden panic ran hard and far in the hope of being able to shake it off; but the apparition still kept beside me, still accommodated its pace to mine when breathlessness again compelled me to a walk. Whether all this that takes so many words to describe was the experience of minutes or an hour, it is now impossible for me to say. It seemed like an eternity to me. I remember recognising, in the dim obscurity, certain often-observed landmarks on the wildest part of the moor. I remember being conscious of passing, a little to the right of my track, a wide and deep ditch over which a dull light seemed momentarily to play. I can recall my nameless terror on suddenly becoming aware that the ghost who had been all the time on my right side was now on my left.

"After that I fairly lost my head, and ran as I have never run before in my life or since. I felt the presence of the ghost without daring to look at it, and I ran with my eyes starting from their sockets, with my mouth open and crying out I know not what, with my heart thumping against my ribs like the blows of a sledge-hammer, until at last a sudden blindness smote me; I experienced an appalling shock as if I had fallen headlong, and after that everything was a blank.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed in the widow's house, with Mrs. Elsery and a doctor bending over me. I had been lying there some days, they told me, delirious from shock; and as soon as I was well enough to have my inquiries answered, I learnt that I had been found almost at the widow's door, lying on the ground quite unconscious, with my bag, with its contents intact, still gripped in my hand and without the smallest trifle missing from my person. My story, needless to say, had a mixed reception; the simpler and more trustful of my parishioners believing my word implicitly, while the more sceptical and cynically minded, for a time at least, chaffed me unmercifully—a practice" (here he

glanced at Meldon) "followed by a few of the friends I made in later life."

He had been addressing this story, told not without a certain gusto and self-appreciation, directly to Halstock; and during the recital, Meldon's face had worn an expression of amused incredulity. Now the Vicar wheeled round in his chair, and, fixing Meldon

"You never should," said he, "for I can now tell you, Sir, that you was never nearer your death than you was that night, and you never will be, till the moment comes as you have to die!"

"How can you possibly know that?" I asked; "and why do you say so?"

"Well, Sir, this is the way of it," he said. "Me an' a mate of mine—Alf Culbrick, it was he as died in Portland—made up our minds to get hold of the money you carried that there night. I know'd as how you was carryin' a bag of money to the Widow Elsery, an' I made up my mind as how I was goin' to get it, an', if so be, murder you. I'd have done it by myself only that folks said you was stronger than you looked, and knew how to use your fists, and then I thought as you might have a weapon of some sort about you. So I got my mate to join me on promise of sharin' the money, for I says we'll be two to one an' can do the job all to rights, even so be he do put up a bit of a fight. We waited in a ditch which we know'd you'd pass nigh on two hours an' more, for you was later than we reckoned on. It was pretty dark, with a lot of mist about, before we heard you a-comin' along, but when we put our heads over the ditch gettin' ready to jump out on you, we was staggered to see that, instead of one, there was two of you, and, what was more, your friend was a great hulkin' chap with a thumpin' stout club in his hand. To make more sartin, we just throwed a glimmer on you from a dark lantern; but there was no error, an' we then know'd it was no go, for, instead of bein' two to one, as we reckoned on, it was one to one, an' one of you lookin' nigh a match for the pair of us. It seemed to me that your mate spotted us, an' we got in a holy terror an' crawled out 'on the farther side of the ditch an' cleared off as fast as we could leg it; but if it hadn't been for that there friend of yours you'd have been a dead man that night as sure as you're

standin' there. I had the very thin' I was goin' to kill you with there ready in my hand; an' you will never be nearer your death than you was that there night—till you comes to die!"

The Vicar paused, and, taking up the paper, on which his hand had been resting, passed it over to Meldon. "This," he continued, "is Ridge's sworn statement, which he wrote down at my request, with his signature duly witnessed by the Governor of the



"A menacing-looking sort of man was keeping step with me."

with his keen, grey eyes, directed his attention to him exclusively, and continued with added impressiveness.

"When I entered the condemned cell last evening, Ridge startled me by asking the question: 'Sir, do you remember the night of the 18th of April fifteen years ago?'

"Yes," I said, greatly astonished. 'It is the one night of my life I have cause to remember. I do not think I shall ever forget it.'



"After that I fairly lost my head, and ran as I have never run before or since. I felt the presence of the ghost without daring to look at it, and I ran with my eyes starting from their sockets."



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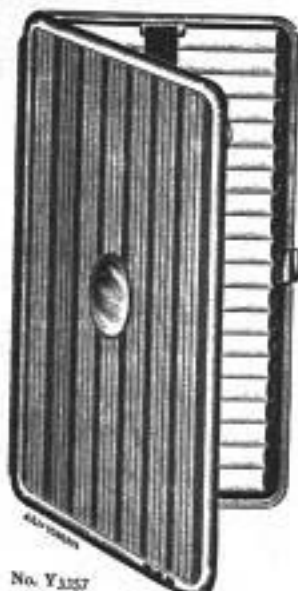
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gaol and one of the warders. His sole object in confessing was to make a clean breast of his crimes and misdeeds before going to the gallows. I think, Meldon, that neither you nor the most hardened sceptic, after this unsought corroborative evidence, can now fail to be convinced that, as I have always believed and stated, I was accompanied by a ghost on that memorable 18th of April!"

As he ended thus, very much in the manner and with some of the relish of a lecturer concluding his peroration, he suddenly became self-conscious and a trifle nervous. He seemed to shrink visibly, as if the virtue had gone out of him, and glanced from one man to the other with obvious embarrassment.

His two auditors paid him the compliment of silence for several minutes by the clock. Halstock, from his absorbed interest and expression, had evidently seen eye to eye with the Vicar. Meldon, for so grave and staid a man, looked flushed as if with excitement, and had followed the latter part of the story with marked attention and interest.

"I hope I haven't bored you," said the Vicar feebly, when Halstock had thanked him and effusively expressed his interest in the recital. "People—I mean friends, you know—sometimes tell me I'm a bit long-winded over it. But it's such a marvellous revelation to me—you understand, don't you? But there! I must say no more—I am finished with it. And really, Meldon, I must run away. I have overstayed my time—I only looked in, you know, on my way to visit one of my choirmen who is ill. No, no—not anything, thanks. Pray don't disturb yourselves. So glad to



"Lying on the ground quite unconscious, with my bag and its contents intact."

have met you, Mr. Halstock"—and with many protestations he got himself out of the room and descended the stairs with Meldon.

As he stood on the doorstep, shaking hands with his host, he again said, "I hope I haven't bored you with my long story, but I think you will understand that just now my mind is very full of the subject. Good-night," he murmured absent-mindedly, for the third or fourth time, and then passed out into the snow-covered street.

When Meldon returned to the warm study, both he and Halstock sat in thoughtful silence for some minutes.

Halstock was the first to speak.

"For the first time in my life," said he, "I have heard the story of a ghost convincingly corroborated, by the independent testimony of an outside eye-witness."

"I confess," said Meldon, "that I am astounded at this corroboration. In the four years I have intimately known Standwick and heard him repeating his ghost-story—not without boredom, I must admit—I never expected to hear it confirmed, much less confirmed in such a striking manner. It is an extraordinary coincidence."

"For my part, I am convinced," said Halstock, quite solemnly. "For the future, I shall not be able to help believing in that which heretofore I have regarded as a subject for derision."

"You believe, then, in the ghost?" asked Meldon in an incredulous tone.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Don't you?"

"No, no; I do not."

"Well, you must be an 'unbelieving Jew,' and for the life of me I fail to see on what grounds you refuse to accept such convincing testimony. Standwick's character, calling, and manner are surely sufficient proof of his

(Continued serial)

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Translation of a Letter received from—

5, Rue de l'Écote, LOUHAIS (Seine et Loire), FRANCE.

Lousais, 25th March, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Would you be kind enough to send me as soon as possible and against reimbursement, three bottles of Roche's Embrocation for children with Hooping Cough. I have already used your Embrocation for my two little girls and I have cured them in a few days, this is why I am applying direct for your remedy, for I can find it nowhere in France, and my third little girl is suffering frightfully, and I hope to cure her with your Embrocation.

I am, Dear Sirs, Yours, etc.,

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Think what this means in the crisis of illness, when not only the kind of food given, but the amount of it, must be medically judged with the greatest care.

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Yours faithfully, Mrs. H. B. CUDDERACK.

A Doctor writes:—

27th October, 1908.

"I have had occasion many times to recommend Roche's Embrocation, and have been surprised at its good results in cases of Hooping Cough."

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HOT WATER FOR A SHAVE

HOT MID-DAY COCOA FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

LATE FOR LUNCH BUT SOUP KEPT HOT

ALL THAT I NEED FOR AN ENJOYABLE "OUTING"

credibility. As for Ridge—admitting that habitual criminals are more prone to exaggerate than to palliate their misdeeds—it is unthinkable to imagine that a man literally on the brink of the grave should gratuitously blacken his soul with a concocted lie, absolutely objectless—he had nothing to gain by it—or that, without collusion with Standwick, he could have concocted a falsehood to exactly fit in with the former's story."

"You are on a wrong scent," said Meldon. "I credit Standwick with an implicit belief in his story and with telling the truth, as he thinks he knows it. I believe Ridge spoke of nothing he had not seen."

"Where, then, is your difficulty?"

"I have another theory."

"Man alive!" cried Halstock, with all the enthusiasm of a convert, "it was a ghost right enough! What is more, it was a ghost with an object—a beneficent ghost. Forsyth had recently died at Cambridge, and his wraith attended the man he had loved on earth to save him from meeting with a violent death. That's my belief!"

"Mightn't he have done so without frightening his friend into an attack of brain-fever?" queried Meldon drily.

"The mysterious and unknown are always terrifying to a man of not over-strong nerves," Halstock retorted. "But tell me your theory."

"The ghost was a man."

"A man, following Standwick over the moor! With what object?"

"Obviously, plunder."



"We just threw a glimmer on you from a dark lantern."

"Following him with intention to rob, and, if need be, to murder him?"

"Aye."

Halstock leant back in his chair with a smile. "I see that you altogether dismiss the fact that at both a walk and a run, over a rough track, he moved altogether without noise."

"Surely that presents no serious difficulty," said Meldon. "Have you never noticed a London policeman on night patrol duty move noiselessly over an echoing pavement? Does a poacher after the roosting pheasants make much sound? Why, in South America, I have seen Peons running full tilt over flint-strewn rock, with what, anyone in Standwick's then mental condition, would describe as absolute silence. Standwick admits his own noisy tread—and the ghost kept step with him. List shoes and swappings, and a footfall drowned in the noise of Standwick's footfall, is the explanation of that mystery, I fancy!"

"And the weird, blurred appearance?"

"A draped sheet, or a house-painter's holland overalls, a mask or muffler about the face; the mist—and a heated imagination would account for all that."

"Very well," said Halstock, "grant all you say—and mind you, it is not on such details I base my belief. Then we have this footpad of yours, bent on robbing and murdering a man, taking the unnecessary trouble to masquerade in this extraordinary manner, and to walk and run alongside his victim for a considerable distance, in-

stead of taking the obvious course of springing out on him—attacking him at once, knocking him on the head, and seizing his bag. I can only say that

(Continued next)

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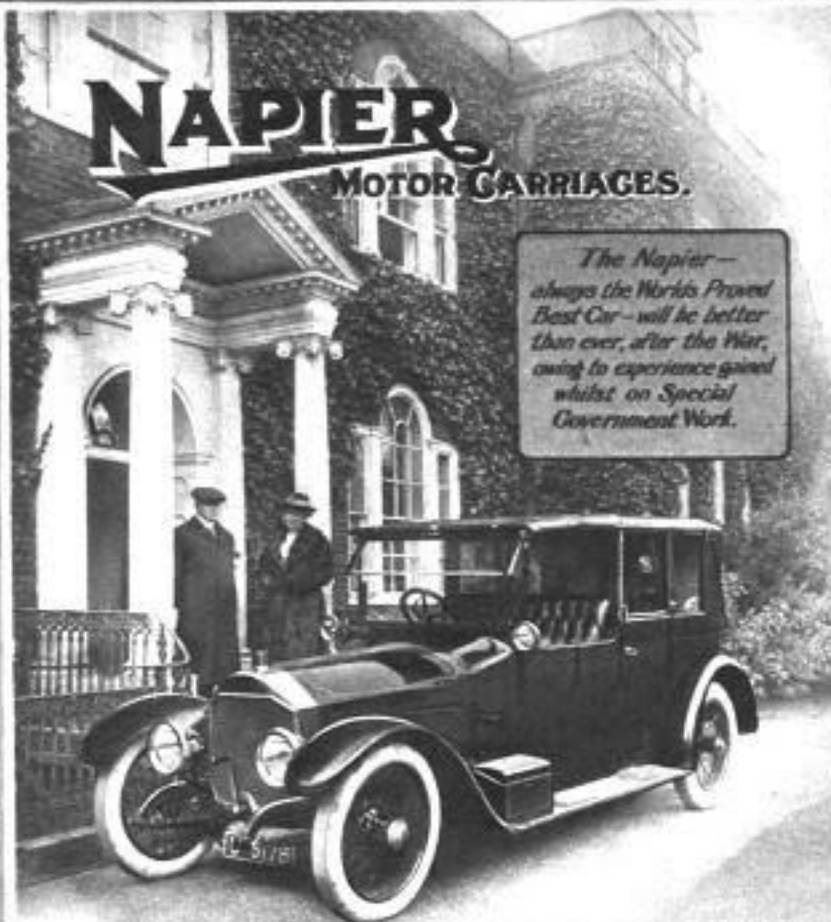
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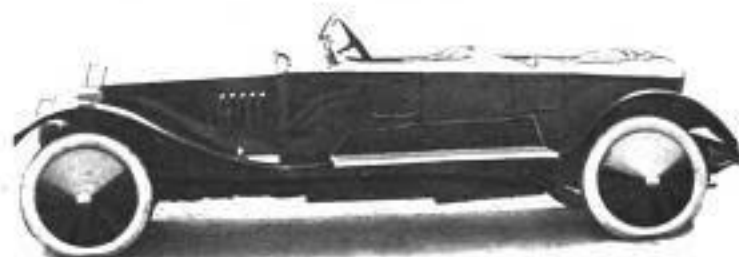
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his method sounds highly improbable, and is at variance with that of any footpad I ever heard of."

"That is where we are at issue," said Meldon.



"I hope I haven't bored you."

"You are thinking of a common footpad—a professional criminal, but I have an utterly different type of individual in my mind. Wait a minute—let

me explain myself," he continued as Halstock was about to interrupt. "I am thinking of an ordinarily decent fellow; our equal, really—only a much younger man—but so tried by stress and strain of circumstance as to be scarce recognisable as such. A man like the man I came to know on the nitrate fields; kindly, gentle, somewhat weak, not lacking in education, and yet one who had once hovered on the ragged edge of crime. Conceive such a one brought face to face with a frightful temptation. Moreover, recall the strongest momentary lust of money you have ever known, and multiply that a hundred—a thousandfold. Money, mark you, not for indulgence or ordinary wants, but to avert some dread and imminent calamity—death or lasting disgrace and ignominy—from someone loved better than self. A man of kindly parts would always dare more for his beloved than for himself. Grant this for a motive. Grant, also, that the man has exhausted all other measures, and has no lawful means of obtaining the money—that the calamity is frightfully imminent. And there comes the curate, an easy prey—and the crime, if discreetly carried out, may well baffle detection.

"In the temporary insanity induced by such circumstances, he resolves on committing the crime, and even considers ways and means. But don't imagine that he is not conscience-ridden—not tortured by the powers of good and evil warring within him. He grasps at straws. Perhaps fright may be made to subserve the purpose of murder. He will try that. He goes up to the moor in his ordinary attire, and there in the oncoming darkness equips himself for his part. But though he obviously terrifies the curate, the latter still keeps a firm grip of the treasure. The hypothesis was that he would let go his bag and bolt. Horror of the deed the man had intended as the last resort has obtained the upper hand during the period of waiting. He tramps beside his intended victim, fighting his conscience

striving out here in the darkness and loneliness to realise again the impelling motive in all its force, and so nerve himself to strike down or close with a defenceless man against whom he feels no animosity whatever. He has almost—"

"Stop!" cried Halstock. "This is where your imaginings go to pieces. Grant all that you say—and it is a large order—why does not the man, when Standwick falls senseless to the ground, quietly take his bag and clear off?"



Meldon started violently in his chair.

"Because he has given up the chase before that. Remember, Standwick admitted he did not see, he only 'felt'—for which substitute 'imagined'—that the ghost accompanied him to the end."

"Why does he give up the chase?"

"He is stopped."

(Continued next issue.)

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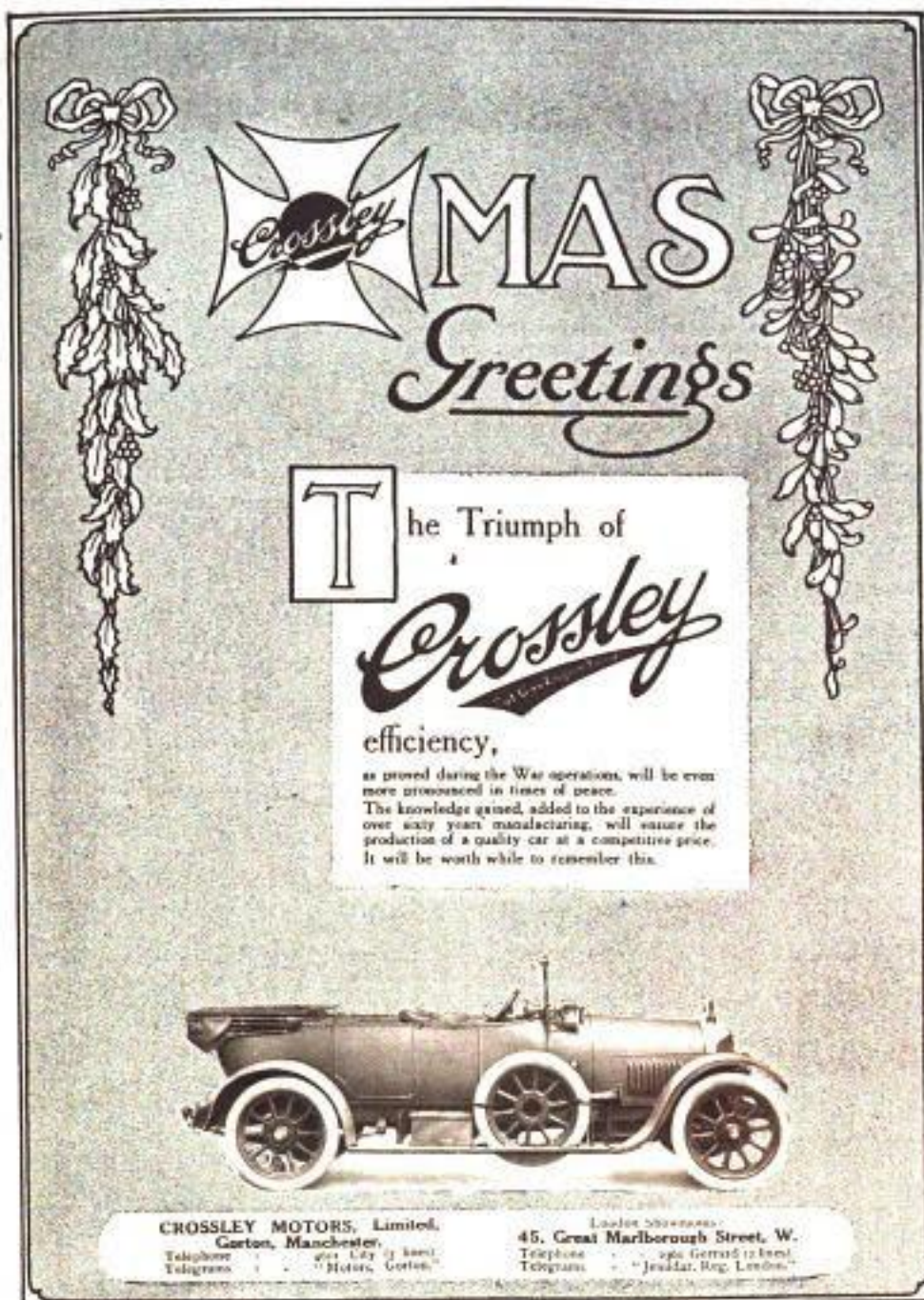
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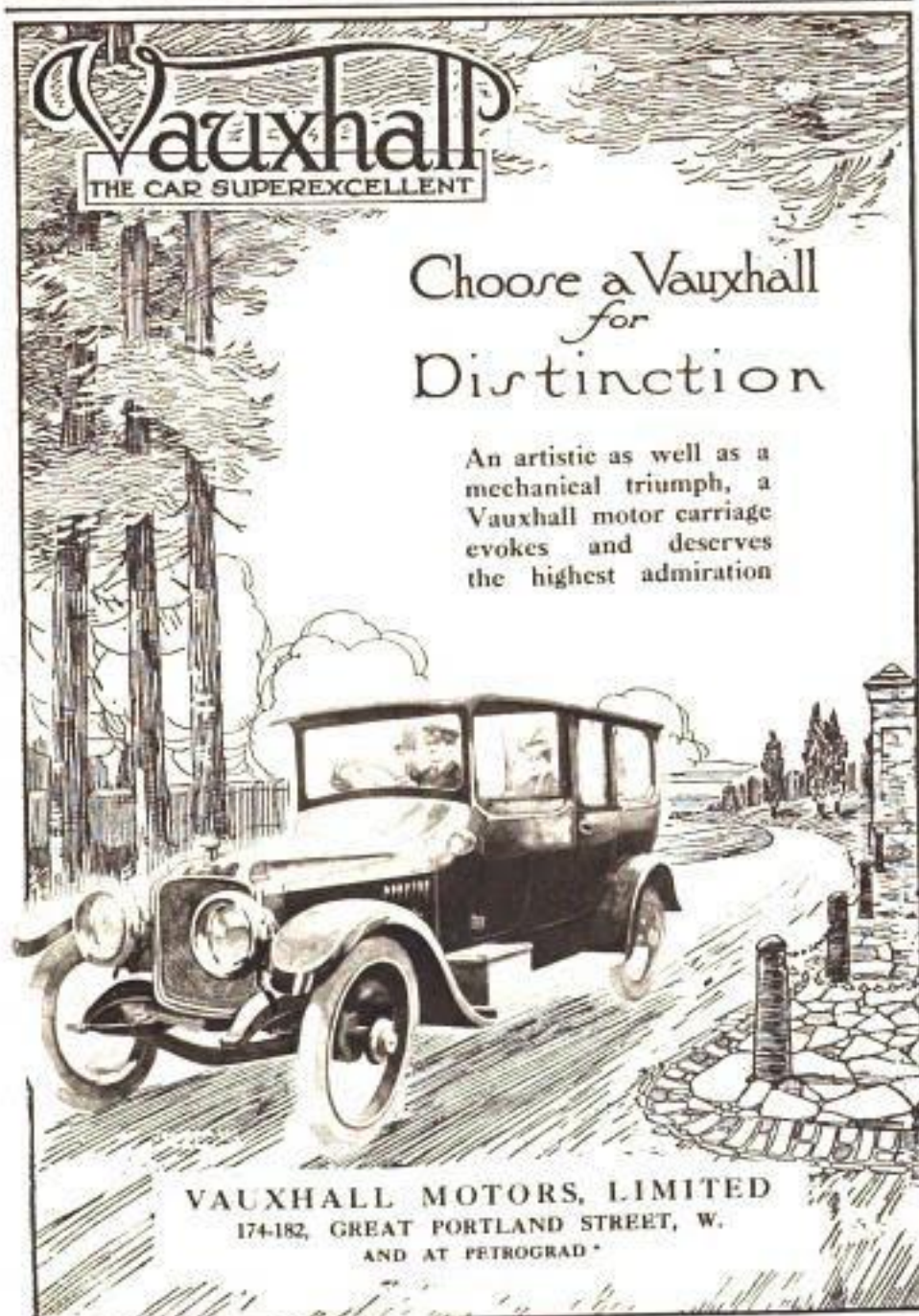


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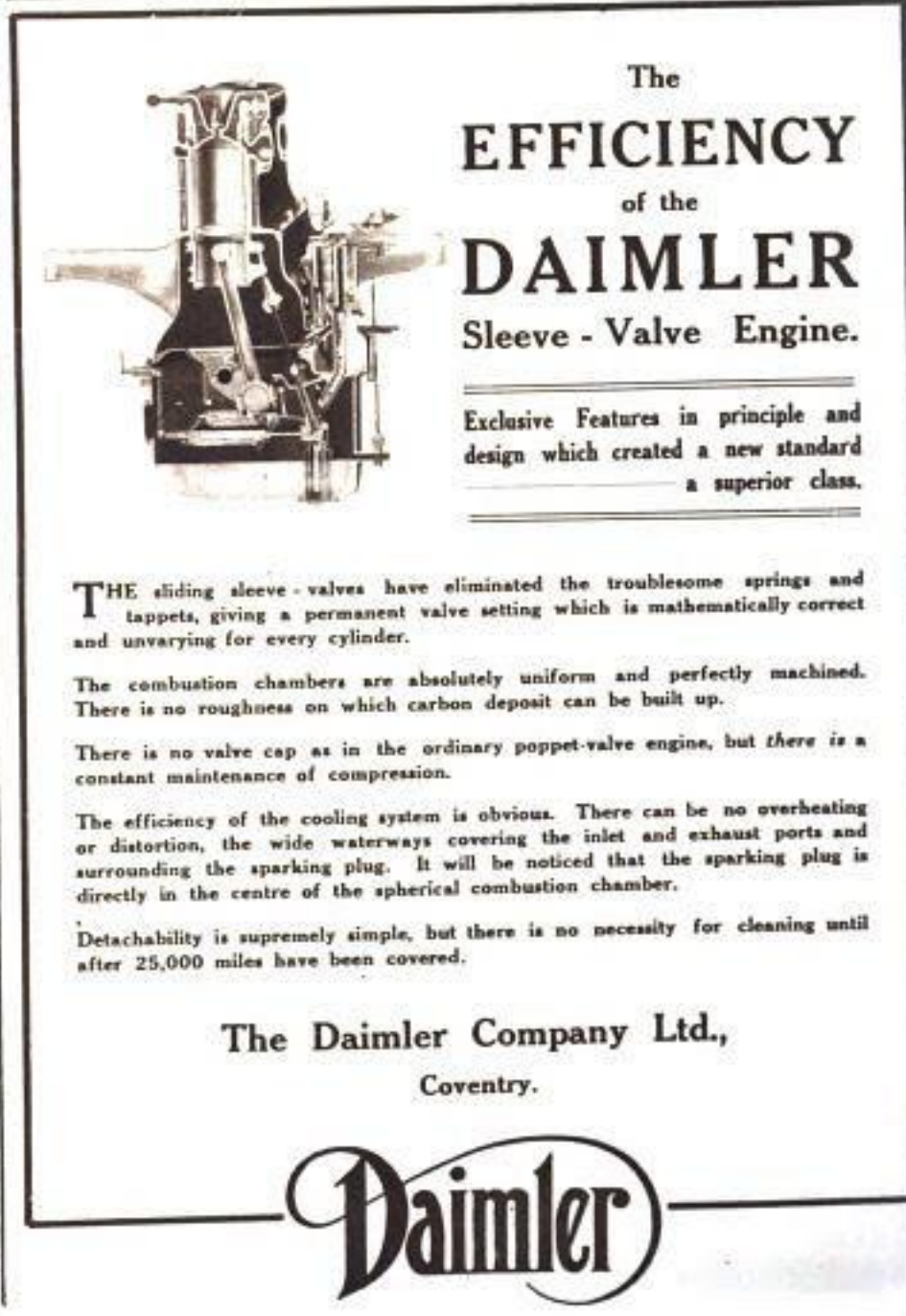


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Daimler

"What stops him?"

"The sight of two men's faces, peering at him from over the edge of a ditch—and the flash of a lantern."

"What! Ridge and his mate?"

"Ridge and his mate. You seem surprised at that. But consider the stress of the mental conflict going on within him, consider his state of excitement. Think of the unexpectedness of that apparition. He never dreams of other malefactors. It is the last thing he would think of. These must be the guardians of the law—do you see?—the protectors of the defenceless. And, to heighten the impression—there is the lantern. Now, if a dark lantern is sometimes found in the hands of footpads and night prowlers, it is, as you know, the inevitable equipment of the police. Guilty conscience tells him, 'You have been suspected; you have been tracked down, and—now they've got you!' his overstrained nerves give way, and he flies incontinently—panic-stricken!"

There was a pause of some minutes, and then Halstock said: "It is an ingenious theory, Meldon, but one very difficult to accept. See what it leads to. In effect, you ask me to believe that three men, with connivance only between two of them, have an identical object, and set out of deliberate purpose, simultaneously, to waylay and murder a fourth. That not only do they so frighten one another as to bring their intentions

to naught, but that each of the parties—the one man on the one side, the two on the other—each in turn, in effect, act unwittingly as the pro-

Halstock gave a short, contemptuous laugh. "Yes!" he exclaimed; "it would be an extraordinary coincidence! You may well call it that."

So extraordinary—that no one could possibly believe it. I find it infinitely easier to credit the presence of a ghost. It's ingenious, as I say, but you may rack your brains to build up a fantastic theory—"

"Theory!" exclaimed Meldon hotly; "it's no theory! It's the facts I am giving you. The truth as I alone can know it!" And he brought his clenched fist down on the table.

"The truth!—as you alone can know—yow!" repeated Halstock in blank amazement.

Meldon started violently in his chair like a man suddenly awakened from a dream. He looked wildly about him, and then his eyes encountering the amazed stare of his companion, he gasped as if for breath, and sank his face in his hands.

The clock ticked monotonously for several minutes.

"This morning—Laban Ridge," Halstock heard him murmur in a muffled, broken voice—"died—on the gallows. On the gallows—but for the grace of God—might have—hanged—"

There was a sound like a dry sob from the bowed figure. Then followed a long silence.

With his eyes unusually bright,

Halstock at length rose softly to his feet, and going up to his friend, gently laid his hand on his shoulder.



Halstock, going up to his friend, gently laid his hand on his shoulder.

tecting genius of the man they designed to murder." "That is what makes it so extraordinary a coincidence."



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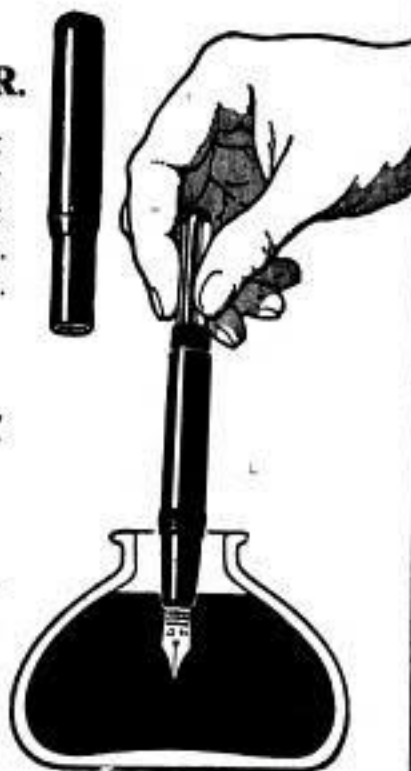
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They come as a boon and a blessing to men, the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.



WARRING WITH WEATHER.

DAWN just over the world's edge; the mercury snuggling down into the bulb to keep warm, and a vicious wind, of the man-eating type, abroad and yelling for prey.

Lord help the man now whose clothes are sodden with the night's rain! How the poor devil envies his comrade, "Thresher"—clad and comfortable, standing yonder, cigarette in mouth, exposed to everything that's going in the way of wind and wet, but rather seeming to like it. Up rushes the famished blast, springs upon him, claws him over hungrily—and howls away defeated.

There's no way in through the "Thresher" for cold or wet. Most of the rain stops at the outside shell of hard khaki drill, which is really there to take the rough-and-tumble of trench-wear and to discourage the clinging affection of trench-mud. Any wet that gets through that has only wasted its time, for it finds itself up against the storm-proof lining, and there's nothing for it to do but sit down and cry. The cold will go through those two layers, of course—with heavy losses of its fighting strength, though—but it can't make head or tail of the warm inner lining (sheepskin or wool at choice). That beats it down and out. So it hangs about outside, trying to sneak in at wrists, neck, and button-holes, and failing because of the cunning little comfort dodges in the build of the "Thresher."

The official recommendation of the "Thresher" by the War Office has been endorsed by 12,000 officer-wearers and nearly as many (it would almost seem) imitators, who have adopted as much of its principle and as many of its details as seemed decently safe.



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Trench Coat with detachable 'Kamelcote' lining £6 6s.

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Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque when ordering.

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THE RENEWED ALLIED ADVANCE IN THE BALKANS: A BRITISH LIGHT-ARTILLERY GUN BOMBARDING AN ENEMY POSITION ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

In spite of weather difficulties, according to the news from Macedonia at the time of writing, the Allies in that quarter keep going steadily forward. The Allied operations on the Balkan Front are largely an artillery battle across intervening mountain ridges. Unseen enemy positions have to be shelled from miles off. The guns have to be

laid on invisible targets, partly by the map, partly by means of information telephoned or "wirelessed" to the battery firing-line. Aeroplanes—and observation-officers ensconced in hidden posts among the hills in front, with the enemy in view from there—control the aim as completely as though the artillerymen saw the enemy.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is one of the paradoxes of man that a small thing seems so much larger than a large thing. We notice a sky-sign when we do not notice the sky; we realise a landmark when we scarcely realise the land; and we look up with awe at the whirling stars above us, without once becoming conscious of the whirling star on which we stand. A small thing is an object; and a large thing is merely a background. The truth has, of course, very deep roots, lying close to what religion has always said of the dependence and the ingratitude of man. It may not be tactful for the philosopher, meeting a man with a pebble in his shoe, to remind him that he is very lucky to have any legs. It may be incautious for the mystic, when the housewife complains of a cobweb on the ceiling, to tell her that the ceiling might fall on her any minute. But the philosopher and the mystic are quite right, for all that; and the truth of what they say is often disinterred in the earthquake of war-time, when limbs are really carried away by cannon-balls or roofs come rushing down under the shock of shells. In this, war is very like an earthquake, for an earthquake is a thing in which the largest thing we know begins to move, and to remind us for the first time of how long it has been lying still.

We have reached a particular point in the present war at which it is supremely necessary to stretch our minds, so as to take in the large things and not merely the small. For it is not too much to say that the large things are going right and the small things are going wrong. Pessimism or even panic can be created by a simple trick of mental contraction. It is an optical illusion which can see Roumania and cannot see Russia. It could see the capture of Kut, for the very reason that Kut was a small and isolated outpost, a little dot upon a large plain. It has never grasped the gigantic haul of captures which Brusiloff made in Galicia, for the very reason that it ran into long figures—and with the imagination noughts go for nought. To be told that among a multitude of adventures in aviation such-and-such a proportion of successes shows the English aviators to have the mastery of the German, leaves on the mind only a confused impression, as of a cloud of flies in the air. It cannot compare in conspicuousness and intensity with the excitement of watching one speck in the sky above London and knowing it is a Zeppelin, though the Zeppelin has most probably lost its way, wasted its bombs, and is wavering towards a flaming fall. In this sense it is not even the largeness of the Zeppelin that is impressive, but rather its smallness. It is compact and clear in shape; it is an object, and not a vista or a vast design. The same thing that makes it too small to carry any serious military force, too small to do any wide military damage, too small to attack an army or attempt an invasion—the same thing that makes it too small for these things gives it also the most final and effective advantage of smallness. It is too small to be ignored.

Stretching our imagination to the scale of the war ought undoubtedly to sober us as against any merely vainglorious confidence or any merely negligent satisfaction. But quite as undoubtedly it ought to

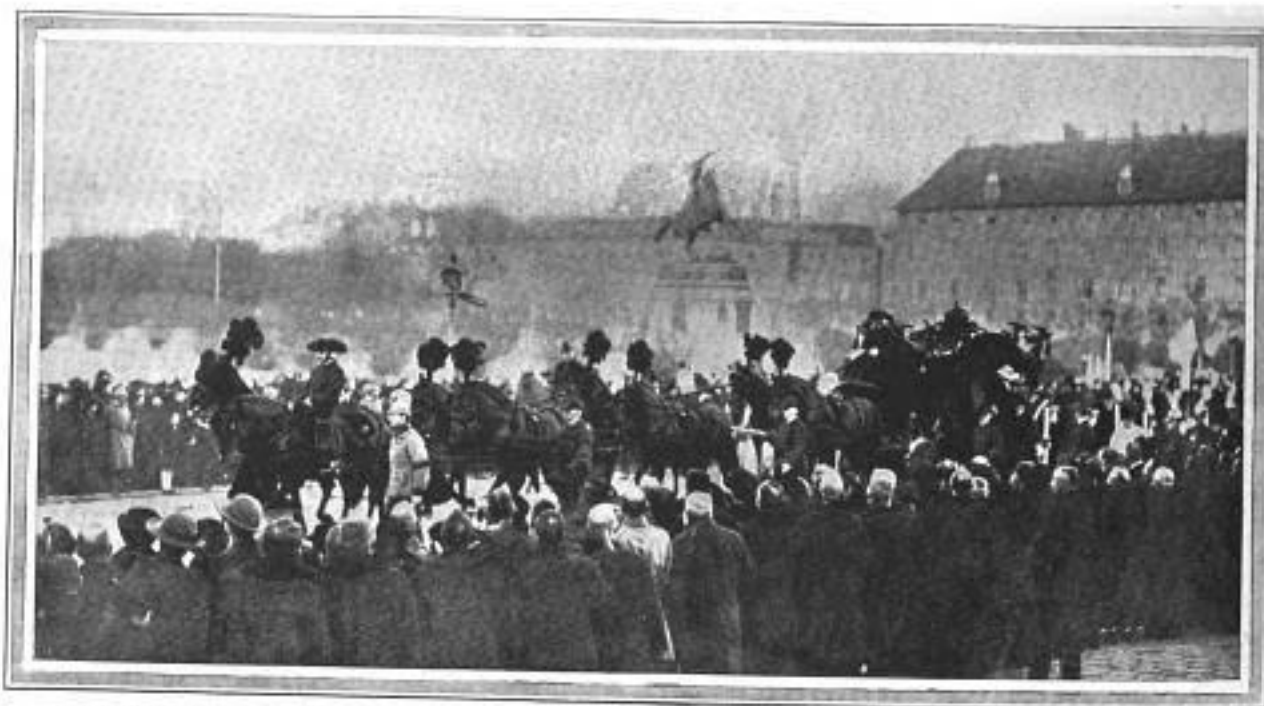
stiffen us as against the quite fantastic blue devils that have been dancing on a hundred wires during the last few weeks. If there is no instant cause for exultation, there is even less cause for any kind of depression; and there seem to be many people who have no notion of the existence of anything normal between these two extremes. Anything seems sufficient to upset the seat of judgment; the seat of judgment has become a swing or a see-saw. Such an onlooker has often been satirised as an arm-chair critic; but I cannot see that he is any nearer to being on the spot by making his arm-chair a rocking-chair. To be elated when a village is captured in the morning, and cast down when it is lost again in the afternoon—this is not to follow the course of a war. It is simply to be ignorant of the very nature of a war. A certain amount of this levity of lamentation, for instance, is unconsciousness of the striking scientific fact that winter comes after summer. This is surely a somewhat dangerous and unworthy way of being affected by the weather. There is only one way of correcting anything so chaotic as this blend of temperament and temperature. It is to look

because he will take a little longer to beat. This is human enough, heaven knows, considering the incessance of the sacrifice. For that matter, it is very human to wave a white flag or to run away. But people are not called strenuous patriots because they encourage that part of their humanity. A man is not supposed to be saving the Empire when he waves a white flag; but apparently he is when he waves a printed rag. He is not complimented for "realising the seriousness of the war" when he lets his legs run away with him. But apparently he is when he lets his words and his feelings run away with him. Yet it is surely far less pardonable in us, who see so little of the horror, that we should so easily get the horrors. If a man can conquer his twitches when he has to wait in a trench and fix a bayonet, he might surely conquer them when he has only to wait in a club and read a newspaper. No; if our feeling is simply disappointment, we should sharply tell ourselves that such disappointment is very disappointing. When we went to war with the evil so deeply entrenched in Central Europe, we ought to have discounted a hundred

delays and expected a hundred disappointments. When we sent men to be blown about by deadly explosives, we ought at least to have been secure against being blown about by every wind of doctrine; we ought to have known that the sign in which we conquer is the cross and not the weather-cock.

A nurse who had done noble and obscure service in a wild district at the beginning of the war recounted how for weeks and months together she and her little colony were cut off from any news whatever. She said that after a certain number of days they were all gripped with an unmeaning conviction of calamity; and went

about their work as if the final defeat of the Allies had been publicly announced in the hospital. Still no news came of any kind; and some days later they were all glowing with an equally mysterious faith, hope, and security about the fate of the world. There was no external cause for their hopelessness; and there was no external cause for their hope. Whether it was a mood or a more mystical sort of trial, the whole transformation scene took place within the walls of their hospital, and even within the walls of their brains. If a state of consciousness were a thing subject to analysis or resolution into its parts, it would be interesting to discover how much of the hilarity or the rather hysterical depression of our cities would still take place if no war news were to reach them at all. Certainly their psychological condition often seems to have little or nothing to do with the war news that does reach them. And even when that news is whipped up into a froth by journalistic fallacies, even when a panic is deliberately spread, the mystery may still attach to those who spread it, and may vary with the society in which it spreads. I only recall one fact: whether by an accident or a more divine irony, the days when the little hospital was at its lowest depths of melancholia were most probably the days in which Manoury wheeled round the western end of the battle-line along the Marne, and Foch rode in triumph through the battle-breach of the Prussian Guard.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA: THE HEARSE, ATTENDED BY THE IMPERIAL BODYGUARD.

Photograph by Verevigné Photographers.

at the large facts, the largest facts that we can find. It is to look beyond the landmarks, which may deceive and alter, and see the landscape which will endure.

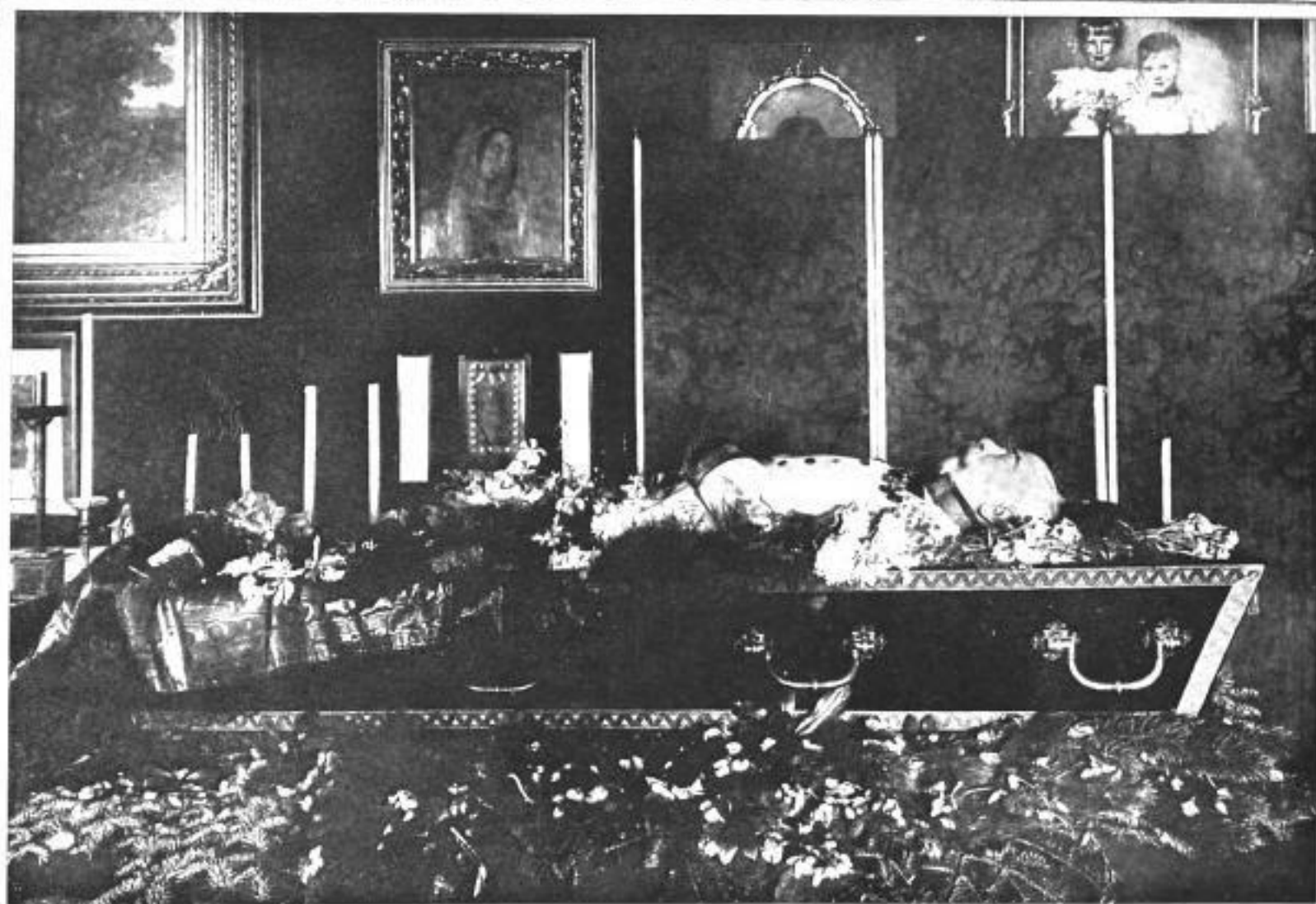
Now, the large fact is that the large designs of Germany have not only failed but ceased; and that her comparatively small designs are having a certain success. She first made a large effort upon the West; she was pinned upon the West, and she is now increasingly pressed upon the West. She has since made one last effort to reverse this situation in the Verdun sector; and (to put the matter at its very mildest) she is immeasurably worse off than if she had never made it at all. She made her other large effort in the East, having good hopes of breaking altogether an army beggared of munitions. She was so far from succeeding that the beggared army was able to return re-armed, and not only to roll back but to capture unexpectedly enormous fragments of her armies. After these two large efforts to the West and East she has made no similarly large efforts at all; but she pursued the retreating Serbians, and she is now pursuing the retreating Roumanians. All these are very stale facts; but they are still overwhelmingly the most important facts. We may tire of them, as we may tire of a landscape; but we need not relieve our feelings by falsely asserting that the landscape is a landslide. The truth is, I take it, that it is not a doubt about beating the enemy, but a disappointment

THE DEAD AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: IN CHAPEL AND PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY VERVENHUIS FOTODUREAUX, AMSTERDAM.



THE HOFBURG CHAPEL AS A CHAPELLE ARDENTE: THE WREATHS AND BIER CANDLES RANGED BESIDE THE LATE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S COFFIN.



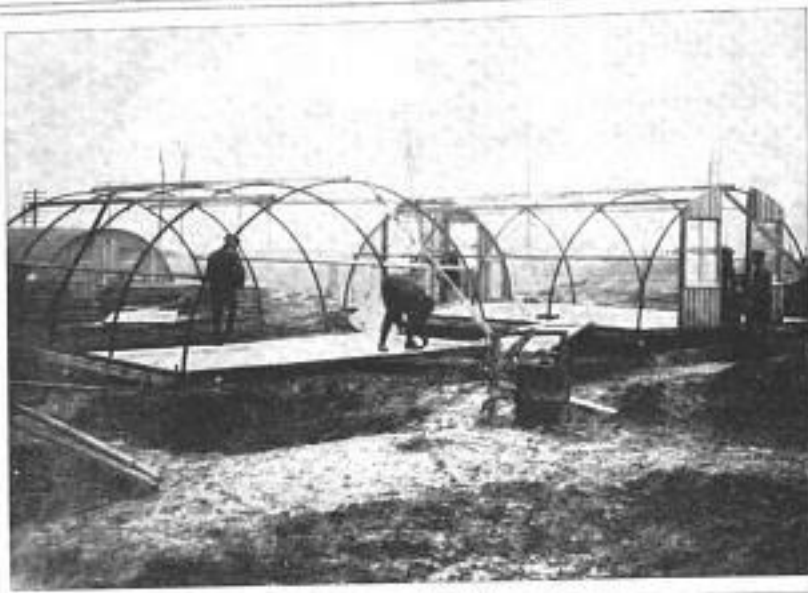
IN THE IMPERIAL APARTMENTS OF SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE: THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, IN FIELD-MARSHAL'S UNIFORM.

During the latter part of the interval between the death and the final placing of the coffin in the vaults of the Imperial Mausoleum in the Capuchin Monastery, the remains of the Emperor Francis Joseph were laid in state in the Hofburg Chape, Vienna. There, for centuries, as each Hapsburg Emperor in turn passed away, their coffins have been temporarily laid while the royal mourners and other personages attending the funeral have been on their way to the capital, to be present at the Benediction Service, held

in St. Stephen's Cathedral, on the day of the street procession through the city with the remains. In spite of the war, little or nothing was omitted of the elaborate pomp and traditional ceremonial with which the late Emperor's predecessors were laid to rest. Francis Joseph died at the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, a few miles out of Vienna, and the body was removed thence to the Hofburg Chapel at night, with a torchlight escort of Court Chamberlains and military. Court officials and chaplains watched there.

CONSTRUCTION AND DESTRUCTION: SOME CONTRASTS AT THE FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



CONSTRUCTIVE WORK ON THE BRITISH FRONT: ERECTING A NEW TYPE OF HUT FOR THE TROOPS.



QUARTERS CONSTRUCTED FOR FOUR-FOOTED CAMPAIGNERS: HORSES IN OPEN-AIR STABLES AT THE FRONT.



HIGHLANDERS HELPING FRENCH PEASANTS TO GET IN THEIR VEGETABLE CROPS. MEN OF THE SEAFORTHES OCCUPIED IN UPROOTING POTATOES ON A FRENCH FARM.



CONSTRUCTION FOLLOWED BY DESTRUCTION: A STRONG HEDGE OF GERMAN BARBED WIRE AT BEAUMONT.



DUG-OUT CONSTRUCTION ON THE LATEST LINES: BRITISH TROOPS ENGAGED IN BUILDING A SHELTER.

Some interesting contrasts between the constructive and the destructive side of war are afforded by these photographs. As examples of construction, they show the method of building a new type of hut for the troops, with raised floors and roofs of corrugated iron over an arched framework; also the method of building a dug-out on improved lines which are the result of long experience of trench-warfare. In the case of the open-air stables for horses, we see the finished result of the work, with the animals installed in their quarters and being groomed and fed. Potato-digging, perhaps, can hardly be classed

as constructive work, except as a stage in the process of building up sound human bodies by wholesome food. Incidentally, the photograph of the Seaforths thus employed is an instance of the friendly sympathy existing between our men and the French peasant, both being always ready to do each other a good turn. The left-hand photograph at the foot of the page shows the immense strength of the German barbed wire at Beaumont which our guns had to uproot with high explosive. This is a case of German construction followed by British destruction.

BRITAIN ON THE BALKAN FRONT: IN ACTION AND OFF DUTY.

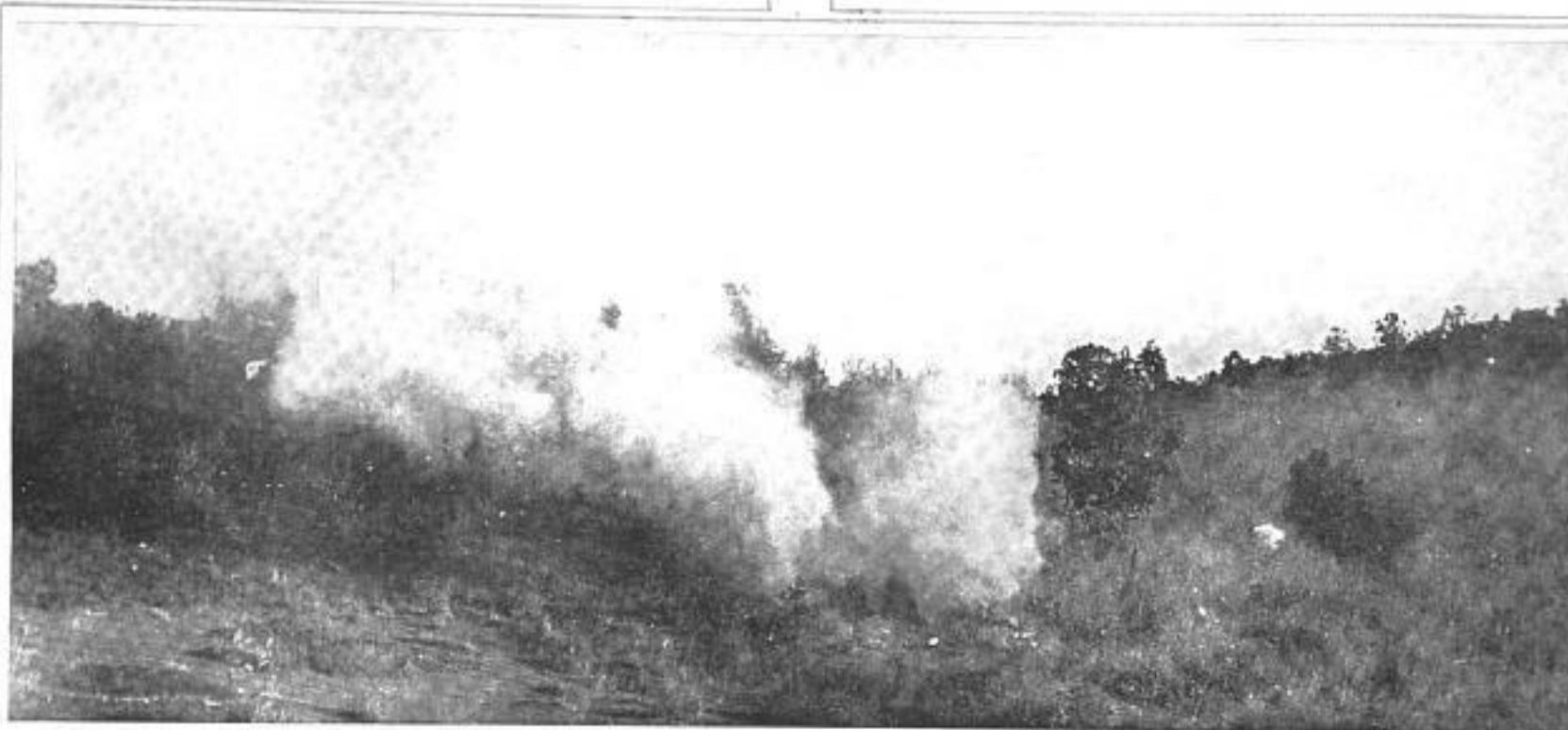
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



LIVING LOW: AND LITTLE THE WORSE: IN THE BRITISH INFANTRY TRENCH-LINES DURING A BULGARIAN ARTILLERY "STRAFE."



AN INTERVAL OF QUIET BETWEEN "STRAFEs": SMILING FACES OF A GUN-PIT PARTY LINED UP BEFORE THE CAMERA.



SQUANDERING BULGARIAN AMMUNITION: ENEMY SHELLS "SEARCHING" A WOOD IN A VALLEY FOR ANY BRITISH POSSIBLY POSTED THERE.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER FIRING A SHOT OVER HIGH GROUND: A BRITISH LIGHT ARTILLERY GUN IN ACTION IN THE OPEN ON A HILL-SIDE.



A "PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON" IN A BRITISH TRENCH-LINE DUG-OUT: NO "STRAFE" ON, AND TIME TO READ THE PAPERS FROM HOME.

Speaking generally, from the newspaper accounts of the situation in the Balkans, the British hold the eastern sector of the Allied front in Macedonia, and the Lake Doiran region of the Greek border. The French and Serbians are mainly massed on the western sector, and in the Monastir country. There our Allies, from the latest official and other telegrams, are advancing step by step, forcing back the enemy's efforts at a counter-offensive. Meanwhile, beyond skirmishing and occasional engagements, the British, for their part, remain entrenched, holding the enemy before them in check, and within artillery range of the Bulgarians in that quarter. Artillery duels take place almost daily,

the gunners on both sides firing mostly across the hills between the opposing armies. Our illustrations show what that sort of warfare means for the combatants. While the enemy's "strafe" of our lines is proceeding, our infantry in the trenches keep under cover, leaving the task of hitting back to our gunners. Not a few of the enemy's shells are wasted, fired blindfold and bursting ineffectively. When no "strafe" is going on, the men come up and enjoy life unconcernedly; or read the papers in their dug-outs. In the fourth illustration, showing a light gun in action, the gun has that instant been discharged. The centre man of the three on the left is setting a fuse for range, in readiness for the next shot.

NATURAL HARDSHIPS: THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST



CLAD IN WATERPROOF SHEETS AND TRENCH-WADERS: A WORKING PARTY ABOUT TO START OFF IN THE RAIN.



BRINGING UP SUPPLIES UNDER DIFFICULTIES: TRANSPORTING



RESCUED FROM MUD INTO WHICH HE SANK TO THE ARMPITS: A MIRE-STAINED SOLDIER.



"EIGHT MILES OR SO OF QUAGMIRE . . . ALL SLIMY AND

On the British front "General Mud" for some time has proved a more formidable foe than the Germans. It was he, in fact, who saved the latter from the full effects of our attack coming to their aid at a critical moment. The difficulties and dangers to which our troops have been exposed by bad weather were described recently by Mr. Philip Gibbs. "The rain in the trenches," he writes, "are having a hard time. Up in the front lines there is no comfort, no shelter, no rest for them, and they need all their courage and strength to resist their wetness, their coldness, and the foul conditions into which they have been plunged by a month of rain. . . . The rains . . . created a condition of things in and behind the lines quite fantastically disagreeable, and men who were living and fighting on our front where it drops below the high ridge of the Flanders line are reminded of this time at Ypres in the first November of dismal memories. The Canadians . . . have been telling me the tale of their experience with that kind of laugh which men give when they come under

ALIGN

"GENERAL MUD" ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

GRAPHS.



A POINT WHERE THE ROAD IS COMPLETELY UNDER WATER.



A BRANCH OF THE SERVICE THAT GOES ON IN ALL WEATHERS: A FIELD-KITCHEN IN THE MUD.



A SERIES OF SWAMPS: A GENERAL VIEW ON THE FRONT.



MUDDY BUT CHEERFUL: A BRITISH SOLDIER WHO HAD RESCUED A COMRADE.

of hideous adventures. It was a sheer fight for life against natural hardships, and the other fighting, against human creatures . . . seems to them now of less importance than their struggle with the inhumanity of the weather. . . . Away behind them . . . stretched eight miles or so of quagmire, through which on dry days our armies had fought since the beginning of the Somme battles. It was that great battlefield churned up by shell-fire and mine-explosions during four months and more of ceaseless bombardment, and now all slimy and glutinous in a series of swamps. What had been an hour's walk on summer days became a weary and difficult trudge in winter, and then men floundered between the shell-holes and the mud-hills like lost souls in infernal darkness. Men carrying munition-boxes slipped and fell in the mud. Men carrying food supplies failed to reach the front lines because they had fallen up to their necks in the ice-cold water of deep pits, and were crying out for rescue. The question of getting up supplies to the fighting men became a vital problem."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

Photographs by LAFAYETTE, SWAIN, GALE AND POLLEN, RUSSELL, DEERHAM, BASSANO, AND HADON AND SONS.



LIEUT.-COL. G. E. GOFF, M.C.,
The King's (Liverpool) Regt. Son of late
John Gobbie Goff and Mrs. Goff, Killiney,
Co. Dublin.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER
GEOFFREY N. BIGGS, R.N.,
Chevalier of Legion of Honour. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. John Biggs, Bathaston.



MAJOR VERE D. LOXLEY,
R.M.L.I. Son of late Rev. Arthur Loxley,
and Mrs. Loxley, Little Cloisters, Gloucester.
Killed in action.



LIEUT.-COL. F. J. SAUNDERS, D.S.O.,
R.M.L.I. Won D.S.O. in Boer War; men-
tioned in despatches present war. Son of Mr.
William Saunders, Sydenham.



MAJOR S. L. THORNE,
Canadian Infantry. Officially
reported by the War Office
killed in action.



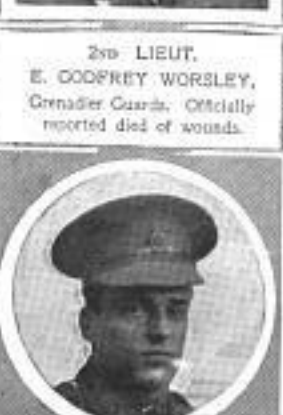
2ND LT. J. C. SALUSBURY
JONES,
K.O. Yorkshire L.I. Son of Mr.
J. Salusbury Jones, Haverhill.



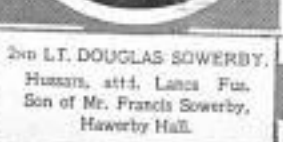
2ND LT. M. V. O'DOWD,
Northumberland Fusiliers.
Son of Mr. Thomas Emmett
O'Dowd, Jamalpur.



2ND LT. B. J. BARTHOLOMEW,
Cameron Highlanders. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew,
'Grangington,' Beckenham.



2ND LIEUT.
E. OODFREY WORSLEY,
Grenadier Guards. Officially
reported died of wounds.



2ND LT. DOUGLAS SOWERBY,
Hussars, att'd. Lancs Fus.
Son of Mr. Francis Sowerby,
Hawerby Hall.



MAJOR
C. W. J. K. LENDRUM,
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son
of Mrs. Lendrum, Dundoran.



LIEUT. V. E. FANNING,
Oxford and Bucks Light In-
fantry. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
F. C. Fanning, Oxford.



CAPT. H. W. H. RAWSON,
Oxford and Bucks L.I. Son
of Admiral Sir Harry F.
Rawson, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



LT. H. C. WHITELEGG,
West Indies Regt. Son of
late T. Davies Whitelegg,
Manchester.



CAPTAIN
GEOFFREY Y. HEALD,
Lancashire Fus. Son of Mr.
William Heald, Urmston.



2ND LT. R. H. S. BOULT,
King's (Liverpool) Regt. Son
of Mrs. Boulton, Silvermere,
Prince's Park, Liverpool.



LIEUT.-COL. A. P. MACK,
Suffolk Regiment. Has been officially
reported by the War Office as killed
in action.



MAJOR R. A. SHAW,
R. Field Artillery. Son of late Mr. F. A.
Shaw and of Mrs. Shaw, Harrington, Mid-
ford-on-Sea.



CAPTAIN C. ARMYTAGE WOOLER,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Ernest Wooler, of Wortley, Leeds.
Died of wounds.



LIEUT.-COL. NORMAN O. BURGE,
Royal Marine Light Infantry. Mentioned
in despatches for "gallant and distinguished
conduct."

JAPAN'S HEIR-APPARENT INSTALLED: PRINCE HIROHITO IN TOKYO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: CAVALRY WITH HIS FLAG LEAVING THE GATE OF HIS HOME, THE TAKANAWA PALACE.

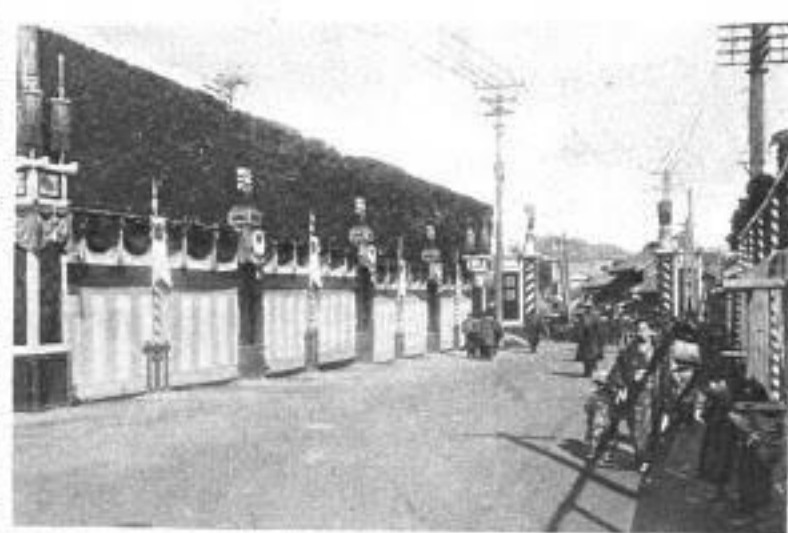


THE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF JAPAN ON THE DAY OF HIS INSTALLATION: PRINCE HIROHITO ON HIS WAY TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE FOR THE CEREMONY.

Ceremonies akin to the Investiture of the Prince of Wales took place in Tokyo on November 3, when Prince Hirohito, the eldest of the Emperor's four sons, was formally installed as Heir to the Throne. The Prince was born at Tokyo on April 29, 1901, and is thus in his sixteenth year. He holds the rank of Sub-Lieutenant of Infantry in the Japanese Army and of Lieutenant in the Navy. The succession to the Japanese Throne was definitely settled upon the male descendants of the Emperor by the Imperial House

Law of February 11, 1889. The ceremonies of the Crown Prince's installation began at eight o'clock in the morning. He drove to the Imperial Palace through streets packed with enthusiastic crowds. The ceremonies lasted until 2.30 p.m. After the installation, he received the members of the Diplomatic Body, whose spokesman was the British Ambassador, Sir W. Conyngham Greene. The British, French, Russian, and Italian Ambassadors presented the Prince with high Orders on behalf of their respective rulers.

TOKYO EN FÊTE IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN



DECORATED IN HONOUR OF HIS INSTALLATION: THE FRONT OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S RESIDENCE, THE TAKANAWA PALACE.

"THE Japanese (to quote the "Statesman's Year-Book") claim that their empire was founded by the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, 660 B.C., and that the dynasty founded by him still reigns. It was revived in the year 1868 (the first year of the Meiji) when the ruling (*de jure*) sovereign overthrew, after a short war, the power of the Shogun (the *de facto* sovereign), who had held the ruling power in successive families, since the twelfth

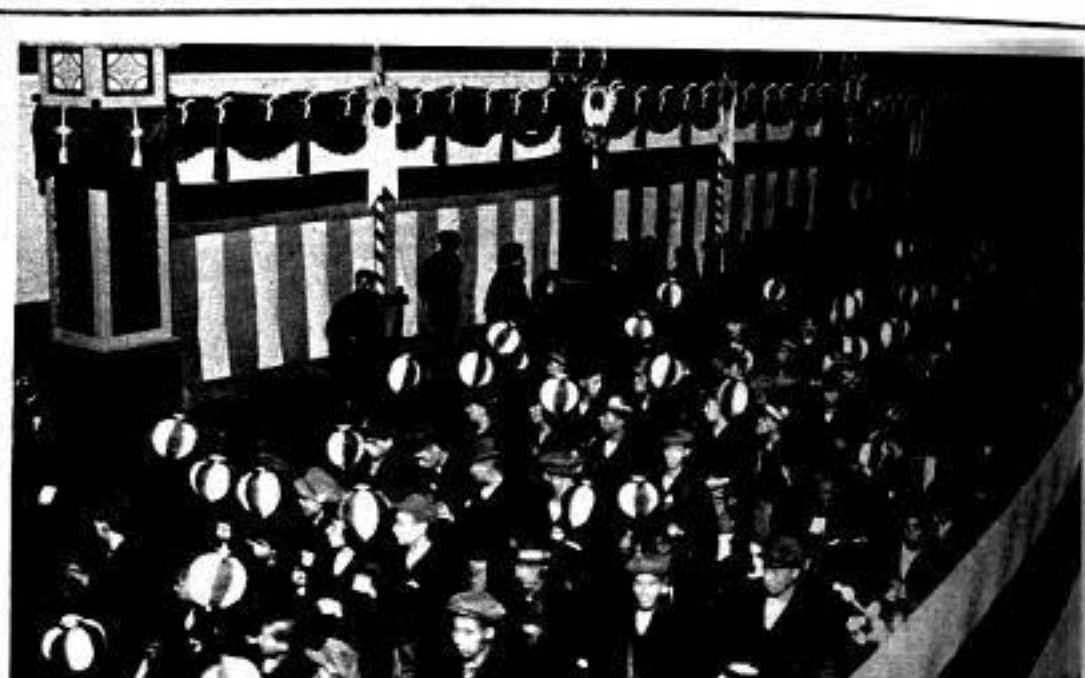
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REJOICINGS IN TOKYO ON THE DAY OF CROWN AT THE



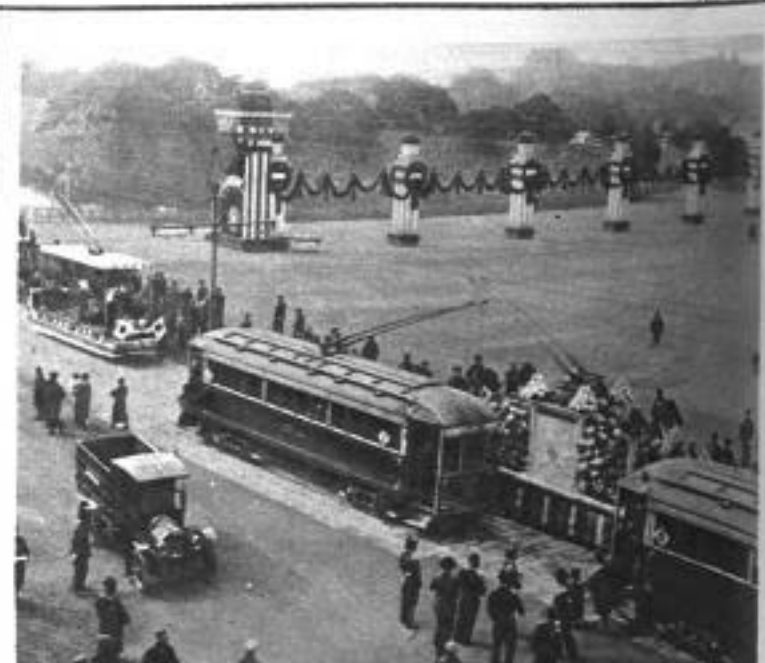
THE CHARM OF THE JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL: A PICTURESQUE FLAG-PROCESSION.



WHERE THE PAPER LANTERNS GLOW: A LANTERN PROCESSION BEFORE THE TAKANAWA PALACE.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE BABASAKI GATE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATIONS.



TRAMS TURNED TO DECORATIVE USE: FLOWER-DECKED CARS IN THE STREETS OF TOKYO.

The exquisite taste of the Japanese in the design of triumphal arches, flag-decorations, processions, and illuminations, is well shown in these interesting photographs, taken in Tokyo on the occasion of the formal installation of the Crown Prince Hirohito. As mentioned on the preceding page, the ceremony took place at the Imperial Palace on November 3, and all Japan, as well as the capital, was *en fete*, in a style very similar to that of the Emperor's Coronation festivities. The streets of Tokyo were packed with enthusiastic crowds as the Prince drove in procession from his own residence, the Takanawa Palace, to the Imperial Palace, for the ceremony, and also on his return in the afternoon. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated.

THE PRINCE OF JAPAN: STREET DECORATIONS.

APPLIED BY C.N.

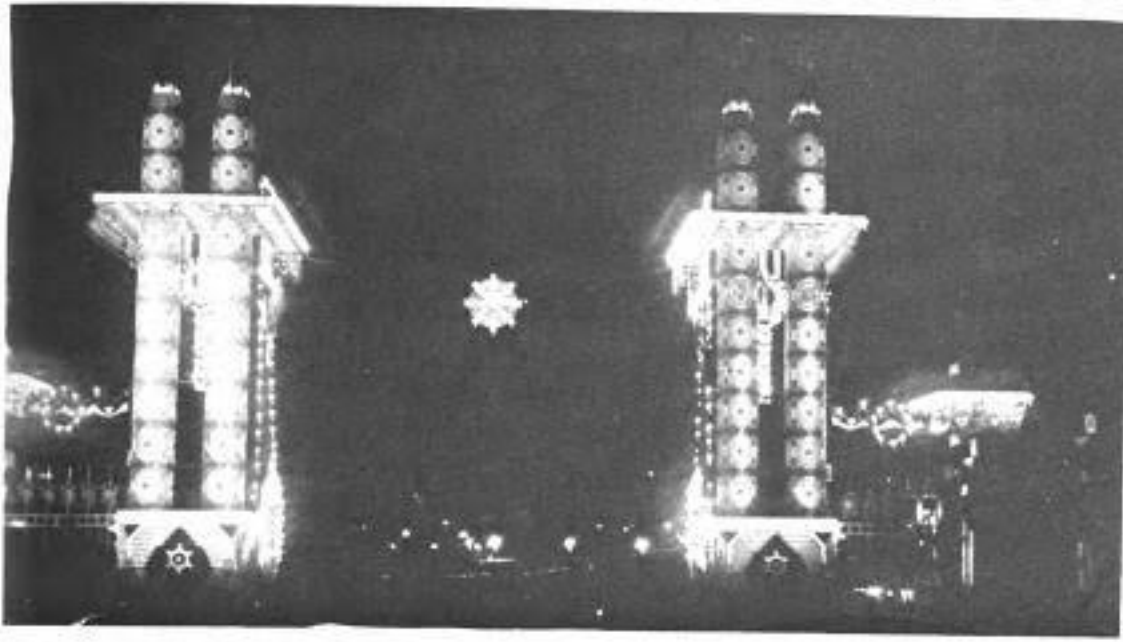


THE CROWN PRINCE'S INSTALLATION:
BABASAKI GATE.

Continued.
century, and in 1873 the feudal system (Hoken Seiji) was entirely suppressed." The present Emperor, Yoshihito, succeeded his father, Mutsuhito, on July 30, 1912. He married, in 1900, Princess Sadako, daughter of Prince Kujo. He has four sons—Prince Hirohito, the Crown Prince, born on April 29, 1901; Prince Yasuhito, born on June 25, 1902; Prince Nobuhito, born on January 3, 1905; and Prince Takahito, born on December 2, 1915.



WITH SENTRY-BOXES OF ARTISTIC DESIGN: THE FRONT GATE
OF THE TAKANAWA PALACE.



WITH A BRILLIANT STAR-LIKE EFFECT: ILLUMINATIONS ON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH
AT BABASAKI.



TOKYO CHILDREN IN HOLIDAY DRESS ON THE CROWN
PRINCE'S INSTALLATION DAY: ADMIRING DECORATIONS.



IN PICTURESQUE GARB AND CARRYING RIFLES: JAPANESE BOY SCOUTS
BEFORE THE CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE.



CARRYING THEIR BABIES ON THEIR BACKS: JAPANESE MOTHERS ADMIRING
THE ILLUMINATIONS ON THE BABASAKI ARCH.

and immense lantern processions paraded through the streets. One particularly effective scheme of illumination is shown in several of our photographs—namely, that of the great Triumphal Arch at the Babasaki Gate. An ornamental disc of lights was suspended between the principal pillars, showing at night as though it were hung in space like a great star. In the second photograph it is seen as it appeared in daylight. The costumes of the schoolgirls and children, all dressed in holiday attire, look charmingly picturesque, as well as that of the Japanese mothers carrying their babies inside their kimonos on their backs.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF PAPER ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

IN this column it has been my privilege for some years to discuss various themes and problems relating to that domain of Science which is concerned with living things, among which man holds the highest place. This position is his not by virtue of his physical strength, but because he is a thinking animal. He, and his, have become "as gods, knowing good and evil." Accordingly I need make no apology when, occasionally, I write here of man rather than of the creatures under his rule; for I am not concerned with his aberrations in regard to Party politics, but rather with the mainsprings of his actions and passions and inspirations—the spiritual offspring of his animal body.

These are the factors which make up the environment of the human race. These are the factors which have given him so large a mastery over the forces of Nature, and which distinguish him from the beasts that perish. This stupendous difference he owes to his larger brain, which in even the lowest of the human race yet discovered—the Piltown Man—is more than twice the size of that of the gorilla, a creature nearly related to man, and in brute strength infinitely his superior. Man is a thinking animal, because he is a conscious animal. It is his consciousness of himself and his surroundings that has placed him outside the operations of his animal and physical environment. The lower animals depend for their existence on their ability to respond to the conditions imposed by their physical environment, and their powers of adaptability to their animate environment—the struggle to obtain food, to avoid enemies, and so on. For them there is indeed a "struggle for existence." But the "struggle for existence" has nothing to do with human progress. For man is a thinking and scheming animal. He lives by his wits.

The failure to realise this, the proneness of the layman to apply Darwin's great generalisation to the development of the human race to-day, is answerable for much pernicious doctrine, culminating in the most disastrous war which the world has ever seen.

This much is clear from Bernhardt's assurance that "Wherever we look in nature, we find that war is a

fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognised in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin." And again: "War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilised nation finds its highest expression of strength and vitality."

Only in this sense is Bernhardt right. The horrors and the sufferings inflicted by war serve to purify Society of its follies, which, in times of peace, become boon companions, lowering our ambitions and destroying our capacity for progress. But to justify war on these grounds is to justify Charles Lamb's Chinamen who burned down their houses in order that they might enjoy the delights of roast pork!

religious sense. This is not to say that we ought to endeavour to resuscitate the standards of our Puritan fathers or of the Scotch Sabbatarians, but that we should endeavour to make at least some effort to understand our own motives and emotions, and those of our neighbours, in order that we may do our part to advance the general well-being. And in doing this we invariably advance our own. If we fail in this, as a nation, so surely shall we go down hill, shall we go blindly to perdition. Unless we take the trouble to understand at least the general principles underlying the stability of Society, we shall all unconsciously wreck it. And this process of mental stock-taking is urgently needed at this present crisis in our history, in order that we may the

more clearly see what is the rôle which we, as individuals, must play to ensure success in the struggles which are now taking place on the battlefields of Europe.

If the use of high-explosives and poison-gas as engines of human destruction could be abolished to-morrow, the happiness and prosperity of the human race would be just as much in jeopardy. National integrity would be just as likely to be undermined. Luxury and internecine strife have been the downfall of more than one great nation. These are the dangers we must realise.

We are still the creatures of our environment. Germany to-day is a witness thereof. When the present Kaiser came to the throne he found, well rooted, the best system of education in Europe. This he well knew he could not over-

throw. He therefore took care to turn it to his own uses. The God of War was set up in every school to be regarded as the highest ideal. "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war," says Bernhardt. The spring corn is now white unto the harvest. The ambition of Germany's rulers to make of her people a great military nation is ending in disaster. But though we may be able to abolish Force, in the form of War, it cannot be altogether suppressed; for man is still an animal, and the appeal to Force will always be made as a last resort to obtain his ends, when these assume an overmastering intensity.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



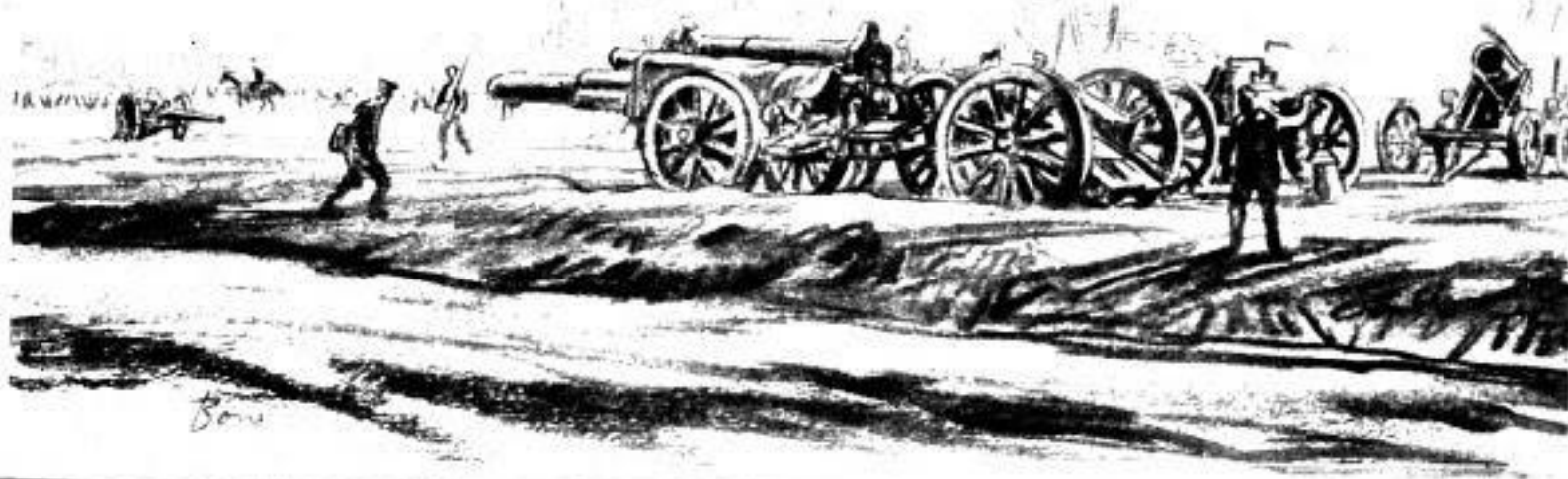
A GERMAN IDEA OF WAR AT SEA—SINKING FISHING-BOATS: THE BRIKHAM TRAWLER "DILIGENCE" IN PORT AFTER BEING SHELLED BY A SUBMARINE AND LOSING HER MAINMAST.

Some time ago a "U"-boat attacked with gun-fire some of our trawlers in the North Sea. A more destructive attack was made in the Channel at the end of November on the Brixham trawling fleet. Three vessels were sunk and others disabled. One of these latter, the "Diligence," is shown on arrival in harbour, with her mainmast shot away and shell-holes in the hull. The submarine suddenly appeared, fired right and left, and then shot at the boats containing the escaping crews of the sunken vessels.

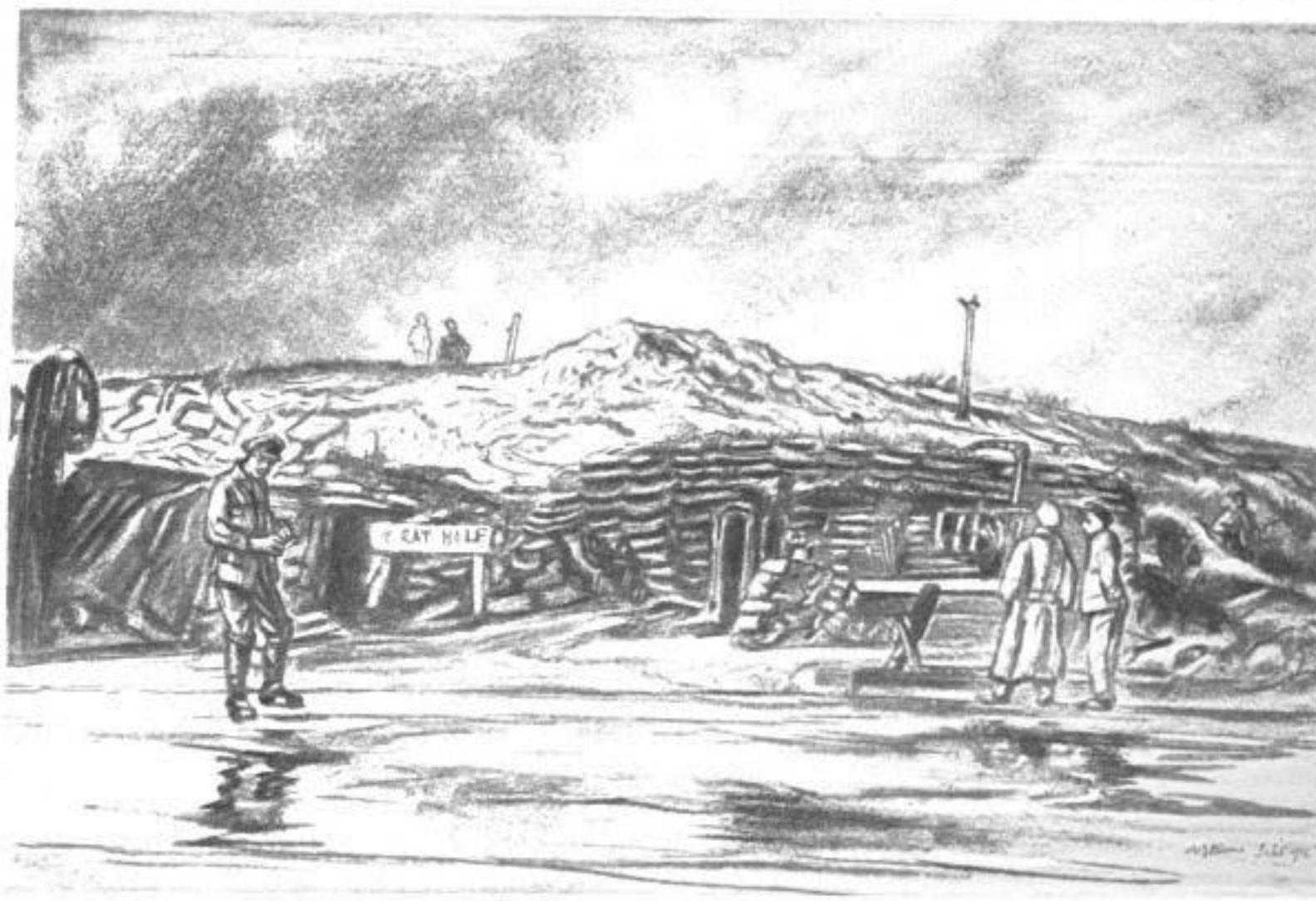
So long as the end and aim of life is no more than material prosperity and the pursuit of pleasure, Peace is as much to be dreaded as war. We have yet to realise that when, by the grace of consciousness, we escaped the toils of the "struggle for existence," as we understand it in the lower animals, we entered upon a new and no less exacting struggle, increasing in intensity as civilisation advances. I am thinking now not of the difficulty of "making a living," which merely strains our physical energies, but of our attitude in relation to our leisure moments, which we are too prone to regard as opportunities for indulgence, without regard to the effect they may have on our spiritual well-being, using this term in a general and not in a

FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM: WAR DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE.

FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT"—DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE WAR OFFICE.



FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT": A GUN-HOSPITAL—SHOWING A FEW INVALIDED "HEAVIES" OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY UNDERGOING REPAIRS.



FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT": A SMALL HAMLET OF SAND-BAGGED BRITISH DOG-OUTS, BEARING SUCH NAMES AS "VE RAT HOLE," AND SO ON.

For some months Mr. Muirhead Bone has been engaged, as a commissioned officer in the British Army in France, making drawings of places and incidents in the War for permanent record in the British Museum. Reproductions of some of these drawings are being published (by authority of the War Office) in monthly parts at 2s. net, with appropriate letterpress, under the title, "The Western Front." The first has a Preface by Sir Douglas Haig. Mr. Muirhead Bone is an artist of international reputation, whose drawings are perhaps better known abroad than at home, and the whole volume

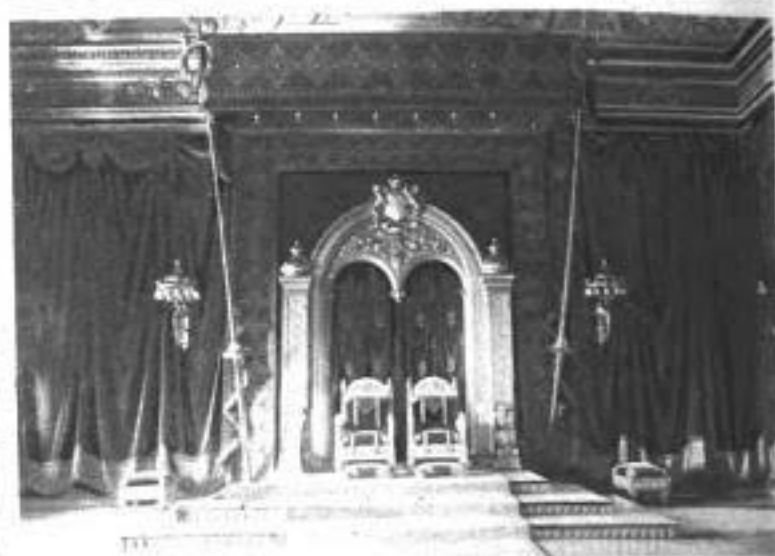
will form a unique record of the conditions of the Western Front in modern warfare. As regards the upper drawing, it may be said, many wounded or worn guns, of all calibres, are brought back for treatment to "hospitals" which do not fly the Red Cross. Here are a few invalided "heavies." The gun on the extreme right is the first British 9's that came to France. Like most of our heavy guns, she has been christened by her crew, and bears the inscription, "Lizzie, Somme Strafer." The lower drawing shows dug-outs a little behind the front.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ROUMANIAN CAPITAL, NOW IN GERMAN HANDS: BUCHAREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



BUILT BY THE LATE KING CAROL IN 1865: THE ROYAL PALACE, BUCHAREST.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST: THE THRONE ROOM.



AS SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS: PART OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR, BUCHAREST.



IN CAPTURED BUCHAREST: THE FINE ENTRANCE TO THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.



A HANDSOME GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN BUCHAREST: THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



ONE OF BUCHAREST'S SPLENDID PUBLIC BUILDINGS: THE BANK OF ROUMANIA.

In the German official report of the fall of Bucharest it was stated: "The troops entering Bucharest were received enthusiastically and decorated with flowers. Marshal von Mackensen drove in a motor-car to the Royal Castle, in front of which he was greeted with bouquets of flowers." It has since been pointed out that these floral tributes were not offered by Roumanians, but by certain Germans dwelling in the city. From its fine architecture and its broad boulevards, as well as from the brilliance and gaiety of its

social and intellectual life, Bucharest has been called "the Paris of the Near East." It has not, like Paris, the advantage of a fine site, lying as it does in the hollow of the Wallachian plain, on the banks of the sluggish and unattractive River Dimbovitza. It owes its architectural glories to the reign of the late King Carol, who fifty years ago found it a town of wooden houses and muddy lanes, with a one-story building as Palace. The new Palace, built in 1885, is unpretentious compared with other public buildings.

"POTENTIALLY AS STRONG AS EVER": THE ROUMANIAN FIELD ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



CAPTURED BY THE ROUMANIANS: A BATCH OF TURKISH PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.



RUSSIA'S ASSISTANCE TO THE ROUMANIANS: A RUSSIAN BATTERY IN ACTION IN ROUMANIA.



ON THE LINE OF RETREAT: A BRIDGE IN TRANSYLVANIA DESTROYED BY THE ROUMANIANS.



THE DEFENCE OF THE PASSES: CARRYING BARBED WIRE TO THE ROUMANIAN FRONT IN THE MOUNTAINS.



OF A FORCE THAT HAS BEEN IN ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY: ROUMANIAN CAVALRY.

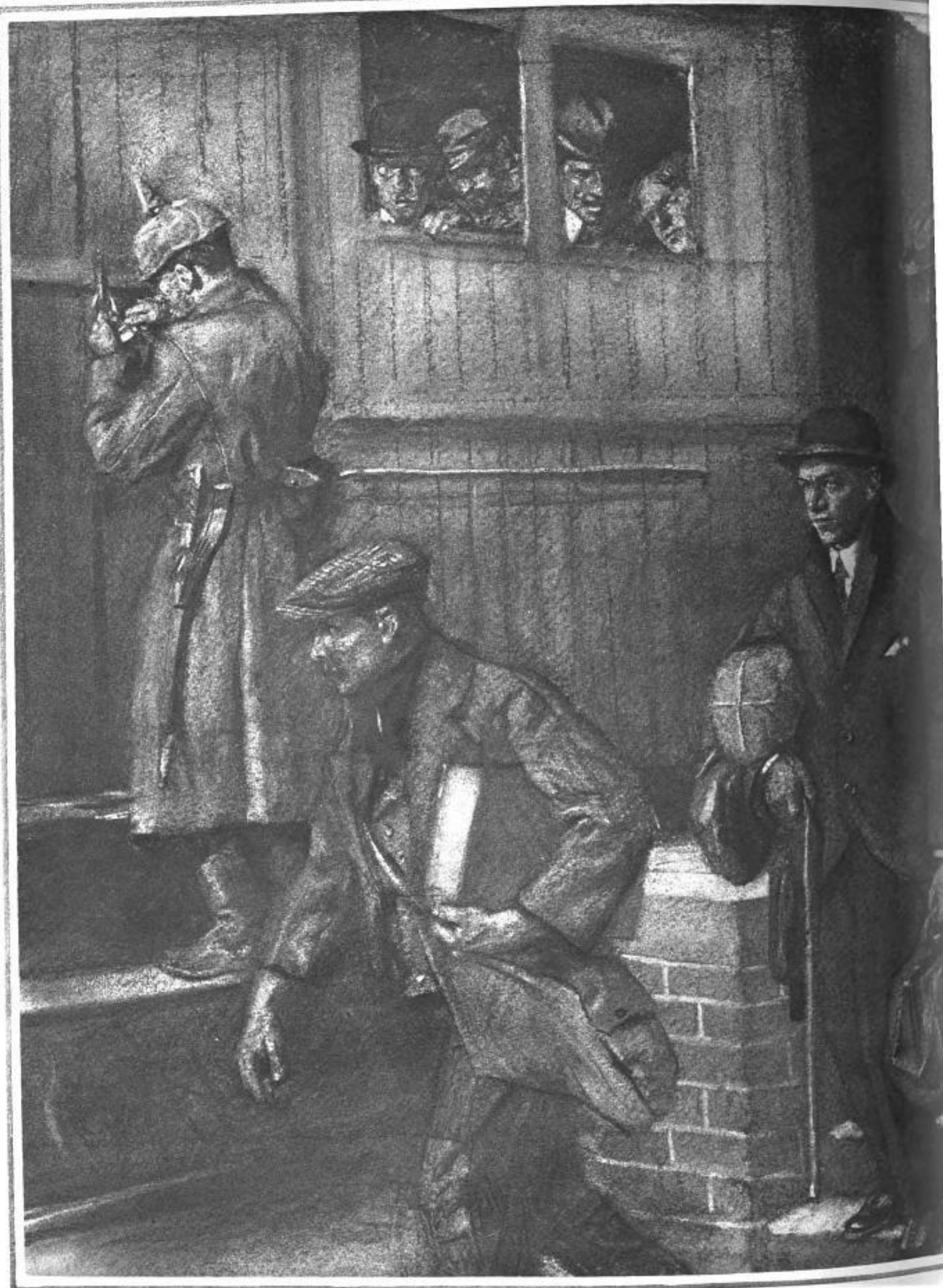


DEFENDING THE FREDEAL PASS: A ROUMANIAN GUN MOVING TO POSITION IN THE MOUNTAINS, ON A SPECIALLY MADE ROAD.

Continued.

The population of Bucharest was recently estimated at 346,000. It would be foolish to deny the seriousness of the loss of Bucharest and the German successes there, but military critics have still found cause for hoping that the situation in Roumania may be retrieved. For example, the well-known Italian expert, Major-General Corsi, recently expressed optimistic views on the subject. "The Germans," he is reported to have said in an interview, "are accomplishing only a strategical manoeuvre in Roumania. The

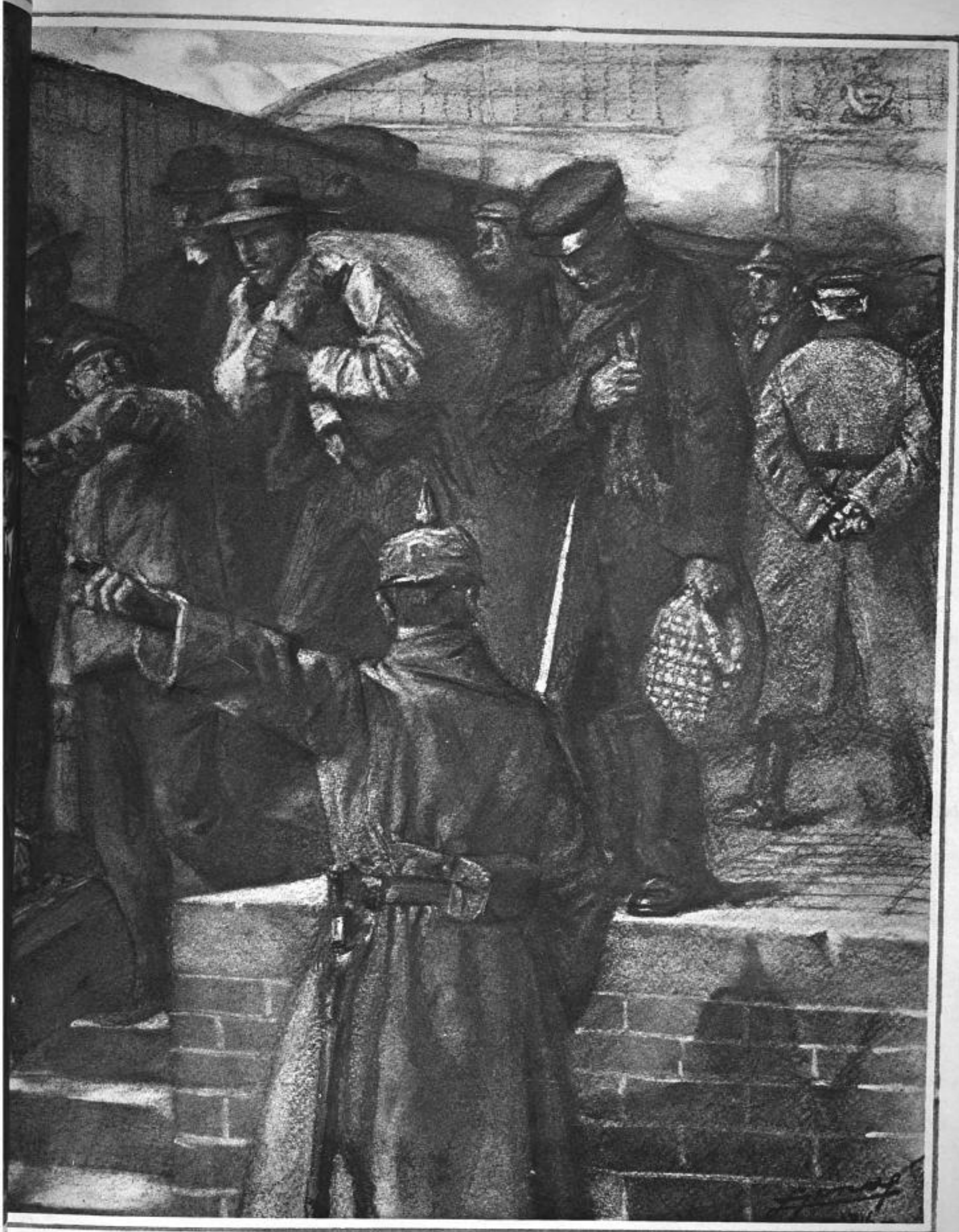
Roumanian Army, elusive and potentially as strong as ever, is awaiting a favourable opportunity to strike back with Russian support. Territorial losses mean relatively little in the present war, provided that the armed forces subsist to win them back. Take, for instance, Serbia, which is practically wiped out, but 120,000 Serbians are still fighting. The same is true of Belgium, but Roumania is not likely to share the fate of Serbia, being too closely linked with Russia, both politically and geographically."



"TORN FROM THEIR HOMES AND FORCED INTO CATTLE-TRUCKS": BELGIANS DEPORTED

The German deportations of Belgian civilians have aroused the indignation of all civilised peoples. The "Chicago Daily News" reports a well-known American business man, who was in Belgium recently, to have said: "Already between 30,000 and 40,000 men have been torn from their homes, forced into cattle-trucks, and conveyed to Germany. . . . Unless Germany can be induced to abandon her present policy, between 200,000 and 300,000 Belgians will be deported. I saw one long train of cattle-trucks loaded with prospective deportees. Many had resisted, only to feel a German bayonet." Another account of such a scene was given in the Dutch paper, the

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONES.

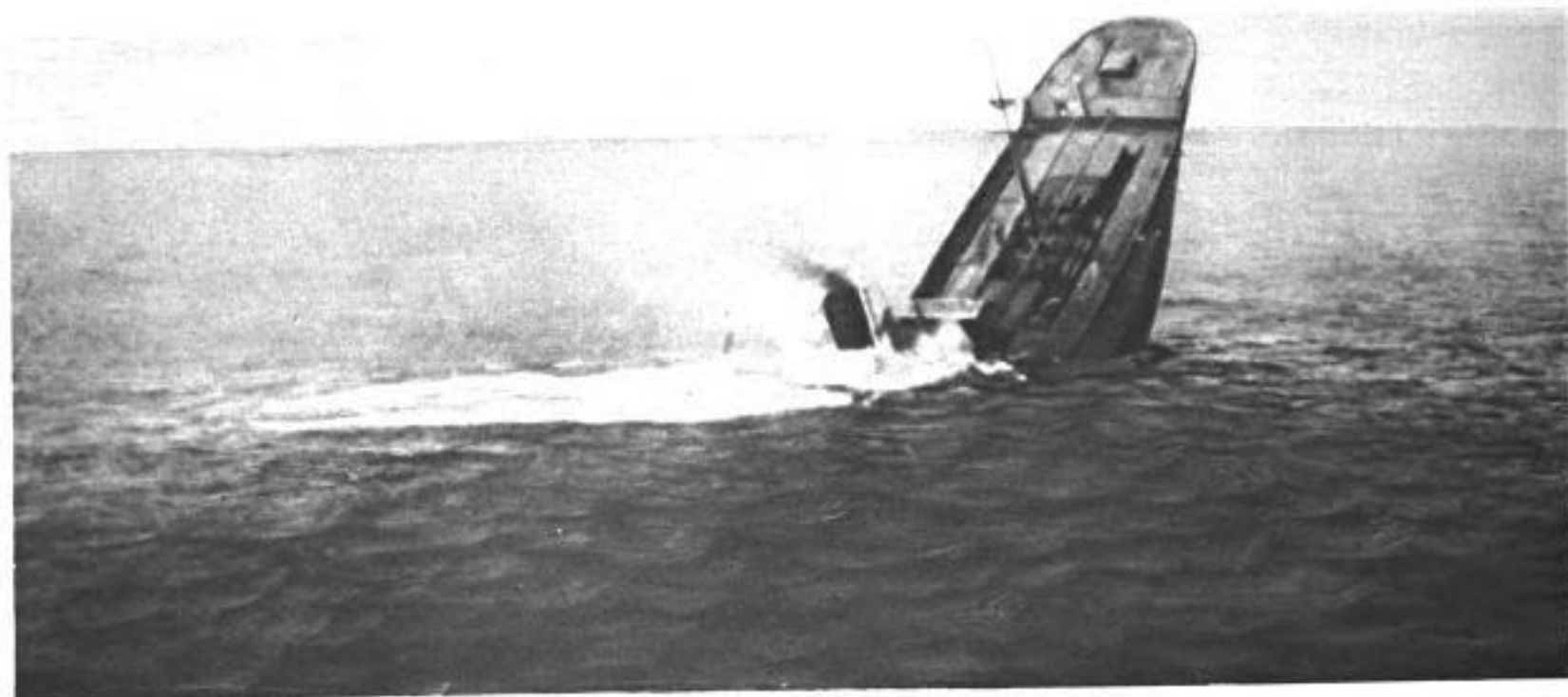


ATED TO GERMANY "LIKE A GANG OF SLAVES" AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

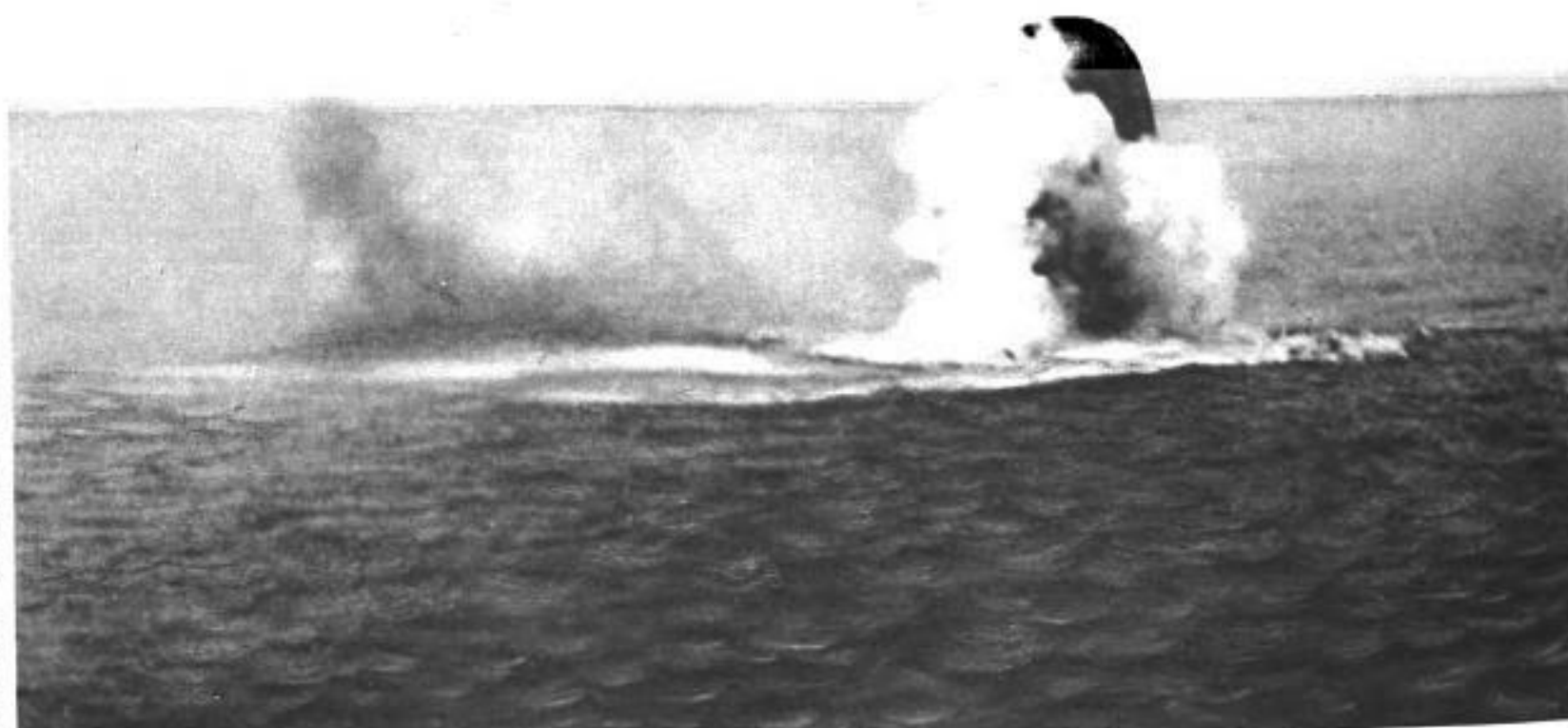
"Telegraaf": "The men were marched to the station, where a train of goods trucks was ready. Into these trucks, the floors of which were covered with straw, the men were pushed, and as soon as one was filled the door was locked." Cardinal Mercier said in his letter of protest: "They are packed into goods trucks and carried off we know not whither, like a gang of slaves." Viscount Grey officially denounced the German deportations as "practices hitherto resorted to only in connection with the slave trade." A Declaration by the Allies regarding Belgium, recently issued from the Foreign Office, calls the Germans "organisers of man-hunts."

RIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

WITHOUT WARNING: A TYPICAL CASE OF GERMAN SUBMARINE PIRACY.



SHOWING WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A BRITISH MERCHANT-SHIP IS TORPEDOED ON THE HIGH SEAS WITHOUT WARNING:
SINKING BY THE HEAD—BEFORE THE FINAL EXPLOSION.



THE FATE OF A BRITISH SHIP TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE: AN INTERNAL EXPLOSION ON BOARD
THE VESSEL AS SHE GOES DOWN BOW FORWARD AND STERN IN AIR.

Germany's inhuman practice of torpedoing merchant-vessels, liners, and even hospital-ships, without warning, has outraged the conscience of the civilised world—that is, of the world which is outside the German alliance. Within it conscience does not appear to exist. The above remarkable photographs illustrate a typical instance of this modern piracy on the high seas. It is but one out of countless similar cases. Dealing with the loss and replacement of shipping in a recent speech on the food question, Mr. Runciman, as President of the Board of Trade, said in Parliament: "So important is new construction

that I would remind the House we can in a normal year, with all our shipyards active, all our labour available, all our engine works working full time, put very nearly two million gross tonnage into the water. We have only lost 2,250,000 tonnage by all risks since the war began. . . . By the end of this year I do not see any reason why our six months' output should not approach 500,000 tons." Among the more recent victims of the enemy's torpedoes or mines were the big hospital-ships "Britannic" and "Braemar Castle," sunk in the Mediterranean, and the passenger-liner "Arabia."

HEAD OF A NEW GOVERNMENT: A GREAT DRIVING FORCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. AND R. ARNAN AND SONS.



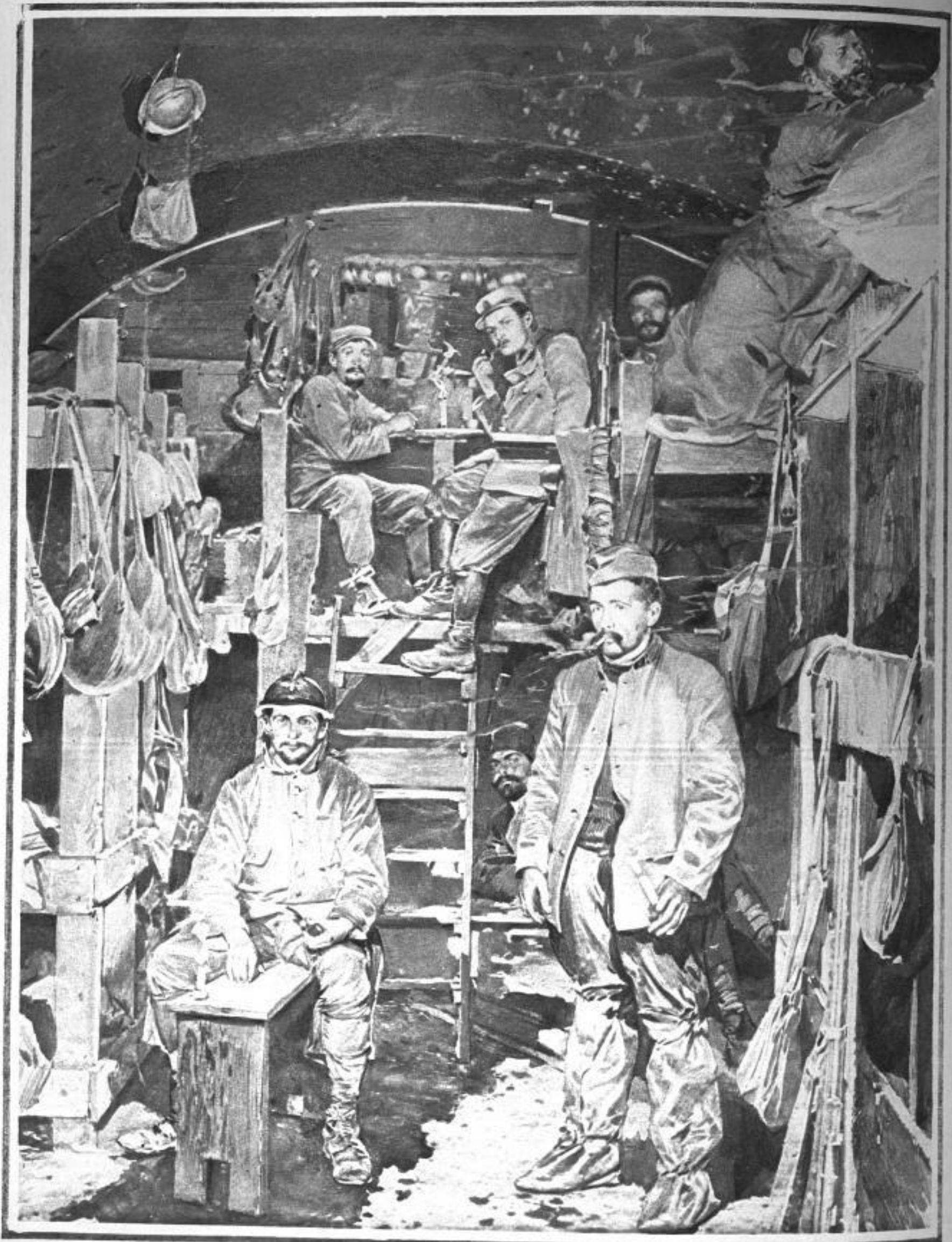
APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY: THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

It was officially announced on December 6: "The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., had an audience with H.M. the King this afternoon, and was requested by his Majesty to form a Government. He has consented to undertake this task with the co-operation of the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P." Previously, it will be remembered, after the resignation of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law had been invited to form an Administration, but found himself unable to do so. On December 7 the following further announcement appeared in the "Court Circular": "The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., had an audience of the King this evening and accepted his Majesty's offer of the post of Prime

Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, and kissed hands upon his appointment." During the war, Mr. Lloyd George has shown himself to be a great driving force. When it began his first act was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to save the financial situation. Next he took in hand the question of munitions, and through his efforts the Ministry of Munitions was set up, with himself as its first chief. Later, he followed Lord Kitchener as Minister for War. It was to a great extent due to him that compulsory military service was made law. Mr. Lloyd George was born in 1863. In 1905 he became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1908 Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE RECAPTURED KEY OF THE FRENCH VERDUN DEFENCES: VAUX FORT.

FROM A FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



IN POSSESSION AGAIN: FRENCH SOLDIERS IN A "BUNKED" SLEEPING-CABIN IN ONE OF THE BOMB-PROOF CASEMATES OF VAUX FORT.

The taking of Vaux Fort, as the immediate sequel to the recapture of Douaumont, on the French assuming the offensive at Verdun, restored the circle of fortified posts that girdle the all-important French armed positions of the north-eastern sector of the Allied Western Front. The fort of Vaux, which the enemy captured as the result of a concentrated attack in May and June last, had been immensely strengthened by the Germans during their occupation. The plateau on which it stands was considered of

vital importance to their proposed future operations. Owing, however, to the rapidity with which the French followed up their Douaumont success, Vaux Fort had to be evacuated by the Germans as it stood, with practically all its new defences intact. The victors are now profiting by the labours of the enemy. An exceptionally strong French garrison holds Vaux, its men securely quartered in the elaborately constructed German underground fortifications. A party of soldiers off duty are seen in the illustration.



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MONTE CARLO.

DIFFICULTIES of all kinds imposed on travellers have had an unwonted and unfavourable influence on those winter resorts which had been for years past well patronised on the shores of the Mediterranean, the land of the orange and myrtle, where the sun shines as brightly as in late spring at home, when the snow lies on the ground in less favoured spots. On the Riviera the white carpet overlapping the high Alpine ridges seems but a frame for the setting of the charming picture disclosed by the valley. Hyères has been the gathering-place for those who have yearned for quietude and rest, limiting their pleasures to lawn-tennis and golf, with the usual inter-hotel soirées and dances. The local club has never been counted as one of the successes of that quaint but rather dull resort, where excursions seem to be organised behind the chemist's counter, and each one is bidden to take his cup, saucer, and spoon for the tea which, in the English fashion, is inseparable from the afternoon outing. Others have settled down in closer proximity to the charming district known as the Esterel. The popularity of the Riviera has so much increased of late years that, wherever your travels may lead you along the Mediterranean, you are sure to find a home colony of those who owe allegiance to the British flag. English Society has undergone willingly the change imposed on the Allies generally owing to the wild dreams of the German Emperor, for the youth of Britain have responded to the call of their country, and when you meet them in khaki along the Riviera you may be certain that they have returned from the trenches to recover from wounds, or that they have been appointed to some post connected with the transport of troops and munitions. Their presence in the south during the past three seasons, and their appreciation of the desire of all they may meet to render them every possible service, will no doubt be a great advertisement in future time for the Riviera, when

the war is over and the question is put as to the most pleasant place to spend the winter, an irksome season in northerly climes.

Marseilles is a cosmopolitan city where the population has been considerably increased since the invasion of Belgium and the North of France induced the rural population to desert their threatened homes. France gave them its hospitality in sunny, flowery lands never dreamt

Some sympathy may be extended them, for it must be granted that those who find themselves transported from the north to the sunny south and the Riviera, soon become imbued with the philosophy of the Italian, who wonders why men should raise blisters on their hands when a plate of macaroni and a hunk of bread may be had for the asking, and the day may be passed sleeping in the sun after the cigarette. These worthies are not seen or tolerated on the plateaus or in the gardens of the Casino specially reserved for the winter guests; visitors to and residents in Monte Carlo.

The season promises well, although France and her next-door neighbour, Italy, are still at war with the German, whose raucous voice and overbearing manner have been banished from the Principality since the commencement of hostilities. They are not missed, and those who pass their time of an afternoon or evening courting chance at the board of green cloth, prefer the room to the company of the knights of the Iron Cross and heroes of Zeppelins and submarines. Those who have proved faithful to the sun during the past two years, will find a most entertaining programme for the winter months. The same arrangements have been made for the Opera season, and the popular impresario, M. R. Gunsbourg, has not scoured the Continent for the discovery of the best lyric artists in vain. The delightful concerts of M. Louis Ganne will command the attention and applause of the dilettanti. Drama and comedy will receive more

than usual care, and outdoor amusements will be attended to with picnics and luncheons at the club-house on the golf links, and the society teas at the tennis-ground. One last word to commend the arrangements made at the Thermal establishment on the terrace, where those who have been accustomed before the war to follow a certain treatment at some spa, in countries which are now closed to English visitors, will find the same advantages at Monte Carlo efficiently staffed from a therapeutic point of view.

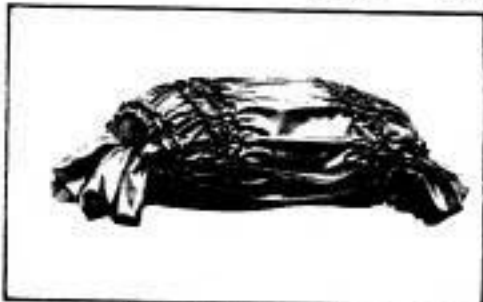


WHERE THE KHAKI OF CONVALESCENT OFFICERS NOW MINGLES WITH THE HOLIDAY THROG:
MONTE CARLO—STROLLERS ON THE TERRACE.

of by those who had never seen bright sunshine in the depth of winter. Refugees have found their lines cast in pleasant places along the coast. They prefer the busy cities to the quiet resorts where they are outclassed, and though they abound at Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice, the authorities at Monaco, while offering home and food to women and children, have not offered any special attraction to the men, who prefer their glass of thin beer and pipe at the *estaminet*, and a "loaf" in the sun at the gardens of old Monaco, to engaging in a search for work.

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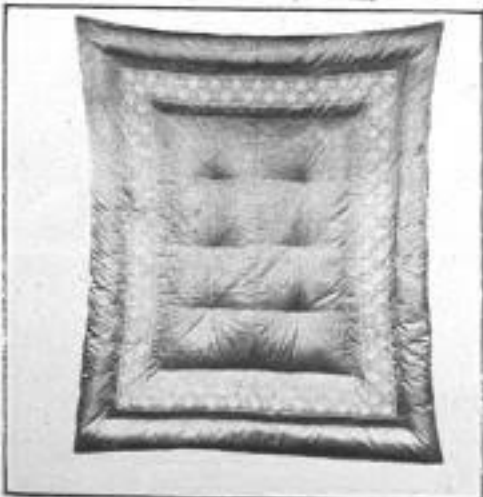
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LADY DUFFERIN'S "JOURNALS."

AMONG that splendid galaxy of Ambassadors who have made the diplomatic service of this country so deservedly famous there is, perhaps, no more brilliant figure than the late Marquess of Dufferin, a grand seigneur to his finger-tips, a grandson of Sheridan, witty, accomplished, elegant, and astute. Wherever he went he made

Dufferin writes of the Emperor: "We again lunched at the Emperor's. During the morning he had asked me very civilly about you (Lady D.), and again, later, he took me aside and talked to me a little about the political situation, being very kind and conciliatory in his language both as regards the Queen, the country, and myself personally." When Lady Dufferin goes bear-shooting, the fun becomes fast and furious. The section of the book devoted to Constantinople is, perhaps, even more pleasing, and abounds in amusing episodes. During a trip to Athens, the Dufferins dined with the Hellenic Royal Family, and are told that little Tino had already the reputation of being "very clever." During an excursion to Eleusis the peasant women were most polite, and gave the visitors beans: in this country, of course, to give people beans is not considered an attention. The bad old Sultan Abdul seems to have taken a great fancy to Lady Dufferin, who did not enjoy his dinners, by the way, because the food

was always cold by the time it came. The description of Egypt is intensely humorous; the climate is roundly abused, and compared disparagingly with that of Glasgow; and the funny side of harem life is cleverly brought out. The Dufferins led a typical

domesticated British family life, surrounded by their children, and the book is pervaded by a healthy, vigorous tone which makes it quite refreshing and bracing to read. The illustrations are few, but excellent.

"Who is the Cracker King so great? Why, 'tis Tom Smith who comes in state." Thus is a familiar Christmas problem put and solved, on the lid of one of the new boxes of this season's crackers issued by that well-known firm. Naturally, the warlike and patriotic note is evident in the novelties for 1916. One particularly attractive box contains a set of little Red Cross tents, each surmounted by a flag of one of the Allies, and with a figure of Father Christmas at the entrance. Other boxes bound to be popular are "Masked Batteries," "Jolly Jack Tars," the "Tricolour," and a big Japanese box. British and Allied flags and caps are among the contents and accessories, besides fans, books

of riddles, and so on. The prices vary, but some quite good crackers cost only a shilling a box. Messrs. Tom Smith point out that only British labour is employed in their productions.

With Christmas here, the National Children's Home, an association of experts in child welfare, should appeal to all, for it is already caring for upwards of 200 orphans of soldiers and sailors at Sheringham. Writing of this, a well-known sociologist said: "I know nothing, among all our splendid philanthropic establishments, less like an 'Institution' and more like an ideal British home." The Principal (the Rev. W. Hodson Smith), on receipt of a postcard, addressed to 104-122, City Road, London, E.C., will send fuller particulars of the war work carried on by the National Children's Home.

The name of the very newest perfume for Christmas presents is one of the inspirations of the famous house of Dubarry et Cie, 81, Brompton Road, S.W., where exquisite perfumes are always to be found, and none more so than their latest, "Garden of Kama." "Kama" is a Hindoo word which is used to express everything that is lovely, idyllic, perfect; and this new scent, which has its origin in



AWAITING ORDERS TO MOVE: A BELGIAN 120-MM. GUN BATTERY.

Photograph by the Photographic Section of the Belgian Army.


himself esteemed and his country respected. The charm of his manner endeared him to the foreign Sovereigns he was sent to, and made him the favourite at every Court. No small share of the credit of his success was due to his happy marriage and his amiable and hospitable wife, who has now given us, in "My Russian and Turkish Journals" (John Murray), a picture of the home life of a British Ambassador's wife in Petrograd, Constantinople, and other places. The Dowager-Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava is already well known to the public. "Our Viceregal Life in India" and "My Canadian Journal" have exhibited her power of vivid description and her happy knack of reproducing an atmosphere in a few words. It is, therefore, quite unnecessary to say that this book is most entertaining. For instance, the account given of Bismarck is most life-like and amusing; not less quaint the description of the old Empress Augusta, and the dinner at the Palace of Berlin. In Petrograd the Dufferins were, of course, particularly successful, and they seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the life of that capital, of which we are given a very vivid picture. There are pathetic references to Alexander II., whose life was being constantly threatened, his amiability and kindness. On one occasion Lord



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France, is worthy of its name. A figure of Buddha, in crystal, forms the appropriate stopper, and the bottle itself is of unique design. In this artistic form it makes a handsome and unique present, and costs 15s., a bottle, or it can be purchased in a small plain crystal bottle at 5s. 9d.; and in either case it will be sent, on receipt of remittance, to any address, post free, by Messrs. Dubarry et Cie.




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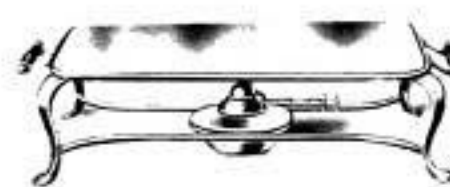
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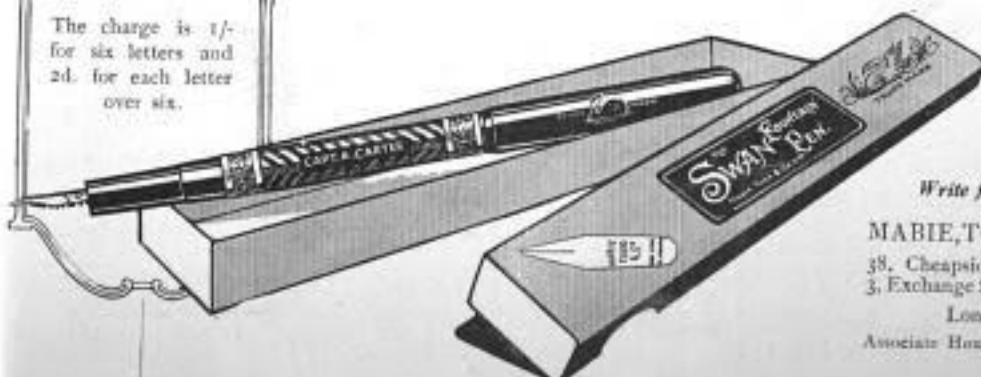
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LADIES' PAGE.

INSTEAD of the happy old-time consideration of how to honour Christmas with feasting, we have to signalise this year's sad anniversary of the advent of the Prince of Peace by learning to lessen every family's consumption of food. We must all realise the extreme and immediate necessity of food economy. It is not a mere question of whether any individual can afford to pay at present whatever money may be asked for food. We must try to visualise all the food in the country as one stock, to be consumed as carefully as possible by everybody, in order that it may last out and that all of us of every class may have sufficient as long as possible. In a siege, or in a shipwreck, the necessity of portioning out and using up every fragment is obvious. But in a country in much the same position, in which our island is at present placed, it appears to be impossible for many—for the majority—to grasp the fact that it is not a question of first one and next another of the well-organised classes of labour obtaining a rise of wages "to meet the rise in the price of food," and then all will be well, but it is a question of how long the stock for anybody and everybody under present conditions can be made to last out. Objurgations and exhortations are addressed to the wealthy, and are no doubt needed; but the rank and file of the community, who are more important just because they are so much the more numerous, are frightfully wasteful of food and fuel, to the utmost of their ability, and, though it may be small each time, small waste in the aggregate becomes most serious. Surely their leaders might make a point of bringing them to understand that a welter of waste, no matter if wages can "afford it" at present, may confound us all presently in a devastating want of the necessities of life.

There is much talk of the waste of food on the poor "friend of man," and suggestions for a huge increase in the dog tax or more direct means of suppressing dogs kept as pets are rife. Well, I don't think we shall see the day when puppy stew, dear to the Chinese, is in great demand in London restaurants! The question of what mankind will consent to eat is largely a matter of custom and prejudice. When Bismarck, in 1870, was "stewing Paris in her own juice," as he elegantly put it, dogs, and rats and mice, and all the weirdest animals in the "Zoo," were eagerly eaten. Some of the world of officialdom, I believe, it was said at the time, left their duties to be performed by two amateurs—an English banker named Blount and Sir Richard Wallace, donor of the celebrated "Collection." Sir E. Blount, in his *Reminiscences*, says that he and a few others paid two pounds a day each for dinner, at the Jockey Club; and, though they were discreetly uninquisitive as to the source of the ragoûts served, they knew that they ate

donkey and elephant and camel, and many other strange creatures. Horseflesh was eaten largely in Belgium before the war, and there are already several butchers of horses for human consumption in London, so that my cat's-meat woman complains that she cannot get her proper stock for her four-legged clients, as "them Belgians" inter-

that they had been eating stewed alligator, whereas it was in reality just sucking-pig; but in some parts of Africa alligators are eaten as a matter of course. Dr. Livingstone says in one of his books that his children thought a dish of a certain kind of African caterpillar stewed a great delicacy. A traveller in Central America assured me that roasted monkey is delicious. Porpoise and whale were delicacies in old England. The great thing is to have no prejudices; and meantime—tax, but don't kill the dogs.



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cept it. Why not? The horse is cleaner even than the ox, and far superior in habits to the pig. Frank Buckland, a once-famous naturalist, used to tell how he made a party of guests all more or less sick by informing them

even to the last, and coolly observed to the astonished cook-maid, when she returned to the kitchen, "Lass, tomorrow put all my sowans in one dish; I do not like it in drippocks that-a-way." FLORENSA

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHATEVER privations we have to suffer by the application of that prevailing phrase, "on account of the war," young readers at any rate will not be deprived this Christmas of their customary delights in the matter of illustrated books. The war, in fact, has provided story-writers with an abundance of new material, which they have not been slow to turn to account. Thus we have a number of new books containing fiction based on the war, illustrated in many cases with actual photographs from the Front, as well as with imaginary pictures. Messrs. Collins have published several books of this type. One which is sure to be popular is entitled, "Under Jellicoe's Command," a story of the North Sea, by Henry James Moore (Collins' Clear Type Press). Another is "Midst Shot and Shell in Flanders," by Herbert Hayens (Collins). Both these volumes are composed of continuous stories, and both are illustrated with colour-plates and a number of excellent photographs. Another volume from the same publishers, bound and illustrated in similar style, contains, instead of one long tale, a number of short stories and articles by various authors, dealing with the war. It is called "Collins' Adventure Annual." On somewhat similar lines is "The Victory Adventure Book" (Collins), but in this case the stories are not all of the present war, one or two of them dealing with "battles long ago," and some, indeed being not war stories at all. In the case of the two latter volumes, the black-and-white illustrations consist of line-drawings and not of photographs, as in the case of the two mentioned first. All four volumes are sure to be popular with boys.

An interesting collection of true war stories is given in a book called "Wonderful Stories: Winning the V.C. in the Great War." It has a coloured Frontispiece showing Lieut. Rhodes-Moorhouse flying over Courtrai, and fifty-six other full-page illustrations. It is a book well calculated to kindle the spirit of patriotism and a desire to emulate the heroic deeds which are described.

Of adventure fiction there are several examples. In "Ian Hardy Fighting the Moors" (Seeley, Service and Co.), Commander Curry, R.N., adds another instalment to the stirring career of that now familiar hero, who in his various books has figured successively as naval cadet, midshipman,

and senior midshipman. If he is fortunate to survive the many perils which fall to his lot, we shall no doubt arrive eventually at the adventures of Admiral Ian Hardy; and, after that, as First Sea Lord, he will give us his reminiscences of life in the Navy. Another adventure story of a rather less robust type is "Dicky, Knight-Errant," by Isabel M. Peacocke (Ward, Lock). The story concerns a Boy Scout, and carries the reader to New Zealand and Samoa during the Great War. Mrs. Molesworth's story, "Edmée," a tale of the French Revolution, has been published by Messrs. Macmillan in an attractive new

people even more than the classic drawings of Tenniel. The fact that they are in colour also gives them a great advantage from that point of view. A new and original fairy story is "The Three Pearls" (Macmillan), by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. It is illustrated with a number of clever line drawings by Alice B. Woodward. The author dedicates the book to his wife in six lines of Greek hexameters, but the present scribe is unfortunately unequal to the task of translating them, having diligently forgotten the Greek language for some twenty years. As might have been expected from an author who is librarian of

Windsor Castle, the story is all about kings and queens and fair princesses, though we ought to add that they are, of course, all fictitious characters. To a rather different category belongs "The Rain Children" (S.P.C.K.), by T. H. Orpen, M.A., with seven illustrations in colour, by C. E. Brock, R.I. The author was "sometime Fellow of Pembroke College and Tutor of Selwyn College, Cambridge," and the book bears the somewhat formidable sub-title of "a Fairy Tale in Physics." When we add that the prologue introduces Thales of Miletus, and the chapters are devoted, among other things, to Aunt Cold, Aunt Heat, and Colonel Lightning, the reader knows that he or she is in for some instruction mingled with entertainment. The book, in fact, belongs more or less to the same class as Kingsley's "Water Babies," and Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature." There is nothing academic about "Children's Stories from French Fairy Tales," by Doris Ashwell, illustrated by Mabel Attwell (Raphael Tuck). We meet that popular favourite, "Cinderella," under the name of "Fisette Cendron," and a number of other less familiar inhabitants of Fairy Land. The numerous illustrations, both

in colour and otherwise, are admirably adapted to the taste of little people. A fairy tale of the humorous type is "The Goblin Scouts," by Harry Golding, illustrated by Thomas Maybank (Ward, Lock), the latest addition to a series of amusing little books which began with "Bobby Bun and Bunty." The pictures, which are all in colour, are delightful, and their humour, like that of the letter-press, is of the breeziest and most rollicking kind.

Finally we come to what may, perhaps, be described as "the good old Annuals." Prominent among these are Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book," a picture



OFF TO THE TRENCHES: AUSTRALIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

edition with well-drawn illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond.

We turn now to that class of "juveniles" (to use a terrible trade term) represented by fairy tales and Nature stories. At the head of our list in this category stands a new edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (Ward, Lock), illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. This is quite a fascinating edition of Lewis Carroll's immortal tale, for the illustrations are really excellent, not only in artistic technique, but also in the matter of humour. Indeed, it is quite possible that they will please the little

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SANATOGEN

Continued.
annual for boys and girls, and "Father Tuck's Annual," both of which offer a feast of delight to the inmates of the nursery. The illustrations, both in colour and in black and white, are numerous and of excellent quality in each case. Another annual of a somewhat different type is the yearly bound volume of that popular weekly, "Chatterbox" (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.). It is well up to standard. On rather similar lines, but on a smaller scale and in a cheaper form, is the same publishers' new annual, "Chatterbox Newsbox." The contents chiefly consist, not of fiction, but of informative articles on natural history, and so on. Yet another well illustrated annual published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner is "The Prize," which is intended for rather younger

children than the two previously mentioned. It has an abundance of good illustrations, both in colour and in line, which are, indeed, better of their kind than those of "Chatterbox."

"LONDON PRIDE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER has luck with the plays he produces; but then he deserves his luck. He keeps his eyes open for ideas, for freshness of talent, and for the broad human touch; and certainly in his new programme—our first war-play, as he proudly boasted—in the composition of which he has had the services of one of the most brilliant and faithful of London humourists, Mr. Neil Lyons, he has got what he has sought. You may call "London Pride," which describes the career of a Cockney war hero, episodic, and reckon its too great length a weakness; but it contains a real, reasonable story written about characters truly observed and in language deliciously racy, and there is heart in it as well as good fun and downright realism. Tunks, whether he is trying to find somebody to take over his coster business, or fuming in the trenches at not getting his "leaf," or refusing to trade on the honours that belong to a comrade, is a man alive to his finger-tips, endeared to us no less by his sense of honour than by his sense of humour; he is, in his own vernacular, "orl right." And no less right is his little spitfire of a sweetheart—warm all through, in loyalty as in temper. And the scenes of Neil Lyons and Gladys Unger's kaleidoscopic drama are as right as their types; the studies of East-End life, the episode of the dug-out, the lights and shadows of the hospital, all bring out brightly and sympathetically what is sound and generous and quaint in the national character. If the war had not provided us with so many romances of coincidence, we might regard the stroke of fortune which endows Tunks with the Victoria Cross at the moment he is a self-confessed deserter, and so makes his sergeant-major scout his confession, as a fairy-tale device. As it is, the humane audacity of the device adds to our delight, and the unorthodox disciplinarian proves the prize-packet in the authors' bundle of happy surprises. Naturalness is the feature of the acting, as of the story. In Mr. Du Maurier's case art has never concealed itself under a more modest air of simplicity; his Tunks might have walked out of Silverside. And superlatives would not be wasted on Miss Mabel Russell's wonderfully full-blooded portrait of the Cockney heroine and her affecting moments of pathos. A dozen others in the cast, at least, give us fine work; but outstanding as a feature in the performance is Mr. A. E.

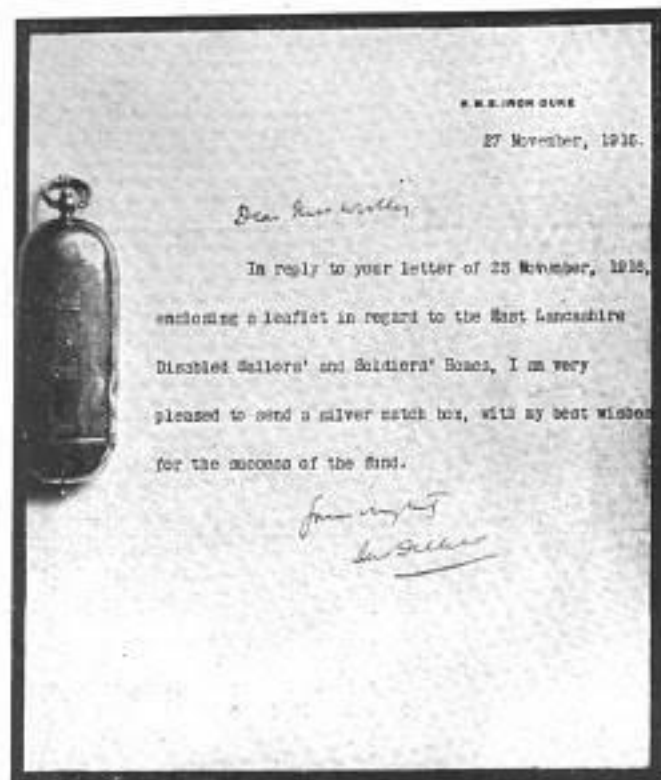
George's sergeant-major, the most amusing combination of truculence and kindness.

The Empress Marie Feodorovna has awarded the badge of the Russian Red Cross to Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and to Mr. John Pollock, Chief Commissioner in Russia of the Great Britain to Poland Fund.

The origin of many productions is just now a matter of interest, and we call attention to an instance bearing on the movement for capturing German trade. The fact that a British commercial group had combined to purchase the business of Messrs. Wulff, the manufacturers of Sanatogen, Formamin, and other specifics, was stated some weeks ago. Now it is announced that these well-known preparations will continue for the present to be sold under their old designations, and that fresh stocks of them are now on sale everywhere. The distribution of Sanatogen, the nerve food, and Formamin, the throat tablet, throughout the British Empire is now being made by a purely British company, producing them at the original factory at Penzance. Later on, the names of all the preparations taken over by the British company will be changed, so that the genuine articles may be protected by registration.



A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART: HONG KONG UNIVERSITY MACE. This handsome and unconventional Mace was modelled and manufactured by Messrs. Haggis and Wells, Ltd., of the Royal Works, Sheffield, from sketches supplied by Mr. H. W. Bell, the architect of the University, and in collaboration with him.



AN EAST LANCASHIRE FUND: ADMIRAL JELlicOE'S GIFT FOR THE DISABLED.

Admiral Jellicoe has shown his appreciation of the "Silver Scheme" inaugurated by Mrs. Woolley, of Wrenwood, Kersal, Manchester, in aid of the Fund for East Lancashire Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Homes, by sending her a silver match-box and sovereign-purse. In an autograph letter, Sir John Jellicoe wishes Mrs. Woolley's scheme every success. The "Silver Scheme" is to assist the Fund for providing homes in East Lancashire for totally disabled sailors and soldiers. This gift will be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds placed to the credit of the Fund.

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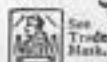
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The "Safety First" Campaign.

The "Safety First" campaign, which has had its genesis in the action of the London General Omnibus Company, looks like developing into a big thing. At the meeting held the other day at Caxton Hall, it was resolved to form a Council to take in hand at once: (1) Courses of instruction for traffic and transport employees; (2) the organisation of street traffic with a view to greater efficiency and public safety; and (3) the preparation of schemes with regard to street-refuges, "safety" notices on lamps, etc., and for the education of the public, and to arrange effective publicity (a) through the Press, (b) by poster advertisements, (c) by pictorial and other educational means for children, (d) by cinematograph films in picture theatres, and (e) by a "Safety First" exhibition to which the public will have free admission. An ambitious programme truly, and one that will require a good deal of money to finance it, if it is to be carried out in its entirety. Where the money is to be obtained is not at the moment quite clear, though I have no doubt it will be forthcoming in good season, inasmuch as the scheme has the open or tacit backing of the motoring societies and of most of the great transport firms. This matter of the safety of the streets is one that lies so near the hearts of the R.A.C. and the A.A.—it has been a part of the propaganda for years—that it can scarcely be doubted that substantial support will be forthcoming from them if and when it is required.

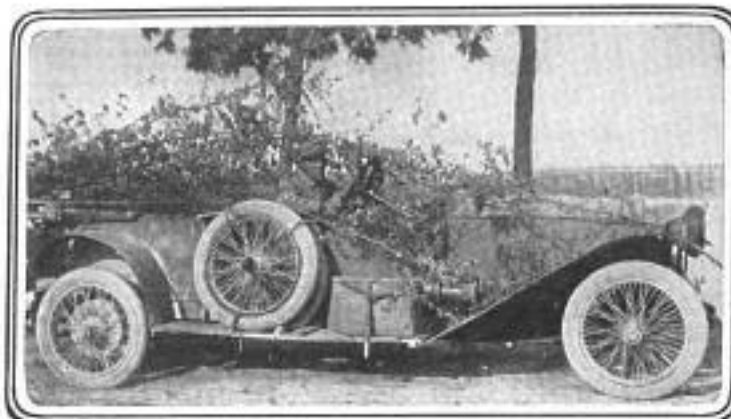
The Increasing Danger of the Streets.

In the light of the increasing number of accidents recorded by the Metropolitan authorities, it must be said that some organised effort to render the streets safer is very much to be welcomed. The number of fatal street accidents recorded during the first nine months of the current year is forty per cent. in advance of the figures of the corresponding period of 1914. Of course, the last-named period was one of normal lighting, and it is to the Cimmerian darkness of the London streets under war conditions that some proportion at least of the increase is to be ascribed. But, even allowing that, it is a fact that London's toll of the streets has been growing of late years to a most disquieting extent. It has been very much the mode to lay this increase in the number of accidents at the door of the "dangerous" motor

vehicle, and more or less to let it go at that. The real truth is that, while road transport has undergone a complete revolution, the methods of handling the traffic remain as they were twenty or more years ago. It has not been sufficiently realised that the changed conditions

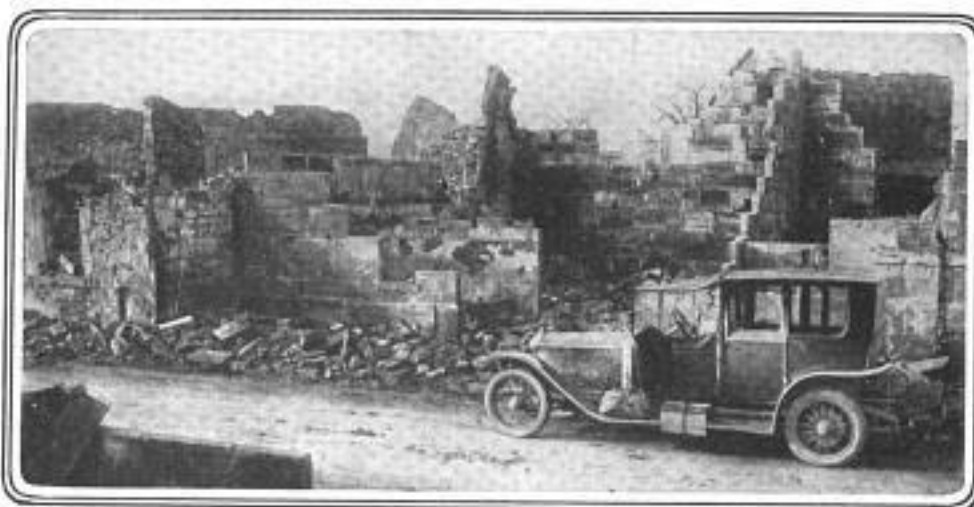
call for a really scientific system of traffic control, a system which shall take in all forms of street traffic, pedestrian as well as vehicular. I know that even now the last of these propositions is one that will meet with immediate opposition from what one must call the pedestrian interests.

That is why a very large part of the propaganda work of the "Safety First" Council must be educative and directed towards the common understanding that all classes of traffic have their respective duties to each other in relation to the general safety. Once everybody recognises that there is an offence against the public safety which amounts to "walking to the common danger," we shall be in a fair way to see the annual toll of the streets a declining quantity. I say nothing at the moment about driving to the common danger, for the obvious reason that that is a very well recognised offence indeed—especially by some motorist benches within the ken of the motorist.



IN THE FIRING ZONE: A SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR, DISGUISED.

The necessity of shielding cars at the front from enemy observation—aeroplane is obvious, and our photograph shows a Sizaire-Berwick carefully disguised by the use of the shrubs and foliage of the country lane in which it stands.



A MOTOR-CAR AMID THE RUINS OF A SHELLED TOWN: A SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR.

From the two photographs given on this page, it is obvious that the Sizaire-Berwick car is "doing its bit" at the front, and is to be found not only round about the bases, but in the actual firing-zones. We have it here disguised and undisguised, and in both forms doing its work exceedingly well.

A Startling Experience.

A London motorist had an experience the other day which was probably as unique as it must have been startling. He was driving his car along a main thoroughfare, keeping to the tram lines, when he suddenly became the centre of a series of lurid electric flashes. He pulled in to the side of the road and then set out to look for the cause of the phenomenon. After some search, he discovered that one end of his speedometer cable had become detached, and this had dropped through the conduit slot between the rails and made contact with the conductor. Hence the impromptu firework display.

The Lubrication of Springs.

Suspension springs on the up-to-date car are usually provided with means for securing the access of lubricant to the leaves; but, even so, it is the exception rather than the rule to see a car whose owner really takes the trouble to keep his springs properly lubricated. A very good plan, and one which saves frequent lubrication—to say nothing of the messiness of repeated greasing—is to use a mixture of oil and graphite. The leaves should be separated sufficiently, either by means of a special tool which is sold for the purpose, or by jacking up the frame, to enable the mixture to gain access to all the frictional surfaces. If this is done properly, there is no fear of squeaking springs, and the effect will last for a considerable time. W. W.

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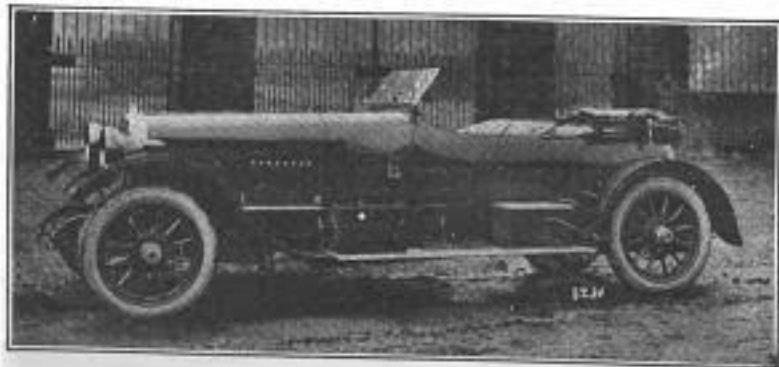
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"I was so pleased with these results that I have now had the gaiters fitted to my fourth car—a two-seater—the springs of which had got very stiff and rusty, and the increased comfort and speed are even more marked.

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THE DUCO SPRING GAITER is a flexible protective casing for preserving leaf-springs from dust, mud, and water, at the same time maintaining a continuous supply of lubricant, thus rendering them permanently supple, to meet varying road conditions, making the car extremely comfortable to ride in and to drive. When once fast, an occasional replenishing with lubricant through the lubricator is all that is required. Made of grease-resisting material, with a polished black interior. They add to the appearance of the car, and are easily cleaned.

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"No, Madam, I don't, for I know they do care."

"Very well, then, without any more ado, get me a pair from the factory."

"Sorry, Madam, but it wouldn't be a bit of use my writing; my order would have to be sent back unexecuted. The demand for these boots is so great and the factory is so handicapped with Army work, that I am obliged to wait until my turn comes round again before I can receive a further supply. I may get a few more pairs before Christmas but, as likely as not, I shall have to wait until January."

"Oh, but I can't wait until January, so what am I to do?"

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NEW NOVELS.

'The Rose of Glenconnel.' Margaret Gibbons (Mrs. Patrick MacGill) is undismayed by conventionality. She has the courage of the beginner. Who else, in this sophisticated age of literature, would make use of the rough but sentimental miners, and



ON A BRITISH SHIP: WOUNDED TURKISH PRISONERS.

the wee, golden-haired girl-child they take to their rugged bosoms when she is stranded in the camp at Glenconnel? Here once again is our dear old friend "the big-hearted, brawny-armed gold-digger," to whom "two sweet lips, fresh and pure as mountain-dew," are held up for a kiss. The miners are true to tradition. They send for lace and silken frills, and a nurse-woman, for their little ray of sunshine. Baby Rose grows into a lovely and innocent maiden, and bold bad Dick, handsome but treacherous, tampers with her young affections. "The Rose of Glenconnel" (Herbert Jenkins) is artless in the extreme. Its strong point—one not to be underrated—is that it really has a story to tell, and tells it. It is not at all a case of a

novel full of characters "all dressed up and nowhere to go." The miners, the maiden, the villain, the hero, and the inevitable baronet all conscientiously play out their parts. And in the last page there is Rosalie, "a fragrant, beautiful little bride, whose burning, blushing face was pressed close to Ronald's breast. . . . Then slowly, sweetly, and with all the love in her heart in her voice, Rosalie looked up and answered 'My husband!'"

"The Old Blood." The bright thought that is the secret of the happy ending in "The Old Blood" (John Murray) is not allowed to take charge until the last chapter, and since it is essential to the plot, and would reveal everything if disclosed, it is not our intention to give it away. Mr. Frederick Palmer, known to English readers by "My Year of the War," has used some of the material he gathered in that year in France to make a novel. He has the detachment we expect from an American, and the appreciation we look for in a good friend. His hero is a young American who is caught in France at the beginning of the war, has encounters with the invading Germans, and, called by the justice of the Allied cause and the blood of his British ancestors, volunteers for service in our Army. There are two heroines, sisters, one plain and the other pretty, and the book must be read through to find out which will canter home the winner. The struggle of nations is only slightly indicated in the story; that concerns itself, naturally enough, more with the fortunes of individuals. It is not a big achievement; but it is noteworthy for the evolution of a plot which, though threaded through the story of a soldier, has really little or nothing to do with it. Phil's wound might easily have been the result of a peace-time accident without interference with the course of his romance.

"Salt and Savour." The European war has bitten deep into the pleasant art of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. She has been for so long the witty and philosophical novelist of the Anglo-German point of contact that it is curious to see her measured observation dissolve in a white heat of abhorrence of the Prussian. The obnoxious German she has given us before; but with amusement, with the smile of a wise woman at his foibles. Now the foibles have swelled into something monstrous, and the philosopher smiles no more. (Not that "Salt and Savour" has no humour: that would be impossible from Mrs. Sidgwick.) She sees the Dead Sea fruit of which the Germans have eaten, until, as Professor Morgan has put it, "the whole nation is rotten to

the core." A story that begins with the arrival of two rather grotesque German visitors at their relations' house in England ends in the gigantic nightmare of Germany at war. "Salt and Savour" (Methuen) includes the marriage of Brenda, the English girl, to Lothar, the Prussian officer; and we may say here that it takes all the author's easy skill to make us accept Lothar as Brenda's successful suitor. The glamour of the old Germany accomplishes it; and forthwith the old Germany is swept into the melting-pot, whence emerge the conquerors of Belgium. The peaceful granny and great-granny in their Heidelberg garden are left behind, and we are deafened by the shouting of the Anglophobe Berliners in August 1914. It is, of course, established that the modern Prussian will remain on record as this book describes him. Men of Lothar's kind committed the outrages of Aerschot and Dinant; and women like the Erdmanns have actually gloated over the loot from France and Belgium. It is German war. And Jutta, the "beautiful" Jutta, who went with a moonlight picnic party to see the ruins of Louvain. . . . All this in a book by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick! Its publication is one more indication, possessing its own significance, of the conviction that has come to stay in the hearts of the most intelligent, the best-informed, the most thoughtful women



ON A BRITISH TRANSPORT: "DICK," THE KANGAROO, A MASCOT.

of our race. Once again, the people who pride themselves on not reading novels miss a great deal that it would be well for them to apprehend. "Salt and Savour," certainly, is a book no one should fail to read.

URODONAL

and GOUT.

RHEUMATISM.
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is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine is to Fever.



A Martyr to Gout.

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Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through arthritis (excess of uric acid in the blood). Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to remedy the condition by careful dieting, avoiding all excess or errors in living, leading an open-air, active life, etc. Even these precautionary measures may prove insufficient to prevent overproduction of uric acid, and steps will have to be taken to eliminate the poison as fast as it is being formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lacombe, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of Urodonal, which is thirty-seven times more active than lithia.

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Sufferers from ECZEMA should bear in mind the fact that JUBOL has almost entirely superseded the use of ordinary purgatives and laxatives, owing to the regularity, constancy and unvarying action of this medicament. No matter how stubborn the condition of constipation, or how irritated the intestine may be, JUBOL is always well tolerated.

G. LEGEROT,

Late Professor of General and Comparative Physiology at the "Ecole Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box (Complete course of six boxes, 25/-). Prepared by J. L. Chatelet, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists, and Drug Stores, or direct, post free from the British and Colonial Agents, Heppells Foreign Chemists, 254, Piccadilly, W., from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatment on Diet."

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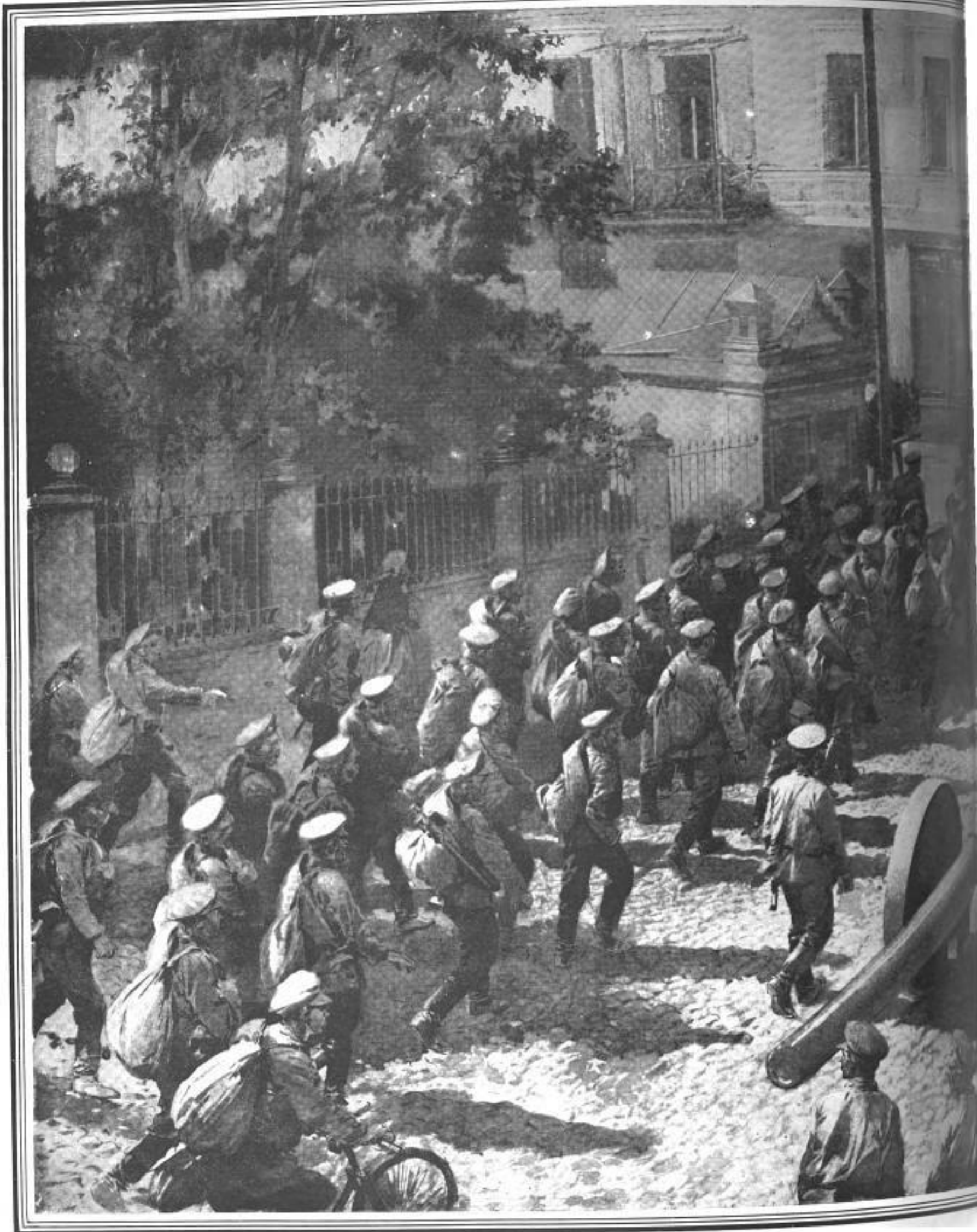


"VICTORY IS CERTAIN. I GIVE YOU MY WORD ON THAT": GENERAL NIVELLE—OF VERDUN—FRANCE'S NEW GENERALISSIMO.

"I leave you after a splendid day. We have once more tested our methods, and the result is conclusive. Once more the Second Army has shown its moral and material supremacy over the enemy. Victory is certain. I give you my word on that, as Germany will learn to her cost." With those ringing words, General Nivelle bade adieu to his staff at Verdun, on leaving to take up the post of French Generalissimo on the Western Front. He cleared the outworks of Verdun of the enemy by his October victory

at Douaumont-Vaux. His last act was to witness the magnificent victory between the Meuse and the Woevre of December 15. He planned the *coup*; Generals Pétain and Mangin carried it out under his eyes. General Robert Nivelle is in blood half an Englishman. His mother was the daughter of one of Wellington's officers, and other English connections were Elizabeth Carter, Dr. Johnson's friend, and a grandfather, the celebrated writer, George Sale, translator of the Koran.—(PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI BUREAU.)

"THE RUSSO-ROUMANIAN BROTHERHOOD IN ARMS"

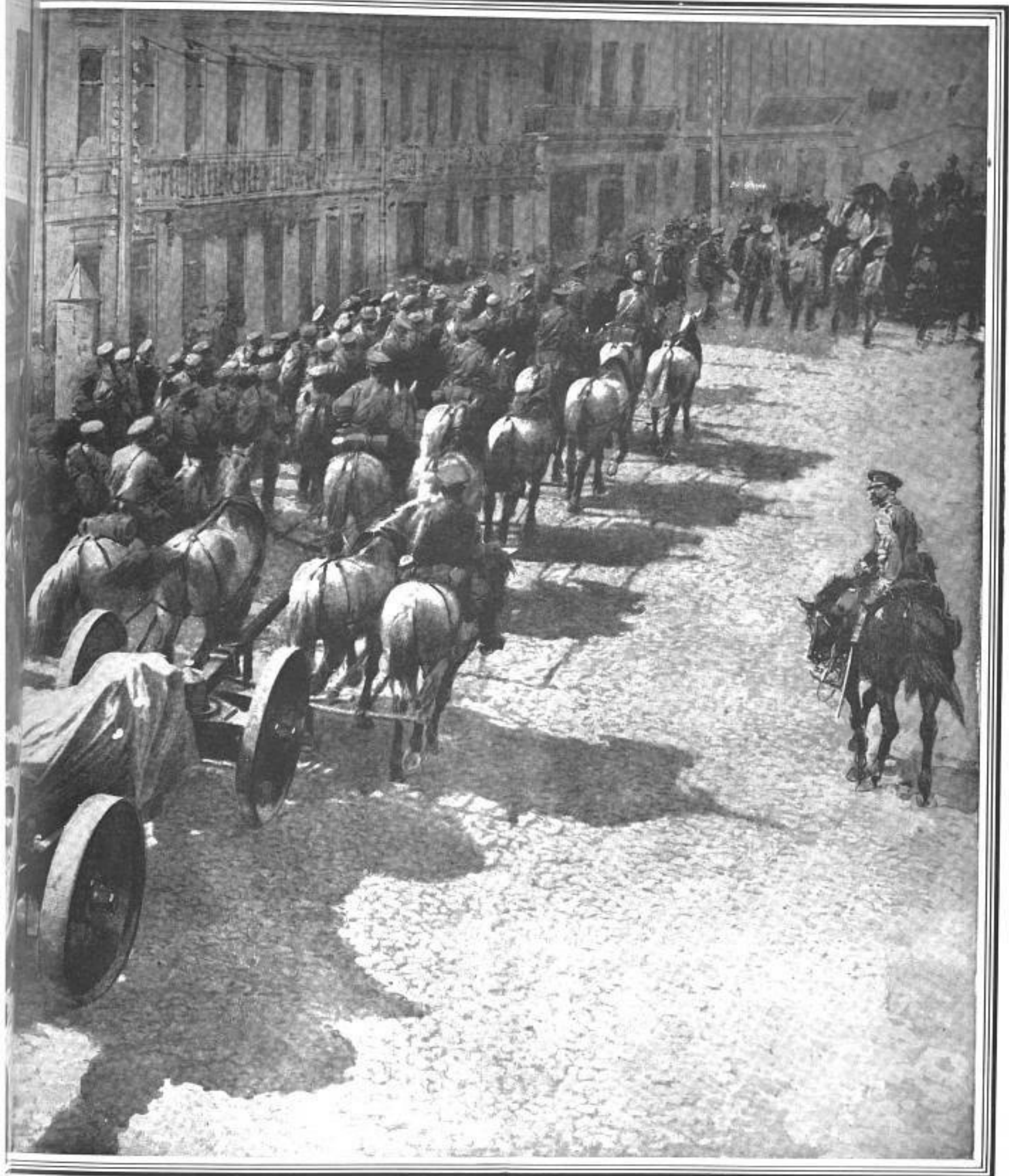


POWERFUL HELP FOR THE ROUMANIANS: A BIG RUSSIAN LONG-RANGE

In addition to the great campaigns which they are conducting on their own immense front, the Russians have found means to send important aid to Roumania in her hour of trial. Although it was not possible to save Bucharest, the Russian troops in Roumania have rendered invaluable help by delaying the enemy's advance. Their cavalry was mentioned several times recently as having done useful service in this way, and, as our photograph shows, they have also sent the Roumanians powerful artillery support. In this connection it may be recalled that an official statement was issued a few days ago from Petrograd refuting various rumours which the enemy had circulated in neutral countries. One such mendacious report alleged that the Russian Commander-in-Chief in the Dobrudja had asked to be relieved of his command because the supply of guns failed. The reply to this was, as given by Reuter, that "it is absurd to speak at this moment of the Russian Army being short of munitions." Again, in answer to another enemy rumour

RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO AID ROUMANIA.

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



RUSSIAN TROOPS IN A COLUMN ON ITS WAY TO THE ROUMANIAN FRONT.

to the effect that Roumania had hindered the Russian high command, the Russian official statement said emphatically that "the real truth was that the Russo-Roumanian brotherhood in arms had been strengthened during the war, and that mutual esteem and confidence prevailed." With regard to the German peace offer, the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Pokrovsky, said in the Duma: "The enemy armies devastated and occupy Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, and a part of France, Russia, and Roumania. . . . Who, then, with the exception of Germany, could derive any advantage under such conditions by the opening of peace negotiations? . . . The Russian Government repudiates with indignation the mere idea of suspending the struggle and thereby permitting Germany to take advantage of the last chance she will have of subjecting Europe to her hegemony. . . . In this inflexible resolution Russia is in complete agreement with all her valiant Allies."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AT Christmas, even less than at any other time, can I find in myself sufficient refinement to join in a complete condemnation of practical jokes. I think they very often went in company with very practical clarity. They were not always mere physical malice; they were sometimes even the superfluity of physical benevolence. The butter-slide was but an overflowing of the fullness of the butteries; and I cannot think anybody should complain of an apple-pie bed if he gets enough apple-pie. But there is something a little ghastly about such Christmas comicality in any comment upon the war, which many find so hard to reconcile even with a more sober happiness or a more reverent exultation. Yet what can anybody say about the German Chancellor's speech on Peace, except that it is a very good practical joke? It is a transformation scene in the same style as that in which the pantomime policeman is made into sausages; a scene which is, to say the least, not the less grotesque and ungainly when it is a Prussian policeman who is made into German sausages. To be more precise, the appearance, for the first time in history, of the Prussian as a Pacifist, is more like the happy harlequinade which finally turned Bluebeard into a benevolent pantaloon.

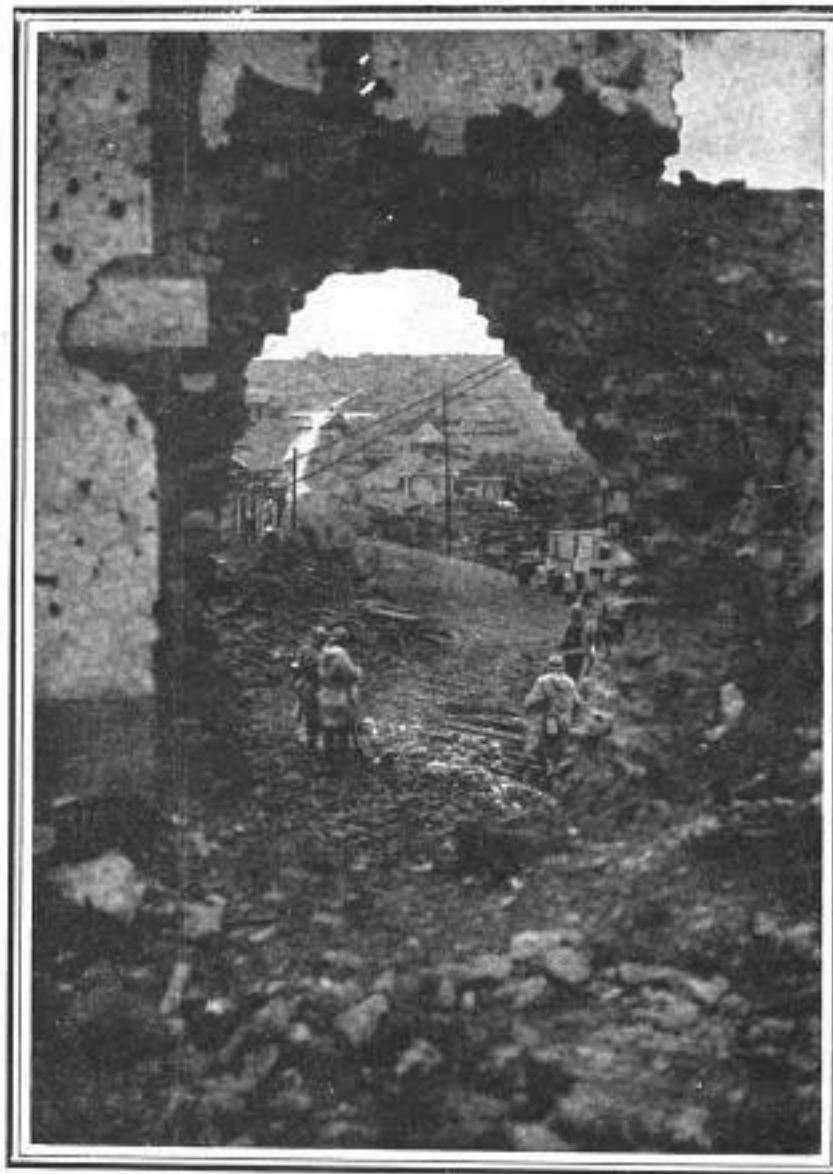
But there is a special sense in which the Prussian peace offer is like a practical joke; it is the practical part of it that is the joke. It is the upshot, the ultimate business purpose and proposal, which makes nonsense of all the rest. The enemy haughtily claims to be not only completely but increasingly triumphant in the war; and he asks for peace. He says that Hindenburg has done things hitherto thought impossible; he says Hindenburg does not rest, but is about to do more of them; and he asks for peace. He says that his hope of a complete triumph rests on facts as firm as iron; and he asks for peace. His foot is on our neck; and he asks for peace. His knife is at our throat; and he asks for peace. If anyone who has ever had one glimpse of history or humanity, if anyone who has ever read a book or spoken to a foreigner, can really believe that a Prussian King asks for peace at such a moment, let him believe it. Even he will not believe it long.

Anyone who has read the speech will agree that I do not exaggerate—indeed, I rather under-rate—the all-devouring arrogance of the claim which he still makes to superiority. He exults ferociously in the successful cruelty of submarines; and if he somewhat childishly exaggerates the success, we can willingly concede that he does not at all exaggerate the cruelty. He says of his enemies, presumably especially of his English enemies: "The spectre of Famine pursues them without mercy." Note that little phrase, "without mercy"; it is the Prussian touch. All men take pleasure in expecting an enemy's defeat; the Prussian takes a genuine pleasure in picturing his panic. It may or may not surprise the Chancellor to know that we do not happen to be in any panic; that you or I have not taken much notice of any spectre pursuing us. It may surprise him still more to know that we are not at all disposed to ask that apparition for mercy. The words are only worth noting, however, as being of a kind with many other words in such a German speech; words of a megalomaniac fullness of confidence, the mouth speaking great things. It is increased by a curiously emphatic yet hazy employment of metaphor, which marks most of these German speeches, and which often makes the meaning really rather difficult to seize.

For instance, the Chancellor says that the German Empire "is not a besieged fortress, as our enemies have imagined, but one gigantic, firmly disciplined camp with unexhausted resources." I cannot quite make out why a camp should be more difficult to capture than a fortress. Again, the mistake may be merely in the translation, but the expression about "laying, by strokes of the sword, the foundations" of the new and promising German success, does not seem a happy one. Yet it might have an ironical felicity; for the fact that the Prussian, like the Turk, does really try to lay foundations with nothing but a sword is the chief reason why he does not really lay any foundations at all. Here such remarks are only

is equally certain, that the advance in Roumania was entirely dependent on the speech and the offer of peace. Prussia had already decided to ask for peace; she only wished to do something first which might allow her a thin pretence that she was demanding peace, or even dictating peace. She must break something first; and she looked round for the most breakable thing to break. That is the whole history, philosophy, and politics of the Roumanian expedition. One simple and enormous fact governs all military criticism to-day. It is that if Germany had the least real hope of defeating the Russian and the Franco-British Armies, she would be trying to defeat them or making dispositions to defeat them; she would be sending her men to attack them, or at least saving her men to attack them. The theatrical blow at a small State like Roumania, like the theatrical blow at a small State like Serbia, proves one thing only; that she is no longer aiming at a great war to be followed by a triumph, but at a small triumph to be followed by a truce. It would be a truce and not a peace, like one of the other Prussian truces in history; a peace that has always meant armament for Prussia and false security for the world.

It is in connection with the single facts about Roumania that the large language of the German Chancellor is most conspicuously absurd. He says about Hindenburg: "This unparalleled genius has made possible things that were hitherto considered impossible." When, may I ask, was it considered impossible to oblige an enemy with inferior artillery to retreat in good order before an invader with superior artillery? Does military history really contain nothing resembling a parallel to this prodigious event? That is what has happened in Roumania; and that is all that has happened in Roumania. Bucharest has fallen; but I should have thought that the successful Russian retreat, followed by the counter-stroke of Brusilov, had cured even fools of supposing that wars are won finally by ticking off the names in a list of towns. The Roumanian misfortunes are a matter of deep regret in a sane and sober fashion; but the point here is that the Chancellor's policy positively demanded that he should deal with them in an insane and intoxicated fashion. The modern German must be excited about the fall of Roumania as no sane Goth would have been excited about the fall of Rome.



SEEN THROUGH A BREACH IN THE RUINED CHURCH: THE VILLAGE OF COMBLES.
French Official Photograph.

relevant as indicating the truth about the tone; and the singular contrast between the tone and the upshot. If we judged solely by the phraseology, we might almost say by the gestures, of the German Chancellor, we should still judge him to be an unsated and insatiable man of war; it is in the practical deduction that he descends rather abruptly to peace. He still affects to regard the round world as his Christmas pudding; and sits down to it with all the brandishing of the knife and gnashing of the teeth appropriate to the pantomime agree. Only, as I have suggested, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. And when it comes to the practical point, the imperial pudding is found to have a considerable resemblance to humble pie.

Now, the substance of the situation needs very few words. It is obvious, of course, that the speech and the offer of peace were dependent upon the advance in Roumania. It is perhaps not so obvious, but it

It was necessary for Prussia to knock down a nine-pin somewhere, before she gave up the game. It was not necessary that any of our own pessimists should prepare the coup by perpetually wailing "O! he will knock down the Sacred Nine-pin, and all will be over." This very local panic is perhaps the only asset the Chancellor has for his plan of peace; and that goes a very little way, even in England. Upon the main point, practically all Englishmen, even the pessimists, are in an adamant agreement. It cannot be better put than in the words of the late Premier: "There is no peace till the military power of Prussia is destroyed." On this even the pacifist as well as the pessimist should agree with us. For any other peace only means handing on to another generation the burden of war. It would be infanticide on a large scale; as if all men now living were to fling their babies into the Christmas fire. And I do not include among the practical jokes pardonable at Christmas the one which was called the Massacre of the Innocents.

AFTER THE ALLIES' ENTRY INTO MONASTIR: STREET SCENES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN A MAIN THOROUGHFARE—A SHOP PILLAGED BY THE BULGARIANS—ITS SHUTTERS LEFT LEANING AGAINST THE WINDOW FRAMES.



IN ONE OF THE SIDE STREETS: A SMALL SHOPKEEPER'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT CUSTOM ON REOPENING, BY EXHIBITING FRAMES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



MAKING SHOPKEEPERS REMOVE THE BULGARIAN SIGNS: A TRADERS' DEPUTATION CALLING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE TO ENSURE COMPLIANCE.



ONE OF THE LAST ACTS OF BULGARIAN REVENGE: THE BURNED-OUT INTERIOR OF THE FORMER SERBIAN PREFECTURE OF MONASTIR.



GETTING RID OF THE DETESTED BULGARIAN SHOP-FRONT SIGNS: A PASSER-BY ASSISTING TWO WOMEN SHOPKEEPERS TO GET THEIRS DOWN.

Almost immediately after the victorious Allied Army of Serbians, French, and Russians had taken possession of Monastir, the city began once again to return to everyday commercial life in the Serbian fashion. We show the entry of the Allies on another page, describing how parts of Monastir were still burning, and how, at first, the inhabitants who had remained peeped timidly out from behind their barred windows until satisfied that the newcomers were friends. Reassured on what, people came outside, offering flowers and garlands to the victors. The Monastir refugees who had fled and

sheltered in rear of the Allied camps came in on the heels of the soldiers, streaming through the streets in search of what remained of their former homes or shops, to find in the majority of cases that these had been sacked by the Bulgarians and wrecked. A typical instance of the fate of what was formerly a leading shop appears in the street scene shown in the first illustration. The drop-shutters have been hacked apart and wrenched open and the shop contents looted. In the fourth illustration we see the burned-out ruins of the former Serbian Prefecture, fired out of revenge by the enemy.

A GIFT FOR INDIAN SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT: A NEW YEAR CARD.

सनात सिध चहुं कूट जाहे मंडा लहराये ॥
 चलत सूर्य दिन रैन राज को अंत नपावे ॥
 बकरी शेर सु एक घाट निज पियास बुझावे ॥
 घर घर बिद्या धर्म दुख भै स्वप्न न आवे ॥
 जांकी पावक नीर पवन अ.ज्ञा शिर धारे ॥
 बसत बिजय जिह छन छाव सुख संपादि सारे ॥
 चक्रवर्ति राजेंद्र जार्ज पञ्चम जू पियारे ॥
 दीनन के प्रतिपालक मालिक सुई हमारे ॥

दोहा

अचल हिमाचल नीरनिधि रवि शशि ज्योति सुहाय ॥
 राज अटल महिराज है भगवत रहे सहाय ॥

From East to West, from North to South, thy Banner
 is unfurled;
 It streams above the Seven Seas, it waves throughout
 the world!
 The sun may travel far by day and journey through
 the night;
 Speed as he will, thine Empire's bounds lie yet beyond
 his sight.
 Discord is silent at thy word, and safe beneath thy
 rule
 The lamb and lion slake their thirst beside the self-
 same pool.
 Each home is nurs'd in Virtue's lap, and Folly's voice
 is still;
 Even in dreams there cometh not a single thought
 of ill!
 Fire, water, wind, obey thy will and thy commandments
 own;
 Triumph and Joy dwell calm beneath the shadow of thy
 Throne!
 Imperial Master, noble George, our sovereign Lord and
 King
 Thee, our defence in time of need, thy loving people
 sing.
 While tower the Mountains of the North, while sunlight
 gilds the plain,
 While gleams the silver moon by night, or heaves the
 rolling main,
 World-wide, unmoved, impregnable, may thy dominion
 stand,
 And for the buttress of thy Right be God's protecting
 hand!



George R.I.

"FROM EAST TO WEST, FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, THY BANNER IS UNFURLED": THE GIFT OF SIRDAR DALJIT SINGH, C.S.I.,
 TO EVERY INDIAN SOLDIER ON FIELD SERVICE.

Above we reproduce a New Year card which is being presented to each Indian soldier at the Front, the gift of Sirdar Daljit Singh, C.S.I., who is a member of the Council of India, and a prominent representative of the Sikh race. The card is in three languages—Hindi, Gurumukhi, and Urdu. We are able to show the Hindi version only here, the original of which was composed by the Sirdar himself, the English translation being the work of Mr. J. E. Shuckburgh. The portrait of his Majesty the King-Emperor

in his Coronation robes is from a large painting in oil which was executed for Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ltd., from their original photograph of his Majesty in his Coronation robes. The facsimile signature has been reproduced from a very recent signature by his Majesty, written specially for the card. The flag and the portrait are given on the card in colours. The Union Jack forms the frontispiece; the portrait, faced by the verses, being within. The English verses are not on the card.

LIKE POLAR EXPLORERS! OUR ARMOUR'D CARS' VOYAGE TO RUSSIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.

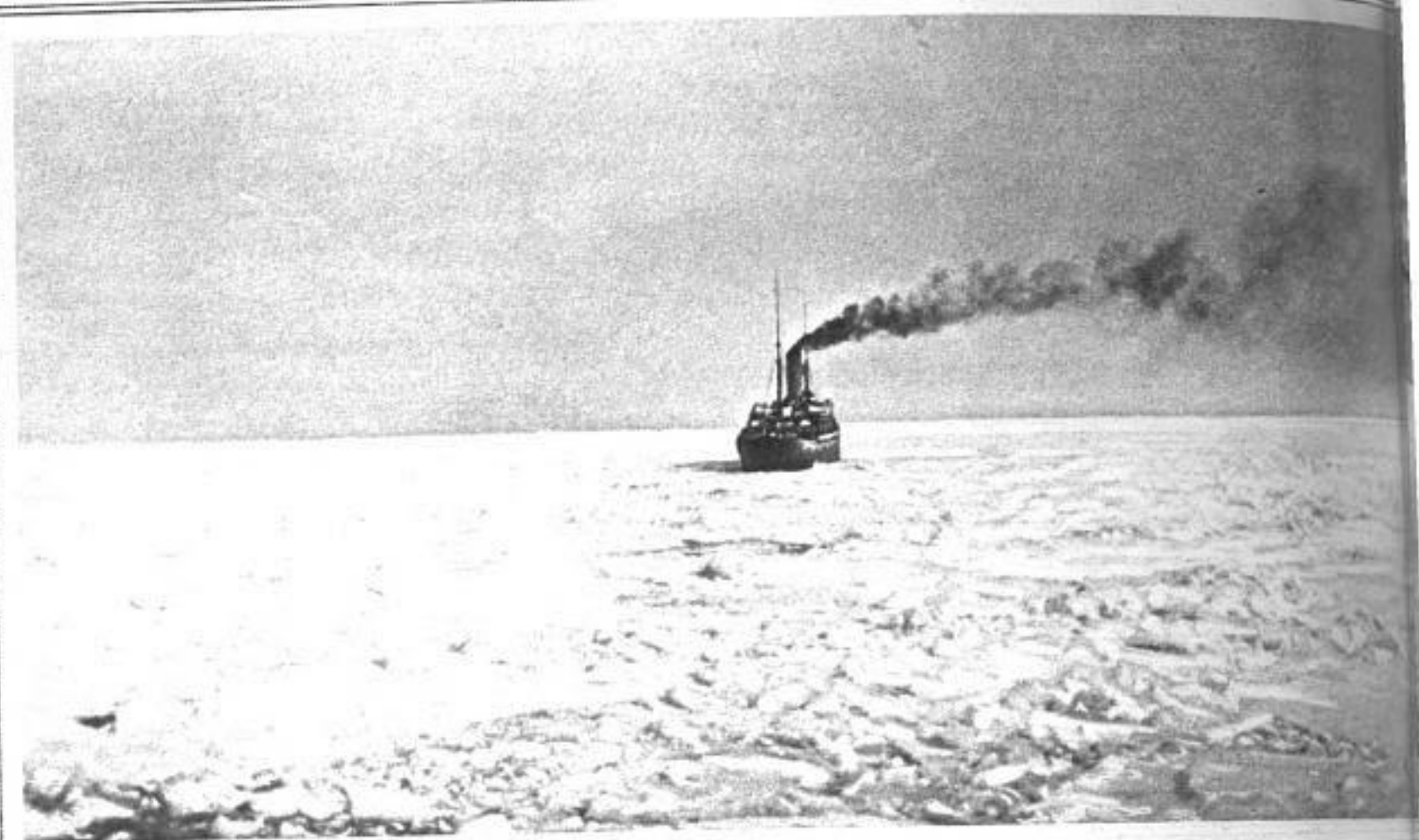


PLOUGHING THROUGH WHITE SEA ICE: A BRITISH TRANSPORT CONVEYING A BRITISH ARMOUR'D-CAR DETACHMENT TO RUSSIA.

A British Naval Armour'd-Car Detachment, it will be remembered, has been operating with the Russians in the Caucasus and more recently in the Dobrudja. Since it left British shores it has travelled immense distances and has had a wonderful variety of experiences. As shown in the above photograph and in those on the double-page following, the first stage of its journey resembled rather a voyage of Arctic exploration

than a military expedition. Here we see some members of the detachment looking over the side of a transport that is conveying them to Russia, as she ploughs her way through the ice of the White Sea. There were two ships employed to take the detachment across, and they were the first vessels to enter the Russian harbour after the break-up of the ice.

WAR OR ARCTIC EXPLORATION? EARLY STAGES OF



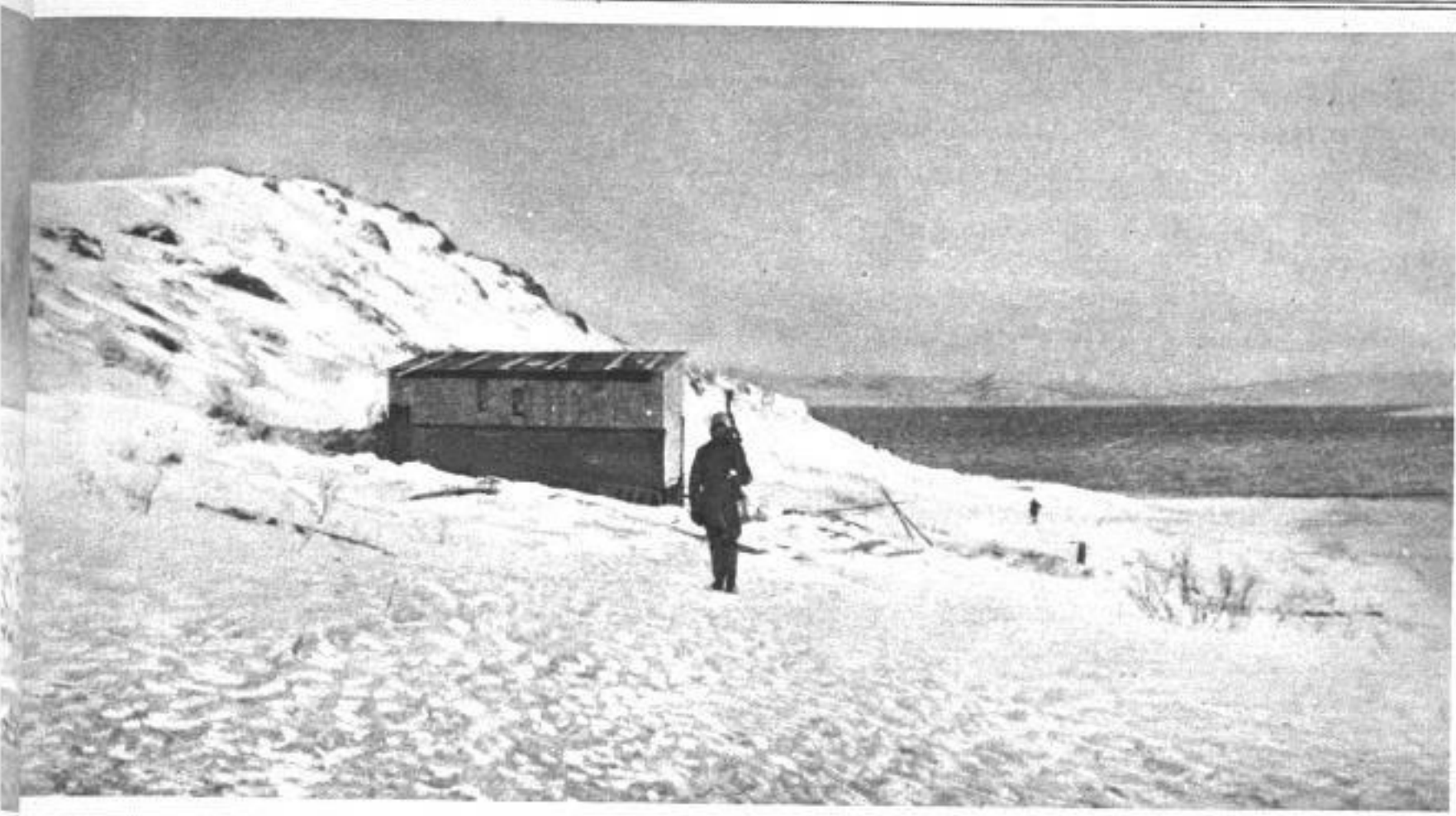
THE FIRST BOAT TO BREAK THROUGH THE WHITE SEA AFTER BEING ICE-BOUND: A BRITISH TRANSPORT CONTAINING THE BRITISH ARMoured-CAR SECTION.



THINGS SEEN IN RUSSIA BY THE BRITISH ARMoured-CAR SECTION: A HORSE-DRAWN SLEIGH TRANSPORTING WATER FOR RUSSIAN TROOPS.

Here and on the preceding page we illustrate the first stage in the long and adventurous journey of the British Naval Armoured-Car Section which for several months has been co-operating with the Russian forces, first in the Caucasus and more recently in Roumania. Some of their experiences in the Caucasus are illustrated on the double-page that follows this. The first stage of their arrival in Russia, on the shores of the White Sea, are rather suggestive of Polar exploration than of war. It was early in June that a Reuter message was received from Vice-Admiral Ougroumoff announcing the arrival of the British Armoured-Car Detachment in Russia. At the town where they landed, the British were met by the military, educational authorities, and the officials of the municipality. They were presented by the latter with an ikon of the Archangel Michael, and were entertained in the Summer Garden.

BRITISH ARMoured-CARS' AMAZING ADVENTURES IN RUSSIA.



LIKE AN ARCTIC EXPLORER'S BASE CAMP: BRITISH SENTRIES IN RUSSIA GUARDING A CABLE STATION BY THE WHITE SEA.



WITH THE BRITISH ARMoured-CAR SECTION IN RUSSIA: A HOTCHKISS 3-POUNDER, GUARDING THE WHITE SEA, ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR GERMAN SUBMARINES.

own was decorated with flags in their honour, and was *en fêre*. A similar welcome awaited them at Vologda, on June 5, on their way to Moscow, where they arrived two days later, in had a most enthusiastic reception. "The Grand Duchess Elizabeth," said Reuter's account, "received Commander Locker-Lampson and several other members of the detachment, and mementoes to all the officers and men. Everywhere on their journey through Russia the welcome extended to the detachment was no less hearty. Every station was beflagged in their and filled with cheering, hand-shaking throngs, including the local school-children and Boy Scouts, who threw flowers, cigarettes, and other gifts into the carriages. With every train they whether military or ordinary, hearty greetings were exchanged." After spending two days at Moscow, the detachment proceeded to the headquarters of its future service at the front.

BRITISH ARMoured CARS IN THE CAUCASIAN WILDS



IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH ARMoured-CAR SECTION IN RUSSIA: A PARADE ON THEIR DEPARTURE FROM A TOWN—SHOWING A BRITISH OFFICER IN A GROUP OF RUSSIAN OFFICERS.



"THE PATH WAS BARRED BY . . . ENDLESS STREAMS FILLED WITH ROTTING CARCASSES":
BRITISH CARS CROSSING A CAUCASIAN RIVER.

On the preceding pages we have illustrated the commencement of the wonderful adventures of the British Naval Armoured-Car Detachment serving with the Russian Army. Here are shown some of their doings in the Caucasus. They also saw service in Persia, and then made another remarkable journey back to Odessa, and thence to the Dobrudja. "Probably no unit of British forces," said a recent Reuter account, "has had more varied experiences than those that fell to the devoted men who, coming from all parts of the British Empire, have, after being ice-bound for months in the Arctic, crossed European Russia, and, after performing the remarkable feat of crossing the appalling 'roads' of the Caucasus and doing good work against the Turks there, have now appeared in action side by side with the Russo-Romanian Armies in the Dobrudja. . . . After their first encounter with the Turks, the Grand Duke Nicholas sent Commander Locker-Lampson a special telegram of congratulation. . . . The cars were urgently needed to inspect roads beyond Erzerum. . . . The difficulties of the journey were enormous."

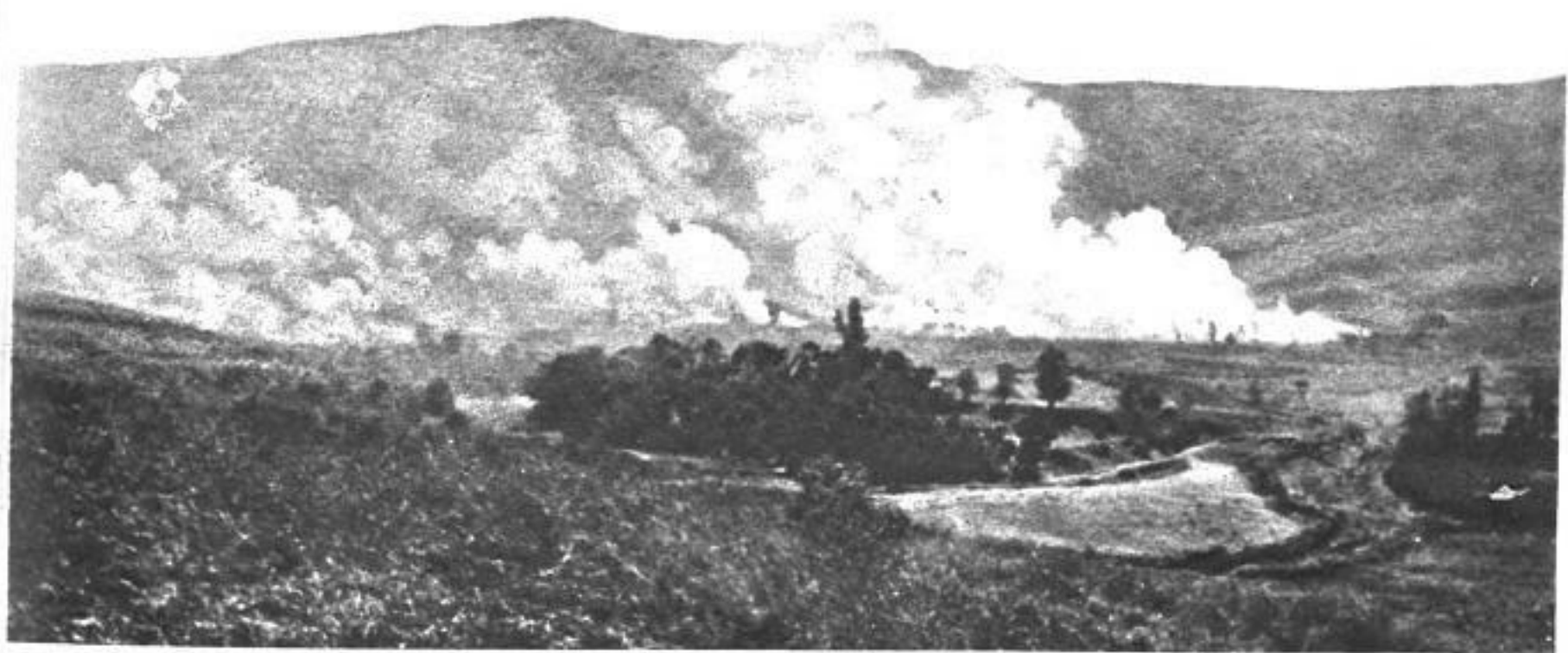
CASIAN

CROSSING RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS; AND IN ACTION.

REARDMENT BY TOPICAL.



"CROSSING THE APPALLING 'ROADS' OF THE CAUCASUS": BRITISH CARS (WITH A RED CROSS WAGON) MOVING
"ALONG WINDING, PRECIPITOUS, AND ILL-KEPT TRACKS."

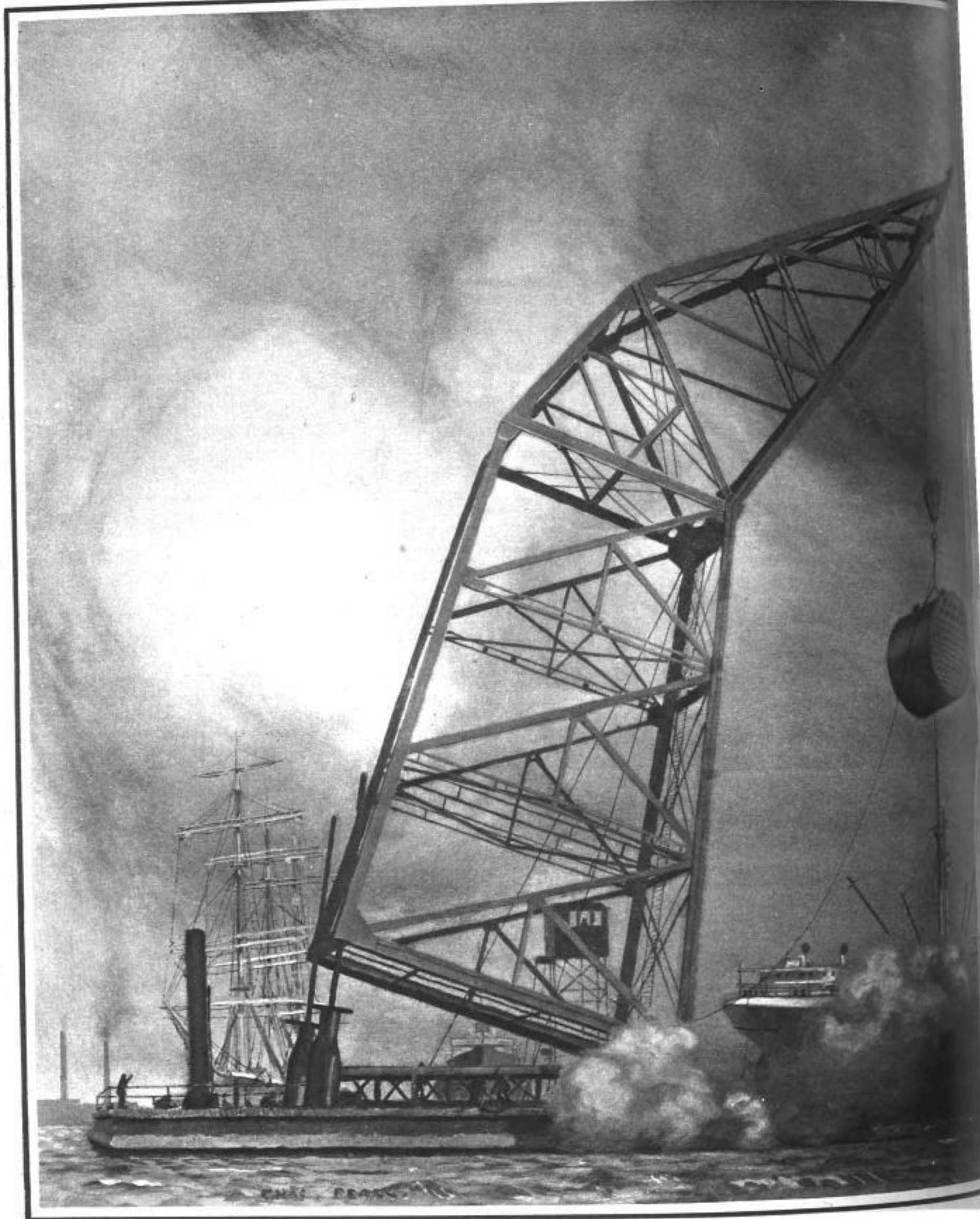


THE BRITISH ARMoured-CAR SECTION IN ACTION IN THE CAUCASUS: BOMBARDING A TURKISH TOWN,
THEREBY DRIVING THE TURKS OVER THE HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND.

having to be made, as it was, along winding, precipitous, and ill-kept tracks. . . . The road-surface proved the greatest obstacle, and the base-plates of some of the cars were ripped open by projecting rocks. . . . At Sarakamish the cars were inspected by the Grand Duke. . . . A noteworthy inspection journey of 2000 miles was made by one of the officers beyond Erzerum and Trebizond. . . . Another squadron was despatched to Mush. Progress was extremely difficult, as the bridges had been destroyed, and one of the squadron, despite heroic efforts, involving the passage of a river where cars and men were partially immersed for two days, was unable to proceed. . . . All had been warned against the Kurds, and urged not to allow any man to fall alive into their hands, owing to their nameless cruelties. The greatest care was, therefore, taken not to allow the cars to become separated. . . . In many places the cars had to be hauled by hand across streams and bogs. . . . The path was barred by dry and hard river beds and endless streams filled with rotting carcasses."

"SERVING THE NATIONAL INTERESTS": MERCHANT SHIPPING

FROM THE PICTURE



REFITTING A SHIP ENGAGED IN WORK OF VITAL IMPORTANCE—TRANSPORT

The problem of maintaining the nation's food supply during the war was discussed in Parliament not long ago by Mr. Runciman, then President of the Board of Trade. In the new Ministry that office is now held by Sir Albert Stanley; while Lord Devonport has been appointed Food Controller. Mr. Runciman dwelt on the vital question of providing enough ships to bring supplies from overseas, not only for ourselves, but for our Allies. "We shall require an enormous number of vessels," he said, "in the course of the season. Already since the Wheat Commission was started, a very large block of tonnage has been requisitioned and is on its way to Australia now. We have augmented that by chartering neutral vessels." In connection with the recruiting question, he said: "It is absolutely essential to regard shipping, as labour is regarded, as serving the national interests, not only when flying the fighting colours, but when it is carrying food over here." On the subject of new construction of merchant ships,

A VITAL ELEMENT IN THE CONTROL OF OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

BY CHARLES PEARLS.



SUPPLIES: A NEW BOILER HOISTED INTO A LINER BY A 200-TON FLOATING CRANE.

after pointing out difficulties arising from shortage of shipbuilding labour, Mr. Runciman proceeded: "By the end of this year I do not see any reason why our six months' output should not approach 500,000 tons, which is a very large advance on what we expected at the end of the summer." On the same day, Dr. Macnamara made an encouraging statement in the House in reply to a question as to counteracting the activities of enemy submarines. He said: "Of the total British gross tonnage of merchant steam shipping of 1000 tons and over which we possessed at the beginning of the war, the net loss up to the end of September 30, 1916, is slightly over 2½ per cent. This includes losses from all causes, whether war or marine risks." Our artist's drawing shows the lowering of a new boiler into one of the numerous smaller ocean liners that are engaged in carrying both passengers and freight.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE SEVI

Our drawing shows an impromptu Sunday service during the "push" on the Western Front—a detachment not engaged in firing being ministered to by a "padre," while the rest of the battery is engaging the enemy. On the right are guns in their small embrasures and a signaller in a dug-out. Also, on the right, towards the foreground, is a supply

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM DETAILS RECEIVED



11TH DAY.

cartridge dump, in a shell-hole. The chaplain stands slightly above the men, towards the left. On his right hand is a bell from a ruined church, now used to give warning of gas-attacks. On the right, a German 4½ heavy explosive shell is bursting. The men, each with his "order of service," carry gas-masks in little bags slung across the shoulders.

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TRAINING TO JOIN THE ALLIES ON THE WESTERN



BRIDGING-WORK OF THE PORTUGUESE ENGINEERS: A PONTOON-BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS, WITH A MOTOR-CAR CROSSING IT.



PORTUGUESE ARTILLERY AND ARTILLERYMEN: A GUN OF A FIELD-BATTERY AT PRACTICE FOR ACTION—ABOUT TO FIRE.



INFANTRY PRACTISING A CAMPAIGN-MARCH IN THEIR PULSARIES.



WITH THE GUNS ON A ROUTE MARCH DURING THE PREPARATION.



IN EXACT LINE, WITH INTERVALS DURING THE PREPARATION.

The fighting efficiency of the Portuguese Army has been tested on European battlefields in previous wars and has proved of sterling value. Just a hundred years ago, for instance, it took its full share under Wellington in the Peninsular War battles for the freedom of Europe, and Wellington unreservedly expressed his appreciation of its capability. Nothing could be more laudatory than the way in which the Great Duke over and over again commends the Portuguese Army under his orders in his published despatches—a permanent tribute to the soldiers of England's oldest Ally. Now the soldiers of Portugal are again taking part in Europe for the freedom of the nations. "The first contingents of the

FRONT: SOLDIERS OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST ALLY, PORTUGAL.

OLIVE.



A PORTUGUESE BATTALION
ON THE MARCH.



BATTALION OF PORTUGUESE ARTILLERY
MOVING IN THE WAR.



BATTERY OF PORTUGUESE ARTILLERY
MOVING IN THE WAR.



BRIDGING-WORK OF THE PORTUGUESE ENGINEERS: AN ARTILLERY BATTERY
CROSSING THE TAGUS PONTOON-BRIDGE.



DURING THE PREPARATIONS FOR JOINING IN THE WAR: A PORTUGUESE GUN WELL
SCREENED AGAINST AEROPLANE OBSERVATION.

Portuguese Army," announced the Premier, Senhor Almeida, in the Chamber of Deputies at Lisbon some weeks ago, "are ready to leave for the European battlefields in order to illustrate the close collaboration of our country with her old Ally, Great Britain, and the other nations also fighting for right and justice." Senhor Almeida added: "The future of Portugal will be decided in the trenches in Europe." That, of course, is not all. Portuguese troops, as the despatches from German East Africa record, are rendering invaluable service in the campaign in that quarter.



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ECONOMY IN FOOD.

THAT some saving in the amount of food consumed is necessary to the nation seems to be agreed upon, and the late Government had given expression to this view by cutting down the number of courses in dinners at restaurants and hotels. Whether the means are well adapted to the end is another matter. Gourmets apart, the appetites of healthy people demand bulk as well as savouriness in food, and cannot therefore be measured entirely by the number of dishes set before them. If the restriction ends in the adoption of the heavy fish-and-joint dinner usual

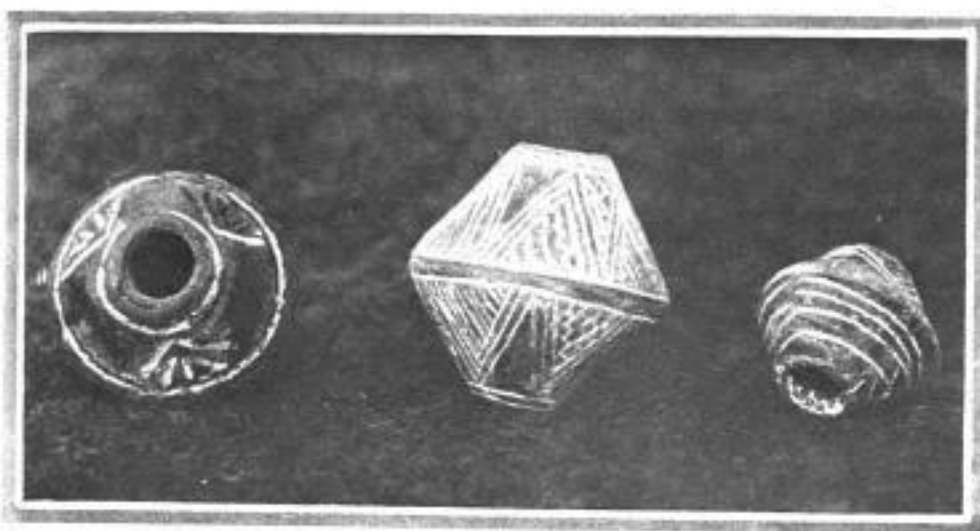
eggs, porridge, marmalade, or some two or more of these, at an hour between eight and ten according to whether he lives in the suburbs or London and is principal or subaltern. One o'clock sees him ready for another meal, consisting of at least one dish of meat, fish, or poultry, sweets, and cheese. From half-past four to five he is again seized with a craving for food, which he satisfies by consuming tea, with bread-and-butter, toast, or cake, if not with more than one of these delicacies. Eight o'clock—it used to be seven—sees him again sitting down to a square meal like his luncheon, only "more so," and perhaps spread out over the number of courses banned by Mr. Runciman. On the occasions when he goes into society or to the theatre he is, if young and giddy, lucky if he escapes supper as well.

See now how differently a Frenchman of the same class orders his life. He rises, generally, an hour earlier than the Englishman, takes coffee with milk in it, a roll-and-butter, without sitting down to them, and is at his place of business by eight or nine. Here he labours until close upon one in Paris, or twelve in a provincial town.

In the interval he takes a meal quite as substantial although a little more varied than his English ally, and then carries on till seven, when he dines (if of mature age) lightly. He has thus made two meals instead of three, even if we consider the morning coffee as cancelling the much more formal afternoon tea. It is quite true that in Society (with a large S) things approximate more closely to the English model, that to "five-o-clocquer" is the fashion, and that *déjeuner* and dinner are both a good deal later; but in the main and specially in the "daily-breader" walk in life with which we are concerning ourselves, the mode of life is still pretty much as here set forth.

That by adopting this a great quantity of meat and bread would be saved, and the nation's stock of these commodities made to go further round, there can be no doubt. Less meat is used, as the Soho restaurant-keepers have shown, in a five-course dinner by a Continental cook than at a two-course breakfast or luncheon by an English one. Bread at three meals—and at one of them in strictly limited quantity—instead of at four would also mean the consumption of a good deal less flour; and how serious the shortage of this commodity is likely to become we shall probably know better before we are much older. That it would cost less than our present system anyone can see for himself

in two minutes with a piece of paper and a pencil, and that it would save an enormous amount of time now cut to waste can be ascertained by the same process. As for its effect on our health, many



ARCHAEOLOGICAL "FINDS" IN THE BALKAN TRENCHES: EXAMPLES OF ANTIQUE POTTERY DISCOVERED BY THE FRENCH.

in the middle-class household in mid-Victorian times, not less, but more meat, vegetables, and bread will be consumed, and the diners will be laying up the seeds of a fair allowance of uric-acid diseases.

If, however, instead of limiting the number of courses, the Board of Trade had set to work to limit the number of meals, a good deal might have been done. Excluding the very rich, who live (and always will live) as they please, and the very poor, who live as they can, let us look at the dietary of the intermediate or "daily-breader" class who gets his living by desk-work in a Government or other office, and is therefore the chief supporter of restaurants. He begins the day with a substantial breakfast of fish, kidneys, bacon,



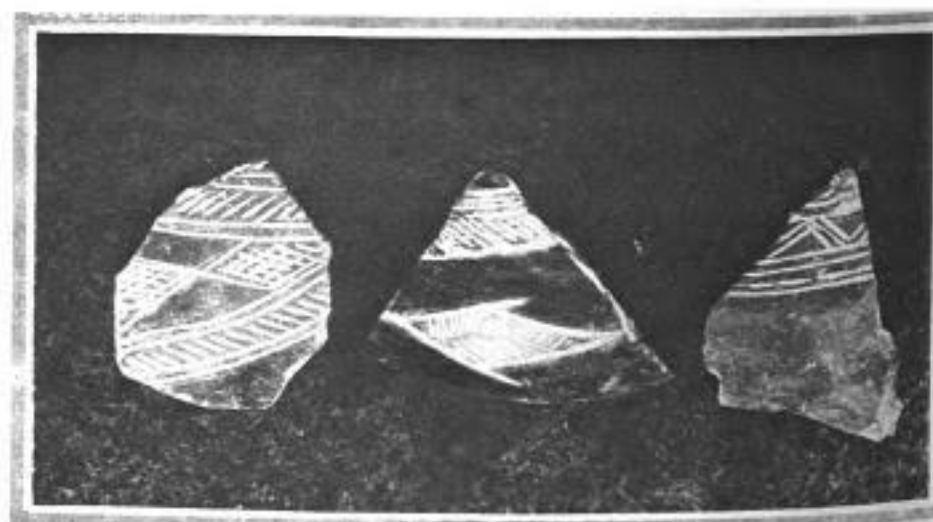
WHERE WAR HAS OPENED UP NEW FIELDS OF EXCAVATION: A SPECIMEN OF ANTIQUE POTTERY FOUND IN MACEDONIA BY THE FRENCH.



WAR AND ARCHAEOLOGY: AN ANTIQUE JAR DUG UP BY FRENCH TROOPS IN MACEDONIA.

doctors would certainly be in favour of it, and the fact that the French of the class referred to are, as a rule, less gouty and more eupletic than the corresponding class over here can be fairly demonstrated.

There remains to be said how such a mode of economising food could be enforced. We are always being told that you cannot alter a nation's habits by Act of Parliament, although the meek way in which the community lately endured the Daylight Saving



UNEARTHED BY FRENCH TROOPS IN TRENCH-DIGGING ON THE BALKAN FRONT: FRAGMENTS OF ANTIQUE POTTERY.

Official French Photographs.

Act may make us doubtful on this point. But the authorities have found no particular difficulty in preventing the lieges from drinking between meals, and if restaurants were closed and hotels forbidden to serve food except at the specified hours there would be no great trouble in seeing that the law was obeyed. No doubt they would thereby find themselves up against very powerful vested interests; but in these days, when service has ceased to be either cheap or plentiful, there might be found unexpected compensation to these by a shortening of the hours when it would be required. As a war economy, it certainly promises more than any scheme yet tried. F. L.

"MONASTIR SERBIAN AGAIN": THE ALLIED ENTRY: BULGAR PRISONERS.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WHERE HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS WERE TAKEN BY THE ALLIES | CAPTURED BULGARIANS UNDER FRENCH ESCORT MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF MONASTIR.



WATCHING AN AEROPLANE ABOVE CAPTURED MONASTIR: THE PRINCE REGENT OF SERBIA (ON STEPS) WITH GENERALS SARRAIL AND LEBLOIS.



OF THE FIRST FRENCH TROOPS TO ENTER MONASTIR ON NOVEMBER 19: A CAVALRYMAN IN A STREET BY THE SQUARE TOWER.

The capture of Monastir by the Allies was thus announced in a French official communiqué: "French cavalry entered the town at the heels of the enemy's rear-guard, at 8.30 a.m. on the 19th (November), followed by a column of Franco-Russian infantry. Our troops, pushing on immediately to the north of Monastir, successfully captured Hill 821 and the village of Krklina. . . . Six hundred and twenty-two prisoners and a great deal of material remained in our hands." In the previous fighting the French had captured 1100 Germans. Mr. G. Ward Price, who was the first Englishman to

arrive in Monastir, about two hours after the troops entered it, writes: "The Allies are in Monastir at last—here in the heart of the town. Down the streets, which are black with vistas of closed iron shutters, come French cavalry, who were the first to enter. They are now maintaining a strict patrol. . . . And so Monastir became Serbian again. . . . 'It is thanks to the Serbians that we have won the town,' said a French Colonel who was one of the first to get in. The whole of the centre of the town is being reserved as quarters for the Serbians to dispose of as they require."

THE ENTRY INTO MONASTIR: GENERAL SARRAIL AND

FRENCH OFFICERS



A MARCH-PAST OF THE ALLIED TROOPS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MONASTIR: GENERAL SARRAIL (WITH K&N)



WHERE FLOWERS AND GARLANDS WERE OFFERED TO THE VICTORIOUS ALLIES:
FRENCH AND RUSSIAN GENERALS ENTERING MONASTIR.

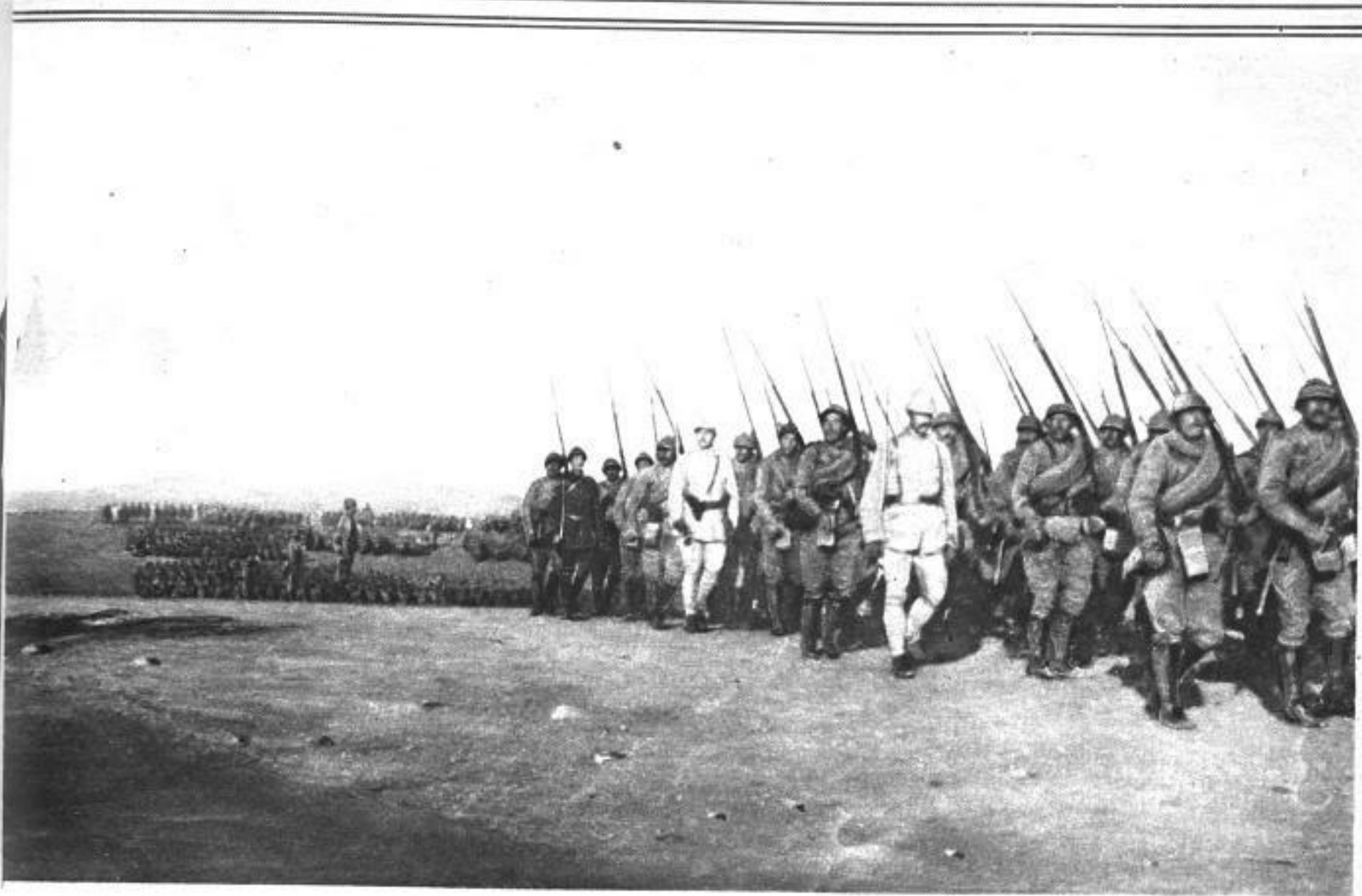


IN THE CITY RESTORED TO SERBIA EXACTLY FOUR
BULGARIAN PRISONERS

As mentioned on the preceding page, where further photographs of this historic event are given, it was on the morning of November 19 that the Franco-Russian troops entered Monastir. "French cavalry," writes Mr. G. Ward Price, "were the first to enter. . . . Their horses' necks are hung with wreaths of flowers, for the inhabitants, after peeping timidly out from behind their barred windows for a while, have at length ventured out and are offering posies and garlands to the French and Russian soldiers who come constantly marching in. Even to me, though unworthy, these signs of welcome have been proffered, for I have had the fortune to be the first Englishman to arrive in the town. . . . At 9 a.m. the first French company of infantry

THE SERBIAN PRINCE REGENT IN THE CAPTURED CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



RAISED), THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES IN THE BALKANS, SALUTING THE RUSSIAN CONTINGENT.



YEARS AFTER SHE FIRST TOOK IT FROM THE TURKS: IN MONASTIR.



THE ALLIED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THE SERBIAN PRINCE REGENT IN MONASTIR: GENERAL SARRAIL AND PRINCE ALEXANDER IN THEIR CAR.

marched into the town past the still burning barracks, which the enemy had set on fire during the night. A Russian battalion was with them. The two columns, in fact, came abreast along the road. . . . Though the French and Russian troops have had the privilege of first arriving there, they themselves are anxious to admit that it was chiefly the tireless advance of the Serbians among the mountains in the loop of the Tchernia River, supported as they have been, of course, by the co-operation of the French infantry and French artillery, that has forced the Bulgarians and Germans to evacuate Monastir. . . . After a year of captivity Monastir has become free again, and that on the anniversary of the day when the Serbians first won her four years ago."

LITERATURE.

A Guardsman's Memories.

General Sir George Higginson, whose extremely interesting memories are recorded in his "Seventy-One Years of a Guardsman's Life" (Smith, Elder), was born in 1826. Incidentally, he contributes several examples to one's collection of links with the past. None of them is so startling, as, about a hundred years ago, was Sir Francis Macnaghten's frequent prelude in conversation: "When my father was at the Battle of the Boyne"; or the Duchesse de Richelieu's remark, fifty years later: "My husband once said to Louis XIV." But Sir George heard from his mother how she had frequently seen Nelson running up the steps of the house next door in Wimpole Street to visit Hood, and how she remembered Jack Mytton in Shropshire; and he himself was patted on the head by George the Fourth, once drank tea with Beau Brummell, and, as a subaltern at a "Guard" dinner at St. James's, heard Marshal Thomas Grosvenor relate how he was on duty at the Bank of England during Lord George Gordon's riots. His volume also gives glimpses of a bygone London, difficult to reconstruct without some such touches as these: "All the land now occupied by Queen's Gate, and westward as far as the hamlet of Hammer-smith, was then [when he was still in the nursery in Wilton Crescent, of which his father was the first inhabitant] parcelled out in well cultivated farms and market gardens. . . . The deer had only recently been removed from Hyde Park, and the path by the side of Rotten Row was the usual limit of our daily walk." The bulk of Sir George's reminiscences here, however, are of the Crimean War, and they are, at this moment especially, remarkably welcome. In a sense, his pages on that campaign are not reminiscent, but contemporary comment, for his letters home from before Sebastopol happen to have been preserved, and he draws upon them copiously, but by not a line too much. Those who know their Kinglake will peruse them with intense interest, and no one reading them

can fail to be enlightened, by the vivid contrast they supply, about the enormous scale of the operations in the present war. This very attractive autobiography finds its chief inspiration in the pride and loyalty of the soldier for his regiment. Every page testifies to the "affection" of its Dedication to the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards. It illustrates the author's verdict that the regimental system is still the mainspring of the Army's efficiency.

"France To-Day." The re-discovery of France has become a favourite literary exercise for those writers who know the country and have

not new. It is merely that a great opportunity has brought out all the magnificent qualities of the nation, obscured for a time by circumstances. The desire for revenge was dead, or surviving only in the hearts of a few discredited extremists, when the tocsin sounded on Aug. 1, 1914. Frenchmen would never again have sought war with Germany, or gone about to plot it. They were not prepared. But, being forced into the quarrel, they have known how to bear themselves so that the enemy may beware of them. What has gone to the making of that spirit is here shown in a few graphic and familiar touches. Family life, public life, Parliament, society, literature, feminism, "labour and the changing mart, and all the

framework of the land" are alike intimately known to Mr. Jerrold. If he writes in a rather staccato style, it is in accordance with his joyous inspiration; the style does not imperil the real philosophy underlying the whole work. The mood is optimistic, yet it is not the optimism of a blind enthusiasm. He can be very realistic, his passages on the seamy side have the verve of a Maupassant episode, but above it all he discerns the nation's strength, which lies, perhaps, in the completeness of its national spirit. "I doubt whether," says Mr. Jerrold, "since the Athenians or the Romans, any such complete national spirit has existed." That seems like the sum of the whole matter.



IN TRAINING WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS: FRENCH INFANTRY PRACTICE DIGGING-IN.
Photograph supplied by C.N.

the gift of acute observation. Hence a procession of well-informed and entertaining volumes of which several have already been noticed in these columns. France better known becomes better beloved, and the Entente marches to a lively tune played by British scribes, whose enthusiasm carries them sometimes to lyric heights. The latest volume of impressions, "France To-Day" (John Murray), by Mr. Laurence Jerrold, surveys the pleasant land and its people as they appear under the stress of present conditions. The writer, in pages full of knowledge—as is to be expected from one who has been in close touch with those at the head of affairs—gives a vivid realisation of the French spirit in its apparently new incarnation. But the incarnation is

a note of," for in the one commencing on New Year's Day there will be found many beautiful things at bargain prices. No sale catalogue will be issued, but a visit to Liberty's is always a delight. White washing-silk for blouses, 25 inches wide, will be reduced from 2s. 9d. to 1s. 11d. a yard; Oriental washing-silk for blouses or underwear from 4s. 11d. to 3s. 11d.; Chinese wild silk from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 11d. Remnants of velvets will be from 2s. 3d. a yard, and cotton voiles and crêpes offered at 7s. 6d. the dress-length, 40 inches wide. Charming Liberty evening gowns, tea-gowns, day dresses, etc., will be greatly reduced, and an endless variety of fancy articles will be offered at clearance prices.

A sale at Liberty's is an event which, when pending, should be "made

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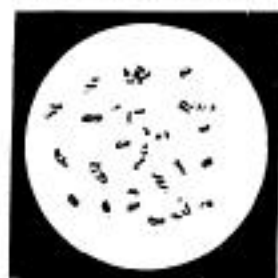
Christmas Dinner

The new delicious fruity flavour of H.P. gives just the finishing touch to the well-cooked meal. Just a few drops—that's all—and you will be delighted with the flavour of the choice Oriental fruits and spices—perfectly blended.

Order H.P. from your grocer or stores to-day.



This is a picture of your enemy—the Influenza Bacillus



From an actual photograph of the Influenza Bacillus, magnified 1000 times, taken at the National Laboratories.

Bacteriologists to-day have enabled us to see and recognise many of the

tiny organisms that make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat.

To recognise our common enemy—to classify him—ascertain his habits and mode of attack—has been the aim of modern scientists; and in establishing precautions against these deadly micro-organisms, leading scientists recommend the use of—

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, &c.

Trench Odours: Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

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Warning: See the raised bar. Genuine Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each pastille which is registered.

Post Free: Order a box at once for yourself or your soldier or sailor friend. In case of difficulty write to the Proprietors, enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the pastilles will be sent direct by return.

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WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY WHICH ENABLES EVERYONE TO SAVE LARGE SUMS IN WEEKLY HOUSEKEEPING.

REMARKABLE OFFER TO ENABLE EVERY HOUSEHOLD TO TEST THE SPLENDID ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES OF "SELDONITE," WHICH, AT A COST OF 2/6 ONLY, MAKES ONE TON OF COAL GO AS FAR AS TWO.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical compound "Seldonite," which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of housekeeping counts, "Seldonite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£10 SAVED DURING COAL FIRE SEASON

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest, and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttful of coal treated with "Seldonite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldonite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust, or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldonite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month, you can easily save from £10 to £15 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldonite" in their own homes the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 45. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite, or Slack), with full directions to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s., or 11 boxes for 20s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS

Already "Seldonite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many thousands of delighted users of "Seldonite" are the following:—

The Viscount Elibank

writes:—"I like 'Seldonite' as much as ever, and enclose cheque for a further supply. You can certainly make use of anything I have said in favour of 'Seldonite,' as I wish you every success."

The Viscountess Templeton

who writes:—"I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory, and will order more when required."

The Lady Swansea

who writes:—"Please send me five more boxes of 'Seldonite.' I was perfectly satisfied with the first trial box, and think it excellent."

Lady Frankland

who writes:—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory. It certainly makes the coal last much longer."

Priscilla Lady Newnes

who writes:—"I find 'Seldonite' most useful. It causes the fire to burn very brightly, and to send out much more heat than usual."

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel

who writes:—"I have found 'Seldonite' a great saving of trouble. It gives more heat, and coal lasts much longer."

The Hon. Mrs. Parker-Jervis

writes:—"I have been using 'Seldonite,' and am very pleased with it, and so also are the servants. It burns so brightly, and only half the quantity of coal is required—a wonderful saving. I am so pleased and satisfied with the result of using 'Seldonite' that I am recommending it to all my friends and relations. Please send me eleven more boxes."

Louisa Lady Walker

who writes:—"I shall be much obliged if you will send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldonite,' as I and all my family use it and find it quite excellent. The fires are bright, and the consumption of coal considerably less."

Lady Isabel Stewart

who writes:—"I have been using 'Seldonite' on my coals for the last three or four weeks and find a very great improvement. The coal lasts well, the fires are perceptibly much warmer, and when 'Seldonite' was not used I at once noticed the difference."

Sir Edward Redford, C.B.

who writes:—"Seldonite" possesses all the advantages it lays claim to, and is of very considerable benefit. The preparation not only economises coal, but it also ensures an excellent fire. It is, moreover, clean, and gives out more heat in a room than a fire made without 'Seldonite.'"

Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G.

who writes:—"I am perfectly satisfied with 'Seldonite,' as I find that it is conducive to cleanliness and economy, and that coal treated with the preparation burns a bright red and consumes the coal slowly. I have given some 'Seldonite' this year to my coachman, gardeners, etc., and they are much pleased with it."

Sir Charles A. Payton

who writes:—"I find 'Seldonite' very useful and economical. Coal treated with it burns well and slowly, giving good heat and very little ash."

Sir Walter Hillier, K.C.M.G., C.B.

writes:—"I have been using 'Seldonite,' and am convinced that it materially improves the condition of the coal. The fire is much brighter and burns to ash, and what I think the best testimony to its value is that my servants have asked me to get some more. I have also advised several of my friends to try it."

Colonel Fludyer

62, Warwick Square, who writes:—"I find that when using 'Seldonite' not only is there a great saving in the amount of coal used, but also that the coal treated with it gives out twice as much heat. In a kitchen range I find it saves quite one large scuttful of coal per day."

The Rev. Canon Seaton, D.D.

Villa Loreto, St. Peter's-in-the-Thanet, who writes:—"Seldonite" has given great satisfaction, and the consumption of the coal has been considerably reduced."

The Rev. Canon W. F. Pearce

Prebendal House, Chichester, who writes:—"I am more than satisfied with 'Seldonite.' It is a great economiser, and gives out much more heat than with coal alone."

The Rev. W. J. Jobling

St. Mary's Vicarage, Southwark, who writes:—"Please send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldonite.' I have found it of excellent value, and am using it amongst my parishioners."

"Coal gives much greater heat."

Mr. B. Sabin, Verger, St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, N.B., writes:—"Coal sprinkled with 'Seldonite' has been used in our schools with excellent results. We treated a ton of coal with 'Seldonite,' and found it burnt with a good warm red glow, gave off much greater heat, and there was less smoke. I gave a small sample of 'Seldonite' to a friend and he tells me that, whereas formerly he used three scuttles of coal a day, he now, with the use of 'Seldonite,' only uses one."

"Doubles the value of coal and coke."

The Rev. G. Lacey May, West Tisted Vicarage, Alford, Hants, writes:—"Kindly send me five more boxes of 'Seldonite.' I have tested this preparation both on household coal and on Church coke, and consider it fully answers to your description as doubling the value of either coal or coke. I am, in fact, delighted with it."

"Seldonite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouse, drawing-room, or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use, except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily, and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above, readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full-size 45. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite, or Slack), 10s. for five boxes, or 20s. for eleven boxes, addressing their letters to Seldonite Laboratories, Ltd., 709, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

SPECIAL TERMS to hospitals, clubs, schools, laundries, bakeries, factories, &c.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Count Raven." The title of "Count Raven" (Cassell) came to Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, we should say, some time before the plot. There was a mutual feeling that a wicked German Count with such a sinister name would make a good central character for a popular novel, and with that the story was born. It would pass muster among the productions of the smaller fry; but, frankly, it is not what we look for from Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle. This, of course, is not astonishing: the puzzle has been to understand how authors have been able to fix themselves at their desks any time during the last two years, and it is only natural that some of the most sensitive among them show signs of strain. In this book we feel that a rather ignoble section of the public is being catered for by a partnership far beyond them both in perception and sensibility. There are still people in backwaters who like to read about rascally Teutonic noblemen and secret submarine harbours on the East Coast, and they throng the lending libraries and keep up the demand for their favourite fiction. They are served to their taste in "Count Raven."

"Hungry Stones and Other Stories." The work of Sir Rabindranath Tagore is too well known to need a reviewer's commendation, and "Hungry Stones, and Other Stories" (Macmillan) bears the impress of its creator. The stories have a haunting atmosphere, such as only a poet and a seer can conjure up even from the magic of the East. Where Sir Rabindranath is most simple he is often most profound, and so it is that "The Home-Coming" and "The Vision"—both dealing with elementary passions—exhibit a deep understanding of humanity. There are other stories in lighter vein; and the weird one that gives its name to the book seems to embody the legend of not one, but a score of ancient Indian palaces haunted by the women of the past. There is, we remember, an official residence in Lucknow where those that have ears to hear hear the jingle of silver anklets on dancing feet, and those that have eyes to see see . . . strange things. The house of the hungry stones is not to be laughed away in the roar and rattle of a twentieth-century train. The craftsmanship of all the stories is admirable.

"Madame Prince." "Madame Prince" (Methuen) is one of those brisk, rather staccato studies of a London family that Mr. Pett Ridge seems able to

produce, without flagging, in unlimited number. This time the book concerns itself with a Highgate dress-maker, Kentish born, and her brood—the girls nimble at repartee, energetic and independent, the boy, a lad of promise. It is the history of a plucky woman, for Madame has uphill work at first to keep the family going on her business, and later, to guide their matrimonial ventures into the right channels. Her character, no less than her professional title, works out as rather French than English, except that no French mother would have suffered the temporary removal of Ethel,

affectionate quips of a philosopher who loves and understands his fellow-creatures.

It is something to become, in a way, a London institution, and that has been the happy fortune of Walker's Diaries, which, particularly in their "Loose-Leaf" pocket form, are among the indispensables of professional and business men, and, it may now be emphatically added, women. Simple in construction, perfect in action, these admirable diaries make it superfluous to carry two diaries during the latter part of the year, as it is only necessary with Walker's Loose-Leaf diaries just to take out and put into the transfer case the pages which have been used, and then insert so many of the pages of the coming year as may be thought necessary. These diaries can be had in a variety of bindings, sizes, and prices, and, further, combined with a note-book and cash account-book if desired, or with any special combination preferred by individual purchasers. Bound re-fills can also be had for a nominal sum. The diaries can be obtained at all stationers', stores, etc., but the variety is so great that a wise plan is to send to Messrs. John Walker and Co., Ltd., Farringdon House, 5, Warwick Lane, E.C., for an illustrated price-list, and without delay, as they make much-appreciated and seasonable gifts.

There should be a wide demand for "Princess Marie José's Children's Book" (Cassell), consisting of a hundred contributions by authors and artists who have placed their work at the disposal of the fund for feeding and clothing Belgian babies, of whom, we are told, there are 10,000 in the unconquered part of Belgium. There are sixteen full-page colour illustrations, including a reproduction of John Lavery's picture, "Eileen, the White Queen," and examples of the work of W. Heath Robinson, Edmund Dulac, Frank Reynolds, and Byam Shaw, and a delightful "Study of Dutch Children" by Louis Raemaekers. There are also numerous line drawings, among them some humorous illustrations by Mr. H. G. Wells to his own little story, reproduced in a facsimile of his handwriting, called "Master Anthony and the Zeppelin." Among the contributors are many other well-known names, such as Austin Dobson, John Galsworthy, E. Temple Thurston, Emile Cammaerts, Katharine Tynan, and Peggy Webling. The frontispiece is a charming photograph of King Albert's daughter, the little Princess Marie José of Belgium, from whose name the book takes its title.



WINTER ON THE WESTERN FRONT: "TOMMIES" AT WORK IN THE SNOW.

Photograph by L.N.A.

and the curious elopement of the witty Phyllis. Mr. Pett Ridge's people—those he favours, that is to say—are always optimists; and so Madame is an optimist too, which is encouraging to the reader in chapters where the Prince family affairs seem to be shaping badly. Impossible to believe they will not come right for the sake of the resolute mother; that Richard will not "make good," and Phyllis prove really to be married to her easy young baronet. It is hardly necessary to say that a Pett Ridge book abounds in good things, the little, laughing,



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casts the softest of shadows. Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, "through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

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The Soul of the Flowers

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is as exquisite as that of the flower itself. This perfume, which was originated by Zenobia, Ltd., is sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6, and 11/6 per bottle.

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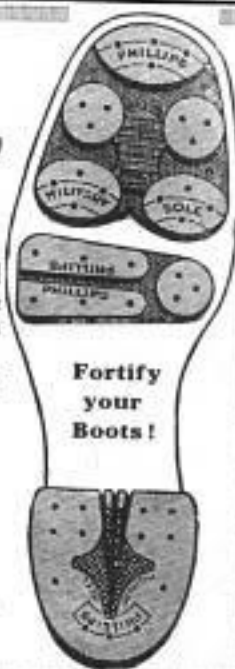
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Fortify
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The Childless Home and the Homeless Child

LIFE'S BITTER CONTRASTS.

Numberless homes, where comfort and even luxury abound, are to-day silent and desolate. The fiery blast of War has swept over them and the child upon whom every care has been lavished is *not*. In the heart, as in the home, there remains but an aching void.

The dread blast of War has swept over thousands of other homes also. But here it is the father who has fallen; in many cases the mother too is dead, and the children are homeless. The State allowance—averaging £9 a year—is an all-too-slender basis for their welfare.

A Suggestion:

Why not ameliorate the contrast by a mutual service? Ease your own sorrow by providing—for "his" sake—for another hero's orphan. You will thereby also ease the sorrow of the child.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME will gladly act as your intermediary. It has 16 branches in salubrious parts of the country, where upwards of 200 children of fallen fighting men have already been received.

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You may (1) Send a Memorial Gift, large or small, straight away;
(2) Endow a Memorial Ward, or a Cot, in one of the branches for suffering children; or
(3) Build a new Cottage Home for our constantly growing family.

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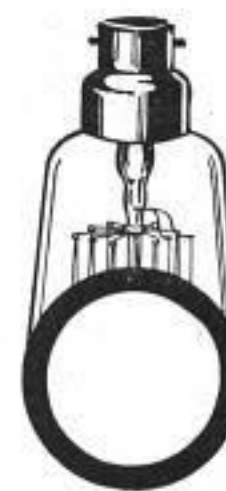
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Our works being entirely devoted to Government Requirements during the war, we are not at the moment constructing touring-cars for the general market, but we intend to continue the production of our famous 15-20 H.P. Chassis after the war. We shall again specialise in the One Model only, in which will be embodied all the very latest improvements in design and material based on our past and present experience. We are now accepting orders for the new model, which will be dealt with in rotation.

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20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobaccoist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glas, or The Firm of Three Centuries, London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.



For a mellow, non-bite mixture, try Cavander's "Army Mixture." 7d. per oz. 2 1/2 lb. tin.



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"It Worked Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Sight Tests for Motor-Drivers.

Some rather pertinent inquiries were made recently in the House of Commons in relation to eyesight tests for motor-drivers. The late Home Secretary was asked if there existed any periodical vision-tests for drivers of vehicles in the Metropolitan area, and if not, whether he would consider the advisability of instituting such a test in view of the number of accidents now occurring. Mr. Samuel, in reply, said that all public carriage drivers were required to produce, before being licensed, a medical certificate of fitness in which the condition of sight was taken into account. After they reached the age of fifty, a certificate of fitness was required quinquennially or oftener if the licensing authority deemed it necessary.

In the present existing state of the London streets, and the Stygian gloom of their condition after nightfall, this is a question that certainly seems to have a marked bearing on the public safety. Of course, the private motorist who is not blessed with the eyes of a cat does not, if he be wise in his generation, drive his own car after dark, and there is thus very little need to trouble about him in this connection. The public service driver, on the other hand, is compelled to drive at night, and it is surely in the interests of the public that he should at least be able to see properly.

What is a Hackney Carriage?

The law is a peculiar thing; indeed! The Albion Motor Company, who are makers of industrial motor-vehicles, have been very busy since the beginning of the war in turning out cars for the War Office. These cars are manufactured in Glasgow, and in the ordinary course of things are driven up to London to be delivered. The Albion Company hit on what they thought was a really good idea. Noticing that there is still a certain amount of emigration

from Scotland to the South, and probably knowing that cheap fares would appeal to the frugal native, they undertook to carry a limited number of passengers from Glasgow to London at ten shillings a head, the whole of the receipts going to the Scottish Red Cross Fund. This went on for some time, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Albion Company was not out of pocket by the scheme;

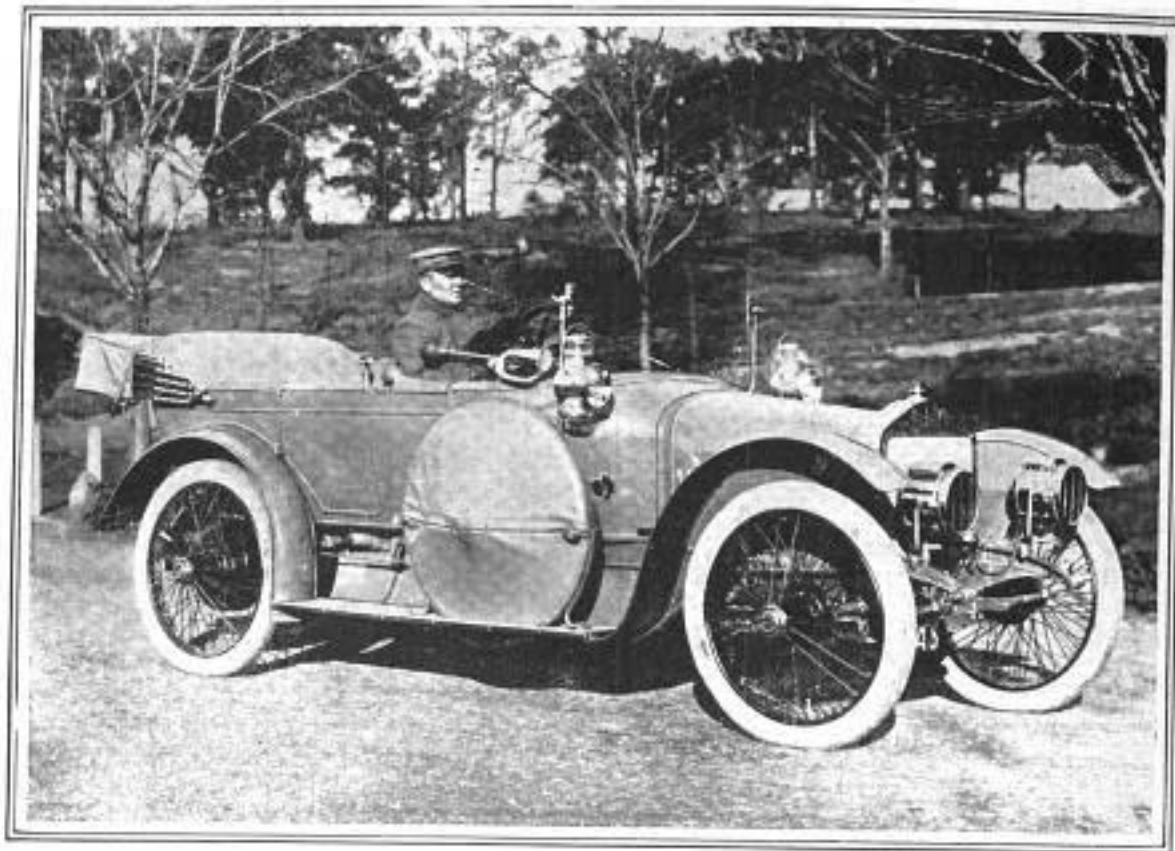
What is more, it seems that they were legally on solid ground in making this demand, so the Albion Company was faced with the alternative of paying the license duty or dropping the passenger traffic. Naturally, they did the latter, and the Red Cross funds are suffering accordingly. It might have been thought that, under all the circumstances, the authorities would not have insisted on their full pound of flesh.

A Good Idea.

Our thoughts for the time being are very far from being directed to such comparatively trivial matters as motor legislation. Although that is the case, it is worth while recording a noteworthy departure which has been made in America. The Secretary of State of Illinois has requested the motorists of the State to supply him with their views on the existing automobile laws and regulations, and to indicate how, in their opinion, these can be improved. The grounds on which he bases his request are that it is recognised by the State authorities that traffic conditions are rapidly changing with the increasing numbers of cars; that there may frequently arise cases to which the present law fails to apply, or does not meet the case; and that those who drive cars should be in a good position to offer valuable suggestions.

Unquestionably, the principle is a thoroughly sound one, and in complete contrast to the system whereby laws and regulations are drafted and made by people who know little or nothing at first hand of the subject to which these laws are to apply. If our own highway laws had been formulated by highway experts, we should not find among them the many trivial anomalies that exist now. I suppose that one of these days we shall be revising our motor laws. When the time comes we might do worse than to follow the example of Illinois.

W. W.



FOR AUSTRALIA: A STRAKER-SQUIRE MOTOR.

The fine car seen in our photograph is a 25-20-h.p. Straker-Squire 1914 model, which has been delivered to Senator the Hon. G. F. Pearce, Minister of Defence, Australian Commonwealth, by Messrs. Dennis Laucelles, of Melbourne.

travellers to whom time was not a vital consideration were able to come to London for a fraction of the ordinary train fare; and the Red Cross funds were benefiting by a substantial amount of money. All of a sudden, however, the Inland Revenue authorities came down with a demand for the duty on hackney carriages, and insisted on licenses being taken out.

ject to which these laws are to apply. If our own highway laws had been formulated by highway experts, we should not find among them the many trivial anomalies that exist now. I suppose that one of these days we shall be revising our motor laws. When the time comes we might do worse than to follow the example of Illinois.

A TIP FROM THE FRONT.

Friend: Heard from Jack this morning.

Dunlop: And he's fit, I hope?

Friend: Yes! Let me read you part of his letter:—

"The old 'bus is sticking it wonderfully, and if, as you say, you are thinking of buying another car after the war, I should get a... again and fit the same tyres. You can't better DUNLOP TYRES, as well I know."

Dunlop: Very nice of him. There is nothing like active service conditions to test either man or material.

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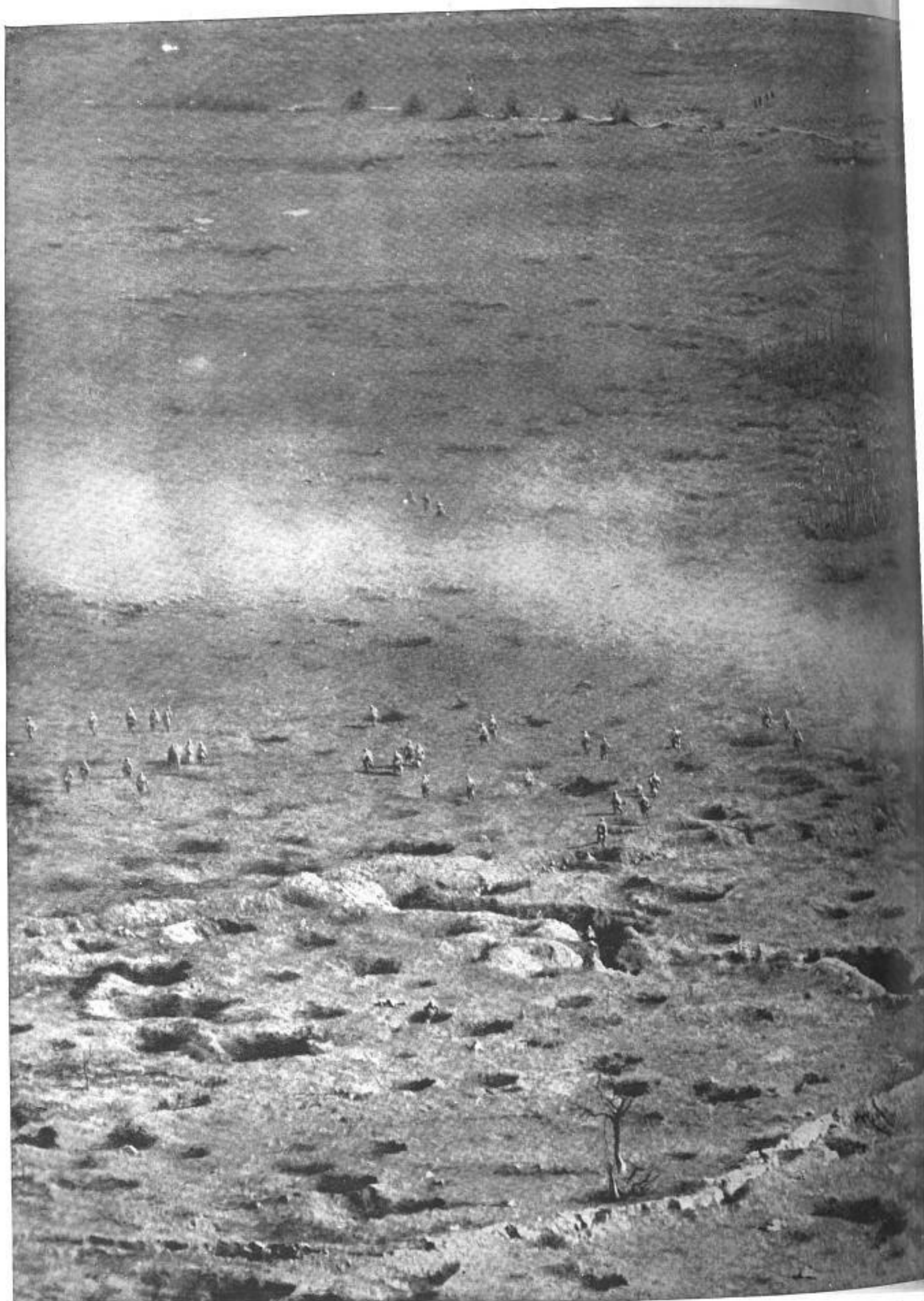
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THE DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL SERVICE: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

"It is proposed to appoint at once a Director of National Service, to be in charge of both the military and the civil side of Universal National Service. . . . We have been fortunate in inducing the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, to accept the position of Director-General under this scheme. He will at once proceed to organise this great new system of enrolment for industrial purposes." In those words the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons on December 19, made the epoch-marking announcement quoted.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is the second son of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and is forty-seven years of age. He began business life in charge of his father's small (hemp) estates in the West Indies. Returning to Birmingham, he entered commercial life there. Meanwhile he assisted his father in political affairs, although refusing repeated offers to stand for Parliament. He was elected recently Lord Mayor of Birmingham, for the second time. He is essentially a strong man, an excellent selection for the vitally important post.—(PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.)



FRENCH INFANTRY ADVANCING OVER CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES

This remarkable photograph was taken on the French front on the Somme, by a French *aviateur de liaison*, flying at a height of about 1600 feet above the battlefield. The nearest trench in the foreground, known as the Guillaume Trench, had formed the German front line, and had just been crossed by the French troops, who are seen advancing beyond it in a wave of assault through another trench further back. The big cloud of smoke in the centre was due to the explosion of a dépôt of bombs or rockets. Further

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



THE SOMME: A WONDERFUL BATTLE PHOTOGRAPH BY A FRENCH AIRMAN.

In the centre is a clump of shattered trees called the Bois Hart, on either side of which may be seen small groups of men who were the most advanced sections of the French assault. Across the photograph in the distance will be noted a line in the ground which marks an unused trench bordering a road. Beyond it, in the centre of the photograph at the top, are some parties of German soldiers who are hastily retreating before the French advance.

SERVICE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

LET us suppose that we are all assembled in a sociable manner with the intention of eating an elephant. As will be seen later, it is on the most earnest economic and even ethical grounds that I make this extreme yet simple supposition. These lines will appear in the afterglow of Christmas, when the subject of eating can already be regarded with tranquillity and balanced reflection. And the subject has, as we all know, been lately regarded as a grave problem for social philosophers and statesmen. I wish I could think the social philosophers had been very philosophic or the statesmen very statesmanlike. So far, the principal suggestion has been, apparently, that we shall economise the food supply if the people in restaurants confine themselves to three courses instead of four or five. I cannot consider the demand exacting, for I have very often had occasion to confine myself to one. And I am one of those who are uncomfortably conscious that a majority of their fellow-citizens do not quite get that. But I do consider the demand mistaken, and founded on a fallacy about the nature of thrift. It is also connected with other mistakes in moral and social thought of which I shall speak later. But the economic case, like all such cases, must be simplified in order to be seen. I will therefore simplify the difference between five courses and three, and make it the difference between three courses and one. And as I do not wish to fill these columns with tables of figures working out the size, parts, and prices of all edible birds, beasts, and fishes, I will, so to speak, boil them all down to make one big animal. And I will ask the reader, with increased firmness, to join me in eating an elephant.

Now, it seems natural to suppose that one elephant would by himself furnish a varied bill of fare. If we can have ox-tail soup, I suppose we could have elephant-tail soup; and I suppose there would be even more of it. If people can manage to eat calves'-foot jelly, I imagine that they might eat elephant's-foot jelly; and I, for one, should feel no more distant repugnance for one than for the other. Some people can eat brains, so they might be able to eat elephant's brains (which are said to be of a high intellectual order); and as marrow is regarded as a delicacy, elephant's marrow ought to be an even larger delicacy. These are the conventional and obvious cases. A really domestic and dexterous housewife would doubtless know exactly what to do with the elephantine ears and tail. The trunk might be cut into transverse circular sections, but I do not altogether see what one could make out of the tusks, except toothpicks. The point, however, is this. In the dinner of several courses (say three) the *gourmet* might naturally be supposed to eat an elephant's ear as a *hors d'œuvre* at the beginning, and have a little Trunk on Toast as a savoury at the end. But an elephant's rib would be the *pièce de résistance*; and I should think it would resist a good deal. But if he is allowed no snack, no trifle from the outlying parts of the pachyderm at the beginning and the end, he may want more than one rib; other guests, similarly limited, will want more and more ribs. And the elephant being an animal of lengthy but not

unlimited vertebral structure, his ribs will be used up quicker than you might fancy. And meanwhile his trunk, tail, and ears will not be used at all; they will be wasted. A man only allowed one large bite out of the animal will not ask for a snip off the end of his tail. He will plunge *in medias res*; and the *res* will rapidly be consumed. Such is the tragedy of the elephant attacked on wrong economic principles; and the application is plain. There is a fallacy in limiting people to what is commonly called solid food; for a considerable proportion of their solid sustenance does not come from such solid food. And there is a fallacy in supposing that the secondary forms of diet must be wasted because they would never naturally stand alone. Let the reader take any other animal or object capable of considerable sub-division, and he will see that it would be actually more economical to have many dishes than to have one. Those who argue otherwise must suppose that an ox is killed specially whenever they ask for ox-tail soup. But

modern enemies of that tradition discredit and conceal. The peasant ideal, when it is healthily developed, does not see its economy in pence and halfpence, but in apples or potatoes. And it is thoroughly typical of the snobbish culture which has a contempt for peasants that it will contradict itself and try to have it both ways. When it first sees the peasant, and notes certain rough and unfamiliar features of his life, it curses him for a careless brute. When it discovers that he has a forethought and independence impossible to wage-slaves, it curses him again for a careful brute. Such plutocratic muddle-headedness always wants to eat its cake and have it. The peasant prefers to keep his cake and have it on special occasions—when, for instance, it can serve as a Christmas cake. But while he has it he is called surly and narrow; and when he eats it (with the proper accompaniments) he is called drunken and superstitious. The great voice of England left an eternal echo of laughter against the fools who fancy

that because they are virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale. But the irony of the remark has largely hidden its truth; for the truth is that they are not even virtuous. The countries where most men can save and consider the future are the same countries to which we all look for picturesque festivals, and even for fairly good cookery. It is more exact to say that *until* we are virtuous there will be no more cakes and ale.

In truth, it is, perhaps, the happiest thought to-day that while we look for the end of the war, we are still at the beginning of the Alliance. The Allies have very much yet to learn from each other. But, above all, they have yet to learn what it is that they have to learn from each other. The comparison has been falsified by an old school of caricatures, and of compliments more offensive than caricatures. The ordinary Englishman has the task of discovering that the Frenchman is not such a decadent as his Frenchified eulogists admired him for being. The Frenchman has to find out that the Englishman is not such a prig as the praise of him always implies. Indeed, the first ray of the real enlightenment fell on the French mind when it encountered the English private soldier. It was instantly realised that the prominent feature of the poor and plain Englishman is not "phlegm" or "spleen," or "morgue," but simply animal spirits and broad face. There is a real sense in which Merry England is a fact where Puritan England is very much of a pose. A very similar enlightenment has probably been creeping over the minds of the English soldiers themselves, concerning the counter-attractions of French cookery and French thrift. They also may have begun to meditate on the philosophy of fried potatoes, and seen the allegorical character of an omelette. Thus it is not a newspaper flourish, but a historical fact, that brotherhood in arms is a real brotherhood; it is an interchange of the truths of experience. The Englishman can see for himself that French cookery is not the good cookery of Lucullus, but rather the good cookery of Mrs. Cratchit. The Frenchman can see for himself that our fiction is more representative than our history; and that ours is not merely the country of Pitt, but rather of Pickwick.



RAISED TO THE PEERAGE: THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY, M.P.

Mr. Charles Stuart-Wortley, M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield, entered Parliament thirty-six years ago, and has twice been Under-Secretary to the Home Office. He is a Deputy-Chairman of Committees, and a member of the Chairman's Panel for Standing Committees. He is a grandson of the first Lord Wharfedale, and began his career at the Bar. His wife is a daughter of the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A PROMINENT CANADIAN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE: SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.

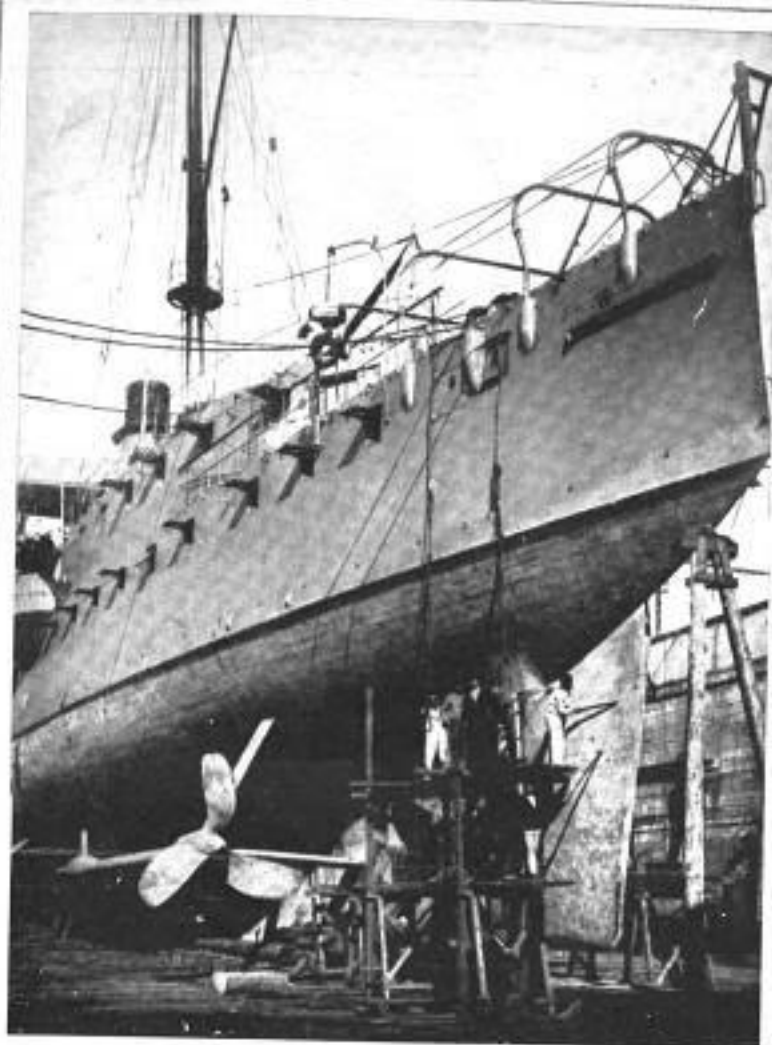
Sir Max Aitken, who is a successful Canadian financier, has during the war been official recorder of the doings of Canadian troops at the front, and is the author of "Canada in Flanders." He is only thirty-seven. He came to England in 1910 and became M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. In 1912 he was knighted, and earlier this year was made a Baronet. He is a friend of Mr. Bonar Law, and is associated with the "Daily Express."—[Photograph by Savine.]

this is not the case. It is not necessary to go out and catch a cod because cod's roe can sometimes be used as a savoury; nor even necessary to buy a cow in order to make a milk pudding.

Those fruitful comparisons which our friendship with our new Allies should encourage ought to teach us better on this point. There was, indeed, a time when the less travelled type of Englishman believed that the Frenchman ate kickshaws because he was luxurious. But most of us know by this time that the Frenchman eats kickshaws because he is economical. Nobody denies that the average poor Frenchman is more thrifty than the average Englishman. Nobody denies that he (or, rather, she) makes more use of extras and small cooking experiments than the average Englishman. The very tradition which derives "kickshaw" from "quelque chose," bears witness to the truth; for the French luxury is not a special thing specially pursued and purchased. It is something, in the sense of anything. Thrift is the art of not trifling with trifles. It is not negative but positive; not merely restrictive but directly creative. Like all the virtues we inherit through the Christian tradition, it has a coloured and artistic aspect which

SILENT, BUT NONE THE LESS ACTIVE: THE FRENCH NAVY.

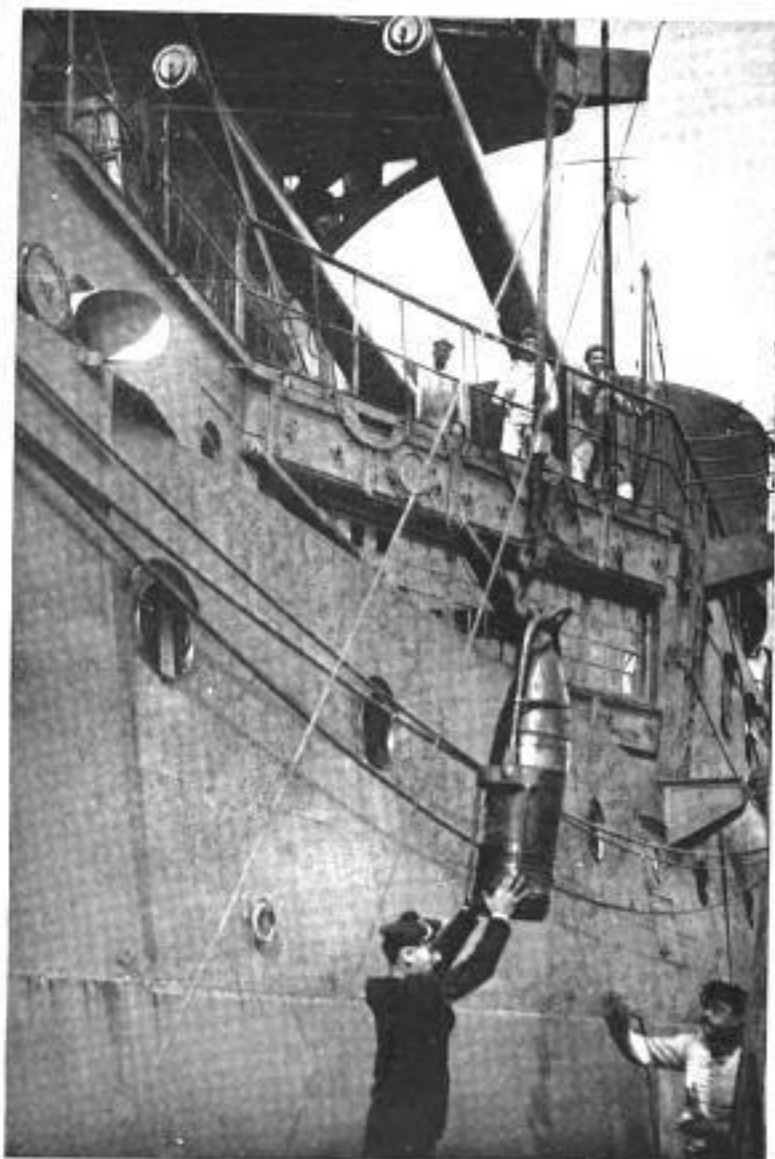
FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



AT A FRENCH WAR PORT: A SHIP IN DRY DOCK.



ONE OF THE FRENCH NAVY'S LARGER UNITS: A BATTLE-SHIP IN PORT.



A CRUISER TO BE DOCKED FOR REPAIR: REMOVING BIG SHELLS.



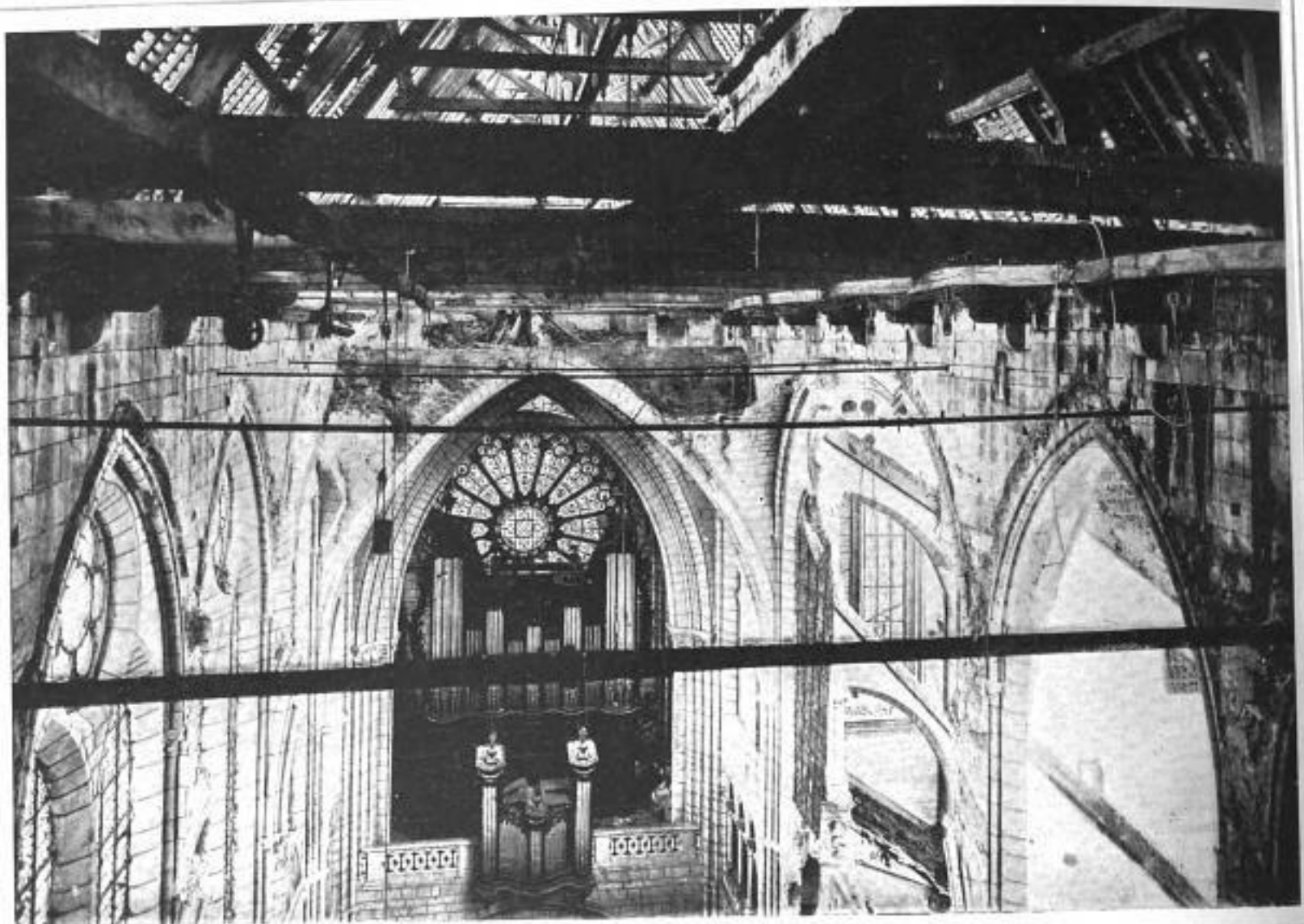
LOWERING A BIG SHELL FROM A CRUISER BEFORE DOCKING HER FOR REPAIR.

Although the French Navy, like the British, is a "silent" force, and we hear little of its doings, yet also, as in the case of our own fleet, its activities are unceasing and exercise a strong influence on the course of the war. These activities, naturally, expose it to casualties, and unfortunately the French Ministry of Marine had recently to announce that the battle-ship "Suffren," which played a notable part at the Dardanelles, was missing and must be regarded as lost. The Germans have since claimed her as a

victim of their submarines. The Commander-in-Chief of the French Navy, it may be recalled, holds the chief command of the Allied naval forces in the Mediterranean. A change in this command recently took place, when Vice-Admiral Du Fournet was succeeded by Vice-Admiral Gauchet, previously in command in the Levant. The above photographs, issued officially by the French authorities, were taken at a French naval port, and show some interesting details of the docking and repair of war-ships.

GERMAN SHELLS AND HISTORIC BUILDINGS: SOISSONS CATHEDRAL

FRANCIS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



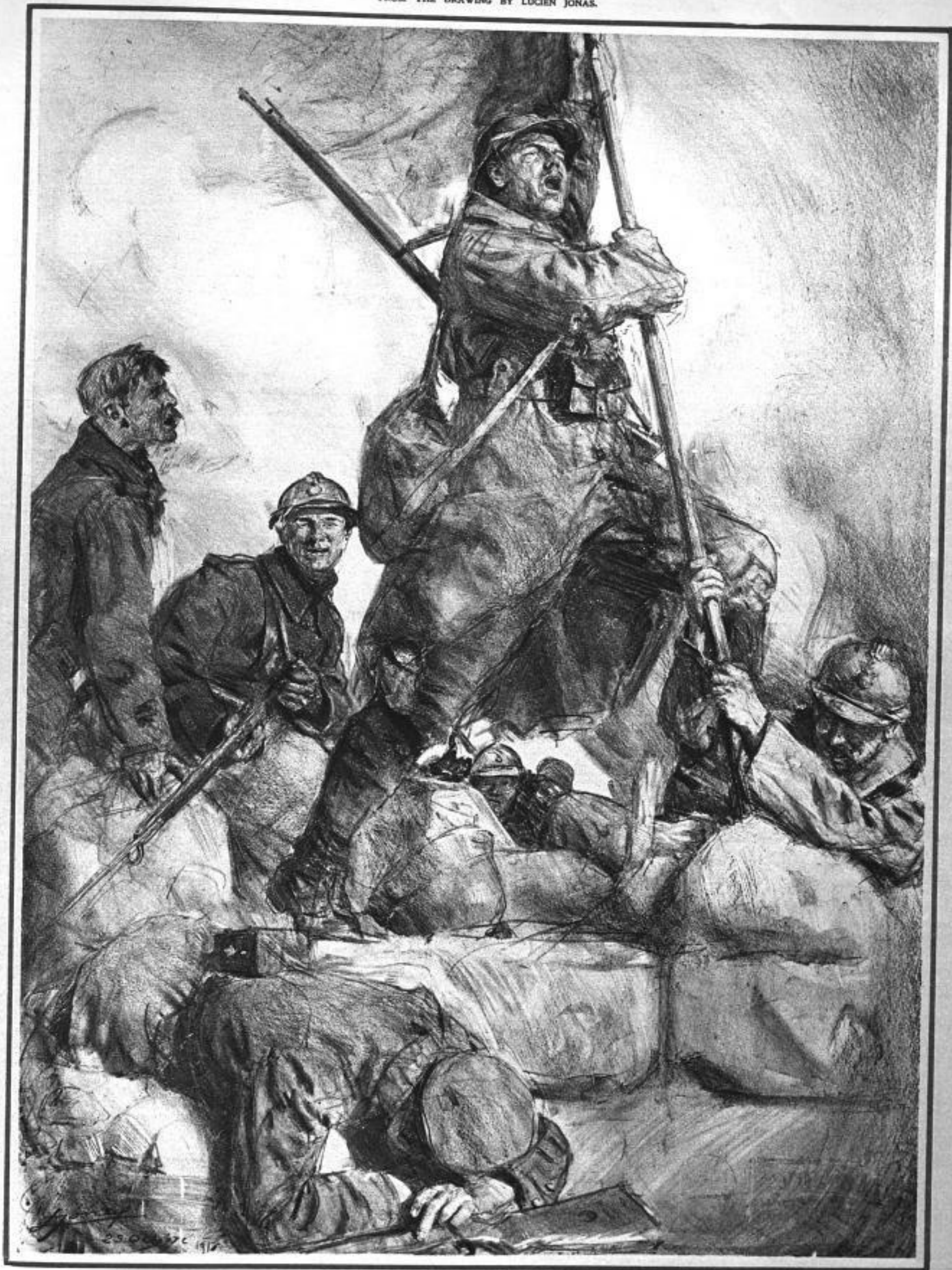
WAR HAVOC IN THE GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE: SOISSONS CATHEDRAL AFTER GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.

These official photographs issued by the French War Office illustrate the present condition of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Soissons. The first shows the roof of the nave, with the damaged arch above the organ; the second shows the great breach in the nave from within; and the third the damage as seen from outside. Soissons Cathedral

dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is a fine example of mixed Gothic and Romanesque. The western façade, with its three portals and a beautiful rose window, is flanked on its southern side by a tower 215 feet in height. The interior, which is notable for its fine proportions, contained a picture attributed to Rubens.

THE GLORIOUS TRICOLOUR: AN ALLEGORY OF VICTORIOUS FRANCE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.



VERDUN.

On December 15, for the second time this year, the glorious French Army of Verdun swept forward against the invader, carrying all before it. The victory was even more complete and far-reaching than that of October 24, and at the time of writing the number of German prisoners taken has been officially given as nearly 11,400, including

284 officers. The French also captured or destroyed 115 guns, 44 mine-throwers, and 107 machine-guns. In the drawing the body of a German soldier is seen lying in the foreground. A few days after the battle the enemy instituted counter-attacks.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ENEMY PHOTOGRAPHS: THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



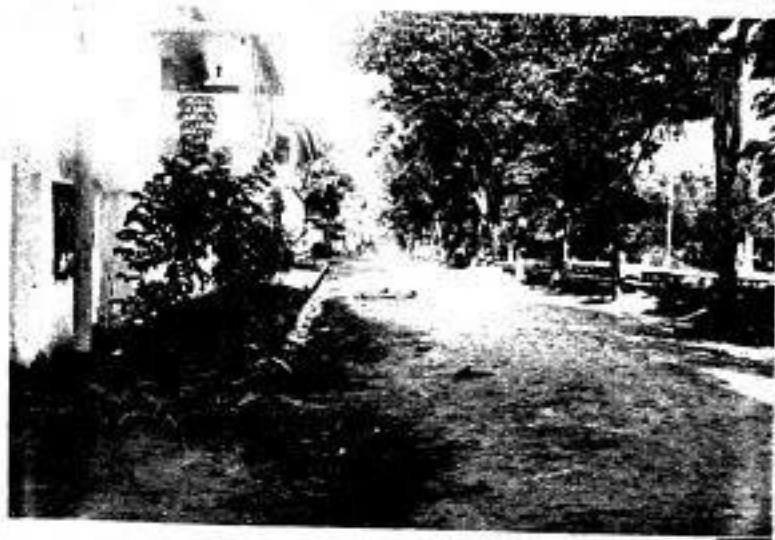
EFFECTS OF THE BRITISH NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA: A GERMAN STORE WITH DAMAGED ROOF.



WITH LARGE PORTRAITS OF THE KAISER AND KAISERIN ON THE WALLS: A ROOM WRECKED BY BRITISH SHELLS.



THE BRITISH NAVAL ATTACK ON TANGA IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF THE WAR: OUR TRANSPORTS ENTERING THE HARBOUR BEFORE THE LANDING—A RECENTLY CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH.



WITH DEAD MEN LYING WHERE THEY FELL: A PHOTOGRAPHIC REMINISCENCE OF STREET FIGHTING IN TANGA.



A RECORD OF THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA: THE DAMAGED INTERIOR OF A BILLIARD-ROOM.

As these photographs represent events of the war that happened over two years ago, we must explain that they were taken while Tanga was still German, and did not come into British hands until it was captured this year. They were found in a box by a young British officer, and have only just reached us. The fact that they are two years old, however, in no way detracts from their historic interest. It may be recalled that Tanga, one of the chief ports of German East Africa, and the terminus of the Usambara railway, was captured by General Smuts on July 7 last. It is a picturesque town, with groves of cokerut palms and mango trees, good buildings, and a safe and commodious harbour.

In November 1914, a British naval force bombarded Tanga and effected a landing. An official statement issued shortly afterwards by the India Office said: "At 11 a.m. on the 4th the attack was renewed. When within 800 yards of the position, the troops engaged came under very heavy fire. On the left flank, in spite of heavy casualties, the 101st Grenadiers entered the town and crossed bayonets with the enemy. The North Lancashire Regiment and Kashmir Rifles on the right pushed on in support, but found themselves opposed by tiers of fire from the houses." A War Office communiqué of April 24, 1915, stated: "The force from India, therefore, re-embarked and proceeded to Mombasa."

WHERE GERMAN ANTI-MOSLEM DOCUMENTS WERE FOUND: MOSHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS DEPARTMENT.



WHILE IT WAS STILL A GERMAN POSSESSION: NEW MOSHI BEFORE ITS CAPTURE, WITH GERMAN NATIVE TROOPS ASSEMBLED.



WITHIN SIGHT OF KILIMANJARO, FORMERLY ONE OF THE KAISER'S PROUDEST POSSESSIONS: GERMAN OFFICERS AT MOSHI.



WITH HEAVILY UNIFORMED GERMAN NATIVE TROOPS AND BAGGAGE-CARRIERS READY TO ENTRAIN: THE RAILWAY AT NEW MOSHI.

These photographs are particularly interesting, as they show an important German centre in East Africa while it was still in German hands. The fact that they are captured German photographs explains the lateness of their arrival, for they have only just come to hand. Moshi was occupied by General Smuts's forces on March 13, 1916. The Germans retreated along the Tanga Railway, which has its northern terminus at New Moshi, three miles south-west of the Government post. Official documents captured at Moshi revealed the fact that, before the war, the Germans were taking steps for the suppression of Islam throughout German East Africa. The Governor, Dr. Schnee, had

issued instructions to the District Commissioners in October 1913, recommending, among other things, the prohibition of all Government officials from following the Moslem faith, and the preparation of a register of mosques in every district. The captured papers clearly proved the hypocrisy of the Germans in pretending to be the friends and protectors of the Moslem religion. Describing the capture of Moshi, a Reuter message said: "The advance into Moshi was preceded by a bombardment for some four or five hours. The Germans evacuated the town, and when we were fairly established they opened with their artillery. A heavy fight ensued. At the end the possession of Moshi was made secure."

MUD, "THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE," ON THE ANCRE; A DIRECT HIT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



"THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THE SITUATION IS SIMPLY MUD": A TYPICAL ANCRE LANDSCAPE ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



THE RESULT OF SUCCESSFUL SHOOTING BY THE BRITISH ARTILLERY: A SECTION OF GERMAN RAILWAY ON THE ANCRE TORN UP BY HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

Mud has been the most tenacious and formidable enemy to the British Army at the front for many weeks past. Speaking "as one just returned from the Somme," Captain Shaw, M.P. for Kilmarnock Burghs, spoke in the House of Commons the other day, in reply to a speech, which he "heard with amazement," criticising the general position and the command. "The conditions of the warfare in France," he said, "are not even now appreciated in this country. The hon. Member calls for an Abraham Lincoln,

for a big man. . . . But the biggest man cannot make marsh and mud dry. The campaign on the Somme has not stopped for want of munitions or because our troops cannot beat the Germans. The outstanding feature of the situation is simply mud. . . . There is no ground for doubting that, when once decent conditions are restored, we shall be able not only to resume the offensive, but to improve on former results." The lower photograph shows the effect of a direct hit by the British artillery on a section of German railway line on the Ancre.

GUNS AND FLAME-PROJECTORS: BATTLE-SPOIL ON THE SOMME FRONT.

FRANCE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



GERMAN WAR MATERIAL STACKED IN REAR OF THE FRENCH LINES: ARTILLERY; MACHINE-GUNS; FLAME-PROJECTORS.



ORIGINALLY DESIGNED AND USED BY THE ENEMY: A GERMAN FLAME-PROJECTOR (FLAMMENWERFER).

There are two kinds of enclosures on the Western Front. In one, within barbed wire, German prisoners are kept as they arrive, previous to being drafted to internment camps. The other, as the first illustration above shows, is where captured materiel of all kinds is stacked until it can be overhauled and disposed of. Our view shows artillery, field and medium, rifles and machine-guns, together with flame-projectors, for spraying liquid fire (in the foreground). The cannon and machine-guns, if capable of rendering further service, are usually sent back to the front to be used in firing back at the enemy his

own ammunition, of which the French and ourselves possess an immense accumulation, as the official despatches have recorded. One of the captured flame-projectors is seen in the lower illustration. The apparatus consists of two parts, each carried by one man; the reservoir and pump, and the hose and nozzle. The bulkier part consists of a three-foot long cylinder holding the inflammable oil, the ejection of which is effected by an attached pumping apparatus contained in the smaller cylinder, charged with nitrogen, and attached at one side. One man attends to that. The second handles the hose.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

MACROMANCY: THE SUPPOSED NIGHT OF HIS WIFE
(CONSIDERED TO BE THE FIRST OF THE BARBARIANS.)

RITES WHICH PRECEDED PROMISE: DRUIDS OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICE.

MAKING A COMPACT WITH NATURE: SACRIFICED
ENSLAVED BY FALLING FROM THE CLOUDS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR-TIME AND "USELESS" DOGS.

THE gravest apprehensions have been aroused among dog-lovers throughout the land by dark rumours of drastic legislation in regard to dogs coming under the category of "useless." In how far these apprehensions are well founded, and what is to be the scope and object of legislation, nothing is certainly known—probably because, if the authorities concerned are really contemplating action of any kind, they have as yet devised no definite scheme. But the public generally are convinced that it is the purpose of the Government, under the plea of expediency, to order the destruction of all "useless" dogs. And, being convinced that the Sword of Damocles is about to fall, our newspapers have been bristling with letters—on the one hand, selfishly hailing the proposal with delight; and on the other, by owners terrified or enraged, and calling for immediate action to prevent this real or imaginary decree for any such "massacre of the innocents."

The proposal having been mooted, it must be admitted that the policy of "wait and see" would be foolish, to say the least. But wild denunciation, from whichever side, will not help matters. That we are at war, "somewhere in France" and beyond, all of us now fully realise. But there are yet many among us who have yet to realise that this is a real big war, demanding and exacting sacrifices far beyond the range of the actual battlefields. Are we to send those near and dear to us to face the terrors of death, and threaten to bring about the downfall of the Government if we are asked to sacrifice something to ensure for ourselves and our children the inestimable blessings of freedom? We are fighting for this, and more than this, for these blessings are yet in jeopardy, not only for us, but the rest of Europe, and even for the world.

Let us look at the question dispassionately. We are threatened, more seriously than seems to be apparent, by a grave shortage in our food supplies, owing to the unscrupulous submarine warfare of our enemies—a shortage which may come very near to famine before we are through. Is it altogether wise, then, calmly to contemplate filling the mouths of dogs when we have children to provide for? We must look ahead. One irate writer to the papers assures us that there are now in these islands "hundreds of thousands of dogs which from an economic view can be regarded as 'useless.'" If that estimate is any way near the truth, then surely it is time that we began seriously to think. But the daily consumption of food of "hundreds of thousands" of "useless" dogs,

even, is nothing compared with the deliberate and avoidable waste in other directions worth the attention of economists at a time like this.

Let us face the problem squarely. Personally, I can keenly realise the anguish such an edict would cause if it were ever issued. To be served with a "death warrant" for one's sole companion, perhaps, is an ordeal not lightly to be contemplated. Yet mothers, and fathers, have cheerfully given their only sons in this great cause. One of my friends, though

the side of, and in sympathy with, the dog-lovers—or rather, of the dog-owners—that I would desire to see every possible endeavour made to avert a measure which would be the source of so much real pain and suffering. But if we are to choose between the dogs and the babies, I know which way my vote will go. And if that issue is put to the owners of dogs—who in the first instance are most immediately concerned—I shall be surprised if some of them do not vote with me. They will not be outdone by Jephtha. Nature herself takes our dogs from us every ten years; we surely are not yet reduced to sacrificing their companionship on the grounds of a supposed economy of food, because a foolish minority are extravagant?

And now as to the term "useless" dog. It has a harsh sound at any time, and it may be asked: What is a "useless" dog? Most people, probably, would apply the term to dogs which cannot be used by the shepherd, or in the detection of crime, or for the purposes of the war, or as watch-dogs, or for the purposes of sport. Wide as is the range of breeds which might secure exemption, or partial exemption, on these grounds, a host of breeds other than "lap-dogs" would be left to bear the opprobrious term "useless." The only justification for many breeds of the last-named, in the eyes of most of us, is their "freakishness," for which they are prized by their grown-up owners just as children sometimes display a strange affection for the hideous dolls known as "Gollywogs." But, apart from the affection they arouse in their owners, they have a real "use."

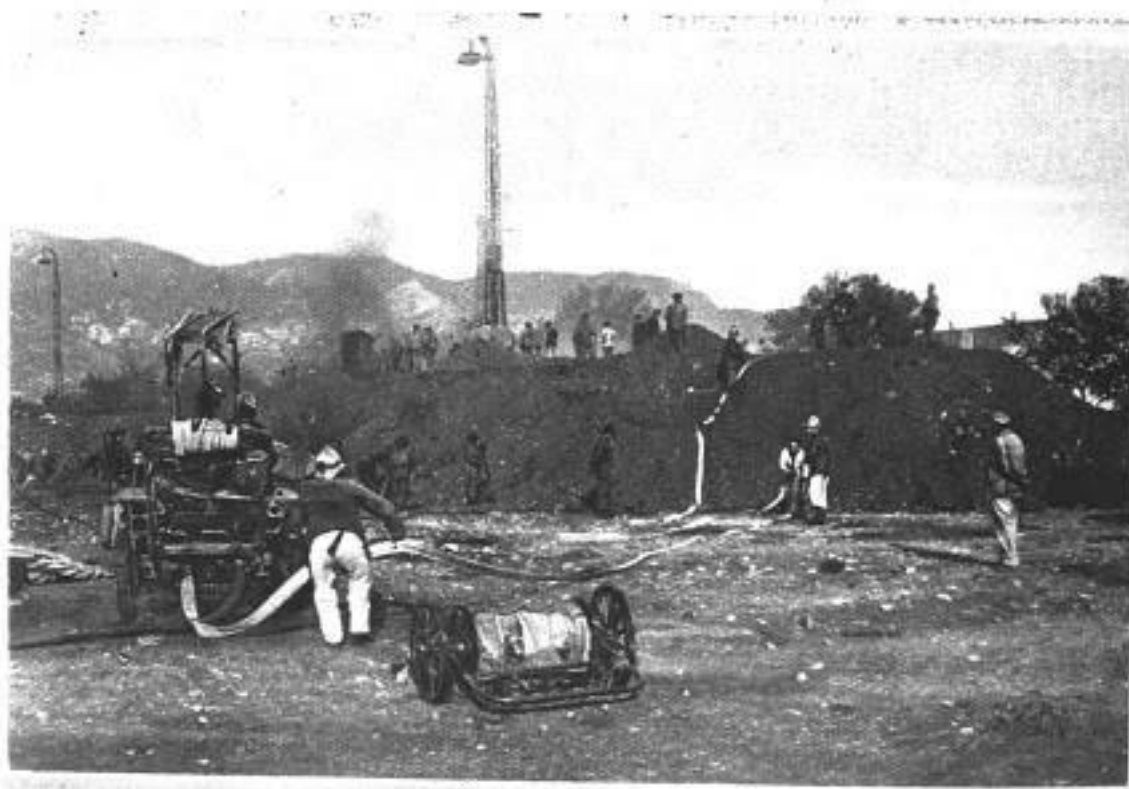
We are prone to refuse to recognise "usefulness" to any living thing or to any art or science which cannot be applied to the ends of commerce and the earning of dividends. That is what is mistakenly called the "common-sense" view. Judged by this standard, our museums, art galleries, and free libraries are "useless." But "common-sense" and intelligence are not synonymous terms.

Since we must eat to live, it is necessary for us all that commerce should thrive. The whole foundation of civilisation, in the best sense of the term, depends on it. If that civilisation is to advance, if we are to eliminate its undesirable features and accompaniments, if our spiritual well-being is to be ministered to, then every scrap of evidence which enables us to penetrate the mysteries of Nature is to be zealously collected and examined. And in this even the despised "lap-dogs" have their place. For they are so many object-lessons in the study of that immensely important problem "heredity." The breeder's art is a very ancient one. It began even before the records of Jacob's experiments with Laban's sheep, and we have not fathomed its mysteries yet. W. P. PYCRAFT.

AT A FRENCH WAR-PORT: SAILOR-FIREMEN TURNING
THEIR NOSES ON A HEAP OF BURNING COAL.

French Official Photograph.

bowed down with grief at the loss of his only child in France, yet told me that he would have given twenty sons, had they been his. I am intensely fond of dogs myself, though, being compelled to live in London, I have refrained from the temptation to keep one. The state of some of the London pavements has always served as a deterrent. I will not wilfully, of malice aforethought, add to this. I am so far on

AT A FRENCH WAR-PORT: SAILOR-FIREMEN FIGHTING A FIRE IN A HEAP OF COAL
ACCIDENTALLY SET ALIGHT.—[French Official Photograph.]

GERMAN TYRANNY IN BELGIUM: A PULPIT PROTEST UNDER GUARD

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.



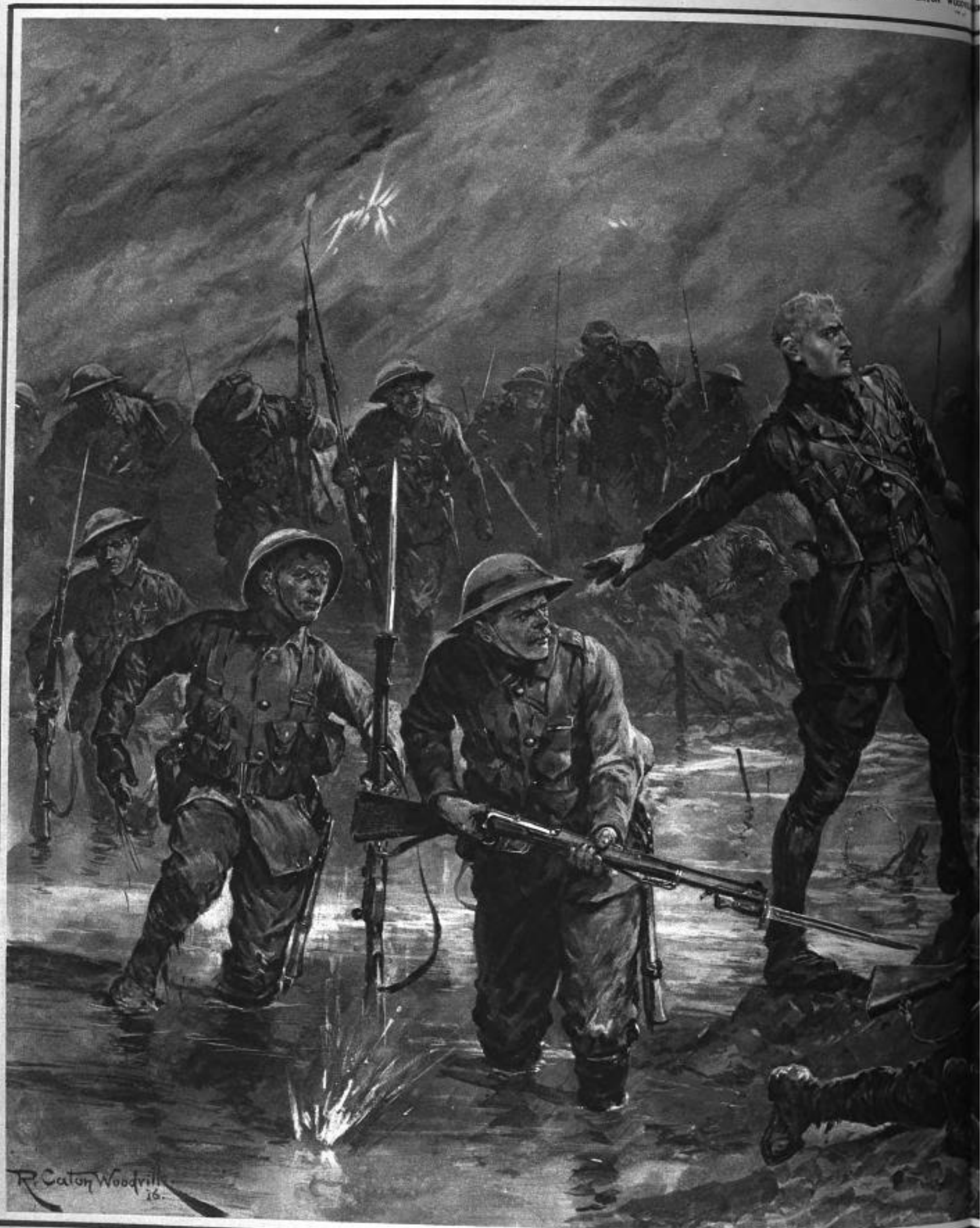
WITH A GERMAN SOLDIER POSTED BESIDE THE PULPIT: A BELGIAN PRIEST READING IN CHURCH CARDINAL MERCIER'S PROTEST AGAINST THE DEPORTATIONS.

Not even within the walls of their churches, it seems, are the Belgians free from the iron control of German militarism. Here we see a German soldier standing by, with fixed bayonet, while a Belgian priest reads from the pulpit Cardinal Mercier's protest against the German deportations of Belgian civilians. The Cardinal recently replied to General von Bissing's charge that the Belgian authorities were to blame for the harsh measures taken by the Germans. He stated that he had evidence that the Germans

ignored the remarks of local authorities and priests when the collecting of the so-called "unemployed" was in progress, and quoted specific cases disproving the German Governor's assertion. In his letter of protest, Cardinal Mercier had said: "The naked truth is this every workman taken from Belgium means one soldier more for the German Army. He is intended to take the place of a German workman, out of whom a soldier is to be made."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

STORMING GERMAN TRENCHES BY MOONLIGHT: A UN

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

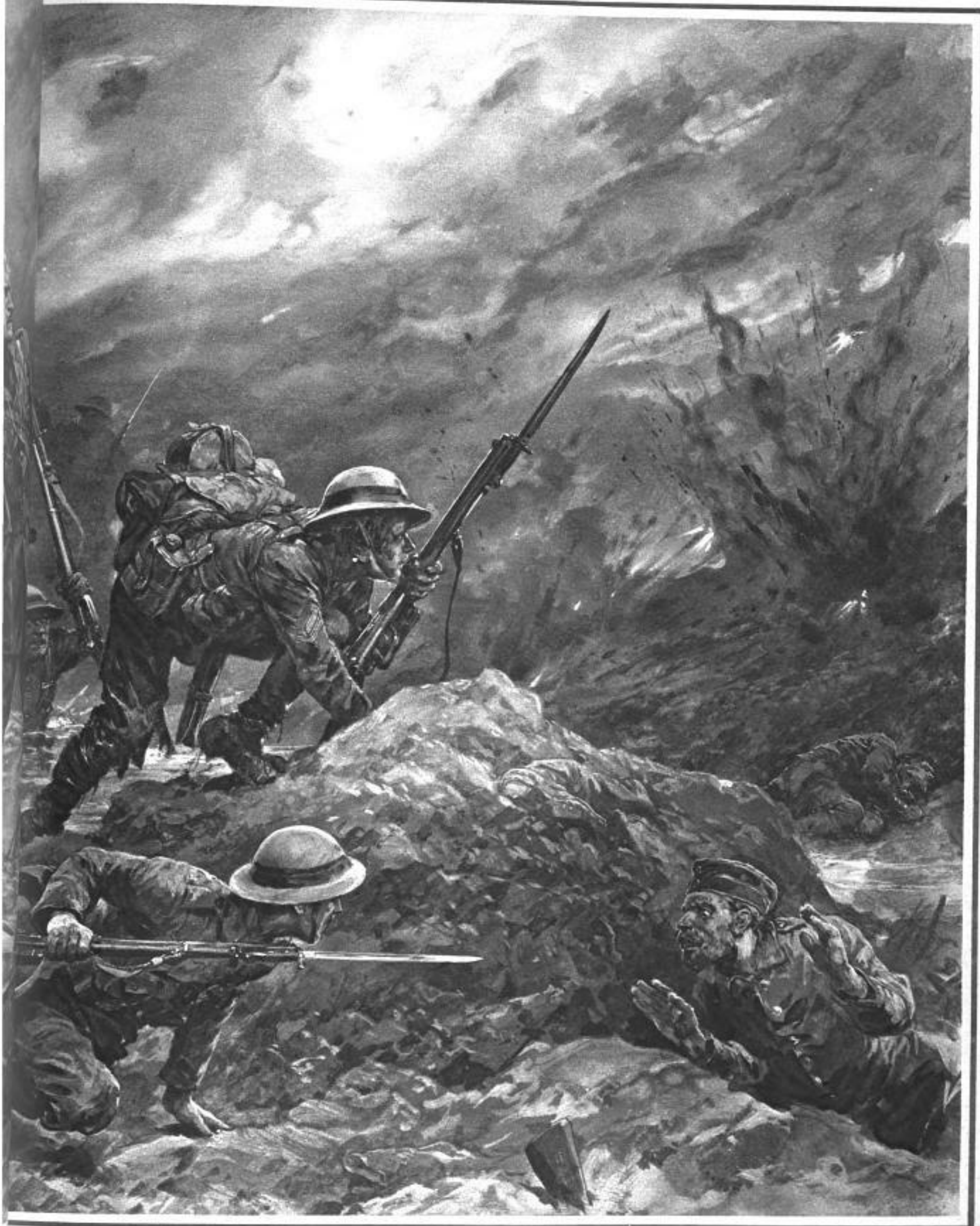


"THE FIRST FENCE WAS JUMPED SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND THE GERMAN TRENCHES WERE

"Our brilliant attack," writes Mr. Beach Thomas, describing the taking of the German trenches here depicted, "opened a few minutes after midnight. It had features quite new, even to this war. The full moon made day of night. You could see to read. Flashes of bursting shrapnel looked like stars quenched by superior light." In the thick of the fighting as seen above, the heavy, drifting smoke-clouds of the barrage fire at times partially obscured the moon, making it like twilight in some places, and nearly dark at others. "Our own men engaged in the attack," to continue in the words of the narrator quoted, "agreed with observers behind it that it was the 'prettiest' barrage they had worked with, intense, accurate, dashing, an excellent barrage to give a lead over the fence. The first fence was jumped soon after midnight,

THE BATTLE EXPERIENCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

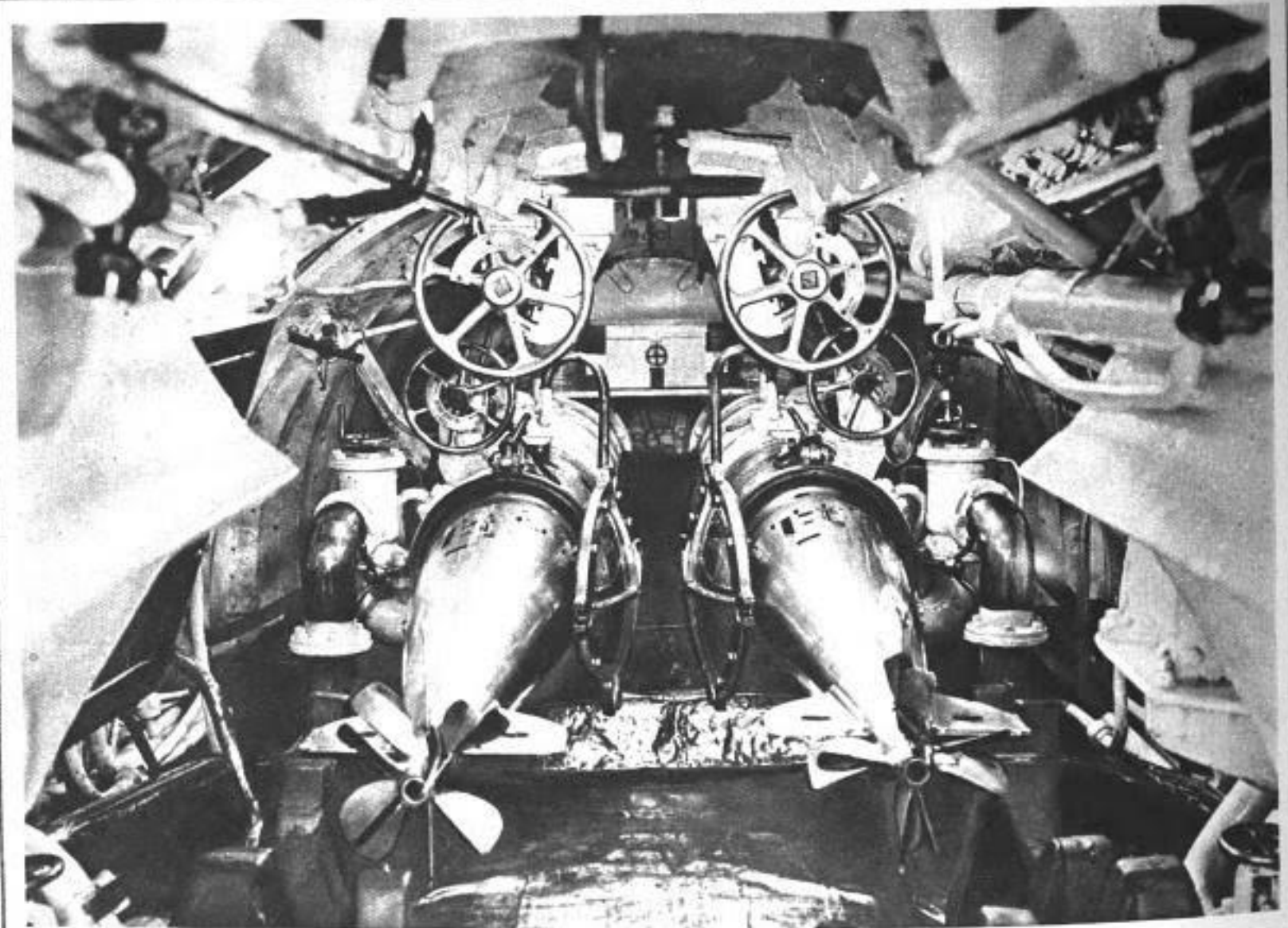
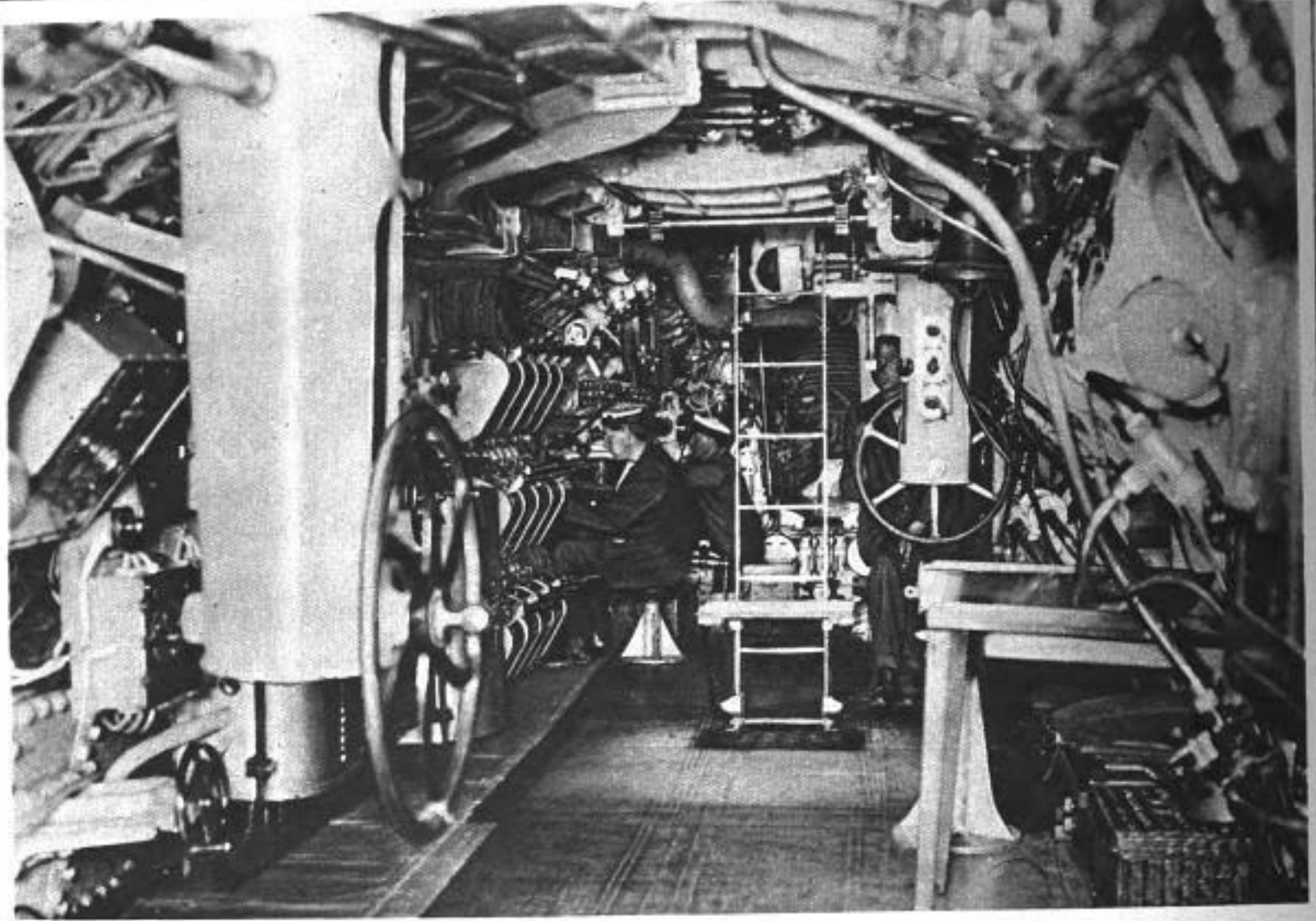
DETAILS RECEIVED.



THE TAKEN A FEW MINUTES LATER": FOLLOWING UP BARRAGE FIRE WITH BAYONETS.

the German trenches over a front of 1000 yards were taken and occupied a few minutes later.' . . . The German artillery response was heavy, but not excessive, and the fought tamely at close quarters. One of them said afterwards, in an ingenuous way like a child: 'When I threw up my hands and called "Good, kind enemy, hey, mercy!" your men stopped throwing bombs, and one patted me on the shoulder and told me to go home to your lines.' To adopt again the correspondent's cription: "The only part of the fighting at which the enemy does not, as a rule, excel, is the hand-to-hand, and when he curls up he curls up completely. It was so this engagement. Fifty unwounded prisoners in one group were frankly delighted at their fate."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INSIDE A BRITISH SUBMARINE: OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE: (1) THE LIVING-SPACE, LOOKING AFT; (2) THE FOREMOST TORPEDO-TUBES.

The Germans are fond of vaunting the wonderful power and range of action of their submarines. We do not boast of ours; they are part of the great Silent Navy, and they work in silence. They are doing splendid work all the time, and they can do all, and more than all, that the German "U-boats" can, as they have proved when they have had the chance. That they have fewer chances of attacking enemy ships than German submarines have is due to one obvious fact—there are seldom any German ships at sea

to attack. To a layman the interior of a submarine looks an extraordinarily complicated affair, as our photographs show. "Like the destroyer," writes Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "The Fringes of the Fleet," "the submarine has created its own type of officer and man—with a language and traditions apart from the rest of the Service, and yet at heart unchangingly of the Service. Their business is to run monstrous risks from earth, air, and water. . . . They play hourly for each other's lives with Death the Umpire." (Continued opposite)

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for good."*

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CHRISTMAS IN A DUG-OUT: AN ENEMY HELMET AS COOKING-POT.

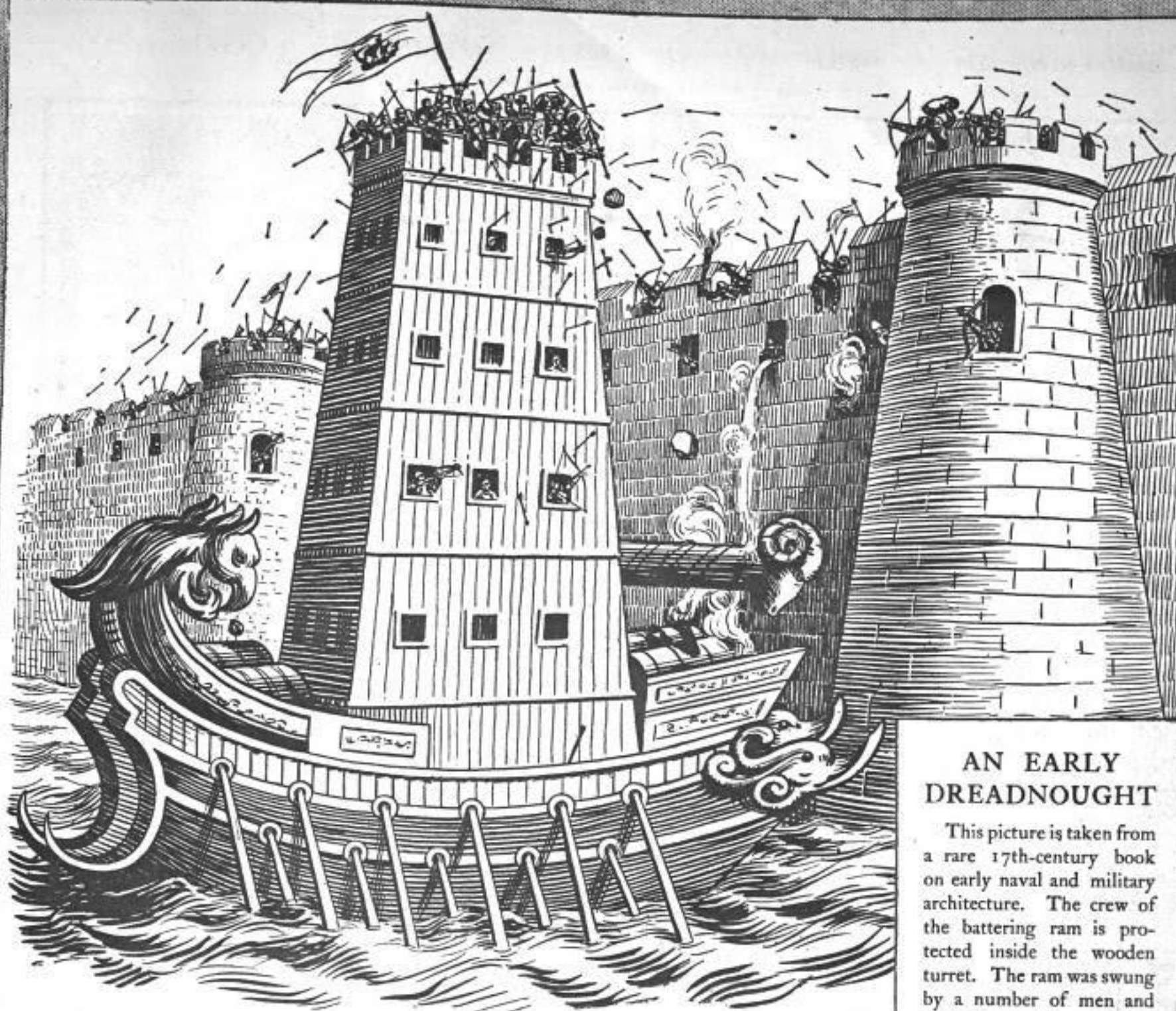
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



COOKING THE PLUM-PUDDING IN A GERMAN STEEL HELMET: A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN A BRITISH DUG-OUT AT THE FRONT.

Discussing the German peace offer in his article on "Our Note-Book" page last week, Mr. Chesterton said that "the imperial pudding [of the enemy] bore a considerable resemblance to humble pie." Our artist's drawing shows a humble use to which a German helmet may be put in connection with the British soldier's Christmas pudding. A captured enemy steel helmet is seen fulfilling the modest function of a saucepan, in which the plum pudding is being boiled over a brazier inside a British dug-out. Through

the window we catch a glimpse of the snowy ground outside, while the men within are glad of the genial heat of the brazier to warm their hands. These details help to bring home to us the conditions under which our gallant troops are once more keeping Christmas. The realisation of their discomforts and hardships must make everyone wish to do all that is possible to cheer and support them during the long winter months in the cold and wet of the trenches.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



AN EARLY DREADNOUGHT

This picture is taken from a rare 17th-century book on early naval and military architecture. The crew of the battering ram is protected inside the wooden turret. The ram was swung by a number of men and attained great force of impact. The defenders would try and catch the head of it in nets or with long pincers.

Notice, also, how the wooden walls of this early Dreadnought protect the rowers.

If illness threatens to batter a breach—reinforce with Bovril

Illness is like a battering ram seeking the weak points of defence. Colds, chills and influenza are always alert to attack. If you are run down—if the defenders of the body are weakened by under-nourishment or overwork—the fortress capitulates. Fortify yourself with Bovril.

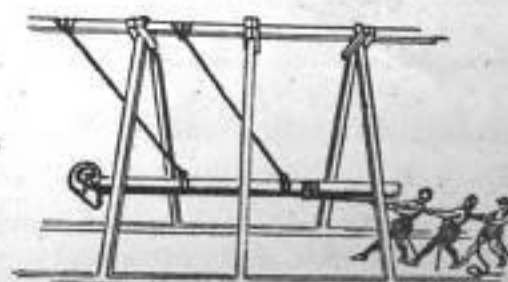
Sustained by the immense concen-

trated nourishment of this unique preparation you can defy the strain of heavy work and the threats to your health. Bovril is just what you need now meat is scarce—it takes a joint of Beef to make a bottle of Bovril. The vital elements that give Beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. jars in a compact parcel.

Fortify Yourself with Bovril.

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.



THINGS SEEN IN THE WAR.

THE number of narratives of personal experiences in the war is legion, and no one's reading can keep pace with them all. But they are so uniformly enlightening, and, as a rule, so concise—this, at least, is how the present writer has been fortunate enough to find it—that the perusal at a stretch of a selection of them is likely to prove a fascinating entertainment. Worse occupation could be commended for an enforced home-kept Christmas holiday. One narrative corroborates and complements another, and the cumulative impression is undoubtedly helpful to those who may be attempting an intelligent understanding of the struggle in its many phases.

At first sight, for example, an Army Service Corps book may not seem particularly enticing. Yet once you start "On the Road from Mons with an A.S.C. Train" (Hurst and Blackett) you find yourself entirely absorbed in its story. The anonymous "Commander" who tells it is, it is true, as resourceful with his pen as evidently he was with his supplies—as vivid of phrase as he must have been decisive in action. His economy of words and the reserve of his dry humour are unusual. It fell to him, too, to have a remarkable experience. One of the first officers of the Expeditionary Force to land in France, he commanded the scratch train serving the 19th Infantry Brigade in the famous Retreat. They will be singularly unimaginative readers who do not realise in "Commander's" book something of the strength of valorous spirit displayed by our men, as reflected by the patience, tenacity, and capacity for enduring hard knocks of the Supply Train, which kept in touch, somehow, with Brigade Headquarters and the Supply Column, from Mons, back and back to Grisy, and then forward again—scarcely able to believe the significant order to face north once more—across the Marne and the Ourty, to Venizel on the Aisne. "Commander's" is one of the most thrilling narratives of the war, at once most matter-of-fact and most artful. A modest personal record, it makes an enthusiastic claim for the A.S.C. which it completely substantiates. The claim is borne out incidentally by independent witnesses—for example, in a chapter of "My Fourteen Months at the Front" (Hodder and Stoughton), a very lively book by William J. Robinson. Mr. Robinson, a young American who found himself in this country (his business in it gone) on the outbreak of the

war, enlisted in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and on being sent, almost immediately, to the front, became driver of a car, a duty which brought him into many sensational adventures which are here very graphically described. His account of a dash to Potijze by way of Ypres in the second battle for Calais (pp. 185-189) is the most gruesome tale we remember of a war full of such. The early campaigns in Flanders are also illuminated in the pages of "From the St. Laurence to the Yser," by Frederic C. Curry, late Captain 2nd Eastern Ontario Regiment, with which may be read "Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields" (also published through Smith, Elder), by Herbert Rae. In them the

eternally fresh and verdant in our Empire story. It must have been just a little later than our Canadian authors that Captain Bruce Bairnsfather landed at Havre, and was hurried up to the front to take over his machine-gun section. He too, in "Bullets and Billets" (Grant Richards), has something to say of Plugstreet, with both pen and pencil (and really we cannot say which he employs the better)—though Plugstreet, after the Ypres salient, in his opinion, is more or less like going to a convalescent home after a painful operation. Altogether, a frank, graphic, salutary book is Captain Bairnsfather's, and, though more "gifted" than some of the others in our batch, typical of them all in its hardy and incorrigible courage. How could we ever have supposed the race to be decadent! Another illustration of the benefit of taking a course of these war experiences is found in "Battery Flashes" (John Murray), in which "Wagger" (anonymous otherwise) adds information about the duties of a signaller with the R.F.A. to that we have picked up in earlier pages mentioned about those of machine-gun sections and supply trains. "Wagger's" is a literal record of war, giving day and date, if carefully veiling the precise location, of the incidents described; but there runs through it also a distinct individual comment—the view of a Territorial with a critical mind for affairs—into which such a passage as "The Graves in the Wood" and various verses are introduced with considerable effect. As a pinch of salt and savour to these narratives of the trenches, let the reader add to them Mr. John S. Margeson's short but most competent and entertaining description—in "The Navy's Way" (Duckworth)—of the daily life at sea with the Battle Fleet.



THE ALLIED ENTRY INTO MONASTIR: "THE BROWN-COATED RUSSIANS" MARCHING INTO THE TOWN.

French and Russian troops entered Monastir at 9 a.m. on November 19. Writing later that day, Mr. Ward Price said: "Both the blue-coated French and the brown-coated Russians that came in at 9 o'clock have already passed on, and are engaged with the enemy rear-guard three miles out along the Prilep road."—[French Official Photograph.]

historic fortunes of the 1st Canadian Division can be followed in a choice of ways. Captain Curry's is a straightforward narrative, braced with the energy of an independent habit of mind and judgment—Givenchy and Plugstreet Wood its high lights. In Mr. Rae's all the names (even the author's) are fictitious, so that the fighting and the floundering in Flanders are presented with more intimate sallies, and a more ambitious effort to capture the psychology of war. Both will help to keep the Maple Leaves

third winter of the war. Upwards of 8000 Barnardo's Homes' "old boys" are serving the country in the Army and Navy and in the Mercantile Marine. Some have given their lives on the battlefield or on board ship. One was recommended for the V.C., but died before receiving it. Two have the Military Medal, one has the D.S.M., three have been mentioned in despatches. Friends are asked to send donations to the Headquarters, 18 to 20, Stepney Causeway, London, E.C.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes as an institution is doing its "bit" in the Great War. It now appeals for still further public support for carrying on its work during this, the

The 'Swan' on Active Service

A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment writes—

"We send you a B2 'Safety Pen,' which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign, and brought back in a whole and sound condition."

In military service the "Swan" has proved invaluable. Whenever and wherever there is a call for writing, it is conveniently at hand and instantly serviceable. It is the best fountain pen because it has no complicated mechanism and cannot go wrong except by accident or gross misuse.

No advance in prices of 'Swan' Pens: other makes increased about 20%.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

SOLD BY JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS EVERYWHERE.

Safety patterns, from 12/6 up. Standard Patterns, from 10/6 up.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"

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Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	per ounce.
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Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut	6 ^d .
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CIGARETTES

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—	
Tin of 100	3/8
Tin of 50	1/10
Medium Navy Cut—	
Card Box of 100	3/-
Card Box of 50	1/7

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home, and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to—

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Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



"..... Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the darkened room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred; while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head..... I thought the swift darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated; endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort....."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË,
in "Jane Eyre."

Children — even
the bravest—fear
the dark.

**Price's
Night Lights**
93 AWARDS

give a sense of security
to imaginative
children and highly
strung adults.



CHILDS' or ROYAL CASTLE

For Small Light.

PALMITINE STAR

For Medium Light.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and use with CLARKE'S
FOOD WARMERS.



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MONDAY,
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AND CONTINUES
FOR TWELVE
DAYS ONLY.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.



Early Spring Suit (as sketch),
in a good range of new corded
suitings. Becoming coat, im-
broidered with new pockets, can-
broidery stitching and narrow
cross-over belt. Full well-cut
skirt. In black, navy, and a
good range of colours.

Special price, 5½ gns.



18 only. Model Fur Coats,
in selected Seal dyed Coney,
with collar, cuffs and flounce of
dyed skunk opossum.

Season's price, 29 gns.

Sale Price, 23 gns.



Girl's Tea Frock (as sketch),
in rich heavy crepe-de-chine,
with new high-waisted skirt,
put on with gaugings, sailor
collar of net and lace, finished
hemstitching. In black and all
colours.

Original Price, 69/6

Sale Price, 58/6



30 only. Young Ladies' Suits,
in velour, cloths and hopsack
serges, in various designs, in-
cluding many straight tailored
shapes, of which sketch is a
typical example. To fit young
ladies of 19 years.

Sale Price 49/6

Sale Catalogue post free.

These garments cannot be sent upon approval.

WIGMORE ST. & WELBECK ST., LONDON, W.

When you feel weary and worn
after war work of any kind
take a Mustard Bath. It brings
back the glow of health and
vigour. Try it—any bath—
any time—any day—why not
to-day?

**Colman's
Mustard Bath**



"Let Master Mustard
prepare your bath."

**CLAUDEL
—HOBSON
CARBURETTERS**



As supplied to the
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29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

LADIES' PAGE.

SOONER than we perhaps anticipated, it seems, we are to give up the use of pure wheaten bread, and try the "meslin bread," or mixture, of the poorer classes of our ancestors. We may be no worse for it, even though we may be tempted to quote Shakespeare, and cry: "You cram these things into mine ear against the stomach of my sense. I know I don't love it: I can't eat it: 'tis not fit to be eaten!" Since we have got to eat it, we shall, perhaps, become reconciled by use. Certainly, people who get accustomed to brown or whole-meal bread become so, much its advocates that they will call ordinary white bakers' loaves "sawdusty" and "un-nourishing." As to whether such whole-meal bread is or is not really more nutritious than the fine, much-bolted white bread, one might have supposed that this question was completely settled, and that the food reformers who have preached the superiority of whole-meal bread were absolutely justified. But, alas! in all that relates to the question of nutrition, there seems no scientific finality. The latest experiments, carefully made in America, go to indicate that the coarse whole-wheat flour is so much less thoroughly digested by the average healthy person than is the less irritating white flour bread, that there is practically no importance to be attached to the use of the brown flour. But then, on the other hand, it has also been recently discovered that a serious Eastern disease called berri-berri is caused by the use of rice from which the exterior coats have been removed; that is to say, which has undergone a process analogous to the fine "bolting" of our best wheaten flour; while if "unpolished" rice is eaten, this terrible complaint is practically never developed. Probably the effect of whole-wheat eating is similarly beneficial. At any rate, wheaten bread is a most nutritious food, and every crumb of it ought now to be used up, in some form or another.

Rye and wheat mixed, it is well to know, makes an even more nourishing loaf than pure wheat. The same American scientists who are quoted above (they are employed by the U.S. Government), found that the average wheaten loaf contains 9.3 of protein and 53.1 of carbo-hydrates, while rye-and-wheat bread contains 11.9 protein and 51.5 carbo-hydrates. Eaten with a little meat or cheese, and butter or other fat, perfect rations are obtained; and the cheese is just as nourishing as the meat, though less digestible. Rye bread, it seems, is very dark in colour, and has a taste of its own, that those who are accustomed to it like. To make our own bread is, when practicable, a counsel of economy. Dr. Hindbode, the expert of the Danish Government, gives a recipe for making mixed bread. He takes two pounds of bolted rye flour, three-quarters of a pound of wheaten flour, a pint and a-quarter of skimmed milk, half a spoonful of salt, and an ounce and a-half of yeast. The yeast is first rubbed down to a liquid with a teaspoonful of sugar, then mixed in the lukewarm milk, and kneaded into the flour with the hands till the smooth dough does not stick to the pan; it then stands to rise in a warm place for about an hour, is divided into loaves, put into tins to only half fill them, and left to rise again for about an hour and a-half, and then baked in an oven, hot at first, but lowered after ten minutes, for an hour. Whole-meal or ordinary white bread is, of course, made in much



AN EFFECTIVE WALKING-DRESS.
Of olive-green velours cloth, finely embroidered in gold thread. The fur trimming and mink are of chinchilla.

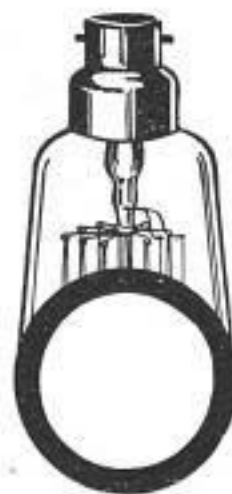
the same way. A good mixture is half a pound of warm mashed potatoes in every two pounds of wheat flour; this makes good toast, and rather cheapens the bread.

An interesting return has been made by the Board of Trade on the increased work of women in occupations that they have taken up to replace men. No return is possible of increased work in the homes in order to enable other women to go out to do the men's work. About 866,000 women and girls are now employed for wages over and above those who were at work immediately before the war. This does not include nurses, or domestic servants, or small dress-making establishments, or "out-workers," but deals only with those organised employments in which employers can be asked to make returns. The women replacing men, for instance, in brewing, number 10,000. On the railways, as clerks, porters, ticket-takers, cleaners, and in every other capacity, there were about 11,000 women employed before the war, and now about 33,000 are so engaged. About 40,000 women have directly replaced men as clerks in banks and commercial houses. In the cotton industry, which has always employed many women, no fewer than 25,000 more women are returned as directly filling the places of men who have been taken for the war.

By copious dilution of their staff with women and men exempt from military service, Burberrys have been able to perfect the arrangements for their 1917 Half-Price Sale, and to offer immense numbers of more than usually attractive bargains in weatherproof top-coats, gowns, hats, and suits. The sale, which opens on Jan. 1, includes both men's and women's garments of every kind and size, suitable for all occasions and pursuits. In addition to weatherproof overcoats of Burberrys' many exclusive designs and materials, there are a large number of gowns and completed suits—models which are still the height of fashion and likely to remain so. These are available in exhaustive varieties of texture, weight, colour, and pattern, which are uniformly beautiful and artistic. Much of the stock is to be sold at one half—and in some cases, at less than one half—current prices. Other portions are marked down to the very lowest figures that the cost of production justifies, which, owing to the scale of Burberrys' facilities for manufacture, are—quality for quality—by far the lowest that are usually quoted for large quantities in the same perfect condition. A post-card to Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W., asking for Sale List, will receive immediate attention.

Always an occasion of exceptional interest to good housewives and to all who appreciate the beauty and value of fine linen, whether for personal wear or use, or for household purposes, the winter sale at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's Great Linen Hall, in Regent Street, is an event of which to take advantage. The quality of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's goods is invariably of the highest, and their prices, always moderate, are tempting indeed with the reductions made for this sale. The sale commences on Monday, Jan. 1, and is so comprehensive that, even although a personal visit should be paid, a catalogue should be sent for. When handkerchiefs can be got from 1s. 4d. per dozen to 43s. 9d., it may be gathered that the range is very wide. The sale includes damask linen table-cloths, curtains, lingerie, robes, blouses, gloves, handkerchiefs, hosiery, laces, and all kinds of men's wear.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

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C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.
CIRCULAR POINTED
PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

'The Ideal New Year's Gift.'

SESSEL PEARLS



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Are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklace of SESSEL PEARLS in 18ct. Gold Chain... £4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasp, with SESSEL PEARL, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from... £2 3 0
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Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Unequalled for beautifying the Hair.

AS IN 1780—
SO IN 1916



Your Hair!
it is charming.

It preserves and beautifies the Hair, prevents it falling off or turning grey, and is especially recommended for Children's Hair. Also prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Bottles, 1/6; 7/6; 10/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SONS, 27 Fleet Street, London.

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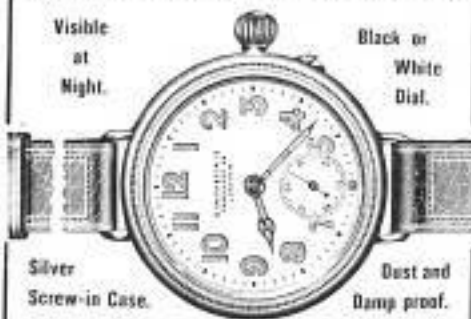
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No more Broken Watch Glasses! WHY? Because it is impossible to break the Front!

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£3 3 0 Guaranteed Good Timekeeper Jewelled Lever Movement. £3 3 0



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Please write for Special Lists of Accessories for the Front.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Commences MONDAY, Jan. 1st, and continues for Three Weeks.

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods.



35 Dinner Frocks in various designs, of which sketch is an example, in fine quality pompadour silk taffeta.

Original prices 5½ and 6½ Gns.
Sale price 59/6

15 only. New Model Fur Coat in Seal-dyed Musquash with dyed Skunk collar, lined rich brocade.

Season's price 29 Gns.
Sale price 25 Gns.

Model Tengrove, with pleated champagne skirt, rich broche ribbon swathed to form bodice, and chiffon draperies in contrasting shades, finished gold tassels.

Sale price 7½ Gns.

Woolen Stocking Sports Coat, as sketch, and in other styles, made from best materials in various colours, full fitting styles.

Usual prices 35/6 to 52/6
Sale price 21/-

Sale Catalogue post free.

These garments cannot be sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, LIMITED.

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Some bed-linen BARGAINS

from our January Sale Catalogue are given below. They represent splendid value for money. You can always depend upon the long-wearing qualities of linens manufactured by Robinson & Cleaver. Write for Sale list containing particulars of other bargains.

Linen Sheets.—2 x 3 yards, 27/-; 2½ x 3 yards, 29/11 per pair.

Linen Pillow Cases.—17½ x 28 ins., 22/6 and 29/- per dozen; 19 x 30 inches, 26/-, 32/-, 36/- per dozen; 22 x 32 inches, 29/6, 33/- per dozen.

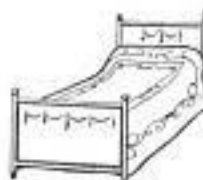
Linen Bolster Covers.—19 x 22 ins., 3/6 each; 20 x 26 ins., 3/11 and 4/11 each.

Linen Pillow Cases with Fritts.—17 x 28 ins., 29/- per doz.; 19 x 30 ins., 30/6 and 35/6 per doz.; 22 x 32 inches, 33/- and 43/- per dozen.

January Sale Catalogue sent post free on application.

Robinson & Cleaver

LONDON, 403 Donegal Place BELFAST, LIVERPOOL.



We have still a few pieces of Unbleached Linen Damask, purchased before the advance in prices, and offer these until they are cleared. 60 ins. wide, 2/3 and 2/6 per yard. 70 ins. wide, 2/9 per yard.



Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship

HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.

Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.



Pomeroy Day Cream

A fragrant non-greasy cream, which can be applied, with most refreshing results, any time, any day. Absolutely pure, and nothing in it to encourage growth of superfluous Hair.

In delay half-crown vases, 1/- high-class Chemists, Perfumers, etc.

NEW NOVELS.

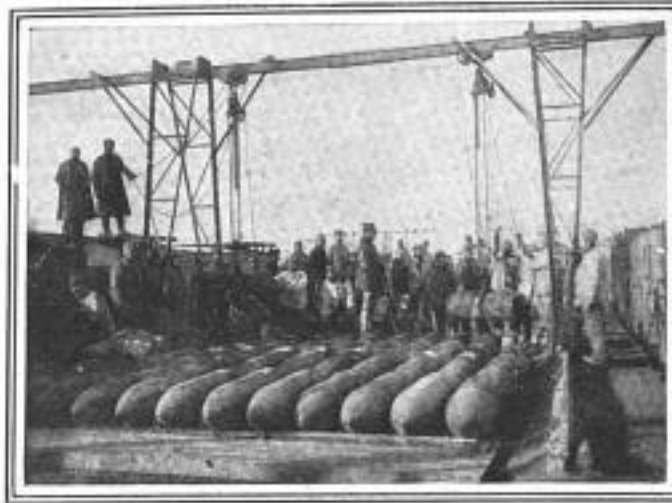
"The Letters of Two People in War-Time."

The opening letters of the two people in war-time would lead the reader to suppose that nothing more was about to develop than a rather stale story of passionate intrigue. It is, perhaps, expedient for the reviewer, therefore, to reveal that "The Letters of Two People in War-Time" (Eveleigh Nash) have a development, and a spirit, in keeping with the great tragedy Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox uses for their background. The setting, in fact, becomes the overwhelming interest, and the two people, who began with a surreptitious and selfish love-affair, end by sacrificing themselves on the altar of their country's service. The book gives Mr. Gordon Lennox the opportunity to show the St. John Ambulance at work in France. The veil is lifted on an obscure part of the organisation of the war—the lines of communication, by road and hospital, between the casualties in the field and their ultimate return to England. For this reason, if for no other, its record, embedded in the love-story of two headstrong young persons, should be widely read.

"The Lure of the Desert."

A good Egyptian story, with romance and red sunsets, warms the cockles of the heart. One remembers "A Nile Novel"; but we have travelled a long way since then. Love in a dahabayah is not enough; there must be murder and mystery. Miss Kathlyn Rhodes fulfils all the conventions required by the present generation of novel-readers to perfection, and "The Lure of the Desert" (Hutchinson) is as good a story of Eastern subtlety as may be found on this year's bookshelf. Miss Rhodes has an excellent sense of the dramatic—so much so that we should not be surprised at finding "The Lure of the Desert" staged as high-class melodrama. As it is written, with a fine feeling for colour and character-study, it is a very good book, and the writer shows no little dexterity in the way she has handled her picturesque material. The young man who "heard the East a-calling" because his mother had been an Egyptian is not,

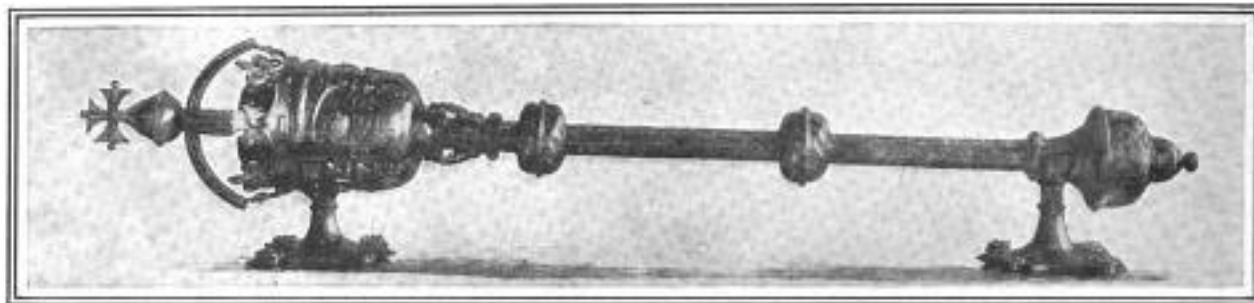
perhaps, altogether convincing; but his young wife, and Elise the French maid, and the magnificent, inscrutable Mirza Bey are very well done. Whether this is a story of the real Egypt,



AT A RAILHEAD ON THE SOMME FRONT: BIG SHELLS.

French Official Photograph.

or only of the novelist's Egypt, is another matter. . . . In any case, it is a magic carpet for the time being, and we congratulate Miss Kathlyn Rhodes on having written it.



FOR THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS: TO REPLACE THE MACE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The work of designing and manufacturing the Parliamentary Mace for the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, to take the place of the one destroyed in the fire of February last, was entrusted to the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 212, Regent Street, W., who have carried out their task with notable skill and taste. The design is on similar lines to that of the English House of Commons mace. The head is in four panels, containing the following emblems: The Arms of the Dominion of Canada, the Rose for England, Harp for Ireland, and Thistle for Scotland; above each is the Royal Crown, and the initials G.R. are placed on either side. In the spaces above is shown the Beaver. The head is surmounted by the Royal Crown, and beneath the arches are the Royal Arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The inscription is: "This Mace, replacing the original Mace of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, destroyed by fire on February 17, 1916, was presented by Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London, and the Sheriffs of London, George Alexander Touche, Esq., M.P., and Samuel George Sheard, Esq., June 1916."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HAPPY FAMILY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

TRULY it is a "happy family" that is now to be found on the Prince of Wales's stage at matinees and many should be the happy family gatherings in front during the holidays. The entertainment for young people which has been elaborated out of Mr. Cecil Aldin's drawings at once introduces us to a whole set of clever and cleverly trained children, and it devotes a full half of its length to animal impersonations. What more could its clientele desire? If there are two things boys and girls relish in the theatre, they are watching other boys and girls act and in having the animal world humanised. They get both in "The Happy Family," where in one act a group of youngsters mimic, sing, and dance in a fashion worthy of any revue; while in the other, dogs, pigs, a cat, turkeys, cocks and hens, ducks, rabbits, disport themselves at the merriest of parties. And, as if all this were not enough, a trio of vivacious juveniles, two girls and a boy—the "family" proper—frolic through all the scenes, being supposed to have discovered in a chest of their antiquarian uncle's a passport which enables them to make the animals talk and share their festivities. It is but a thread of a story on which Cecil Aldin and Adrian Ross have hung their little play, but it serves, thanks to the dozen or more wonderful child-players they have managed to commandeer, and to the artist-author's animal designs, and Mr. Cathleen Clarke's music. It would be a sheer injustice to single

out performances in the case of the revue, children or younger animal-impersonators where all are so good, but the names of Mimi Crawford, Faba Drake, and Bertram Sem as the happy family may be mentioned; and it should be added that Mr. C. V. France and Mr. George Tawde are in the cast, the latter very amusing as a Scotch gardener who with spade and shovel dances a sword-dance.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Another Motoring Ass.? A movement is on foot for the establishment of yet another motoring association. It appears to be a revival of the scheme for an association devoted to the interests of the private owner-driver, which was initiated a couple of years before the war, and which came to nothing. One would have thought that the times were singularly inappropriate to the formation of new bodies such as this, but I suppose the promoters of the movement think they know what they are doing. So far as it is possible to discern, the movement has its origin in dissatisfaction with the policy of the existing bodies. These, it is said, have completely failed to carry out the work for which they are supposed to exist. They have allowed all matters of automobile legislation to go by default, and have neglected the interests of the motorist all along the line. They are no longer truly representative of the motoring interest, and it is time they were supplanted by some more up-to-date organisation. For my own part, I do not think much of the arguments that are advanced as reasons for the initiation of this new movement. Supposing that the motorists' interests have been neglected by the R.A.C. and the A.A. during the past two years—which I do not accept—it is very difficult indeed to see what they could have accomplished had they been ever so active.

What Could Have Been Done? Could they have diverted or modified the Government's motor-taxation measures? It is scarcely conceivable. Money has had to be found to carry on the war, and the motorist has had to yield his quota. True, there is the double incidence of taxation, to which I drew attention in this column recently, but that is receiving all the attention possible at the hands of the associations. Could the petrol situation have been averted or ameliorated if the associations had tackled it in earnest? I do not think so, because there are many considerations involved other than the "interests of the motorist." Again, could the activities of the Road Board have been maintained, and the money found for its work, through any pressure exerted by the motoring bodies? The idea is absurd on the face of it. So far as the work of these bodies during the period of the war is in question, I think it has been altogether admirable.

They have put the country before private interests, and therein I believe they have the whole-hearted approval of the great majority of their members. Had they determined to confine themselves to their "legitimate" activities they would have been able to accomplish literally nothing. By going outside them as they have done, they have been able to do a great work of national importance. How great and how important can only emerge when the war is over and the histories written.

Welcome the New Association. The new association—if it materialises—will be welcomed into the comity of motorism if it is conceived in a spirit of usefulness and mutual help. If those who are

Are We Short of Petrol?

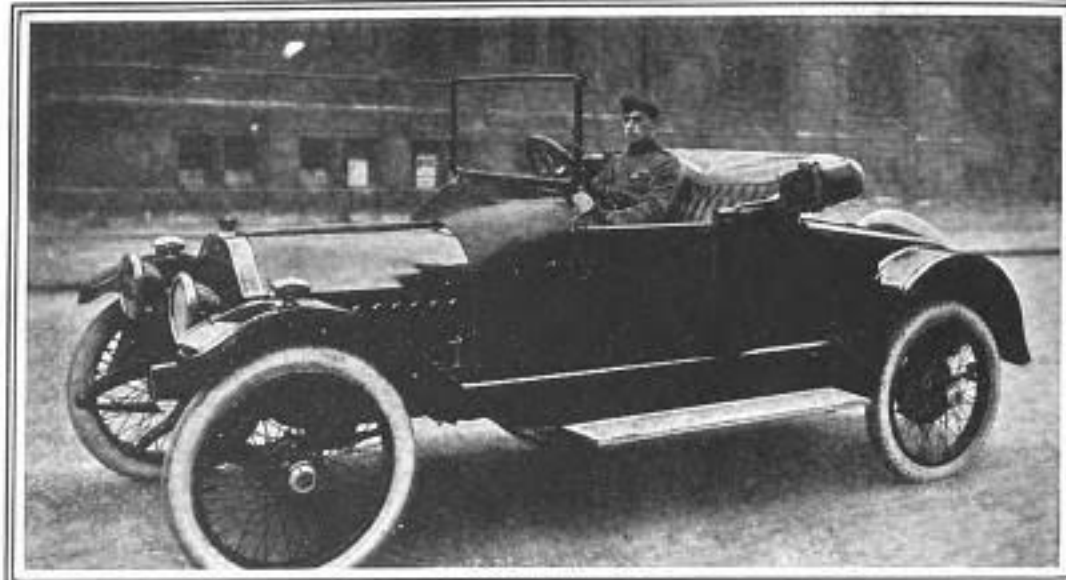
We are supposed to be suffering from a shortage of petrol, and I know many motorists who complain bitterly that they cannot obtain nearly enough to carry on with. But, to judge by the waster who goes on, it would scarcely be thought that the supply was anything but normal. I wonder how many gallons a day are wasted in engines that are allowed to run "light," just because the driver is too lazy to undertake the work of re-starting? Last Saturday I happened to be at Waterloo Station, and on the rank were twenty-seven taxi-cabs, of which nineteen had their engines running. In sixteen cases the drivers were nowhere to be seen. I suppose this sort of thing goes on all round. If so, the waste must amount to a very considerable daily total. Perhaps the fact that the taxi-driver still buys his petrol at eightpence a gallon makes him a bit careless of its waste.

Road Scouts in War Time.

The R.A.C. and the A.A. have been sharply taken to task for continuing the "Scout" services on the main roads. In the first place, the matter is one that concerns these bodies themselves—it is a purely domestic matter which does not concern the outsider. In the second, I am assured that all the men who are thus employed are either over military age or have been discharged from the Services after "doing their bit." So that is all there is about it.

The Sunbeam Year.

According to the statement of accounts presented to the shareholders, the Sunbeam Company has not done at all badly in the past financial year. The directors' report states that the volume of business done during the year has been greater than in any previous year of the company's existence. Of course, by far the greater proportion of the business has been Government work—principally cars and aero-engines—and very little of the output has reached the private purchaser. From the latter's point of view, however, the experience gained will be bound to have a very favourable reaction on the company's product when the war is over. The shareholders receive the very satisfactory return of 15 per cent. for the current year.



AN ENTREPRENEUR: CAPTAIN ALBERT BALL, ON AN OLDSMOBILE CAR.

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behind it really believe that there is room for it, and are able to persuade the owner-driver that he needs it, well and good. If they think that the existing bodies do not properly represent their interests, they are entitled to their opinions and to constitute a society that will fill the gap. It is not for me to say that such a body is not required. But I do think it is in the worst of taste to accuse others of being false to their trust, simply because they have taken a large view of their responsibilities, to the apparent—not the real—neglect of the narrower issues.

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